

Chapter 901: Arrow Beast Soul

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Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Flaming Porcupine: Arrow Beast Soul.

Han Sen looked at its type and became extremely happy at the result. He was incredibly dexterous with a bow, so he thought it was incredibly fortunate for his first beast soul in this realm to be an arrow.

Of course, Han Sen still needed a bow to use it with. If he could return to the Alliance, he could have produced an alloy bow for use in the Third God's Sanctuary, but alas, he could not.

Qu Lanxi was a little dazed, following the spectacle of the battle she had just witnessed. An ordinary creature that had opened three of its gene locks had just been brutally, and quite easily, beaten. Han Sen and the wind wolf made a remarkable duo. Their synergy and cooperation was tremendous, and it was difficult to believe they had only known each other for two months.

Han Sen was used to cooperating with Little Silver, and his time with the fox had made him proficient at working alongside other creatures. Furthermore, he was excellent at using Dongxuan Sutra's formations. Teaming up with the wind wolf was easy. It had taken a while for Little Wind to start listening to Han Sen's commands, and it still had a fair amount of training left to go if Han Sen wanted their teamwork be comparable to his relationship with the silver fox in the Second God's Sanctuary, but it was getting there.

"Should we return home?" Qu Lanxi asked. She thought that hunting a sole ordinary creature made for a fine day's work.

"How about we proceed deeper? There is no rush." Han Sen didn't want to go back just yet. The Flaming Porcupine was too big, and he couldn't earn many ordinary geno points since its meat would have to be shared.

Little Wind, however, leapt towards the porcupine's body to eat its fill.

Han Sen barked at it to stay away. He collected as much meat as he wanted and left most of it for the wolf.

Although a lot of the meat was given to the wolf, he couldn't become lax in his assertions of dominance. Han Sen was the alpha in their partnership, and he had to make sure it stayed that way, lest Little Wind thought of challenging him. Beasts were like that, unfortunately.

Qu Lanxi saw that he had left most of the flesh for the wolf, and while it was strange for her to see such waste, she knew they couldn't carry that much meat with them, if they truly chose to proceed.

Seeing Little Wind continue to gobble up the meat that he had been given, Han Sen said, "Could you mask or get rid of this blood smell? I'd hate to attract more creatures."

Many creatures in the Third God's Sanctuary had to eat food to survive, and all creatures had to eat to open their gene locks.

"I'm way ahead of you; it has already been erased," Qu Lanxi said.

Han Sen nodded. Qu Lanxi's powers were extremely useful, and he had made the correct choice in allowing her to come. Far more trouble would come their way, had she not accompanied Han Sen.

After Little Wind finished eating, they continued their trek. But after a while, the wolf stopped moving and refused to proceed.

"Is there danger up ahead?" Han Sen started walking in another direction, and Little Wind followed.

Han Sen brought Little Wind with him for precisely this reason, and thus far, he was satisfied with the wolf's performance.

"Wait! My senses are in chaos here. I can detect numerous creatures inhabiting the area ahead." Qu Lanxi stopped dead in her tracks as she stated her discovery.

"Can you tell what they are?" Han Sen said.

"Some scents were left behind by the forest crabs; of those, there are a dozen distinct sets. But there are also around twenty iron bug traces, too." Qu Lanxi analyzed the area for a while longer, and then said, "Fourteen of the iron bugs are normal creatures, whereas seven are ordinary class. The tree crabs are all ordinary."

"You can detect their strength, too?" Han Sen looked at Qu Lanxi with shock.

"Different tiers possess different smells, but I need comparisons with others to tell. If I had never smelled a creature before, then I couldn't tell you," Qu Lanxi explained.

They slowed down their trudge through the forest, and before long, they caught sight of a crab that was around the size of an average household plate. Their shells were blue and their pincers looked frightening. The creature's pincers were currently holding a fruit, and it nibbled the fruit as it perched in a tree.

"The shell of a tree crab is not to be taken lightly; it is incredibly tough. The tree crab's mouth is what you should target, for that is its only weakness," Qu Lanxi said.

Han Sen nodded in acknowledgement. He didn't want Little Wind to go in and brutishly kill it, so he decided to summon his porcupine arrow which he would wield in his hand.

Han Sen would use it like a javelin. He stared at the tree crab for some time, and when the timing was right, he launched the arrow towards it with a mighty chuck. The arrow's course was true, but the crab saw it coming. It raised its pincers in an attempt to stop the incoming projectile.

But the arrow, as if it had a mind of its own, moved in the air. It wove around the pincer and drove itself directly through the crab's mouth.

"Tzzii!" The crab fell down from the tree it was perched in and died.

"Ordinary Creature Tree Crab killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten ordinary geno points randomly."

Han Sen picked up the crab as Qu Lanxi looked on in shock and exclaimed, "Are you sure you're a new surpasser? You are very powerful!"

"My fitness is better than most surpassers, I'll tell you that much." Han Sen, without explaining too much, called for Little Wind to rejoin him. Then he carried on walking.

There were many tree crabs in the area, and after two miles of walking, Han Sen was able to kill eight of them. He placed them all in a sack he had brought with him.

What was most strange, however, was the lack of geno plants. They hadn't seen any in an awfully long time.

"Have all the wild plants been eaten by the creatures that inhabit this place?" Han Sen's heart sunk to the sudden realization.

"Well, that's not right." Qu Lanxi frowned.

"What's wrong?" Han Sen jumped, thinking Qu Lanxi had uncovered his ability to absorb plants and realized it was the reason he had actually ventured into the forest.

"I can smell many iron bugs in the vicinity, yet we haven't seen a single one. Something is wrong," Qu Lanxi said.

"When were they last here?" Han Sen asked.

"There were countless creatures as early as yesterday," Qu Lanxi said, as she continued sniffing the air.

Chapter 902: Creepy Valley

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Han Sen and Qu Lanxi continued their journey, and after a dozen miles of walking, they hadn't managed to find a single iron bug. From his slaying of the tree crabs, Han Sen was able to obtain three beast soul armor sets.

They didn't slay any tree crabs they encountered after that, but snuck around them instead. The sack they had brought with them was already stuffed, so killing more would be pointless.

Han Sen walked past a bunch of Blood-Scale Snakes, too. The groups were too large, however. Fighting them was a dodgy prospect Han Sen was keener to avoid at his current strength.

"That's strange. We really can't find any iron bugs, can we?" Once Qu Lanxi told Han Sen about the large host of iron bugs that supposedly occupied that area of Thorn Forest, Han Sen made doubly sure to scan the environment. It was all to no avail, however.

They had now walked thirty miles in total. By all accounts, they were still considered to be at the outskirts of Thorn Forest, but still, they should have encountered the bugs by now.

"Iron bug?" As Han Sen was walking, he turned to see Little Wind growling in a certain direction. They approached the area the wolf was indicating, and they finally found the insects. There were many iron bugs, all gathered in one place.

The iron bugs were fist-sized, and they had black shells. They skittered across the ground, all in unison, like a river of black oil. They seemed to be vacating the area.

"What are they doing?" Han Sen asked.

Qu Lanxi said, "I knew there were a lot of iron bugs, and they are supposedly social and tend to stick together, but this behavior is unheard of. I've never heard of it, at least."

"Well, let's take a look." Han Sen was very interested in seeing what they were doing. If there was one thing he had learnt during his time in the sanctuaries, it was that if creatures were behaving strangely or abnormally, it was a sign there was treasure lying in wait.

Han Sen followed the bugs, and before long, they came to a valley that was shaped like a gourd.

The bugs were like a tide, flowing into the valley.

Because the bugs were everywhere, their presence veiled and marred the entire area. Han Sen could not see what lay beneath them.

"You and Little Wind wait here. I'm going to advance and take a closer look." Han Sen pointed at the valley.

"Again, just be careful," Qu Lanxi said.

Han Sen cast Aero to fly up the side of the valley, away from the bugs. Han Sen wanted to see what the bugs were doing in the valley all by themselves.

"Are there any high level geno fruits maturing, perhaps?" As Han Sen thought, he pushed his head forward and squinted his eyes to get a better look.

Han Sen caught sight of a meadow of rose-like plants. They were deep red in color, and they were beautiful. The bugs were all headed for them.

But outside the field of flowers, there were many cracks in the earth and dead bodies lay scattered and strewn across the area. It was like a river of dead bugs.

Still, the bugs seemed determined to head there. It was unclear what was damaging the bugs, but they unceasingly marched forward to their demise. The bugs that had died leaked a strange water.

"I wonder what level those plants are? They seem to be drawing all those bugs there to die." Han Sen was shocked, watching the roses on their murder-spree.

Han Sen then saw a human-like shadow inside the rose bushes, but he could not discern many details. He wasn't quite sure who that person was.

Han Sen didn't want to remain out of the know, however, and he was curious who the person was and what they were doing. To discover this, he changed his position.

But there were too many roses, and they obscured the figure from every angle Han Sen could look from. Regardless of how he shifted his position, all Han Sen could make out was the faint outline of the person just sitting there.

There was one further detail Han Sen noticed, however. It wasn't the roses themselves that compelled the bugs to go there and die.

Han Sen saw that there were many candles placed around the roses. They were scented candles, and they seemed to be what was attracting the bugs, like a pheromone.

And Han Sen noticed that the cracks in the ground, many of which were filled with the corpses of the bugs, were half man-made and half-natural.

Han Sen thought this was the tricky work of someone: a person devoted to slaying those bugs.

"Is that a human or a spirit? Or maybe even a humanoid creature?" Han Sen was eager to find out who or what that shadowy figure was.

But from his current position, Han Sen could not tell. He'd have to get closer; and dongxuan aura and his eighth sense did not have a sufficient range to clarify things for him, either.

"I should have practiced the second tier of the Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin," Han Sen said to himself, depressed.

Still, he was very happy. And it looked as if the candles were going to burn out very soon. If the man inside used candles to attract and kill the bugs, he'd have no choice but to unveil himself when he came out to change them.

Patiently, Han Sen waited until the candles burnt out.

One hour later, the candles were on the precipice of going out. Yet even so, the shadowy figure maintained its position. It remained sitting down in the meadow of flowers, not moving an inch.

When the light of the candles went out, and the smell they released began to fade, the iron bugs snapped out from their daze and stopped pressing into the valley that had killed so many of them. Many of them began to leave, returning to Thorn Forest.

"I don't think this person is going to reveal himself." Han Sen frowned. If the person did not come out, then Han Sen wasn't going to go in, either.

Whoever was in there had to be very powerful, to gather the resources to attract so many creatures there to die. Han Sen did not want to make his presence known to that person, so he remained in hiding.

The iron bugs were almost all gone from the valley, and still there was no movement. But just as Han Sen prepared to return to Qu Lanxi, that changed.

Quickly, Han Sen scrambled back down to peer at the roses. He watched a person emerge from them, and when he saw the person's face, his jaw hit the deck. His mind was suddenly a mess.

Chapter 903: Bug Fight

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A blonde, purple-eyed woman emerged from beneath the green bushes that cradled the red roses.

She didn't quite look human, and an emerald was embedded in her forehead.

It was a beautiful female spirit.

Her face was stunning to behold. It was cold, but that just amplified her mystique. Regardless of where she was, people would be taken aback by her beauty.

Han Sen was not surprised, but something in particular made him almost leap backwards in shock.

The woman was not wearing any clothes. When she stood up, the fine curve of her booty, and how it led all the way down her long legs, was a sudden, tantalizing sight. It was all on full display.

Han Sen's nose was getting hot with a coming nosebleed. Her big breasts and slim waist made her look as if she was straight out of a waifu manga. Humans could not possess such a body shape.

Although the image described might sound ridiculous, she looked natural.

When she emerged from the bushes, she looked cold. And the moment she stepped out, the flowers writhed their way around her to form an armor.

She was like a queen of gardens. She approached the cracks in the earth and removed a rose from her garment of flowers. She snapped the stalk in two and set them alight.

After this, Han Sen realized that it was the stalks of the flowers that were serving as candles.

The stalks caught on fire quickly, and as they burned, a strange fragrance began to emanate. Han Sen thought the bugs would end up returning, but they did not.

Han Sen thought it was odd, and he pondered why the iron bugs did not follow the fragrance as they had previously.

The spirit merely watched the stalk of the flower burn, facing the valley's entrance.

Not long after, Han Sen heard a weird noise from someplace else in the valley. Something was flying towards them quickly, and it went for the candle like an arrow.

It was an iron bug. It was a little smaller, but it was darker than the rest. Its shell was black like obsidian.

This bug had grown wings, and it flew extraordinarily fast, completely unlike the others.

This iron bug landed on the stalk and bit into it, with a look of exuberant joy on its face.

The spirit took a step back and merely observed the creature nibbling at the stalk. It didn't seem as if she wanted to fight it

"If the spirit wants to claim that bug, then why doesn't she? Is the stalk poisonous, maybe?" Han Sen thought it queer.

Right then would have been a perfect time to strike, but the spirit withheld any such action. She merely continued to watch the bug merrily munch on its meal.

As Han Sen pondered this, he heard something else come from further down the valley. It was a centipede, one that was entirely red. It ran past the cracks and came for one of the stalks.

The spirit had placed down many stalks prior to this, and thus, there was no conflict. The creatures each had their own.

Not long after, many more bugs arrived. They were of varying shapes and colors; some were black, some were red, and some were green.

The other bugs had come to feed on the stalks, as well. But before long, there were no stalks left, and a fight amongst the bugs started to erupt.

The red centipede was wreathed in flame, and it started to fight a bug with a green shell and eight legs.

The red centipede had the ability to spit fire, but it did not deter the green spider. Without fear, it skittered towards its many-footed foe.

Within seconds, chaos reigned. All the bugs were fighting between each other, none willing to leave the area.

The spirit continued to watch the fight, devoid of all emotion.

"Are those stalks stimulants?" Han Sen froze, seeing this. The powers the bugs were unleashing against each other were horrible, something he figured only mutant class monsters could do.

The spirit had played all those mutant class bugs like a fiddle. Han Sen knew he had to treat that spirit with great caution.

The bugs were out of control. Severed limbs and dead bodies lay scattered and strewn across the area, as they attacked each other with wild ferocity.

Watching so many insects die in such a fashion was a terrible sight.

When the battle was over, only the initial iron bug remained alive. A few of its claws had been broken, but that did not prevent it from dining on the leftovers of the battlefield.

As the bug dined on the bodies, its own body began to undergo a change. Its lost limbs recovered.

Colored dots peppered its all-black shell, and it seemed to have even obtained the centipede's flame and spider's green light.

Han Sen saw the bug claim all those powers for itself and was taken aback.

Katcha!

The iron bug's shell cracked, and something seem to emerge from inside its body. Following this, only an empty shell remained.

The newborn iron bug was white. Its body shone like jade. Its eyes were red and its wings were translucent.

"Tchzi Tchzi!" The newborn iron bug made a couple of sharp noises.

"So, after all that, the bug evolves?" The spirit frowned, as she thought to herself. The results were beyond her expectations. The iron bug was the weakest mutant bug, and yet it had somehow survived.

The spirit looked over the iron bug, which now seemed to resemble white jade. Then, she presented a box to the bug, one that had been crafted from vines. A bug emerged from the box.

Chapter 904: Surprising Evolution

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A baby silkworm wriggled its way out of the vine-constructed box. It was blue and semi-transparent, and looked quite pretty.

"This is the tenth berserk mutant. Eat this berserk iron bug before you; if you do, you, my blue crystal bug, will be able to become a sacred-blood creature," the spirit said to the bug as she let it out of the box. Then, blue crystal bug crawled over to the iron bug.

Wherever the blue crystal bug writhed, a vibrant scorch mark was left in its wake. It looked poisonous.

When Han Sen heard the spirit speak, he thought to himself, "This spirit must have done a lot to ensure the evolution of this creature of hers. She used mutant bugs to create a berserk mutant bug, so she could then feed it to the blue crystal bug? Wow. Perhaps she will succeed."

The blue crystal bug reached the iron bug that had just finished evolving. Due to the tiring process of evolution, it was now weak. It acknowledged what was happening, as well; it trembled at the approach of the blue crystal bug.

The blue crystal bug climbed atop the iron bug, as it had done many times before. Without reprieve or delay, it attempted to eat the iron bug from the front.

But the moment the blue crystal bug tried to eat the iron bug, the iron bug opened its mouth wide. Exceeding all expectations, its insectoid mouth became a gaping maw decorated with countless serrated teeth.

Katcha!

The iron bug was actually the one that ate the blue crystal bug. In one quick munch, the bug was gruesomely devoured. Where it once feigned fear and a look of apparent weakness, the iron bug now looked like a greedy devil.

The poisonous blue crystal bug was defenseless, it seemed. It had no chance to react to the sudden snap of the iron bug's jaws, and this surprised Han Sen and the spirit both.

No one had expected this to happen, and even the spirit was caught off guard.

The spirit lashed her rose whip at the iron bug. The bug didn't attempt to evade, however; it merely closed its shell and withstood the entire attack effortlessly.

Han Sen knew how much power was in her whip lash, and it was a terrifying amount. The whip had to be a mutant class, at least, and it was far stronger than what he and Little Wind could deal with.

Yet despite that, the whip could not damage the iron bug at all.

But then, curiously, the iron bug's shell broke again, and it started glowing blue. It was evolving once again.

"D*mn it! It's evolving into a sacred-blood." The spirit's face changed as she spoke aloud. In haste, she quickly hammered the white shell of the bug to break it.

From inside the white shell, a green iron bug came out. It looked like jade.

Without hesitation, the spirit continued to lash it with her whip. She wanted to damage the iron bug before it completed its new process of evolution.

When it finished evolving into a sacred-blood creature, the spirit would not be able to fight it.

Whoo-pa! Whoo-pa!

The whip was like a fearsome snake, lashing out at the iron bug. The monstrously powerful attacks made the evolving creature squeal in pain.

But then, a green flame burst forth from the iron bug and enveloped the whip. It wasn't exactly like fire, though; it was more like a corrosive substance that moved under conscious control. It was like a flame composed of liquid acid. And against this, the whip stood no chance. The spirit's weapon quickly corroded into a toxic-smelling puddle of goop.

The spirit dropped the whip, not wanting the acid to touch her body. Then, she used a stalk's thorn to pierce her skin and allow the rose to absorb her blood.

As the rose absorbed the spirit's blood, the rose suddenly let out a powerful fragrance. It was so strong, it could literally be seen as a mystic haze.

The iron bug smelled the flower and was hypnotized. Without resistance, it began crawling over towards the rose.

The spirit suddenly summoned a red dagger, and when the green iron bug came closer, she stabbed it in its mouth with the power and speed of a sudden flash of lightning.

Boom!

The iron bug snapped out of its daze as the dagger lodged in its mouth. Its anger was unleashed, and it squirted its corrosive liquid all around it. The ground and soil all around were ruined, and when it was done, the iron bug launched itself towards the spirit.

But the spirit was quick to fall back. She tried using her rose bushes to trap the bug and stop its advance.

But the iron bug had become a sacred-blood creature, and the attacks it unleashed were frighteningly powerful.

The rose vines lashed the iron bug by themselves, but it was all to no avail. Against its impenetrable shell, all attacks simply bounced off and at the same time melted into nothing but drops of its wretched liquid.

The roses that sought to trap the bug were all burnt away, and it seemed likely that the bug was going to catch up with the spirit.

The spirit's face changed, but she did not look scared. Instead of a weapon, she summoned a shield this time. With it, she tried to deflect the charging bug.

Katcha!

She propped the heavy greatshield up against the frenzied bug. The force of the bug was so strong, it knocked the spirit a good distance back and smashed her into a wall. So much was the power in that hit, there was a gaping hole left in the side of the cliff she was thrown into.

"Whoa! That is so powerful. Sacred-blood creatures in the Third God's Sanctuary are terrifying. That little thing hasn't even completed its evolution, and yet it has so much power." Han Sen watched the iron bug with greed in his eyes.

Although the bug was strong, the dagger was still lodged in its mouth. Strangely, it hadn't been melted—it looked special.

The iron bug's mouth had bled slowly ever since the oral strike. Han Sen was able to watch its lifeforce slowly drain around the knife in its mouth. Still, that did not allay the bug's desire to chase after the spirit that had inflicted such damage upon it. But the spirit knew she had injured it, and she knew victory would only be a matter of time because of it.

As the two continued to fight, Han Sen decided to sneak into the valley. He wanted to steal the kill from the spirit, as it was a sacred-blood creature. He believed this was an opportunity from God, as God only knew how long it would take for him to reliably be able to take down sacred-blood creatures on his own.

Chapter 905: Killing Iron Bug King

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Severed roses danced through the air as the spirit continued trying to deal with the enraged iron bug. But whatever came into contact with the green liquid-fire, geno weapons included, would be corroded and ruined immediately.

Han Sen was terrified, even as he watched from a distance.

When he ventured closer, he cast his dongxuan aura for a better inspection of the situation he was preparing to waltz into.

The iron bug looked powerful, but in its mouth, the blood-red dagger remained firmly in place. He wasn't sure how the dagger could withstand the corrosive properties of the bug's wrath, and damage the creature at the same time.

Pang!

The spirit used everything in her power but was unable to defeat the sacred-blood class iron bug. Suddenly, the weapon she was bringing down on the iron bug caught on fire. In a flash, the phantom corrosion traveled down her weapon and onto her, setting her body alight.

The spirit's armor could not withstand the brutal fire. The flowers that clothed her were quickly burning away, and she had no choice but to remove herself from the rose-gown. She was naked once again.

"Tzzii!"

The iron bug squealed before it went against its now-unarmored foe.

But the spirit was not done for yet; she summoned another geno weapon and struck the incoming bug. Again, no damage was dealt, and the weapon was destroyed quickly. The bug did not relent.

The spirit's supply of geno weaponry was dwindling fast, and soon, she'd have no armament left to do battle with the bug. As she acknowledged this, the second-long thought was enough for the iron bug to close the gap and strike her body.

The spirit was sent flying away like a cannonball. She struck a craggy cliffside as a fire claimed her chest.

Although the spirit was quickly able to douse the fire, the iron bug was already nearly upon her once again. Its target was her chest once more.

The spirit was unable to do anything, and she was now helpless against the iron bug that was hungry for her heart.

Although the spirit would not truly die, she still looked shocked and surprised, and even fearful, for this misfortune that was to fall upon her.

But just as the spirit's hope of victory was depleted, a white shadow appeared from the nether. A pretty man, with the presence of a god, appeared behind the iron bug.

The spirit's eyes, which were nearing closure in anticipation of a defeat, opened wide with sudden surprise. She looked upon the bright light, not knowing what it was, where it had come from, or why it had appeared.

Boom!

The god-looking man's fist crackled and popped with the charge of electricity, and like a sun, it collided with the back of the iron bug.

The sun was driven directly into the iron bug's body. And as the sound of thunder echoed through the valley, the iron bug had no choice but to involuntarily surrender its body to the crushing force as it was knocked to the ground.

Katcha!

When the bug hit the dirt, Han Sen used his left hand to shove the handle of the dagger deeper and deeper into its mouth. The dagger was pushed through the bug's throat and into its body.

Where two inches of the dagger's blade had been visible, now there remained none. The entire blade and handle had been driven into the body of the iron bug.

The dagger was very sharp. It pierced through the body, and when it appeared again, it was protruding through the bug's posterior.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Iron Bug King killed. Beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."

Han Sen was thrilled. He grabbed the iron bug's body and the dagger that was still within, and in the blinding light he had appeared with, he disappeared in a flash without a trace.

From his sudden appearance behind the bug, the subsequent punch, the use of the dagger and the even faster escape, the entire event occurred in the timeframe of about two or three seconds.

Before the spirit could even react, Han Sen had already left the valley. She wouldn't be able to find him.

As he traveled, Han Sen's super king spirit soon ran out and his body returned to normal.

He didn't dare slow down, though. He pushed on and went as far as he could, lest the spirit seek him out.

Han Sen found Qu Lanxi and Little Wind hiding in the midst of some thickets. He led them away from the area, in a direction that would take them out of Thorn Forest. The last thing Han Sen wanted was a disgruntled spirit on his tail.

Han Sen could not be a super king spirit for long, and even if he used it again to defeat the spirit, she wouldn't die. Upon her respawn, she'd only hate him more, and it would be unwise for him to make any more enemies than he had to.

If Han Sen had revealed his true face when he killed the bug, the spirit would have assuredly remembered the face of her savior. And if that had happened, it would have spelled nothing pleasant.

Therefore, Han Sen decided not to attack the spirit. He killed the bug and left, not wanting to reveal his identity.

The reason Han Sen was able to kill the iron bug was not solely due to his super king spirit, however. It was because the iron bug was already weakened and dying, anyway. He took a chance, hoping the damage he dealt would be sufficient to kill the creature. It was the dagger that killed the iron bug, though. If the dagger hadn't been there, and he hadn't been able to manipulate it, not even the super king spirit would have given him enough strength to defeat the crazed bug.

Han Sen was currently much weaker than the iron bug, and so it was difficult for him to demonstrate the true power of his super king spirit mode when going up against a foe that was so much stronger than him.

Han Sen and Qu Lanxi made for the exit of Thorn Forest. They had obtained much in their time there, and it would have been silly for them to remain much longer and not depart with the bounty they had already collected.

He couldn't have allowed the spirit to see his true face. He thought that trying to etch out a living in an area controlled by spirits would be impossible if she had seen who he was.

But Han Sen worried needlessly, because the spirit did not actually intend to chase down the person who had saved her.

Seeing Han Sen disappear as quickly as he appeared, the spirit's face wore a confused expression. She turned to peer in the direction Han Sen fled to.

"Who was that spirit?" The spirit seemed bewildered. She was not angered or annoyed by what had occurred.

She wasn't mad at Han Sen's theft of the iron bug kill, nor his claiming of the body and the dagger she had used. Her face was merely one that masked complicated thoughts.

Han Sen, not knowing this, was still quite worried. His focus now, however, was returning home safely with Qu Lanxi. They arrived back at Qing Ming Shelter without trouble.

But when they returned home, they could not find Chu Ming. The yard was in disarray, and in Han Sen's time away, he had been unable to feed the tree the waterdrops he had been giving it. The tree was now yellow, and it was beginning to look like the dead tree it had been.

When they were unable to find Chu Ming, Qu Lanxi looked terrible. Her thoughts roamed over what might have occurred during her absence.

Unknown to them, Qing Ming Knight had grown furious upon learning of the tree's death. At the gate of the shelter, Chu Ming was strung up. He had been slashed three hundred times to a state near death, and still, he remained hanging.

Chapter 906: Infiltrating the Shelter

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Han Sen and Qu Lanxi spared no time in running to Qing Ming Shelter. There, they saw Chu Ming hanging from above the gate. His body was caked in dried blood, and other wounds oozed without healing. He looked to be dying.

Han Sen was quickly brought to anger. Humans were treated as little more than free-range slaves in the Third God's Shelter, and any little mistake was met with wicked, brutal punishments.

If Han Sen had not have revived the tree in the first place, though, Chu Ming would not have suffered this treatment. Chu Ming didn't deserve any of this.

Qu Lanxi was not calm by any means, either. In great anger, she tried to take Chu Ming down from where he hung.

Han Sen, not blinded by the need to save Chu Ming at an ill cost to themselves, quickly stopped Qu Lanxi. He brought her to a place where they would not be immediately spotted.

"Don't be reckless! You can't save Chu Ming if it means getting yourself in trouble," Han Sen told Qu Lanxi, as he held her in his arms.

"I can't watch him slowly succumb to death; not while I can still do something!" Qu Lanxi pleaded, her voice pained.

"I know. I do not plan on letting him die, either." Han Sen paused briefly and then said, "It's just that now is not the time. You both signed a contract, didn't you? Even if you save him now, you are still property of Qing Ming. Your lives are forfeit to him, and it is by his whim you can both be killed. Do not incite his wrath any more than it already has been."

"Then what do we do?" Qu Lanxi asked.

"We slip into the spirit hall and take the spirit stone. It is the only way you can be free from Qing Ming Knight." Han Sen's eyes gleamed with a murder as he spoke.

"Are you saying we claim the spirit shelter? Is that something we can do? Is such a thing possible?" Qu Lanxi looked at Han Sen with hopeful eyes, but still doubted the possibility of what he had claimed.

Qing Ming Knight was an elite spirit that had unlocked four of his gene locks. He had many fellow spirits and creatures in his employ, so breaking into the spirit hall would be no small feat.

"Yes, it is. It's only a knight shelter," Han Sen said sternly. He continued to speak coldly by saying, "If Thorn Shelter was not nearby, I could take this place down no sweat."

"I will do as you command. Whatever you desire of me, I will do it." Qu Lanxi looked at Han Sen. Whatever he was going to suggest would by no means be easy, but she was willing to try no matter what he told her.

"Chu Ming is still alive, so there is no immediate cause for worry. We should go back and prepare for our next move. When we kill Qing Ming Knight and take the spirit stone, we will have to escape to Thorn Forest," Han Sen said, turning to look at Chu Ming.

While they spoke, a spirit wielding a whip appeared. He walked in front of Chu Ming and struck his naked, battered body.

Crack!

Chu Ming's skin was dealt another lash, forming another lesion across his bloody body. Although he was on the precipice of death, Chu Ming was still able to scream loudly.

The spirit did not speak, and he continued to callously whip his suffering servant. With each frightening whip, the screams of agony from Chu Ming became quieter and quieter.

Qu Lanxi gnawed at her lips nervously, almost to the point of bleeding. As for Han Sen, he had come to a point of realization; he acknowledged just how difficult living in the Third God's Shelter could be for humans.

The spirit was not willing to let Chu Ming die just yet, however. Although he struck hard, he was not attacking anywhere critical.

"Let's go," Han Sen said, as he pulled on Qu Lanxi to depart the shelter.

Back in the cabin, Han Sen looked at the dying Dragon-Blood Tree. With his analysis, he was able to determine that it was indeed alive, but only faintly.

He pulled out his blood-colored dagger and tried to unearth the roots. He wanted to see if he could move it, for he did not want to leave it where it was.

It would still require a dozen years to grow, so it would require about twelve more waterdrops. But Han Sen did not have any time right now, so all he could hope to do was move it someplace else.

After digging up the tree, he had to remove many of its roots. Unfortunately, this only led to the tree becoming even weaker.

Using a cloth, Han Sen wrapped up the tree roots and gave them a waterdrop. Then, he placed the entire tree on the back of Golden Growler.

As for the Blood-Pine Tree that Han Sen had planted near the river, he dug that up, too. He wondered if he would still be able to grow it someplace else.

He was not afraid of Qing Ming Knight, and it would not be difficult for Han Sen to take down Qing Ming Shelter; but Han Sen could not deal with the royal class Thorn Shelter. As such, he could only hope to hide deep within the tangled boughs of Thorn Forest once his planned deed was done.

After seeing how powerful the female spirit was, he knew he could only fight royal spirits with super king spirit mode active.

But its duration was far too short. If Thorn Shelter loosed many creatures to hunt them down, even if Han Sen could escape, Qu Lanxi would undoubtedly be killed.

That was why he couldn't claim Qing Ming Shelter once Qing Ming Knight had been vanquished. He couldn't make his presence known, and as soon as the spirit that presided over the shelter was killed, he'd have to dart off and vacate the area as soon as he possibly could.

Han Sen and Qu Lanxi prepared for their grueling task ahead, and he told her, "You wait near the gate. When I draw the spirits and creatures deeper into the shelter, that will give you the time you need to free Chu Ming and bring him to Thorn Forest."

"Just one thing; can we really do this? Do we have what it takes?" Qu Lanxi looked worried. She was very nervous, but Han Sen couldn't blame her. After all, they were on the precipice of taking down a spirit shelter. Even though Han Sen was stronger than normal surpassers, he was alone. A part of her believed his flight to the shelter's spirit hall would not be as simple as he was making it out to be.

"Yes, we do. Believe in me." Han Sen saw how nervous she was getting, and so he told her this with a voice of assurance.

Qu Lanxi was a mature woman, and she was the sort who would only panic when something extremely serious or grave was upon her. She didn't scare easy.

Han Sen patted her head like he would a child, which made her blush. Then, Qu Lanxi said, "We will wait for you in the forest."

"I won't be too far behind; I'll get this done quick," Han Sen said, with confidence.

They trekked back near Qing Ming Shelter, and Han Sen gestured for her to stay back a little.

"You have to come back alive," Qu Lanxi pleaded, as she nibbled her lips.

"I will." Han Sen smiled and entered the shelter.

With Han Sen's power, even without his super king spirit mode, he'd be just as strong as Qing Ming Knight. The only problem would be that Han Sen only had one gene lock open.

And with so many creatures and other spirits around, Han Sen knew he could not claim the shelter in his current state. But fortune had smiled on him, and he had a couple of things in his possession to help even the odds. He had the iron bug beast soul and the red dagger.

Chapter 907: Wipeout

Chapter 907: Wipeout

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

After Han Sen entered the shelter, he went straight for the spirit hall.

The spirit hall's defenses were tough. In the plaza were ten ordinary creatures, and two knight class spirits stood outside the spirit hall itself, guarding.

Qing Ming Knight, however, was inside. For a person who had only opened their first gene lock, achieving triumph in the face of such danger seemed like an impossible accomplishment.

But this did not sway Han Sen's resolve, and without a shadow of fear, he marched directly towards the spirit hall.

A black tiger was quick to catch sight of the approaching intruder, and so it growled at him in warning.

Han Sen looked at the tiger and smiled. In the next second, he was clad in summoned armor and wielding a red dagger.

Han Sen swung his dagger towards the tiger's neck.

Instantly, the tiger's decapitated head was sent barreling through the air as blood squirted from the severed throat. In the next second, the body crumpled to the ground.

"Ordinary Creature Black Iron Tiger killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten ordinary geno points randomly."

Han Sen was quickly overjoyed. He hadn't known how sharp or powerful the dagger was, nor its class. But its performance immediately exceeded his expectations.

The spirits and creatures all around were shocked, unable to believe a fight like this could erupt inside the walls of the shelter. And what's more, the intruder had started a fight with the creatures that guarded the shelter's spirit hall.

The creatures saw Han Sen run inside the plaza, and in unison, they all roared and began sprinting towards him. From every direction they came at him.

A vast array of different elemental powers swirled around and charged the atmosphere with an exciting volatility. There was fire, wind, thunder, and more; and everything was primed to take Han Sen down.

Boom!

Following an explosion that was a mixture of various elements, a giant crater was left in the plaza's floor. Rocks were scattered and strewn all about, as plumes of dust clogged the air and choked the sight of all who were there.

The spirits and creatures were humorously shocked, believing they had just encountered and wiped out the most stupid human they had ever seen. He never stood a chance, they thought to themselves.

Even the spirits that guarded the entrance to the spirit hall looked ahead cockily. They believed the intruder dead, as well.

As the two spirits guarded the gate, they smiled merrily.

For once, they could witness something exciting. And indeed it was, for they viewed Han Sen's attack as they would the performance of a clown in a carnival. No human had tried to attack Qing Ming Shelter before, so it was a funny spectacle.

But in the next second, from within the veiling dust, the shadow of a human flickered by each creature.

Acknowledging that their initial attacks had failed, they all activated their gene lock powers.

Amidst the chaos, Han Sen was still sprinting and not even taking the time to dodge.

The combined attacks had indeed all struck Han Sen, but his armor was able to withstand the force and its wearer was not dealt damage.

Katcha!

Another stream of blood flashed through the air, as an ordinary creature slumped down to the ruined ground.

Han Sen moved like a killing machine amidst the creatures. Like livestock, each creature was mercilessly slaughtered by Han Sen.

The faces of the creatures and spirits that were around all changed. As for the two guards of the spirit hall, they were frozen. No longer were they amused—now they felt fear.

Multiple powerful creatures had each been killed with a single strike, none being given the chance to fight back.

"Someone is attacking the spirit hall!" An alarm finally sounded from the mouths of the guards.

Qing Ming Knight had already felt it when the first creature had been killed. He frowned and wanted to go take a look at the intruder himself. But soon after stepping forward, he felt another one of his creatures perish. He was surprised.

But then, his face completely changed. One after another, he felt each of his creatures be slain.

"How is this possible? Has someone powerful come to my shelter?" He could not imagine what sort of person would be able to defeat so many of his creatures in such a short amount of time.

Only royal spirits or mutant creatures could do such a thing, and this was something he could not establish an appropriate defense against.

But his shelter was primarily ruled over by Thorn Shelter. They should have attacked Thorn Shelter, not this place.

Qing Ming Knight sped up his approach as his desire to take a look at what was going on increased. But as he neared the door, it was kicked open with tremendous force. Two shadows flew inside, which made Qing Ming Knight's sphincter tighten. They were the knight spirits tasked with guarding the spirit hall.

Their throats had been slit open, and they were thrown through the door, dead before they even hit the ground.

When the attacker entered from beyond that door, Qing Ming Knight was surprised. He said, "Human?"

Humans and spirits were different. Qing Ming Knight could tell his intruder was a human, despite being entirely clad in armor with his appearance masked.

"How can a human come to my shelter?" Qing Ming Knight could not think straight right now.

There weren't many humans in the vicinity, and there were only five in Thorn Shelter in total. But now, someone had just infiltrated his spirit hall.

"Announce yourself, you vermin! He who has dared trespass within my spirit hall." Qing Ming Knight held a spear and called out to Han Sen.

"I'm the guy that has come to kill you," Han Sen coldly responded. He used Aero, and he flew towards Qing Ming Knight like a rainbow.

"You fool!" Qing Ming Knight noticed how low Han Sen's speed and strength were, so he raised his green-light spear and dashed forward to engage with his aggressor.

Chapter 908: Claiming Qing Ming

Chapter 908: Claiming Qing Ming

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The green spear collided with the red dagger to a shocking result—the green spear was knocked away.

The dagger and Han Sen moved like a descending rainbow; one that would touch down at Qing Ming's heart.

Qing Ming's face dropped, as he now understood how his guards and protecting creatures had been slain. The dagger was too powerful.

Qing Ming Knight was an elite that had opened four of his gene locks. In the nick of time, he was able to just about dodge Han Sen's airborne strike and retaliate with a fist of his own.

The green light that enshrouded his fist was like a mystic hellfire, and it guided the fist to a direct hit on Han Sen's forehead.

Qing Ming Knight coldly laughed in reaction, and thought to himself, "It does not matter how sharp or how powerful your dagger is—nothing can overcome my green light."

Pang!

When the green light came into contact with Han Sen, it was like glass being thrown against steel. The helmet did not break, and it pushed through the light without even slowing down.

"Impossible!" Qing Ming's eyes opened wide as he gargled the words out. Blood choked his tongue as the dagger sliced through his throat. He was decapitated, and his head dropped to the ground like a stone.

Not stopping for one second, Han Sen raced towards the statue in the spirit hall and grabbed the spirit stone from the stone sculpture's forehead.

Outside the hall, many creatures and spirits came forward to witness who they believed to be their new ruler. They stepped into the spirit hall, and quickly crowded it.

There they all saw Han Sen, taking the spirit stone.

Boom!

The green spirit stone turned into a bright and horrible green light.

Qing Ming reluctantly appeared out of the spirit stone and knelt before Han Sen, before all the creatures and spirits in the hall to make a vow. "I, Qing Ming Knight, am willing to submit and offer absolute loyalty to a new master. I can become the most faithful of servants."

All the creatures froze in place, staring at the day's most unexpected spectacle. The owner of Qing Ming Shelter, the spirit they had always served, was kneeling to pledge obedience to a human.

And there was no ulterior scheme or ploy; it was happening for real.

The contracts that each creature, spirit, and human had signed with Qing Ming Knight were broken at that instant. They were each and all free. He had been claimed, and the marks he had given them all vanished.

Qu Lanxi, back on the outside, was bringing Chu Ming and Golden Growler to Thorn Forest. When she felt the mark break, she burst into tears of joy.

"He did it!" Qu Lanxi wiped away the tears that came. Not only was she happy for Han Sen's victory and exacted vengeance, she was happy to have reclaimed her freedom.

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In the spirit hall, Han Sen walked forward with Qing Ming Knight. As he moved forward, others stepped to the side. Like a parting of the seas, every living thing in the hall moved aside to create a way for him.

Qing Ming Knight had been claimed. Their master had been defeated, and so they were not willing to fight Han Sen anymore.

Han Sen, after exiting Qing Ming Shelter, did not dilly-dally. He immediately climbed upon Little Wind and took off running in the direction of Thorn Forest.

The moment Han Sen claimed Qing Ming Knight, a spirit sent word to Thorn Shelter over what had occurred.

"A human has claimed Qing Ming Knight, and a vow was sworn." Inside Thorn Shelter, a cold-looking female spirit frowned.

If Han Sen was there, he'd have been surprised. The master of Thorn Shelter was the very same spirit he saw in the valley. It was the female spirit that used bugs to create sacred-blood creatures.

"What?" All the spirits and creatures looked angry; the former even more so.

To spirits, swearing loyalty to a human was widely regarded as humiliating.

"D*mn it! Baron, allow me to go kill that human and the traitorous scum." A handsome spirit stepped forward and pleaded his desire.

"Baron, allow me, too." Another few spirits stood up and walked forward, each wanting to go to Qing Ming Shelter and slay the human that was there and Qing Ming Knight.

"The human brought Qing Ming Knight to Thorn Forest," the baron said with a sigh.

The spirit from Qing Ming Shelter who sent word to the baron hadn't been able to see Han Sen enter the spirit hall. If she had known about the dagger, she wouldn't have been as calm or composed.

"Baron, I will go to the forest and slay them," the handsome spirit said.

The other spirits hesitated, as something evil and mystic lurked in the tangled, knotted reaches of Thorn Forest. Even with the spirit stones for respawning, there was no guarantee such devices would work if they were to perish in the darkness that veiled those woods.

"Okay." Thorn Baron nodded.

"Thank you." The handsome spirit turned around, not willing to wait around after receiving permission to go after Han Sen. He immediately began walking towards the exit.

"Take the Dark Turtle. It will help you find them," Thorn Baron told the handsome spirit.

The handsome spirit looked pleased, and he turned around to say, "Thank you very much."

He knew the Dark Turtle had strong senses, so locating the human would not be difficult, even in those rotten reaches.

The handsome spirit took the turtle all the way to Qing Ming Shelter. If he wanted the turtle to find the human, it'd have to pick up his scent first.

Han Sen rode Little Wind, and before long, caught up with Qu Lanxi. Together, they ventured into Thorn Forest.

Not long after entering, Qu Lanxi masked their scent to keep them safe on their passage through the darkness of that forest.

They did not dare traverse the deeper recesses of Thorn Forest, but they thought they could find a safe location somewhere beneath those trees. Thorn Forest was an incredibly large woodland.

They went in a different direction than they had gone when they followed the bugs, but after fifty miles of travel, they were still unable to find a place to hide. They did, however stumble upon a most powerful and most mighty tree. Its lifeforce was almost as strong as the iron bug king's.

Chapter 909: A Big Tree in the Forest

Chapter 909: A Big Tree in the Forest

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Seeing this tall, lonely tree from afar, Han Sen frowned. The tree possessed a grand life force, but there was nothing else alive in its proximity.

There were no creatures near it, so Han Sen thought it was a little strange.

It was not an ordinary geno plant, that was for sure. If Han Sen could sense its presence from a dozen miles away, why would no other living creatures desire to be around it?

"Let's rest here and tend to Chu Ming's wounds." Han Sen believed there was something wrong in the direction they were headed. So, he decided to take a break. Carefully lifting Chu Ming off of Golden Growler's back, Han Sen got to work on healing the beaten man with his holy light.

Chu Ming had been severely injured, but the damage he had suffered was not critical. After an hour of this healing, Chu Ming was fully recovered.

"Lanxi, why would you rescue me? We signed a contract with Qing Ming Knight; you can be killed for this disobedience!" Chu Ming woke up and immediately noticed his presence in Thorn Forest. Quickly, he was able to mostly gather what had transpired in the time he was unconscious.

"You mean this guy?" Han Sen summoned Qing Ming Knight.

"Whoa! He... he..." Chu Ming was given a jump scare, and immediately started stepping backwards. With wide eyes, he asked, "What in the sanctuaries happened?"

"What happened? Me, that's what happened. Qing Ming Knight now belongs to me," Han Sen said.

"Are you pulling my leg? How is that possible?" Chu Ming looked at Qing Ming Knight, unsure whether or not he had slipped into a twisted dream of sorts. He pinched his leg to see if he would wake up, saying, "This must be a dream. It's a dream, isn't it? I must still be the shelter's hanging pinata. It's a dying hallucination of mine, for sure!"

But Chu Ming, feeling the nasty pain that stemmed from his pinch, knew that it was no fabrication of the mind. What was happening was real.

Han Sen and Qu Lanxi then relayed the entire tale of what had occurred to Chu Ming, who seemed to struggle with believing its authenticity.

The three of them continued to rest, and Han Sen decided to prepare a meal for them. He retrieved one of the tree crabs he had hunted and started to cook it.

This surprised Chu Ming once again. The three of them, after filling their bellies, decided to get some shut-eye while Little Wind remained on guard. With Han Sen's latest pet there, they didn't have to worry about getting attacked without warning.

After midnight, Little Wind suddenly howled. Roused from their slumber, they all jolted up to look about for whatever was coming. But strangely, there was nothing to be seen.

Little Wind was only a creature, so they couldn't ask it what had caused the unrest. They poked about the area for a bit, but were unable to discern the problem; furthermore, Little Wind had gone back to being quiet, as well.

Just in case something happened, Han Sen decided to remain awake and stay on-watch, allowing the other two to sleep and rest-up.

Nothing ill befell them that night, and when the sun rose the next day, they all merrily packed their gear and discussed where their ultimate destination should be.

"If that tree is a high-level geno plant, we have to go take a look. Since it seems devoid of other creatures nearby it, we might be able to snag a few goodies for ourselves." Chu Ming looked at the giant tree with saliva drooling from the corner of his lips.

"But San Mu is right. Danger must lurk there, for it is abnormal for there to be no creatures in that tree's vicinity," Qu Lanxi said.

"We are still in what is essentially the borders of Thorn Forest. There is nothing to be afraid of... ah! What is that?!" Chu Ming, as he scanned the area, suddenly screamed aloud.

"What's wrong?" Han Sen looked around and noticed something amiss.

"This is Thorn Forest, yes? Haven't we walked about fifty miles to get to this point?" Chu Ming noticed swathes of massive thorns tangled with the trees ahead.

"I'm fairly sure those thorny vines weren't there last night." Qu Lanxi was shocked, and she looked around to see what else might have appeared.

On the previous day, they had walked through what seemed to be a gentle forest. What they now saw ahead of them was a wretched tangle of thorny vines that weaved their way through the trees around them. If they were indeed in the borderlands of the forest, nothing like this should have been close to them.

Qu Lanxi wanted to take a closer look, but Han Sen stopped her.

"Let's not wander off on our own before we properly evaluate the situation." Han Sen looked around him with concern at the vast array of thorny vines. Their number equaled the trees they coursed between. Had they not known any better, they would have believed themselves to be in the deeper recesses of the forest.

Yet they knew they had only walked around fifty miles. They knew they shouldn't have been seeing such thorny vines already.

"Is it because of that giant tree?" Chu Ming pointed at it.

"No way; it's just a tree. Are you suggesting it has teleported us deeper into the forest or something?" Qu Lanxi said.

Han Sen was not willing to cast doubt on Chu Ming's theory, since he believed the man might have been correct. The environment had changed, all except that one giant tree, and so he said, "Where we are is mostly different, save for the tree's position. I think Chu Ming might be right. If there is another possibility, I'm having trouble discerning what that may be."

"So, you are saying the tree brought us to a deeper part of the forest?" Qu Lanxi asked.

"I am not entirely sure yet. It's either that or the thorn forest is looking to expand." Han Sen stepped forward to get a better look at the tree and said, "We should take a look at the tree in greater detail. Perhaps a closer inspection will clarify our situation."

"If the tree did this to us, wouldn't it be dangerous for us to poke around it?" Chu Ming suggested.

Han Sen shook his head and said, "If we are now indeed within the deeper, darker, and more treacherous reaches of Thorn Forest, it will be dangerous no matter which way we venture. At least we can confirm there are no creatures near the tree."

The three of them then decided to visit the tree and investigate.

Han Sen commanded Little Wind to lead them from the front. He was the strongest of their party, even though Han Sen had already consumed the Iron Bug King and obtained seven geno points.

Han Sen thought there might have been a flaw with the iron bug; after all, it hadn't completely evolved. The woman spirit had forced open its shell, which was perhaps why Han Sen did not receive many geno points.

The three of them carefully approached the tree and when they arrived, Little Wind seemed reluctant to approach. Han Sen had to pull and tug at Little Wind to get him to follow.

"Someone is under the tree!" Chu Ming suddenly called out as he pointed at the tree.

Chapter 910: Tree Door

Chapter 910: Tree Door

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen had better eyesight, and he saw that the person was dead far before Chu Ming did.

The dead person was a man, and he was clad in an outfit of the Alliance. He had been there for some time, it seemed.

Han Sen's best estimate placed the man's death at around sixty years before their find.

What Han Sen could not guess was how the surpasser had died all the way out there. There were no wounds, and there were no visible tears or damage to the outfit.

All that could ultimately be determined was that the man had been dead for quite some time, and now, only the lifeless body and its dusty garb were left to tell his tale. While the man's face had dried up like a husk, it was not rotten.

"This person was a human, one who died a very long time ago, it would appear," Han Sen told Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming.

When the three of them ventured nearer, they were able to get a better look at the person. The clothes were well-preserved and the face was fine.

He was a middle-aged man with a beard, and although they could not be certain, he seemed to have passed away peacefully.

As they examined the man lying against the tree, Han Sen made a more accurate reading of the tree's lifeforce and was surprised to find it stronger than he initially believed it to be.

But curiously, he believed there to be something living inside the imposing wood of its composure.

But aside from how he felt, there was no indication that what he thought was true. There was nothing suspicious in the area surrounding the tree, though that in itself could have been the more dubious fact. Aside from the dead body perched against it, not a single thing was in the area surrounding the tree—living or otherwise.

"Let's see if he has something on him. Perhaps we can learn more." Chu Ming wasted no time in patting the man down to see what he might have been carrying. The man did not possess a rucksack or bag, just a number of pockets.

From one pocket, he found something.

Inside this pocket, there was a wallet and a few little trinkets that did not seem to indicate anything special.

"Let me check the wallet; perhaps we can learn of his identity." Chu Ming opened the wallet to see a number of cards and some money.

There was no identification card, however. And neither were there any licenses. Still, Chu Ming examined each card that was there.

There were only a few technology cards, and so it seemed as if the identity of the mysterious corpse would have to remain a mystery.

Han Sen, however, did see that one card possessed the Nine-Life Cat symbol. This told him that the man must have had some association with Blood Legion.

This also told Han Sen that Chu Ming and Qu Lanxi did not know of Blood Legion's significance. As Han Sen mused on this, Chu Ming continued to search the body of the man for any secret pockets he might have missed.

"Stop this desecration and show some respect. This person died here, alone. Let's give him the burial he has so long been deprived of," Qu Lanxi said.

Chu Ming, however, did not listen to her pleading and continued rummaging through the man's pockets. As he did so, he said, "I don't think he'd like to be buried here. Perhaps if we can identify him, we can give him a proper Alliance send-off sometime in the future."

While what Chu Ming said may have seemed considerate and even heartfelt, the words were only spoken to subdue Qu Lanxi's feelings. Chu Ming wanted to see if the deceased person had some goodies on him, and she wasn't going to get in the way of that.

If he could discover high-class geno weapons on the man, they'd be incredibly rich. It wasn't as if dead people could make use of such armaments, after all.

But unfortunately for Chu Ming, he could not find anything. Upon this miserable realization, Chu Ming then sought to flip the body over and have a look in the pockets of the man's backside.

So, he did. And upon rolling over the body, something slipped out. They each looked at it with curiosity.

Han Sen bent down to pick it up and noticed it was an old-fashioned watch.

The likes of this did not exist anymore, and people tended to make use of smartwatches. The delicate arts of watchmakers had mostly been lost to the annals of time and advent of technology; old fashioned watches lacked programming and worked off the extremely accurate synchronization and unerringly calculated movements of cogs and gears. If you wanted one of these, the best place to find one would be in an antique store.

The watch had stopped at nine o'clock, what day or year was unknown, as such old-fashioned devices did not give such information.

But that did not matter, for in the sanctuaries, such watches did not work.

Han Sen then examined the upper-portion of the watch, and what he saw made him freeze. There was a picture inside it of a middle-aged man holding a boy who had to be around eight or nine years old. The middle-aged man was the person who had died.

But the boy in the picture was a person Han Sen had seen before.

The little boy in the picture was Han Sen's father. In his family photo albums, Han Sen had seen many pictures of his father when he was young. He was certain, without a shadow of a doubt, that the boy was his father.

The little boy was even wearing clothes Han Sen could recognize.

And the accessories he wore were ones he had seen before, as well. Han Sen knew he could not have been mistaken, and neither was what he was seeing a coincidence. The chances of two human boys wearing the same clothes and accessories, having the same hairstyles, and looking similar in the face was all too unlikely.

If the little boy was Han Sen's father, the bigger question now was who the dead man was. And whoever he was, why did he have such a photo?

The man was not his grandfather nor his great-grandfather; he did not look like them at all.

And wrack his mind as he might, Han Sen was unable to think of who that person might have been.

"San Mu, that little boy looks just like you," Chu Ming joked, as he looked at the little boy.

"Fate has led me to this watch, so I will be taking it." Han Sen pocketed the watch, planning to bring it back and show it to his mother when he returned to the Alliance. Perhaps she would possess the answers he sought.

"It's just a watch, though. That thing is useless. Why do you want it so bad?" Chu Ming laughed, as he continued digging through the man's pockets despite not finding anything more significant.

Just as Han Sen planned to roll the man back over, he noticed something amiss. There was something wrong with the place the man had been previously lying against.

That portion of the tree looked slightly different. They had not noticed it before, as their focus was on the dead body.

Han Sen decided to inspect it closer, and he was surprised to see the faint outline of what looked vaguely like a door. Feeling the bark, Han Sen's hand ran over a lump shaped like a doorknob.

The man had died with his back against a tree door.

Chapter 911: Underground Shelter

Chapter 911: Underground Shelter

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"What is hidden inside the tree, I wonder? Does it have something to do with that dead fellow? Did he die here, hoping people would find the door?" Han Sen thought to himself, as he observed the tree door.

Han Sen's curiosity had been stoked like a fire ever since he saw that photograph. Although he was initially hesitant, he wanted to find out more, and so he decided to open it.

But when he pushed against the door, there was no reaction.

Han Sen frowned and tried operating the doorknob. After doing this, the door opened with ease.

"Why would there be a door here? Do you think there might be treasure inside?" Chu Ming asked, as he happily approached the opening door and Han Sen.

Qu Lanxi was interested by the day's turn of events, and so she drew nearer, too. They were all keen to find out what might have been inside.

They initially believed it to have been some sort of hidden storage room or cache, but as the door opened, they were taken aback.

Looking straight beyond the door there was nothing. But when they looked down, the ground opened up to a cavernous realm. And from where they peered, they could see a hidden palace far below the earth.

Qing Ming Shelter was little more than a slum when compared to the grand and luxurious temple of the palace they were seeing now.

"Shelter? There's a shelter below this tree?" Chu Ming could not help but scream in delight, as the revelation was far grander than he ever could have hoped for.

Han Sen was just as shocked and delighted, too. The shelter was beyond anything he could have ever fathomed, and it was so exquisitely built, he'd have never even been able to imagine a place so stunning. It was far beyond Moment Shelter in terms of its majesty.

As they looked down, though, they noticed a number of broken places around the shelter. But they also noticed a number of giant bones, as well.

Dust caked the surfaces of the subterranean land. Heaven knew how long the palace had been there, and there did not seem to be a single living thing there.

"Might there be spirits and creatures down there?" Qu Lanxi asked, with moderate worry. They struggled to comprehend the shelter's sheer size, so if there were creatures or spirits within, they'd be incredibly powerful.

"I don't think so." Han Sen was excited and eager to take a look. Furthermore, if it was a functioning shelter, there'd be a teleporter inside. And if there was a teleporter inside, they could return to the Alliance.

"You two wait here; I will scope the place out first." Han Sen leapt down and cast his dongxuan aura to observe whether or not there were lifeforces as he went.

Han Sen landed near the gate of the palace. It was very large, but very rugged as well. The gate had to be a hundred meters high, at the very least. Standing in front of it made you feel as insignificant as an ant.

Looking up, Han Sen observed the tree roots that netted the sky of that realm like spiderwebs. The roots eventually interlaced with a number of bright gleaming rocks, which made the space above mirror a real daytime sky.

Han Sen flew up and above the gate of the palace, and from that height, he was able to witness countless bones.

Many creature skeletons had been preserved there, and many of them were at least one hundred meters in length. The skulls of most had been removed or cast aside from the rest of their bones, suggesting that gruesome beheadings had befallen the mighty creatures.

But even with only the bones remaining, it was a creepy sight.

"Who killed so many creatures, I wonder? Was it the man outside?" Han Sen wondered to himself, as he approached in awe.

The creature remains were everywhere, and there were many sword marks across the grounds.

If they were the work of the man who had died outside, it was difficult to fathom just how powerful he might have been.

Carefully, Han Sen glided around the underground shelter in examination. Aside from the aged remains, he could not detect the presence of any other creatures in the vicinity. The area seemed clear of danger.

He entered the spirit hall of the shelter and saw the spirit statue that was there. The forehead of the statue, however, had disappeared.

Han Sen examined the teleporter that was there in the hall, as well, and it was in perfect working order. In absolute delight, he called for Chu Ming and Qu Lanxi to follow him down.

When Little Wind came in with them, he began to shiver at the sight of all the bones. Despite being aged remnants of the distant past, they still held an aura of intimidation.

For a time, Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming were too surprised to say anything remotely coherent.

"Scary. Who in the sanctuaries killed this many creatures and destroyed the shelter? Surely, it couldn't have been that man outside." Chu Ming, after much speech-impeding awe, finally spoke.

No one could answer him, but Qu Lanxi turned around and asked, "Does the teleporter still work?"

Chu Ming looked at Han Sen with anxiety, fearing Han Sen would tell them no.

It had been many years since they were last seen in the Alliance. It was likely that the family and friends of their past lives believed them to be dead. They couldn't wait to see them again.

"Yes," Han Sen said.

Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming instantly became excited, and tears welled up in their eyes upon receiving the answer. This was something they had longed to hear.

They had believed they would never see the Alliance again.

Han Sen was pleased, too. Upon entering the spirit hall, they each stepped into the teleporter one after the other, returning to the Alliance.

When Han Sen opened his eyes next, he was home. He had previously purchased a private teleporter, so he was able to teleport straight there.

After meeting with his mother, he called Ji Yanran. She was very quiet, and it was difficult to discern her words beneath the blubbing that accompanied her tears.

Ji Yanran knew Han Sen was strong, but the Third God's Sanctuary was an extremely dangerous realm. Receiving the opportunity to live there, and perhaps later thrive, was dependant on luck.

They spoke for a long while, but then Han Sen decided to inform his friends he was safe, too.

He stayed in the Alliance for a few days before returning to the sanctuary.

Chu Ming and Qu Lanxi did not come back with him. They had been in the sanctuary for far too long, and so they fancied staying in the Alliance a good while longer.

Han Sen tried to activate his super spirit mode in the hall, wanting to see how long he could last.

When he cast it, he felt the power burst out from him. But the most curious thing happened; the power that came out from him coursed over to the spirit statue and nestled itself in the forehead of the statue where the stone once resided.

Chapter 912: The King

Chapter 912: The King

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

When Han Sen saw his power manifest inside the forehead slot of the spirit statue, it created what appeared to be a white spirit stone. At the sight of this, Han Sen froze.

"Your spirit stone has linked with the spirit base. Would you like to enter?" A strange voice sounded from the statue.

"What is a spirit base?" Han Sen then watched the spirit stone fire a beam of light at him. Upon contact with this light, he was sucked into the spirit stone.

The sensation he felt was not too dissimilar to that of a teleporter, and after the dimensions unraveled before his eyes, he found himself standing on an island.

The island was as small as a basketball pitch, and it appeared to have been formed from finely chiseled jade. It was as if he was standing at the center of the galaxy.

Stars populated the skies above and around him, but upon closer inspection, they weren't what they first appeared to be. They were other jade islands, shining brightly.

"What is this place?" Han Sen had no idea what was going on, and he was shocked to realize he was still in super spirit mode. He felt as if he could remain in this state forever.

It surprised him, because he knew for a fact he could only last four seconds. Now, the mode had been activated for ten seconds with no sign of slowing down.

Of course, he knew it had something to do with the spirit base. Had he not entered this place, it wouldn't have continued in this way.

"Really? What is this place?" Han Sen looked at the statue that was standing before him.

"Spirit Base." The statue's lips did not move, but Han Sen could hear it speak with perfect clarity.

"Can I return?" Han Sen asked.

"You can leave whenever you desire. Would you like to leave now?" the statue said.

"Not yet." Han Sen felt safer, hearing what the statue told him. So, he looked around at all the other islands in the sky and asked the statue, "What can I do here?"

"You may challenge or be challenged. If you defeat other spirits here, you will obtain spirit geno points," the statue answered.

"Can I die here?" Han Sen frowned as he asked this.

"No; you will lose one self geno point and be returned to your spirit stone," the statue answered.

"What is a self geno point? How many do I have?" Han Sen asked.

"You have one, and you do not have a rank in the spirit base. Challenge a spirit in the first spirit base, and once you are ranked, you will be unable to battle those that are ranked lower than you." The statue was replying like an answer-dispensing machine.

"What is the first spirit base? Are you saying there are more?" Han Sen asked.

"When you open your first gene lock, you are given access to the first spirit base. If you open your second gene lock, you will be given access to the second spirit base, and so on."

Han Sen wanted to ask more questions, but suddenly, an island floated towards him. Upon it stood a spirit that looked like a giant.

"Ah, a new spirit has just arrived. How lucky for me. Challenge me!" the giant spoke to Han Sen.

"How did you know I have only just entered this place?" Han Sen frowned.

"Your statue does not possess a rank. Come challenge me," the giant said as he pointed at Han Sen's statue.

The giant had already been ranked, so he could not challenge Han Sen. If Han Sen wished to challenge the giant, however, that would be allowed.

Han Sen noticed a bunch of numbers appearing before the statue on his island. Han Sen counted them, and noticed it was the figure of ninety million. If that was the giant's rank, then he was incredibly low.

"Fine; I'll challenge you." He was going up against a spirit that had only opened its first gene lock; therefore, he had nothing to be afraid of.

"Come on, then. Bring it!" The giant looked extremely happy, and his fist burst into flames like a meteor breaching the atmosphere.

Han Sen cast his Sonic-Thunder Punch and smashed the giant into pieces; then the spirit returned to his spirit stone.

As the body disappeared, a red light entered Han Sen's body.

"Nightfire Gene +1; Rank Achieved."

Han Sen looked at his nightfire genes and noticed he had eleven of them.

He looked at the statue and saw there was a number there. The number was the same one the giant had possessed, and when he looked towards the giant's statue, it had disappeared.

"This is interesting. I can get a lot of spirit geno points here." Han Sen was immeasurably happy.

His power was fixed in super spirit mode, but although he could employ any element, there were no buffs applied.

If he was able to gather many spirit geno points, he could max out all his buffs. He'd have a greater resistance to the elements, and he'd be far stronger.

"Are you a king spirit?" The giant respawned and looked at Han Sen.

"Kind of," Han Sen answered queerly. He was only a king spirit when he decided to turn into one.

"My name is Flame Giant. Might you tell me your king title?" The giant knelt in front of Han Sen, as if he was smitten with him. The spirit was acting as if it'd be a great honor for him to learn his title.

"My title is The King," Han Sen randomly spouted.

He wasn't a king spirit, so he was able to make a title up.

He was in super king spirit mode, so the spirit in front of him was of a lower class. As such, he decided to title himself above most others by claiming the title of The King.

"You are The King! It is a most wondrous and glorious opportunity I have received, to see you. Your title will be heard by all one day, that is for sure! And one day, you will indeed be an emperor." Flame Giant poured out praise in abundance.

Han Sen laughed in his heart, saying to himself, "I am already The King. There is no need for me to become an emperor."

Chapter 913: Naive Spirit Brother

Chapter 913: Naive Spirit Brother

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Flame Giant's behavior was quite amusing, at first. But now, it had grown annoying. Ignoring him, Han Sen decided to fly his island to others in order to challenge their residing spirits and obtain more spirit geno points.

Many islands, however, did not contain spirits. Han Sen had to fly around for quite a while, observing empty islands with no spirits on them. When he did find a spirit, he was dismayed to learn that they had no rank, and he therefore couldn't challenge them.

Flame Giant was not keen to lose the spirit of his affection, however, and so he followed Han Sen like a puppy. As they traveled, he would frequently announce to the islands around them, "Hail to The King! The King has come; submit an offering of geno points to him."

Han Sen frowned, thinking Flame Giant's behavior was both pointless and annoying. If the spirits did not invite him to battle, he couldn't fight them even if he wanted to.

But what happened next shocked Han Sen. The first spirit they came to, upon hearing Han Sen was the The King, knelt. And just as Flame Giant did earlier, he showed great reverence and adoration for Han Sen who was before him.

He invited Han Sen to challenge, and when the fight started, he did nothing. He stood there and offered his own defeat without contest. It almost made Han Sen feel rather bad.

"You have to take my geno points, my king." The spirit's tone of voice was so firm and resolute, it sounded as if it was a genuine honor to provide Han Sen his geno points.

"If you want to give me your points that badly, I will take them then." Han Sen then punched the spirit to death, as a blue light penetrated his body.

"SquireWater Gene +1; Rank Unchanged."

Spirits seemed fanatical before a king spirit, and when they moved on from that island, Flame Giant did not rest his trumpeting of Han Sen's coming. Far across that strange realm, spirits gladly offered up their geno points.

"I wonder how they'd feel if they knew I was a human?" Han Sen wondered to himself.

But over the course of that day, Han Sen's spirit geno points were increasing rapidly. And that meant all of his elemental proficiencies were improving.

"This is way too awesome!" As Han Sen watched his spirit gene tally increase one by one, he hoped this could keep going until it reached the figure of one hundred and he maxed it out completely.

Obtaining spirit geno points in the sanctuary, by ordinary means, was incredibly difficult. Right now, Han Sen only had to stand in place and wait for spirits to practically deliver them to him on a platter.

He stayed there for a long time, but he began to feel tired after a while, so he returned to the spirit hall. His super spirit mode deactivated and his body entered a state of pain.

In the spirit base, he could keep his super spirit mode activate for the entire duration he was there, but back in the sanctuaries, he could still only use it for three seconds.

When his super king spirit mode ended, his spirit stone disappeared, as well.

Han Sen took a look at his geno points, and he could not stop smiling.

Han Sen tested whether or not he had to be in super king spirit mode to create a spirit stone in the spirit hall again, and it worked.

When outside the spirit hall, no such thing occurred. When his super king spirit mode ran out in the hall, his spirit stone would go with it.

With the spirit base, though, Han Sen's workload in the Third God's Sanctuary was significantly lessened. Once he rested up, he planned to go back to the spirit hall, transform, and return to the spirit base and continue earning geno points. And after settling on this regime, Flame Giant's deduction was correct; Han Sen's name did indeed become heard of, far and wide.

Everyone in the first spirit base soon heard about the existence of a king spirit called The King, and it wasn't long before it was whispered between the spirits out in the sanctuary.

But when many king spirits heard of this person, all they could do was frown.

A natural king spirit was given a title by God, and for one to be simply called The King, it didn't sound legitimate. It was most certainly not a name in the same vein as they were traditionally given, and if it wasn't a name given by God, there was only one possibility.

Two king spirits must have produced an offspring. If The King was born from the copulation of two king spirits, then it was only natural the baby would not have a name given by God.

Many king spirits believed The King was a king spirit that had been born.

If he hadn't been born, then he wouldn't have entered the first spirit base. A natural king spirit always had an extremely high level, and they would never have to go through the first spirit base.

All the king spirits then wondered who that person might have been. Whoever it was, they believed him to be cocky, and they most assuredly wanted to teach the spirit a lesson or two in how to behave.

But most of the king spirits had opened many of their gene locks, and as a result, they could not backtrack through their levels of ascension and challenge The King.

That being said, there were other king spirits still in the first spirit base, and they too were made angry upon hearing the name of The King. Driven mad, they all vowed to kick his bacon.

Han Sen was oblivious to these rumblings though, and so he just relished his time in the limelight, reveling in the love and adoration he was being shown. When he returned, the spirits continued to allow themselves to be defeated.

Flame Giant followed Han Sen around like a shadow, and soon, his presence grew on him. Han Sen felt as if he had a humble servant at his disposal, and so he felt like royalty.

"These spirits are so simple-minded," Han Sen sighed in his heart.

As he searched for a new target, someone drove an island towards him at an alarming speed.

Han Sen had seen this happen many times already, and it was usually a case of another spirit, dying to offer themselves up. Expecting this, he decided to recline against his statue and wait for the person to get there.

As it neared, Flame Giant did what he always did. He shouted aloud, "Hail to The King! The King has come; submit an offering of..."

Before he could finish his speech, Flame Giant froze and fell to the ground, saying, "Greetings, Thunderdevil King."

The statue that belonged to this spirit was about a hundred meters high, and its owner exuded a horrifying feeling. As he looked at Han Sen, a purple light flashed and flickered in his eyes.

All the spirits around Han Sen knelt before him.

Immediately, Han Sen knew he'd encountered someone he could consider a big cheese. When he looked at the statue's number, he noticed it was a simple seven. Very few were stronger than him.

Chapter 914: One-Hit Killing Thunderdevil

Chapter 914: One-Hit Killing Thunderdevil

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Thunderdevil King was the son of a king, and had entered the first spirit base only a few months prior. Wielding the powers of thunder, he was renowned for not losing a single time. As such, he was given the title Thunderdevil King.

This king proclaimed that he was brimming with the very essence of thunder, and that he was an organic descendant of the element itself.

This was only partly true, but his father was extremely proficient in wielding thunder powers. His mother was a spirit princess that also excelled in wielding thunder powers.

On the day Thunderdevil was born, he came into the world crackling with the charge of electricity. As such, it prompted his father to boast and declare that his son was the strongest being of thunder to ever exist.

His father wasn't far off the mark, either. Thunderdevil King had only just entered the first spirit base a few months before, and in that short amount of time, he had managed to kill countless spirits. All who opposed him, he destroyed, and not once was he ever beaten.

"So, you are the obscene individual that calls himself The King?" Thunderdevil lived up to his name; his face was cold and sharp, just as one might imagine a genuine devil to look like. His voice boomed and snapped like the striking of thunderbolts, as if your eardrums could tear asunder any second.

"Yes, I am The King. And who might you be?" Han Sen responded with a flat tone.

"Pah! You really are an ignorant boy, aren't you? Challenge me. Challenge me and I will bring an end to your parade within three hits." Thunderdevil King's eyes possessed the horrifying glint of murder.

If his rank wasn't too high, he'd have tried to kill Han Sen already.

All the other spirits in the vicinity trembled in fear. They had heard much about Thunderdevil King's cruelty before, and had learnt he was able to kill thousands of creatures within minutes of being born.

Although you could not be killed while in the spirit base, that wouldn't stop Han Sen from being recognized and tormented out in the actual sanctuary. If he lost out there, it'd all be over.

With the spirit king father that he had, everyone in the Third God's Sanctuary was frightened by Thunderdevil King.

But his notoriety did not spook Han Sen, and so he gladly decided to challenge him. Even though he was a second-generation spirit king, Han Sen still believed he could end him quickly. His only regret was not being able to kill the spirit for good.

Seeing Han Sen invite him for a duel, the protective aura around the islands fell. Wasting no time, Thunderdevil King leapt in front of Han Sen and coldly said, "You should strike first. I'll give you a free one, because if I go first, you'll be done and dusted in no time."

"Okay." Han Sen did not move a single step, and on the closure of his word, threw a lame, single fist towards Thunderdevil King.

When Thunderdevil King watched Han Sen casually swing a fist, he felt disrespected. This provoked a greater ire and anger within him.

Thunderdevil King had been through much to reach the rank of seventh.

And in no time at all, Han Sen had gone from having no rank, to the ninety-millionth, to the one-hundred-thousandth. He had not faced a worthy challenger yet, or at least one that was willing to put up a fight.

For a guy like that to disrespect him, Thunderdevil King wasn't having it. He quickly became fuming mad.

"Pah, you know what? Killing you in one hit will be a waste of the fun time I can have with a puny worm like you. Allow me to demonstrate the full extent of my power!" Thunderdevil King's body shone with a purple light. He transformed into what could best be described as a thundergod. And in response to this tumultuous turn of events, the islands and the fabric of the spirit base realm seemed to quiver and shake.

It looked as if the lightning that ran along his body could sever the atmosphere in two.

The other spirits were speechless at the sight. Thunderdevil King had only opened his first gene lock, and their hearts sunk when they thought of how powerful he might become once he had unlocked all nine of his gene locks.

Han Sen, however, did not waver. He had no reaction to the outburst of power and energy that flashed before him, and his casually-thrown fist did not divert an inch. The fist shone with a white light, and landed neatly on Thunderdevil King's body.

Flame Giant and the other spirits, who watched Han Sen launch what they believed to be a farcically weak punch, thought Han Sen might have actually been afraid of Thunderdevil King.

Boom!

During the next second, in which Han Sen's fist landed on its target, everyone's shock amplified to an unfathomable degree.

It was only a random-looking punch, and yet it seemed to be infused with the most wicked power. Thunderdevil's body broke into pieces. There was nothing but bits left, and so quick

was the spectacle over, Thunderdevil King didn't have the chance to react or even scream. He died, just like that.

The spirit base remained quiet in the moments following. No one could expect Thunderdevil King to be killed in a single punch, like an ant.

"Kingthunder Gene +1; Seventh Rank Achieved. Top Ten Placement Achieved; Self-Spirit Gene +1."

A purple thunder entered Han Sen's body, and all of a sudden, he felt as if his super king spirit body was fused and charged with the element of thunder. He tried casting it, but could not. He did, however, feel his thunder resistances increase by a lot.

If he was able to collect a hundred kingthunder genes, his thunder power would certainly exceed that of Thunderdevil King.

Han Sen was pleased that he had obtained a self-spirit gene, and he immediately felt his super king spirit body become much stronger as a result.

Boom!

Amidst everyone's confusion and awe of the spectacle they had just witnessed, Thunderdevil King respawned with fury. He roared to the skies in absolute madness and attempted to re-challenge Han Sen.

He had been killed by Han Sen, resulting in an exchange of ranking. And because he was much lower than Han Sen now, he was free to challenge him as much as he pleased.

Thunderdevil King would not concede and accept such a miserable, humiliating defeat. He had tried to use his thundergod mode in a bid to deflect Han Sen's punch, but it was a mistake that allowed his electrical powers to backfire and incinerate himself.

But Han Sen's seemingly random punch was most strange. It went past his thundergod body and broke his actual self.

Therefore, Thunderdevil King did not relent in his desire for another match. He believed it all to be a mistake, and that Han Sen had not actually killed him.

So, this time, Thunderdevil King decided to strike first. He gathered a fist of obscenely destructive power and loosed it towards Han Sen.

A thick purple beam was cast out, and it appeared directly before Han Sen. So great was that power, it appeared wretched enough to not only destroy Han Sen, but his island also.

Chapter 915: There Are Many Kings, But Amongst Them, Only One Ruler

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Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen stood upon his spirit base island like a god. His white hair drifted with the ethereal breeze, and his handsome face was as calm and composed as ever. He lifted a fist and launched it at the purple lightning that was bearing down on him.

His super king spirit mode made him better than a king spirit, so he was unafraid of what Thunderdevil King sought to do. They had both only opened their first gene locks, so with the improved spirit mode, Han Sen already worked from a position of greater strength.

"Die!" Thunderdevil King roared, as his thundergod mode grew in power. The purple lightning crackled with greater ferocity, and its size amplified with his warcry. He was putting everything he had into this one strike, hoping he could annihilate Han Sen in a single hit.

All the spirits watched as the lightning made contact with Han Sen's outstretched fist. As it occurred, the deafening snap of thunder drowned out all other sounds.

Han Sen's super king spirit-fueled fist destroyed the frightening projectile pocket of electric power, and it remained on course to wreck Thunderdevil King once more.

All the spirits watched Han Sen as he exuded a most holy light. They viewed him with great admiration.

If killing Thunderdevil King the first time was luck, then the second time would assuredly prove it was down to Han Sen's skill. And if that was true, it meant his power had to be greater than that of the widely lauded Thunderdevil King.

They were both king spirits, and yet one could not withstand the other's punch. Seeing such an intimidating figure crumble before Han Sen was difficult to believe.

Spirits always adored those who were stronger than them, and so Han Sen was cementing himself as something of an idol for sure.

"Kingthunder Gene +1; Rank Unchanged."

Han Sen received another kingthunder gene, which helped to boost the strength of his thunder elements.

Han Sen wanted Thunderdevil King to challenge him some more. If he was able to obtain a total of one hundred kingthunder genes, his thunder power was sure to be significantly stronger than any that were on the same level as him.

But after respawning again, Thunderdevil King just stood where he was. He did not jump back out of his spirit stone as he previously had, fuming with anger. He just looked at Han Sen and did not approach.

Thunderdevil King had wanted to kill Han Sen with thunder, and he had been keen to demonstrate his full power with monstrous tenacity and confidence earlier. Now, the power of Han Sen's punches actually put fear into him. It was fortunate the rule of only having one opened gene lock was enforced in that realm, for if it wasn't, he'd have never believed Han Sen had only opened his first gene lock.

"I am the king of kings. In this world there are many kings, but amongst them, only one ruler. That's me." Han Sen provoked Thunderdevil King, hoping it would trigger his wrath and desire for battle, earning him more kingthunder gene points.

Thunderdevil King, as predicted, could not accept the insult. He roared to the sky and recast his thundergod mode before charging towards Han Sen once more. In one punch, it was all over once again.

The other spirits trembled in their boots. Thunderdevil King was not only getting crushed, but also humiliated. The name of The King felt as if it were getting branded in their hearts, and it seemed to be a name they would not—or should not—ever forget.

Thunderdevil King respawned, but before Han Sen could say anything else to him, he disappeared with his island. He ran off.

Word of this fight spread like wildfire in the community of spirits. Those who heard the tale of a newcomer destroying Thunderdevil King were shocked to hear of his power. It was difficult to believe, even. The king spirits, however, felt even more animosity towards Han Sen. They were madder than ever.

Many king class spirits wished to lock Han Sen up in purgatory for the rest of eternity.

Some king spirits even vowed to destroy Han Sen's spirit stone, should they ever discover his true identity.

The loudest proclaimer of such a notion was the father of Thunderdevil King. Like the other king spirits, his search for The King's identity was on.

But despite their efforts, neither the king spirits nor even the emperors themselves were able to locate or discover who he was. Their best guess was that he was the child of some emperor. The thought that The King might have been a human never once crossed their minds.

In the sanctuaries, despite their tireless struggle for information, they could not find out anything. But all the king spirits that could still enter the first spirit base went after Han Sen, planning to kill him.

But this was exactly what Han Sen had hoped for. Ordinary spirit genes could not boost his power by much, but king spirit genes were far more effective, and their boons were immediately noticeable. Having the king spirits coming to him was a dream come true.

When Han Sen proclaimed himself the king of kings, he knew it'd incite the fury and ire of all the other proud king spirits out there. As such, the kings would end up express-delivering their geno points to Han Sen for the small price of one punch.

And as for the threats from the powerful king spirits he could not yet challenge, Han Sen cared little.

In the sanctuary, where things mattered the most and death was permanent, they could not find him. And with their inability to visit the first spirit base, he had nothing to be afraid of.

"If it wasn't for the spirit genes I am practically being gifted, I'd announce I am a human. I don't want this freight train to stop. Hmm, but doesn't that mean I can't use super king spirit mode back in the sanctuaries now? If the spirits find out who I am, heaven knows how many will be on my tail," Han Sen thought to himself.

Aside from the woman spirit he half-encountered in the valley, no one else had seen his super king spirit mode in the sanctuary yet.

Although she saw the active mode, there was no way she could have guessed it was a human, either. Due to this, there was no need for him to worry about her.

And the first spirit base was massive, so he thought it was unlikely she'd encounter him there, either.

But Han Sen was wrong. She, the baron of thorns, saw him; and she recognized him as the handsome spirit that rescued her from the iron bug.

"I am the king of kings. In this world there are many kings, but amongst them, only one ruler. That's me." Thorn Baron pondered the words he had spoken. Her cheeks blushed, and

she said to herself, "He's that powerful king spirit. It would be a most wonderful thing, should I ever encounter him again. Why he saved me, without saying a word, I'll never know."

Ever since she found out The King was the one who saved her, she believed the dagger falling into his hands, in exchange for her saving, was a good thing. She had been saved by a valiant spirit, she thought. She was unaware Han Sen merely wanted to rob her.

Chapter 916: The Moving Shelter

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Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen brought the dead man's body down into the shelter. Thinking the place was suitable, he also planted the Devil-Blood Tree and his Pine Tree inside there, as well.

Han Sen did not have many waterdrops still, so he only used what was sufficient to keep them alive for the time being.

For food, he only had some crab meat and dried fruit. If they wanted to increase their strength, they would have to go out and hunt.

But the trees in close proximity to them did not bear fruit. And the presence of creatures was lacking.

Upon greater inspection, and a fair amount of time pondering, Han Sen came to the conclusion that the shelter was moving. And he noticed that every day he woke up, he was in a different spot.

Sometimes they were deeper inside the woods, other times they'd be near the outskirts. While the movements seemed random, he believed there had to be a reason or rhyme to how the shelter behaved—he just had to figure it out.

When they first came to this place, the tree and its shelter were nearly on the outskirts of Thorn Forest. After spending the night there, they awoke to the realization they had been teleported someplace else.

A few days later, days spent tinkering and investigating, Han Sen discovered it always moved around the hour of midnight. If they wanted to leave and go off on a hunt or explore

Thorn Forest, they would just have to ensure they were back before then. Otherwise, they'd be stranded with no knowledge of where the shelter had gone off to.

It was easy to find out if you were in the right place as the shelter moved beneath your feet, however. The area above the shelter was quite sparse in terms of plants, and the area was always devoid of creatures. It was easy to recognize.

Han Sen kept up with his training and collected spirit genes from the spirit base whenever he could. In between those activities, he made scouting trips to the surface to observe where the shelter had moved and where they might go to in order to hunt.

The reason no creatures came close to the shelter finally dawned on Han Sen; he attributed it to the giant bones that resided below the surface. He had seen creatures staying far away from such bones before, and so he attributed the lack of nearby creatures to the bones' presence there. While it meant they had to travel a bit to find creatures, it at least meant there wasn't any danger in and around the shelter.

On this day, the shelter moved to the edge of Thorn Forest. When the sun rose, Han Sen ventured out with Qu Lanxi. Together, they slew a few ordinary iron bugs.

Han Sen was also able to find a few wild geno plants, and he managed to collect a dozen waterdrops following their absorption.

And as fruitful as their hunt had been, they did not dare go too far from home. They wanted to create a pantry of food, where they could store much and live in relative peace for a while.

Every few days, almost like clockwork, the shelter moved to the edge of the forest where they could freely hunt without too much concern. This also meant they did not have to worry about dwindling supplies for the time they remained in the shelter. Settling into a nice routine, Han Sen had managed to earn a fair amount of basic geno points and ordinary geno points. Slowly but surely, his fitness level was rising.

Han Sen tried to control the shelter's movements, or see what he could do to influence where it chose to go, but outside the spirit base, he could not last very long in his super king spirit mode. Despite trying many different ways, he was unable to move the shelter how he fancied.

More than anything, however, Han Sen spent most of his time in the spirit base collecting spirit genes.

Squire-class, knight-class, and royal-class spirits all offered up their spirit genes without quarrel, and thanks to this, Han Sen's spirit gene tally increased rapidly.

Ever since he killed Thunderdevil King three times in a row, many royal spirits who saw him would gladly offer up their genes, too.

Some spirits who were known associates of Thunderdevil King made sure to stay out of Han Sen's way, though. They wouldn't give him a single spirit gene.

But for those few people, there was nothing he could do. His rank was far higher than them, after all. Unless others challenged him, he could only challenge the six spirits who had a higher rank than he did.

Fortunately, most spirits were happy to give out their spirit genes for free. Han Sen's squire-class and knight-class geno points were already at one hundred. His royal-class tally was not far behind, either. What he needed now, though, was many king-class genes.

And so now, Han Sen had to select which spirit genes to take. Unless there was a special element attributed to them, he would have to decline many approaching spirits.

Han Sen noticed many more royal-class spirits challenging him these days, too. Although they were weak and easily defeated, they did try their best to fight him.

In the distance, many islands lined up, facing Han Sen. It wasn't too obvious to see, but one of the islands had a few spirits on it together. All the other spirits seemed to avoid this collective of islands like the plague.

On the island, there were two men and two women spirits. They were amongst the top ten king spirits.

One of the female king spirits had cat ears to compliment her beautiful face, which seemed to perpetually smirk. Her body was voluptuous and stunning to behold.

She must have been someone of some renown, and one that many other spirits would assuredly recognize. She held the second rank in the spirit base and was called Heavenly Empress.

The names of the other three king spirits were The King of Truth; The King of Day; and Flower Empress.

"The King's power is too much. Those royal-class spirits don't stand a chance, and their efforts at collecting information for us are practically worthless. I would say he bases his power on strength, but that doesn't help much," The King of Truth said.

The King of Day responded, "He was able to kill that juvenile Thunderdevil King with one hit; of course he's powerful!"

Flower Empress laughed and said, "If he does indeed rely on raw, physical strength, then taking him down shouldn't prove too difficult. Why don't we allow Truth to have a go at him. He is sure to crush The King."

"Yes, I believe Truth can beat that punk. Easy." After The King of Day said this, he continued by saying, "And we need to stop calling him The King!"

"But we are used to calling him that!" Flower Empress laughed.

The King of Truth looked to Heavenly Empress and said, "And what about you? What do you think?"

Heavenly Empress merely smiled and said, "You can try. The white light comes from his body; I suspect your Mirror of Truth can reflect that power. That being said, he is not as simple as he appears to be. There is more to him than meets the eye, so exercise caution."

"I will try then. If I do not win, then at least I can witness the strength he possesses firsthand," The King of Truth said, with grace.

"Don't say that! You will win; your Mirror of Truth can restrain him! We'll celebrate and toast a glass in your honor, when you return," The King of Day said jovially.

"I will be off, then!" The King of Truth returned to his own island and drove towards Han Sen.

Chapter 917: Skill Negation

Chapter 917: Skill Negation

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Ah, it's The King of Truth. Has he come to challenge The King?"

"Ooh, another entertaining spectacle for us to watch. I wonder which is the stronger of the two?"

"The King is stronger, duh. Thunderdevil King was ranked seventh, before getting smacked silly by The King. This guy is only ranked ninth."

"But The King of Truth has a special power. He can reflect a person's attacks, so he might be able to halt and reverse one of The King's punches."

"Hmm... what you say does make sense."

...

Seeing The King of Truth drive his island towards Han Sen, all the spirits began to talk amongst themselves. They feverishly discussed which of the two titans might be stronger.

In respect for the challenger, they all parted and formed a path so The King of Truth could approach and issue the desire for battle without delay.

"I am The King of Truth; might I do battle with you?" The King of Truth did not have to ask for permission, and he could have just waltzed in and immediately started a fight. But he was polite, and so he wished to introduce himself first.

"Of course we can do battle; let's fight!" When Han Sen saw The King of Truth approach, he was pleased. In his heart, he thought, "Finally, someone has come to give me king spirit geno points."

One king spirit gene was vastly more powerful than a bunch of normal spirit genes. One hundred squire genes could not compare to a handful of king spirit genes.

The King of Truth, upon hearing Han Sen's answer, joined him on his island. Then, he said, "You and I are king spirits. It would be inappropriate for us to fight like savages, so how about we do battle like gentlemen."

"What do you mean by fighting like gentlemen? I am gentle, just not a pushover." Han Sen frowned and looked at The King of Truth.

"It means you stand where you are and allow me to punch you. You can neither block nor dodge. And then, I stand still while you hit me. We keep going in this manner until one of us falls over," The King of Truth explained.

"You want to ro-sham-bo? But why can't I go first?" Han Sen asked.

"Oh, that's fine by me. You can go first, if you'd like." The King of Truth smiled.

Han Sen was surprised and put on alert. For the spirit to quickly agree, he must have something up his sleeve. The entire premise for the fight he wished to have reeked, so there was something going on for sure.

The King of Truth seemed to present himself like a bookwormish sort; he almost looked human, too, and lacked all the unique and striking details of appearance and physical flourishes that usually made spirits stand out.

But without fear, Han Sen said, "Okay, I'll punch you first."

"Please do." The King of Truth then just stood there, willing to accept Han Sen's punch.

"Haha! He fell for the trap. The King of Truth's mirror can reflect any incoming damage to the caster. The harder he punches, the harder he will hurt. If he goes all-out on his opponent... well, then that's all she wrote," The King of Day said excitedly.

"He's too proud. After defeating Thunderdevil King, he believes himself to be invincible. Now he'll suffer under the crushing weight of his own hubris," Flower Empress cackled.

The other spirits that looked on, seeing The King of Truth appear so calm, were shocked and unsure of what to think. They knew he had a special card to play, otherwise he wouldn't have behaved like that.

Everyone looked at Han Sen, waiting to see him perform his attack.

Han Sen's body lit up with his signature holy light. Just like his previous punches, this one looked casual and almost silly. It seemed to lack all power.

The King of Truth did not underestimate this, though. He watched the white light approach, and so he made his own body shine with silver and projected a layer of protection across his being.

Boom!

Han Sen's fist collided with the silver mirror.

"Whoa! Such strength, haha! He fell into the trap." The King of Day immediately lit up with joy, but in the next second, his smile froze and dropped.

The same applied to Flower Empress and Heavenly Empress, too. When Han Sen's fist hit the mirror, so much was the power, his fist shattered it into a million pieces. Then The King of Truth died.

A strange silver light appeared from the broken remains of The King of Truth and entered Han Sen's body.

"Kingspace Gene +1; Rank Unchanged."

Han Sen was surprised, not knowing his opponent had possessed a space element. Han Sen had been there for a while, and he had killed countless spirits, and yet this was the first time he had seen such a gene.

Han Sen didn't think The King of Truth would give up, and so he expected to receive a few more space genes. But after the spirit respawned, he did not say a word and simply left.

King spirit genes were precious, and ultra rare ones such as that were especially so. It was very difficult for The King of Truth to find space genes, and now Han Sen had just taken one with the greatest of ease. It was like flushing money down the drain.

After Han Sen became a super king spirit, he had no special elemental powers, but he could cancel the skills opponents used. When the Coin Toad used coins to suppress him, the power of the coins was negated upon the activation of his super king spirit mode.

This aspect also came into play against The King of Truth's mirror-power. The spirit's reflective shield did nothing, and so Han Sen was able to confirm the existence of this passive ability he had previously only assumed.

"What?! The King of Truth was incredibly calm, and I thought he could unleash a one-hit kill skill. Is this some kind of joke?"

"This is embarrassing."

"He does have a special skill, but The King was too strong for it. He ploughed right through whatever The King of Truth devised and annihilated him."

"There are many kings, but amongst them, only one ruler. Man, I've never seen anyone this powerful before. It's nuts!"

"The King has to be an emperor, don't you think?"

"I'm sure this guy can put any-old emperor to shame. This spirit is destined to go to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, I'm telling you."

"This is what you call invincible. King spirits are ground into dust before him."

...

The spirits discussed many topics amongst themselves, all of which pertained to The King. All the while, The King of Day, Flower Empress, and Heavenly Empress could do little but frown.

"Truth, what the hell? Why did your mirror not reflect his attack?" When The King of Truth returned, The King of Day immediately approached to ask.

Chapter 918: One Punch One Kiss

Chapter 918: One Punch One Kiss

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The King of Truth shook his head and responded, "I have no idea what happened. The mirror was obliterated; it didn't stand a chance."

"If you are unaware of why you lost, then why don't you try again?" The King of Day suggested.

The King of Truth rolled his eyes and said, "Do you think my king spirit genes come easily? I don't even know when or how I'll be able to get the lost one back. I'm not an idiot like that Thunderdevil King."

The King of Day realized his suggestion was too much of him to ask, so he did not say anything more in return.

Heavenly Empress looked thoughtful. "There are two possibilities, from the way I see it. One: the mirror is not as effective as we have believed it to be. Two: he is just too powerful, plain and simple. Perhaps he has so much power, it overloaded the threshold of damage the mirror was able to withstand and thus—snap! It broke. Think of it like a rubber-band; the further you pull it, the further it will travel upon letting go. But everything has a limit to its flexibility. If you pull too hard on the elastic band, it will give way and break," she explained.

"I think he's immune to the mirror. There is no way that punk can be that powerful," The King of Day said.

"Well, if the mirror wasn't as effective as we believed it to be, that's bad news. It means Flower Empress' Flower Stamp would also be useless. It'd be even harder for her to beat him," Heavenly Empress said.

When Flower Empress heard what she said, she chimed in saying, "My Flower Stamp is different than the mirror. If he can bypass the mirror, fine, but there is no way he can triumph over the mirror and my Flower Stamp."

"Still, if you do choose to challenge him, you should be careful. It is difficult to earn back spirit genes. With your speed and power, I don't believe you will be able to hit him," Heavenly Empress said.

"I have an idea." Flower Empress flew back to her own island and drove forward, off to visit Han Sen.

Heavenly Empress sought to stop her from going, but it was too late. Flower Empress, not looking back, said, "Relax."

"Let her go; no one from the same tier can overcome her powers. And if she's that confident she can beat him, after everything we've seen thus far, perhaps we should place some faith of our own in her." The King of Day believed she had what it took, so he decided to follow her in support.

The King of Day had been trying to woo Flower Empress for quite some time, but she never showed any interest in his attempts at romantic coercion. Some of his positive comments now, and his desire to follow, stemmed from his desire to get her to notice him more.

Heavenly Empress saw Flower Empress arrive before Han Sen.

"Flower Empress... she is ranked fourth in the spirit base."

"I didn't expect her to challenge him. It looks like everyone knows about The King now."

"Such a beautiful woman; I wonder if The King is willing to thrash a woman as brutally as he does the rest of his opponents."

"I don't think The King cares for sexual discrimination."

Flower Empress was now before Han Sen, and in a flirtatious manner said, "The King, you fought against The King of Truth unfairly. You took advantage of being allowed to attack first. If we battle, do you mind if I attack first?"

Han Sen observed her intently. She looked very small and very pretty, and she also smelled like flowers. She was an attractive spirit, that was for sure.

"How about I do you one better; you can punch me ten times." Han Sen smiled.

"Such a gentleman. Okay, I'll punch you ten times first." A streak of sordidness crept across Flower Empress' face.

All of the spirits froze in place. If The King was willing to accept ten of her punches, it wouldn't matter how strong he was. Ten of those would surely lead to his defeat.

"Might I ask, what will you do if you don't win, after getting your ten free shots in?" Han Sen smiled again.

"People like you won't get hurt from punches by the likes of me. So, you can start punching me back, okay?" She wasn't promising anything.

Han Sen squinted and said, "How about I let you punch me ten times, and if I die, it will be deserved. If I am indeed still alive, then each punch must equate to one kiss. How does that sound?"

After that, Flower Empress' face turned red. The audience was listening to their conversation intently and began to get rowdy with excitement for Han Sen's cheeky suggestion.

"Nooooo!" The King of Day's face dropped like a sack of rocks, and he shouted from the top of his lungs.

Han Sen knew there was something between them, judging from the way he had followed her.

Han Sen wasn't being flirty with her, though. As a matter of fact, she didn't interest him in the least. What he wanted to do most was provoke The King of Day to fight him for kissing his most-wanted girl. Furthermore, if he took Flower Empress' rank, then he'd be higher than The King of Day. That meant he couldn't challenge him.

Flower Empress, gnawing at her lips, managed to compose herself after the pause. Then she said, "You are a king spirit. Isn't it humiliating for you to suggest something like this?"

"Everyone loves beautiful women; kings are no exception. And I'll have you know, with this metric of one kiss for one punch, I'd be willing to accept a hundred punches. Of course, if you don't agree to this, then I'll allow you one, free courtesy punch," Han Sen mockingly said.

Flower Empress' eyes brightened and she gasped, "Really? I can hit you one hundred times first?"

"I am many things, but a liar I am not. If you do indeed agree to this, then yes, I'll let you punch me one hundred times." Han Sen looked at The King of Day who was nearby. He was sweating profusely, in an ardent desire to stay her agreement to this.

Flower Empress said, "Okay. And if I defeat you within my one hundred free punches then you lose."

"Fair enough! Okay, come on." Han Sen then sent her a duel invite to challenge her.

Everyone was aghast, hearing Han Sen was going to let her hit him one hundred times.

They were both king spirit elites, so they found it difficult to envision The King remaining upright after accepting one hundred punches.

The King of Day was worried about Han Sen taking advantage of Flower Empress, but now that The King had asked her to punch him one hundred times first, he wasn't even sure what to think.

"A few Flower Stamps is all it will take to destroy him. How ignorant..." The King of Day thought.

Chapter 919: Come to Me

Chapter 919: Come to Me

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Flower Empress stepped closer to Han Sen, trepidatiously. When she was within arm's reach, he still hadn't moved an inch; he really was going to let her hit him.

"Your arrogance will soon take flight, making way for the tears that are to follow," Flower Empress said to herself, as she observed Han Sen's pretty face. A cloud of light, filled with flower-like holographic shapes, enshrouded her fist. With it raised and primed, she launched forward to hit Han Sen.

All the spirits looked on him, contemplating whether or not he'd dodge the incoming attack. But there he remained standing, complete with the holy light that emanated from his body. He accepted the hit.

The flowery-light did not blow up against Han Sen; instead, it left a stamp on him.

"Remember; I get a hundred punches, so you stay still now." She was afraid Han Sen would regret his decision from earlier, so she made sure to cast Flower Stamp on him before anything else.

Han Sen's body was instantly covered in flowers, almost buried beneath the mountain of blooms.

Flower Stamp, despite the grievances it could cause, was a beautiful skill. The force dealt to the recipient of the skill was equivalent to that of a train.

Even the spirits that were looking on almost felt the power of such a wretched attack.

Flower Empress then proceeded to hit Han Sen thirty-seven times. She smiled and said, "Are you sure you want this to go on, kingy? I have only hit you thirty-seven times."

Han Sen's face looked dim, as if he was struggling to withstand the initial weight of the flowers and subsequent blows.

But Han Sen then smiled and said, "You hit like a girl. Oh, wait a minute..."

"Pah! Fine, I'll give you a real taste of what I'm capable of. We'll see how much longer you can remain so cocky." Flower Empress could see the exhaustion creeping onto Han Sen's face, so she was more than happy to apply more hits.

As more hits were thrown, more flowers mounted on him. His presence there was little more than a flowery knoll, and he was practically hidden from sight.

The spirits, seeing Han Sen covered by trembling flowers, believed he wouldn't remain standing much longer. Any second now, he'd collapse and be defeated.

"The King is remarkable, isn't he? It's still pretty amazing he has managed to endure so many Flower Stamps without falling. I fear his arrogance and willingness to accept one hundred such punches will be his downfall, though. I'm really not sure how much longer he can go on," a spirit said, one who understood the power of Flower Stamp.

"The King is an interesting man; he seems more likely to die by the weight of flowers than anything else. I don't think Flower Empress cares too much, though; either way, she's just happy she has this opportunity to beat him," another spirit said.

"Can someone explain to me how powerful Flower Stamp is?" Many spirits were unaware of what was so special about Flower Stamp, and so one of them made sure to ask.

A spirit explained, "You don't know about Flower Stamp? To kill Flaming Emperor, she only had to use ten Flower Stamps. That is what got her to the fourth rank. I thought everyone knew this, but it can't be helped if some people choose to live beneath rocks.

Anyway, Flaming Emperor couldn't help but compliment her, following his defeat. It was all quite the spectacle, and it's partly why she became so famous."

"He complimented her? Tell me quickly!" the spirit asked.

"One flower, one mountain; one stamp, ten years. That means ten flowers equal the weight of ten mountains, and breaking one stamp would take ten years," the spirit explained.

"That is an exaggeration, surely. She has only opened her first gene lock, so how can she be that powerful?" The spirits that did not know about this beforehand struggled to believe the authenticity of the tale.

Han Sen's body was now quivering madly. When Flower Empress took notice of the fact he was ready to buckle under the weight, any second now, she quickly attacked him some more.

With every punch she delivered, he looked to be in a worse state. Yet strangely, nothing she did would make him fall over. He simply remained where he was, shaking more and more.

"One more punch is all it will take; one more punch and he'll be down!" The King of Day shouted out loud.

"Something is wrong." Heavenly Empress frowned, but it was too late to warn Flower Empress.

Flower Empress had only one thing in mind, and that was bringing The King down. She had not kept track of how many times she had attacked.

She believed she would not have to count how many times she attacked, as it'd be over quickly.

But this soon proved untrue, because Han Sen was refusing to submit and fall. Every time she attacked, all the spirits thought he was on the precipice of falling over, and all Han Sen would need was one more nudge. But none of this came to pass, and The King's body simply shivered.

"Stop!" Just as Flower Empress was about to attack once more, Han Sen shouted. She relented.

"What? Do you concede?" Flower Empress had a cocky grin creep across her face, believing she had managed to get The King to throw in the towel.

Han Sen wanted to laugh, thinking it ridiculous that another king spirit had not kept track of the number of times she had hit him. She had delivered one hundred punches and was oblivious to the fact. She even asked if he was going to concede.

"You've run out of free punches. You've delivered your one hundredth," Han Sen said.

"I ran out?" Flower Empress gasped, and her mind quickly raced to recall and count how many punches she had thrown. He wasn't kidding.

Her Flower Stamp had not been able to fell Han Sen, and she could not believe it.

Although she had only opened her first gene lock, her Flower Stamp power could compare to a little hill. How powerful could The King be, to withstand so many of them?

But Flower Empress, instead of her face turning to scorn, simply smiled and said, "Okay, I've given you my hundred punches. Come to me and show me what you've got."

Flower Empress stood where she was, giggling. She wasn't going to free Han Sen from the abundance of flowers that buried him.

Chapter 920: Repo Man

Chapter 920: Repo Man

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Flower Empress believed Han Sen could not take her attacks anymore. He hadn't been defeated completely, but that was fine.

"You have been crushed by my Flower Stamp, haven't you? I don't think you can hit me. You're probably using all of your power to withstand the crushing weight of my flowers, but if you divert any of that power into attacking me, they'll kill you." Flower Empress cackled maniacally, a sharp contrast to her beautiful face.

Although Flower Empress was a king spirit, she hadn't been born for very long. She wasn't much more proficient than a human female.

"I'm sorry, did you say something?" Han Sen coldly said, and shrugged all of the flowers off of his body. He did so casually, as if it hadn't cost him the slightest amount of strength to bear them.

Flower Empress turned to stone. Seeing the flowers cast to the sky like so, she was frozen.

"Her power was not effective on him." Heavenly Empress wore a wry smile.

The King of Day's face dropped, and he thought to himself, "Since she failed to defeat him, doesn't that mean she has to fulfill her end of the bet?"

Thinking of this, The King of Day's mind succumbed to a state of restless anarchy. He could no longer think straight, amidst the distress that had swooped down on him.

"You are obscene." Flower Empress realized Han Sen, the entire time, had only been pretending. He had feigned his exhaustion and trembling fatigue the entire time. He had done so, hoping she would not call off the bet before she reached one hundred free punches.

But it was too late, and she had indeed delivered her hundred. There was no way for her to escape the bet now.

"Why am I obscene? I offered the bet and gave you the free punches, as promised. You accepted my terms, fair and square." Han Sen smiled.

"You just are." Flower Empress had no prepared response, and wasn't sure what she could say in reply.

"It's my turn now, okay? So, prepare yourself!" Han Sen raised his fist, and a holy light gathered within and without.

Flower Empress looked almost pitiful, and she quietly pleaded, "Please be gentle."

After that, Flower Empress closed her eyes and awaited her end. With how delicate she looked, facing death, it was not hard to feel sympathy for her.

Tears ran along her long eyelashes and dropped to the embrace of her cheeks. No man should have been able to willingly destroy such a woman.

Pang!

Han Sen punched her without remorse, as blood and flowers exploded in the air like fireworks.

A pink petal descended to enter Han Sen's body.

"Kingwood Gene +1; Fourth Rank Achieved."

Every spirit in the audience froze, seeing this. They never expected The King to so callously destroy her, without hesitation.

"The King; I'm not done with you! Only one of us will survive." Flower Empress respawned, and she fumed with a rage no one had thought possible from such a delicate-looking person.

She had made herself look so weak, hoping to gain mercy. And yet, Han Sen had not been swayed. He killed her and humiliated her in front of everyone.

"You're right; we're not done! You owe me a hundred kisses, remember?" Han Sen coldly replied.

Flower Empress, in her rage, had forgotten about the bet. She had never regretted something so much in her entire life. And now that Han Sen had mentioned it again, in front of all who watched, she knew she couldn't discredit herself even more and leave.

Flower Empress' face was red, and she did not know what to do. She couldn't leave, and she couldn't kiss him one hundred times in front of all the spirits that looked on.

Han Sen saw The King of Day looking angry, too. He was ready to rush forward and attack without thought, but he was stopped by another female king spirit. So, with no other fight awaiting, Han Sen stepped forward and grabbed Flower Empress. He held her in his arms.

Han Sen knew the king spirits had been trying to set him up, so he wasn't willing to let any one of them get off the hook that easily.

Flower Empress was as embarrassed as she was shocked, but she was too weak to push her aggressor away. Han Sen had her locked against his chest.

"It's time for a tongue lashing." After Han Sen said this, he dove into her tasty lips.

Flower Empress could not resist, and she softened inside Han Sen's arms.

"I'm going to kill you!" The King of Day could no longer hold his tongue, so he ran forward. Turning into a sun along the way, he rushed towards Han Sen.

Boom!

Han Sen continued to hold Flower Empress with one arm, as his other arm quickly reached out and punched the flailing madman. The sun of his new composure shattered into pieces, like frail glass.

"Kingfire Gene +1; Rank Unchanged."

"I'll accept this kiss for now. Just remember; you owe me ninety-nine more. I'll come back to collect at another time." Han Sen had already received what he wanted, so he didn't need to put her in any further distress. With a brief smile to her, he turned around and returned to the sanctuary.

The King had killed The King of Truth, Flower Empress, and The King of Day over the course of a single day. Word spread quickly amongst the spirits of Han Sen's accomplishment.

The spirits who witnessed the fights firsthand believed Han Sen to be the greatest spirit of all time. If he was able to unlock nine of his gene locks, he'd be able to become an emperor. Or perhaps even the legendary tenth gene lock.

The King's name spread far and wide; it was a household name. He was heralded as the strongest spirit ever born. And despite the fact that all the spirits desired to learn where he came from, no such discovery was made. He was still an enigma. The spirits still guessed he had to be the son of an emperor, but there was no evidence to support this.

Han Sen did not return to the spirit base for a while after this, and he thought of how he might go out and hunt mutant creatures.

Although spirit genes were great for personal buffs, they did not increase one's fitness.

If he wanted to become stronger, he would have to increase his fitness.

If he was in the Alliance or the sanctuary, super king spirit mode still only lasted three seconds.

Chapter 921: Scary Talent

Chapter 921: Scary Talent

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

There were a lot of powerful creatures populating the knotted expanse of Thorn Forest; creatures Han Sen was currently unable to beat. Even if Han Sen could use his super king spirit mode for a long time, to kill creatures with six or more gene locks active, would be incredibly difficult.

"I should put my skates on and hurry to open my second gene lock. I should do that, and at the same time max out my basic and primitive geno points. My fitness level should be high enough for me to open the third gene lock, then." Han Sen contemplated his next move.

Pang!

As Han Sen was lost in thought, a flaming blade suddenly appeared and exploded near him.

"How was that? Is my S-class hyper geno art cool or is it cool?" Chu Ming smiled smugly, as a fire hovered above the palm of his hand.

"It's not bad." Han Sen nodded.

"What element is your hyper geno art? Can you show me?" Chu Ming asked Han Sen, politely.

"My hyper geno arts don't have a specific element tied to them, I can do whatever I wish," Han Sen answered.

"Really?" Chu Ming didn't believe it.

Chu Ming rolled his eyes and said, "then show me how you might cast Flaming Blade."

"Oh, that? That's easy. Give me the details on how to learn it." Han Sen smiled.

Chu Ming explained to Han Sen how he could learn Flaming Blade, but said, "It's useless to tell you, though. I don't have any more of the geno solution."

"I don't need it." Han Sen followed the instructions he was given, and he felt a fire come to life in his hand.

Han Sen waved his hand and a meter-long, flaming blade manifested a short distance from him, and flew out in the direction he desired. It hit the bone of a giant skeleton, which made it collapse amidst a fiery explosion.

"What the--? How is that possible?" Chu Ming's eyes were open wide.

Han Sen knew his Flaming Blade would be stronger than Chu Ming's, as he had maxed out his squire class, knight class and royal class fire spirit geno points. He had also earned a king class fire spirit geno point from The King of Day.

His practice of fire would far exceed the capabilities of ordinary people.

Spirit genes enabled a new talent. The more spirit genes a person could get, the more hyper geno arts they could learn.

This was especially effective with elementally-based hyper geno art. If you had many spirit genes you would not even need the geno solution to adopt them.

Humans had known about this for a long time, but most people had to work in the employ of spirits to earn a measly sum of them. They weren't half as easy to come by, as they were for Han Sen.

But Han Sen did not expect his Flaming Blade to be that much stronger than Chu Ming's.

If Han Sen's Flaming Blade was like a machete, then Chu Ming's was a plastic spoon.

They had both opened their first gene lock, and Chu Ming's entire focus was on the single element of fire. Yet the gulf in power between them was far bigger than Han Sen would ever have expected to see. The boons of earning spirit geno points were greater than he thought they could be, for sure.

"Do you focus on the fire element? Or did you secretly learn how to use Flaming Blade before? Or maybe, just maybe, you have already opened your second gene lock without telling us?" Chu Ming enquired, struggling to wrap his mind around how Han Sen could have only just learned Flaming Blade and become so dexterous with the skill.

Han Sen shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes."

"Haha! I knew it. So, you've managed to open your second gene lock? It looks like I'm falling behind here, hehe. I should try and keep up and open my second gene lock, too." Chu Ming sighed. He was initially quite dismayed, seeing how powerful Han Sen was with Flaming Blade, but after hearing this, was happier.

Han Sen hadn't actually opened his second gene lock, but this entire happening reminded him that his strongest element was that of thunder. Aside from royal and spirit king geno points, he was maxed out with thunder. Furthermore, he had managed to earn three spirit king geno points for it. As such, his thunder talent was quite spectacular.

If he practiced a thunder surpasser hyper geno art, it'd be incredibly strong.

Sonic-Thunder Punch was merely an evolver hyper geno art. It was one that used sonic powers, too. Unfortunately for him, the sonic element was rare, and he hadn't even been able to max out the squire class for sonic geno points.

"When I open my second gene lock, I'm going to learn a new thunder skill," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen's Dongxuan Sutra was almost at the second tier, and all it took was a few more days of practice to feel as if his cells were about to break. He felt relaxed.

"Finally! I have opened the second gene lock." Han Sen was very hyped, and so he quickly went to cast it.

Dongxuan aura's field of view was ten times wider, and his senses had gotten much stronger, as well.

Also, the dongxuan aura now seemed to be able to affect the lifeforces of others.

There was no one he could test it on now, so he wasn't entirely sure what he could do with the new feature.

It was a shame, too, because Han Sen really wanted to know the effects of what it did. And because the shelter had not yet moved to the outskirts of the forest, there were no creatures he could go out and test it on.

The next day, Han Sen exited the tree in the early morning. Dismayingly, he was greeted with the sight of massive thorny vines that were all tangled together like bushes. Connected all together, they looked like mountains.

It seemed as if the shelter had decided to move deeper into the forest.

But then, Han Sen's eyes opened wide, and he saw something move in Thorn Forest.

Like usual, he was unable to see any living creature. But a good distance away, he noticed the presence of a clearing, and in this clearing, a single, giant vine was growing. And hanging from off of it, was a golden fruit. Undoubtedly, it was something quite special.

Chapter 922: Taking Food from a Dragon

Chapter 922: Taking Food from a Dragon

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The vine's height was approximately fifty meters tall. Beside it, rested a wyvern.

Han Sen had detected a large lifeforce coming from the fruit on the vine, but he had also detected a large lifeforce coming from the wyvern. If he had to estimate, he'd have guessed it was at least a sacred-blood creature.

"My dagger is too short for me to slay a forty-meter-tall wyvern. There's no use trying to stab him, and I'd have better luck trying to tickle it to death." Han Sen observed the fruit and the vine and continued thinking, "But that? Stealing that should be no problem."

The fruit generated a golden mist, and it looked as if it would still take a while for it to mature.

Unfortunately, the shelter would only be around for the day, so Han Sen could not wait for that.

He instead planned on using his black crystal to drain the vine and fruit of their energy. With the waterdrops he'd get from those, he could get any kind of fruit he wanted.

Han Sen ran back to the shelter and had Chu Ming go and look for Qu Lanxi.

Han Sen would need her help, to do what he planned to. He wanted her to mask his scent for when the time came. The wyvern was still asleep, so the sooner the better.

Before long, Qu Lanxi arrived. She used her powers to erase Han Sen's smell.

"You have one minute. I have only opened my first gene lock, so I apologize it cannot be any more effective. In one minute, your scent will return," Qu Lanxi said.

"One minute is enough, thank you. Return to the shelter, just in case things go awry." Han Sen, from the safe proximity of the shelter, took off running towards the wyvern.

Although she would have liked to help Han Sen, there was nothing she could do. So, as instructed, she returned back inside.

Han Sen activated his dongxuan aura and used it to observe both the wyvern and the vine.

He was able to feel the lifeforce clearly, unlike ever before. He could even alter his own lifeforce signature and flow.

The extent of this ability was still fairly short, however. He could not control the lifeforce of the wyvern, either, so there was nothing he could do there.

Han Sen thought, although it wasn't effective, he could erase the signature of his lifeforce so the dragon could not sense him.

Han Sen tried it out and it worked. It didn't hamper or hinder his lifeforce in any way, but it made others unable to detect it.

He was afraid of waking up the wyvern, but now he knew he had nothing to worry about. With both his lifeforce and scent gone, it'd be impossible for the wyvern to detect his presence. The only way it would know Han Sen was around, was if it could see him with its eyes.

"This is perfect for assassination." Han Sen was amazed at his new-found ability, but he had no time to lose. Quickly, he went behind the vine. He was afraid of waking the wyvern, so he didn't take the fruit. If he did, it might have roused the wyvern and it'd be extremely difficult for him to absorb the life of the vine and avoid being its breakfast at the same time.

If Han Sen erased the lifeforce signature of the fruit, the wyvern was sure to recognize it was gone and that something was amiss, too. It'd wake up in a foul mood then, as well.

Activating his black crystal, Han Sen placed his hand on the vine and absorbed its lifeforce like mad.

Without the lifeforce, it aged rapidly.

The wyvern, noticing this, woke up. It opened its eyes and looked at the vine.

The wyvern then stared at Han Sen.

"Oh, hello there. Did you enjoy your nap?" Han Sen's hand remained firmly planted on the vine, as he tried to absorb as much of its lifeforce as he could. His other hand was waving at the wyvern jovially, as if he was trying to say hello to an old friend.

The wyvern was immediately confused by Han Sen's presence there. Two seconds later, it snapped out of its post-sleep daze and roared madly. Like a geyser, lava was fired out of its mouth in Han Sen's direction. It had acknowledged what was going on, and it wasn't keen on letting the meddler who robbed him of his plant the chance to live.

When Han Sen saw the lava head his way, he had no choice but to turn around and run, even though there was much still left to absorb.

The cascade of lava was incredibly frightening, and it made Han Sen wonder how many gene locks the wyvern had opened.

Sacred-blood creatures could unlock up to eight gene locks, though finding such creatures was quite difficult.

Although Han Sen ran fast, the beam of lava was too wide and it managed to just about singe his clothing. Fortunately, he was not dealt damage.

But he felt the heat, and in it, he felt as if he was being roasted alive inside an oven.

Because Han Sen had a sacred-blood iron bug armor, and he had many fire geno points, his resistances were high enough for him not to receive any damage.

As frightening as the blast of lava was, its spread meant the damage it could inflict was weaker.

Han Sen quickly fled the scene and ran back to the shelter.

The wyvern spat out a fireball, forming a deep hole. Not only the ground and grass were melted, but entire trees and rocks were instantly turned into molten lava.

Han Sen was happy that the wyvern did not use the fireball in the very beginning because, if it had, he believed himself to most likely be dead now.

The wyvern continued roaring, but as suspected, it did not dare approach the shelter. Han Sen was extremely grateful for this, and he was much relieved.

Looking into his Sea of Soul, he was delighted. Although he had only absorbed a small amount of the vine's lifeforce, he had managed to obtain eight-hundred waterdrops.

Every drop was worth a whole year of growth and as such, it was a most mighty reward for his endeavour.

"With these waterdrops, I can grow the Dragon-Blood Tree and the Blood Pine!" Han Sen, waving at the wyvern, descended back down into the shelter.

Chapter 923: The Name Is Heard

Chapter 923: The Name Is Heard

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen went out to take a peek at the vine every now and then, but the wyvern now protected it valiantly. It was angry, and it wasn't going to lax its temperament any time soon.

Seeing the wyvern spit out such sweltering flames, Han Sen estimated it had most likely opened its fifth gene lock. And with it being a sacred-blood creature, it was unlikely he could topple the foe.

Like usual, at midnight, the shelter moved. Following their relocation, the wyvern and its cherished vine were gone.

"It is a shame I was not able to defeat the wyvern." Han Sen peeked at the eight hundred waterdrops he had managed to claim, unable to shake the greediness that compelled his desire for more.

"The Dragon-Blood Tree needs a dozen more waterdrops for it to bear fruit, whereas the Blood-Pine looks as if it'll need a lot more. Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming knows all about the Dragon-Blood Tree, and they'll find it suspicious if the tree grows fruit that quickly. Perhaps I should just focus on the Blood-Pine Tree for the time being?" Han Sen fed a waterdrop to the Blood-Pine.

The Blood-Pine could only absorb one waterdrop per day. It'd take at least a hundred years for the tree to mature by itself, so it was going to take Han Sen at least a hundred days to nurture it to bearing.

But Han Sen was not in a rush. He had more than enough waterdrops now, and for him to receive the fruit he was cultivating, it was only a matter of time.

After opening the second gene lock of the Dongxuan Sutra, he knew his dongxuan aura would have greatly improved and offer a variety of additional benefits and features. Right now, though, he had something else on the agenda.

Heading back to the Alliance, Han Sen returned to Saint Hall. He was going to buy his first surpasser hyper geno art.

Han Sen could simulate the energy flows of spirits and creatures, and those that adhered to one sole element. As remarkable as this was, the strength of his replications were not as effective as proper man-made hyper geno arts.

It was difficult to find spirits or creatures that used abilities similar to the likes of Sonic-Thunder Punch, too.

The fitness and talents of spirits and creatures were stronger than their human counterparts, but they had nothing on the human psyche. Humans desire knowledge, and they are keen to experiment and go beyond what is expected and breach any horizon that sought to inhibit them. As a result, their abilities of research were unparalleled.

Han Sen entered the Saint Hall, hoping he'd find two hyper geno arts that would suit him.

Humans were creative, too; and that was exemplified by the new S-class skills Han Sen was seeing. He was also pleased to see that most hyper geno arts on offer contained the powers of two elements.

The first one Han Sen selected was called Water-Thunder. It was created by a human fighter, and judging from the name, Han Sen was able to determine it combined the forces of the water element and thunder element.

The extent of the ability's power obviously rested in the handler's proficiency with both elements. The Alliance suggested that surpassers make use of Water-Thunder, in order to use Moon-Thunder at a later date, further along in their development.

Han Sen had managed to gain many water and thunder spirit genes, so he did not need to learn Moon-Thunder.

He also couldn't help but shake his head at the name Water-Thunder. He thought its weak and terrible name betrayed the great strength the ability possessed, and he was correct.

You could use water to trigger lightning strike, and if an opponent had water on them, you could trigger lightning to strike directly where the liquid was applied. The conducting water would allow for the thunder-side of the skill to annihilate its targets. It was a very powerful yet complex hyper geno art.

Han Sen always loved making use of his Yin Yang Blast. He loved the sneaky sorts of hyper geno arts, so he bought this one without hesitation.

His learning of the skill came both easy and swiftly, due to his dexterity when handling water and thunder skills. After half a month of learning it, Han Sen was able to cast the ability freely.

And his practice with the new hyper geno art is what occupied most of his time now, and ever since he started, he did not return to the spirit base. A lot of king spirits waited for Han Sen to return there, but having already opened the second gene lock, he'd end up in the second spirit base if he was to show up again, anyway.

"San Mu, have you heard the rumors of a supremely powerful king spirit? They say he will one day be able to open the tenth gene lock." Chu Ming's tone drifted between whisper and near-shouting, in an attempt to convey his dialogue with a mystical twang.

"What's the spirit's name?" Han Sen thought what he said was familiar.

"He calls himself The King. Fairly obnoxious, right?" Chu Ming heartily said.

Han Sen then remembered that's what he had chosen to call himself, but this was strange. He wondered how humans had come to learn of his existence.

"What else do you know about this king?" Han Sen asked, curiously.

"Well, I've heard he's very powerful and has quite the reputation. Some humans have overheard spirits talking about him a lot, and that he is somewhat of an idol. Many men want to become his student, and many women want nothing more than to have sex with him!" Chu Ming explained.

Hearing such praise, Han Sen felt pretty smug and happy with himself. He asked for more self-serving details and said, "Okay, go on. What else do they say about him?"

Han Sen was expecting to hear more words of praise, but things quickly went the other way. Chu Ming said, "But I have heard that The King is also rather weird, and his reputation is not all swell. In fact, many king spirits and even emperors are on the hunt for him. They greatly desire to unearth his true identity and place of residence, so that when they do, they can murder him."

Han Sen was shocked upon hearing this and he now knew for sure that he could never expose himself as The King while he was in the sanctuaries.

Chu Ming then continued by saying, "I suppose he deserves it, though. Everything I've heard about the fellow paints him as an arrogant sort. I'm so handsome and yet no spirit wants to have sex with me. He's only lucky he's a king spirit; and that makes him the noble and entitled type. If I was a king spirit, believe me, I'd be far more popular than that numpty!"

Chu Ming lowered his voice and then went on by saying, "I don't think The King has a penis, either. Why would so many female spirits be falling head over heels for him, and yet he doesn't go frolic with any? I'm telling you, man, this spirit is either a eunuch or he's gay!"

"Chu Ming, let's not waste any time. Let's practice Flaming Blade together." Han Sen forced a smile, but he was thinking of something else in his now-wounded heart.

"Aaaargh!"

A scream erupted from the shelter; a scream that came from Chu Ming.

Strangely, it had now been a while since the shelter teleported to the edge of Thorn Forest. They were running low on food, and they lacked opportunities to hunt.

Every morning, the first thing Han Sen did was to exit the shelter and get a good look at their surroundings. Each time, he was disappointed.

On this day, while Han Sen found himself lost in a midday reverie, he saw a shadow approach the shelter. He was shocked.

He had seen many creatures wander beneath the boughs of the forest, but this was the first time he had seen a creature come this close to the shelter.

Chapter 924: Super Creature?

Chapter 924: Super Creature?

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The barbed bushes that encircled the tree shook, until something emerged.

When Han Sen laid his eyes on the beast before him, he started to immediately sweat bullets. He could feel the wretched sense of the creature that was headed his way from fifty meters away.

A metal dinosaur, composed of what seemed to be blue steel, is what came out from the obscuring thickets of the trees. The suffocating feelings of dread were a direct cause of its approach.

The blue dinosaur was not large, by any means. In fact, it was no larger than Han Sen himself, but he was able to sense that its power dwarfed his own by an unfathomably large margin.

As sweat descended his forehead, the dinosaur laid eyes on him and drew closer. It stepped directly into the shelter's surrounding, where other creatures always feared to go.

Han Sen quickly turned around and tried his hardest to return inside the tree.

He had encountered many powerful creatures before, but this one was in another league. Never before had he seen a creature not heed the bones that offered sanctuary to such places. Bold as brass, the metallic dinosaur lurched forwards, step-by-step.

As Han Sen started running, he heard a boom. The dinosaur leapt a great distance and landed in front of him, leaving to two crater-like footprints in the soil. Its speed was incredible.

Casting his Dongxuan Sutra, a vast amount of energy began to generate inside his kidney. Then, he used Aero to try and fly away from the menace.

Just as Han Sen moved, the dinosaur opened its mouth. And then, a horrible power came into contact with his back; one that pulled him back down to the ground.

Fortunately, the dinosaur only took hold of Han Sen's armor. The creature did not injure him.

He stood up and fell back a few steps. Then, the dinosaur jumped behind Han Sen and bit the back of his armor again, keeping him close.

Strangely, it did not hurt Han Sen. All it did was pull him back and keep him close.

"Is this thing playing a game with me? Will it devour me when it gets tired?" Han Sen tried his hardest to run away and escape, but every time he did, the dinosaur stayed his flight.

Han Sen knew he had to continue hiding his super spirit mode. And if he had to use it, it would only give him three seconds. If he decided to use it, he had to ensure he would not miss any strike he sought to deliver.

With the dinosaur engaged in its game, Han Sen was first going to wait and see how long this would go on before doing something. He'd bide his time and when that time was right, he'd use his super king spirit mode to ensure an escape.

Han Sen was currently unsure whether or not it was a sacred-blood or a super creature he was facing, but regardless of what it was, he knew he lacked what was necessary to triumph over it.

Getting pulled back over and over again, the dinosaur seemed to be getting annoyed. It grabbed Han Sen and did not let him go this time.

"Is this it? Is the fun over? Is it going to eat me this time?" Han Sen prepared himself to cast super king spirit mode.

But the dinosaur merely reached out its talon-laden hands and presented a green fruit to Han Sen.

The dinosaur seemed as if it wanted to give it to Han Sen.

Han Sen froze, unsure whether or not he was reading the situation correctly. This was not the time to be making mistakes, after all. All he did was stare, alternating his gaze between the fruit and dinosaur.

Seeing Han Sen not have a reaction, the dinosaur roared. It really did seem as if the creature wanted to give it to him for free.

"Is that for me?" Han Sen pointed at the green fruit and then himself, using gestures to illustrate his vocal question to the queer beast.

The dinosaur roared. It was obvious it desired Han Sen to have it.

"You're not going to try and fatten me up first, before dining on me, are you?" Han Sen gave a side-eye to the dinosaur.

But the dinosaur, getting frustrated with Han Sen's mistrust, pushed him.

"Um, thank you." Han Sen accepted the green fruit from the dinosaur.

The dinosaur, seeing him take it, let out a happy cry. It put its head in front of Han Sen and then licked his face.

Han Sen wasn't sure what to think, having been drenched in its saliva. He was at least comforted by the fact the creature looked happy. It rolled on the floor in exuberant joy.

"Did I just meet a newly-born super creature?" Han Sen wiped away the saliva and continued to look at the excited dinosaur.

Han Sen, in his time in the sanctuaries, had encountered many different creatures that did not want to hurt others. If this was a super creature, Han Sen thought things would most certainly take an interesting turn.

Han Sen looked at the blue dinosaur, and observed its appearance as a small t-rex. Its body gleamed like blue metal. It wasn't big but that mattered little upon Han Sen's sensing of its power.

"It must be a super creature. Normal creatures wouldn't dare come this close." Han Sen then tried walking closer to the tree, but he was bitten and pulled back again.

Han Sen could tell that the blue dinosaur did not want to go any closer to the tree.

"You don't want to go that way? You can come with me." Han Sen tried pointing at the tree, but still, the dinosaur did not dare get any closer. It seemed as if it wanted to remain there, playing with Han Sen.

Seeing this, he tried many different methods to get the dinosaur to enter the tree. Nothing seemed to work, but Han Sen was at least happy that the dinosaur did not want to hurt him. Sitting down on the grass, he merely got to thinking what else he could try.

Qu Lanxi then suddenly exited the tree. Han Sen had been gone a long time, so she came out in search of him, wondering if they could go out and collect food together.

The blue dinosaur, upon seeing Qu Lanxi, angrily growled at her. It looked ready to jump on top of her and rip her to shreds.

Han Sen grabbed the dinosaur's neck and shouted at Qu Lanxi, "Go back!"

Without a second wasted, Qu Lanxi immediately returned inside the tree. The dinosaur was too strong for Han Sen, though, and it jumped forward with him still hanging onto its neck. The door did not close in time, and it seemed as if it would land on Qu Lanxi.

Chapter 925: Bone

Chapter 925: Bone

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen grabbed ahold of the dinosaur's neck, wishing to slow it down and allow Qu Lanxi to return safely. But the dinosaur was too powerful, and when it leapt towards the open door, it fell through into the shelter.

Boom!

The blue dinosaur landed on the tiled grounds below, shattering the stone. With its eyes still fixed on Qu Lanxi, it roared, got back up, and tried to bite her.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" Han Sen called out, as he desperately pulled on the dinosaur's neck.

He didn't dare fight the dinosaur, as he didn't want to incite its ire any more. If things turned dire, he could escape with his super king spirit, but the same could not be said for Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming; they'd most likely be slaughtered.

The dinosaur, thankfully, understood what Han Sen had commanded it. Its pursuit of Qu Lanxi came to an abrupt stop, and all it did was growl and stare at Qu Lanxi with its wild blue eyes. It was very hostile.

"Relax! She's a friend of mine." Han Sen touched the dinosaur's neck and signaled for Qu Lanxi to retreat further.

"Roar!" Qu Lanxi did as she was bidden, and when she started to move again, the dinosaur boomed out a growl.

Quickly, Han Sen then comforted it by stroking its neck. Fortunately, it did not resume chasing Qu Lanxi, following its threatening cry.

But Qu Lanxi had to stop moving to get it to calm down, and so she waited for another signal from Han Sen before proceeding with her retreat.

The blue dinosaur continued to growl and stare at her, and slowly, she pulled herself away from the scene. When she was out of its sight, she hurried towards the spirit hall. If it came after her again, she could quickly hop into the teleporter and return to the Alliance.

Han Sen was relieved Chu Ming was not present. If he was there, he imagined things could have gone much worse.

The dinosaur did not look as if it feared the shelter anymore, and it explored the area with a keen eagerness and interest. It was particularly attentive to the bones that lay about the area.

Han Sen sighed. While it poked about, Han Sen decided to go see Qu Lanxi in the spirit hall. He told her to return to the Alliance for a while, and to get in touch with Chu Ming and tell him not to come back for a while, either.

Han Sen didn't have much time to explain, but she understood every word and quickly departed.

Just as Qu Lanxi left, the blue dinosaur entered the hall. It bit Han Sen by his armor and dragged him out.

The dinosaur's intelligence seemed rather low. It didn't seem to understand what Han Sen wished to tell it in full, and it couldn't explain itself very well, either.

Unsure of what it wanted, Han Sen followed the creature until it stopped next to the bones of a certain creature.

There were many bones and skeletons all about, but Han Sen never really paid them much heed. Their presence in the shelter did not interest him.

Now that the dinosaur had grabbed him to take a look, he had no choice but to comply and feign curiosity.

But compared to all the other bones in the area, the one he was pulled to was unique. It was smaller than the others, around the size of a car. The bones were black and dried out.

From what Han Sen could tell, it looked like some sort of saber-tooth tiger whose composition of flesh had long since submitted to the passage of time and rot; they were just ordinary bones. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the dusty skeleton.

But the dinosaur then pointed at Han Sen and then pointed to the skull. It stood a few feet away, though, not daring to get too close itself.

"Are you asking me to open the skull for you?" Han Sen eyed the blue dinosaur strangely.

The blue dinosaur did not seem to understand Han Sen, and instead just nudged him closer.

The blue dinosaur took a few steps back, as if it was afraid of something imminent.

"Is there something dangerous inside this creature's noggin?" Han Sen cast his dongxuan aura to inspect the skull for a lifeforce.

There was nothing alive in there, and from what he could tell, it was indeed just a skull.

The blue dinosaur, seeing that Han Sen wasn't moving, roared at him.

Han Sen frowned. There was no danger, but the way the dinosaur was behaving was so strange. Where he was once certain no danger lurked, now he wasn't so sure.

He actually found himself wanting to fall back, but the dinosaur wasn't having it. It used its head to keep nudging Han Sen closer to the skeleton.

Han Sen thought this wasn't very fair, but if there had been something inside the skull, it should have emerged from there by now.

There was a hole inside the eyesockets, and with the unhinged jaw, it was impossible for something to have gotten trapped inside.

Turning back to look at the dinosaur, he was roared at again. The tone of its screech was different this time, as if it was getting impatient.

Gritting his teeth, Han Sen stepped over to the skull.

Although there was no apparent danger, there was indeed something inside it.

Taking a closer look, Han Sen saw a bone that looked like the arm of a human. Its color was slightly different than the rest that were there, as it was very white.

Han Sen hesitated at first, but ultimately decided to pick it up.

After picking it up, though, Han Sen realized the arm did not come from a human after all. It was heavier than steel, and seemed to weigh a thousand pounds. Not expecting the weight, he failed to pick it up at first.

With a firmer grip, Han Sen managed to pick it up and noticed how it was a bit yellowish and discolored. In fact, it looked like jade.

Han Sen, looking at the bone, could not tell what creature the arm once belonged to. And aside from its incredible weight, there was nothing remarkable about it.

The blue dinosaur, seeing the bone in Han Sen's hand, seemed to desire it greatly. It was a little afraid of it at the same time, though.

Han Sen was sure the dinosaur wanted the bone, but after going around the rest of the shelter in search of a similar bone, he was unable to find another that was like it.

"Why was this bone in there, all alone? Where did it come from?" Han Sen was very confused over this conundrum.

Chapter 926: The Dumb Dinosaur

Chapter 926: The Dumb Dinosaur

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The dinosaur's interest was only suppressed by its fear. It stood behind Han Sen, wondering if it should approach.

Observing the bone himself, Han Sen couldn't note anything particularly remarkable about it. With no value to himself, he just decided to throw it to the dinosaur and say, "This is what you wanted, isn't it? Take it; it's all yours."

The blue dinosaur jumped away about fifty meters, to hide behind the worn architecture of the palace. Its eyes were fixed on the bone.

Han Sen thought to himself, "Its intelligence is very low, indeed. Doesn't it have a brain in that thick skull?"

But then, another thought struck Han Sen. "Hmm, maybe that's a good thing. Perhaps because it's dumb, it'll be easier to control. I learnt my lesson with the fairy; I could never properly control her, and that was because she was too smart."

Thinking of this, and then looking towards the scaredy-cat dinosaur, he felt a little better concerning the circumstances.

Han Sen was still a little weak, in the grander scale of the Third God's Sanctuary. If he could use the dinosaur as a fighter, things would become considerably easier for him.

Han Sen then started to ponder why it seemed so friendly to Han Sen, and yet so hostile to Qu Lanxi. Qu Lanxi was a pretty girl, so he was surprised to see the dinosaur take a liking to him and not to her, at all.

"Am I just too handsome? Am I so d*mn handsome even creatures fall in love with me?" Han Sen pulled out a mirror and looked at himself from all angles, coming to the conclusion that his hypothesis was most likely correct.

The dinosaur started to slowly emerge from hiding. Despite its distance from the bone, it still looked utterly terrified.

"What should I call you? Wang Cai, maybe? Yes, that sounds good." Han Sen smiled and picked up the bone, continuing to say, "Wang Cai, it is only a bone. Come here or I'll eat it."

Han Sen pretended to bite the bone, but it did not incite the reaction he hoped to receive. The dinosaur remained where it was, unmoving.

Han Sen started to harbor doubts over his initial belief that it'd be easy to command the creature. It was not only dumb, but a scaredy-cat, also.

Looking at the bone, Han Sen knew he couldn't eat it. There was no meat, and it was incredibly tough.

The blue dinosaur continued to watch from a distance. Still hoping to get a reaction, Han Sen decided to place his tongue on the bone and give it a lick.

"Mmm, oh yeah! It tastes so good. Wang Cai, get over here; it's as safe as this thing is succulent." Han Sen smiled at the dinosaur as he spoke.

The dinosaur, seeing Han Sen lick the bone, carefully came forward.

After Han Sen's lure, it made its way over to where he was. The dinosaur joined in with Han Sen, using its own tongue to lick the bone.

Soon after, all semblance of the dinosaur's fear had gone and it licked the bone with a great appetite.

"That's right." Han Sen smiled, as his mind mulled the ways in which he could use the bone to make the dinosaur obey his every command. But then, the dinosaur opened its mouth and bit on the bone.

"Hey, don't eat it all! Save me some." Han Sen didn't want the dinosaur to consume the whole bone at once, as he needed some of it to lure and teach the creature.

The blue dinosaur cared little for the command, though. It merrily chomped away at the bone until it was down its throat, not saving any for Han Sen.

As Han Sen's heart sunk, the dinosaur roared to the sky in delight of its meal. Blue fire spewed out of its mouth like a geyser, which then fell down to wrap beast up in a blanket of blue flame.

A second later, it was entirely enveloped in a scorching blue bonfire. The heat was intense, and the brightness was too much. Han Sen couldn't even open his eyes to get a good look at what was happening.

Feeling the power in those flames, he made sure to cast his dongxuan aura to inspect it. All he could see, however, was a blur.

Fortunately, the blue spectacle did not last for long. Soon after, the flames subsided. And as the ribbons of fire shrunk, so too did the dinosaur.

When the flames were only a meter high, the dinosaur had grown too small for Han Sen to see.

"Did the bone make him grow smaller?" Han Sen looked at the solemn blue flame, wondering what happened to the dinosaur.

The flame now faded, as well. When it was twenty centimeters high, he spotted a blue metal ball as the source of the fire. It was around the size of a fist.

Taking a closer look, Han Sen observed that it was more of an egg-shape than an actual circular ball.

When the blue flame vanished, the blue egg remained where it had been on the ground.

"Did it evolve, maybe?" He wasn't sure whether or not the dinosaur was a super creature, as he had never seen a super creature evolve before.

"Wang Cai? Are you in there, buddy?" Han Sen squatted down to ask the ball, but he received no response.

Picking up the egg, Han Sen tried to give it a squeeze and feel if there was something in there. He couldn't discern what the item was. He couldn't feel the beat of a heart, and his dongxuan aura only presented him a blurry image.

"Is it evolving, or is it being reborn?" Han Sen wasn't sure, but he knew he wouldn't be seeing his blue dinosaur again for some time.

There was no life inside the egg, so whatever was in there, was most likely yolk.

"Should I cook it?" Han Sen wondered, with a sinister grin.

As tasty as it might have been, Han Sen dropped the thought. If it was actually evolving, whatever came out of it would likely be incredibly powerful. Eating it would be a waste, in comparison.

"I guess I should keep it for now. It'll be pretty cool if it is actually a super creature." Han Sen stroked the egg and then said to it, "Wang Cai, you better come out of this thing soon, okay? I need to put you to work; I need you to help me kill creatures. Don't be lazy!"

Han Sen pocketed the egg and then decided to return to the Alliance. He told Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming that the dinosaur had gone.

The two of them returned to the sanctuary, but there was nothing much for them to actually do there. All the three of them could ever do was exit the shelter and check whether

or not they were at the edge of Thorn Forest. If they were still deep in its prickly depths, they would simply return to the Alliance.

Han Sen followed mostly the same schedule, but he preferred to visit the second spirit base instead.

Chapter 927: Arrival in the Second Spirit Base

Chapter 927: Arrival in the Second Spirit Base

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

After opening his second gene lock, Han Sen noticed his super spirit mode was considerably more powerful. While this was advantageous for a number of obvious reasons, there was a certain drawback that weighed on his mind.

This mostly stemmed from the fact that his fitness hadn't risen to coincide with the second gene unlock. With an even greater burst of strength, using super spirit mode could very well last even less time than it had before.

So Han Sen continued practicing the Dongxuan Sutra, wanting to fill up his geno points. But from his current locale, his options were limited. He had to wait for the shelter to arrive at the edge of Thorn Forest before going out to hunt and obtain meat. All he could do for now was harvest spirit geno points to bolster his elemental powers and resistances.

Han Sen fancied obtaining space and time geno points in particular. They were incredibly rare, though, and he had only managed to obtain one space point in his entire time in the spirit base. That one point came from The King of Truth.

The King of Truth was a king class spirit. Out of all the squire, knight, aristocrat, and royal spirits he had fought, he had not managed to obtain a single space or time geno point.

"Can these two elements only be obtained from king spirits?" Han Sen entered the second spirit base, and drove his island to the nearest island he could see.

He was unranked there, so he did not care who he opposed. Freely, he challenged the first he was able to.

Han Sen was naturally better than king spirits, so it did not matter who he challenged. There was nothing for him to be afraid of.

"Are you The King?" The spirit, seeing Han Sen approach, stood where he was as a frightened grimace fell across his face.

"Yes, I am. You have heard of me, then?" Han Sen did not immediately begin a battle, and decided to talk to the spirit first.

"Of course. Everyone knows who you are. I admire you a great deal." The spirit, like before, did not want to fight. Graciously, he offered Han Sen a spirit gene.

Unfortunately for Han Sen, it was a fire element gene. He had already maxed this statistic out, so there was no need for him to kill the spirit.

When Han Sen declined the gene he was offered, the spirit looked very disappointed.

But quickly, news of The King's arrival in the second spirit base made the rounds. Many spirits drove to meet him, offering up their spirit genes. Han Sen was able to just pick and choose those that he wanted.

If humans learnt of Han Sen's fortune, they'd all be incredibly jealous.

Traditionally, humans were only able to obtain spirit genes by signing contracts with spirits. If they did not sign contracts with spirits, gathering the genes would be impossible.

Aside from trading with spirits, there really was no other way.

Normal high-class spirits would not give out their genes to humans who had not signed a contract with them, and this was especially true of king-class spirits. No matter what they were offered or the service that was provided to them, they would never give a human a spirit gene point.

What Han Sen was able to do, and the amount he was able to receive freely, was something beyond the realm of human fathoming.

Soon after, Heavenly Empress learnt of The King's arrival in the second spirit base.

"That was quick. He has already opened his second gene lock?" The King of Truth frowned.

"The King is very talented, you cannot deny that. He has perfect genes, ones befitting an emperor," Flower Empress said.

"If anyone is able to beat him, there is only one person I can think of. He resides in the second spirit base, too," Heavenly Empress said.

"You mean Phoenix King?" The King of Day's eyes suddenly turned white as he looked at Heavenly Empress.

Heavenly Empress said, "He is not an emperor, but he is the offspring of two king spirits. What's more, he has Phoenix Body. That makes him immune to physical attacks. If anyone will topple The King's winning streak, it will be him."

"Phoenix King's personality is so strange, though. He is always alone, and he is tremendously difficult to talk to," Flower Empress commented.

"I know him well. Perhaps I can convince him to challenge The King." Heavenly Empress was confident in his abilities.

"That is great news! With Phoenix King around, The King is dead. God, I wish I knew where that conniving spirit's stone is. I'd crush it beneath my boots!" The King of Day said spitefully.

He hated Han Sen. Han Sen had taken one of his king spirit genes and kissed the girl he had long had a crush on.

"Even if we knew where his stone was, we couldn't destroy it. Do you really think you have what it takes to find it, grab it, and smash it, all before this emperor?" Flower Empress said.

"He has offended all the king spirits in the Third God's Sanctuary. No emperor would be able to withstand the wrath that will be brought down on his shelter," The King of Day explained.

"Who would ever want to offend an emperor, just so they could get ahold of a king? And what's more, it seems likely The King himself will become an emperor one day. If you failed; congratulations! You would have two emperors for nemeses. Only idiots would subject themselves to such torment," Flower Empress rebutted.

"Why are you speaking in favor of that *sshole?" The King of Day now started to look angry.

Flower Empress was hit with a sudden shock, and so she said, "I'm only telling you cold, hard truths. I'm not saying anything to protect him."

"Stop arguing, you two. I will open my second gene lock and consult Phoenix King about these matters. What will you all do?" Heavenly Empress enquired.

"I'm going to watch him get killed," The King of Day said.

"Me, too," Flower Empress concurred.

The King of Truth merely shook his head, saying, "I can't open my second gene lock, so I will not come."

"Then let us return and practice! I will invite Phoenix King to come over." Heavenly Empress stood up. Then, she approached Flower Empress and said, "Let's go together, and it'll help if I can receive some flower liquid off you."

Chapter 928: Not in the Mood Today

Chapter 928: Not in the Mood Today

Translator:Nyoi-Bo Studio

Editor:Nyoi-Bo Studio

Heavenly Empress left with Flower Empress, and after they were out of earshot of the others, she asked, "So, you have a crush on The King?"

Flower Empress blushed and said, "It that a bad thing?"

Heavenly Empress smiled and replied, "It is not bad, no. But since no one has yet learned his identity, you shouldn't get your hopes up about any future hook-up."

"I am not hoping for anything. He is powerful, that is all; it impresses me a great deal," Flower Empress explained.

"That's good, then." Heavenly Empress smiled and did not say anything else.

Han Sen spent his days in carefree merriment. He amassed large swathes of spirit genes, with little to no effort.

And as fortuitous as this was, it did make him feel as if there were no king spirits around. He thought it was quite strange. He had spent many days there, but had not been challenged or approached by a single king spirit. As such, he didn't obtain a single king spirit gene point. It was almost as if they were all avoiding him.

"How am I supposed to get more king spirit genes, if things continue in such a way?" Han Sen looked at his rank, noticing he was just below one hundred thousand.

"Hmph, if you don't seek me out, then I will seek you out." Han Sen sent away the spirits that crowded around him, and drove off on his island.

As everyone wondered what he was up to, Han Sen went off in search of spirits that were of a higher rank than him.

Han Sen hid his lifeforce with dongxuan aura, so that no one would know he was coming.

When he neared a spirit, he challenged his desired opponent quickly. He raced towards anyone who had a higher rank than him, and when his rank was nearing the realm of numbers populated by king spirits, he stopped.

"The top hundred must be king spirits. If I kill them one by one, I will be able to obtain a hundred king spirit genes," Han Sen cleverly mulled.

He had heard that the top hundred were mostly comprised of king spirits, and since they could not decline his request for challenge, he planned to kill them sequentially.

Han Sen came across a spirit that was rank one hundred and twenty-seven. The spirit's name was Storm King. Without any warning, Storm King found himself challenged and immediately dragged into combat.

Storm King had opened his second gene lock, but after a couple of punches, he was killed. From the spirit, Han Sen received a wind geno point.

After that, he found another two king spirits. Following their deaths, he obtained two more fire geno points.

Although he skipped a few ranks between them, there was nothing he could do about that. He tried his best to find spirits that were as close as possible to his rank, but he absolutely avoided those that were one hundred or below.

All of a sudden, he caught sight of a few islands that were headed his way.

It was Flower Empress and The King of Day. With them was another woman spirit he had seen before, but not been introduced to. There was also a person he had never seen before. The male spirit was blonde, and he had fiery, phoenix-like eyes. He looked noble, as if he was stuffed rigid with pride.

When he approached Han Sen, he did not even look at him. All the spirit did was talk with one of the empresses.

Looking at his statue, Han Sen noticed that his number was one. That meant he was the greatest and most powerful spirit in the entire spirit base.

"The King, do you dare challenge Phoenix King?" The King of Day coldly proposed.

"This is Phoenix King?" Han Sen looked at the blonde man.

"Yes I am. Now cut the crap and fight me!" Phoenix King looked on Han Sen with disdain.

What Phoenix King said wasn't personal; he behaved this way to everyone. He was particularly rude when he wanted a challenge with others.

"Oh my God! This is going to be one h*ll of a show."

"Phoenix King's body is indestructible, or so I have heard. Does The King have what it takes to defeat such a foe?"

"Such a fight will prove, once and for all, whether or not The King is invincible."

Phoenix King cawed loudly like a bird, drawing the attention of all the spirits that were near.

Growing excited, they all drew near.

Han Sen squinted. It was like he did not even hear what Phoenix King had told him. Then, Han Sen drove towards one of the islands that was approaching.

The spirit he was headed for was called Lightning King; the spirit had a rank of one hundred and nineteen. When he saw Han Sen coming his way like a rabid dog, though, it was too late for him to turn tail and flee.

He was only going to watch the fight that was supposed to transpire, but in a flash, The King had leapt onto his island with a bloodlust.

"The King, are you afraid of Phoenix King?" Flower Empress shouted at Han Sen.

"It's nice to see you again, Flower Empress. Have you come here to make good on what you owe me?" Han Sen smiled at her.

She blushed and was robbed of all the words she had intended to taunt him with.

"The King, why are you running away from Phoenix King? If you are afraid, just admit it. We won't force you to challenge him," The King of Day said in a sarcastic tone.

"I can kill that wimp with ease, but I'm not in the mood today. Perhaps another time?" Han Sen said, then attacked Lightning King.

Lightning King stood no chance against Han Sen, and he was swiftly destroyed.

After receiving his thunder geno point, Han Sen cruised off on his island, casually. He blatantly ignored Phoenix King and the challenge that was proposed.

"How obscene. He said it would be easy, but then he just ran off!" The spirits were frozen, after viewing the peculiar spectacle.

Chapter 929: Self-Fight

Chapter 929: Self-Fight

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen avoided Phoenix King because he wanted to collect king spirit genes from the lower ranked king spirits first.

All the spirits believed The King was too afraid to battle Phoenix King. They also believed Phoenix King was the only one who could beat him.

The King of Day proclaimed The King to be a cheap *sshole, who would only bully and compete with those who were obviously weaker than he was.

Han Sen's behavior had disappointed many spirits, and their enthusiasm for The King waned significantly. Most spirits tended to avoid him, and none were quite as willing to part with their spirit geno points as they had been.

Of course, Han Sen cared little for how they felt. Right now, he had a goal and he wished to see it through. Therefore, he spent all his time on hunting down king spirits in sequential order.

After killing a few, though, Han Sen had a considerable amount of difficulty locating others; the spirits he sought were no longer entering the spirit base.

"The King, quit your search. Unless you fight Phoenix King, none will allow themselves to be fought by you," Heavenly Empress said.

Flower Empress looked at Han Sen with disappointment. She had admitted to the crush she had on him, but she was now feeling foolish for thinking too highly of a spirit who was now viewed as a scaredy-cat.

"It looks like they've thrown a wrench in my hunting plans." Han Sen sighed, thinking he could have collected many more geno points first. Now, aside from Phoenix King, there'd be no one else to fight.

"You are obscene. Challenge him, if you have the balls!" The King of Day said.

Han Sen looked at him and said, "Fine; I'll challenge you."

"You are obscene. Challenge Phoenix, not me!" The King of Day shouted.

To this, Han Sen smiled and said, "You're like a broken record. And all this proves is that you're weak. I must have been mistaken, believing you to be quite the character. I can't believe you just admitted to being weaker than me."

"You..." The King of Day's face turned green.

Han Sen looked at Phoenix King on his island and said, "Do you really want to fight me that badly?"

"You are not qualified to be my opponent, so I was merely hoping to teach you a lesson," Phoenix King coldly said.

"Well said." Han Sen laughed.

All the spirits in the vicinity frowned. Phoenix King had sought to mock him, yet Han Sen had complimented him for the jest and laughed in his face.

Han Sen looked at Phoenix King and said, "If you really think you can teach me a lesson, would you like to make this a proper fight? One in which we gamble our self geno points? All of them."

Everyone was shocked upon hearing this. If this was true, it would be a long fight. The fight would last until one side had maxed out their geno points, or the other side ran out of them.

There was no cap to how many self geno points a person could have, but Han Sen could only have one hundred spirit geno points.

The only exception to this was if Han Sen signed a contract with Phoenix King. In that case, he could gather as many phoenix geno points as he wanted. Of course, Han Sen wasn't willing to sign a contract with Phoenix. Therefore, the max amount he could receive was one hundred.

"That's just what I was hoping for." Phoenix King agreed without hesitation. He did not believe Han Sen could beat him, so he accepted the deathmatch.

"Hahaha! You really think the terms of this fight would scare off Phoenix? Let's see how many self geno points you'll have left by the end of this fight." The King of Day was tremendously excited.

Both Empresses did not speak, for self-fights were too serious. No one had many self geno points, and losing a large amount of them was a terrible misfortune to befall anyone.

They were surprised at Han Sen's suggestion of making it a self-fight.

What they did not know was that Han Sen only had two self geno points. At the most, he could only lose two.

Han Sen wanted to increase his number of self geno points, but until now, he had not known how.

They would never have guessed Han Sen only had two self geno points.

Han Sen sent out his self-fight request, and Phoenix King spared no time in accepting it.

A fight such as this attracted the viewership of many spirits.

"The King is having a self-fight with Phoenix King? Oh man, he is insane!"

"Phoenix King has Phoenix Body, though. The King is going to get murdered."

"I wonder what element The King's genes are. I hope Phoenix doesn't have any of the element he has, so he can receive every last one."

"Yep. We have yet to see The King lose, so it is still unknown to us what element he has. It must be very powerful, no matter what it is."

"Don't worry, mate; we'll find out soon enough."

Because Han Sen had rejected the fight before, they still believed The King did not have what it took to beat Phoenix.

Han Sen slowly walked to Phoenix King's island and said, "Looking at you makes me feel sleepy."

"It's too late for regrets now!" Phoenix King blasted.

"Oh, I have no regrets. It's just the thought of killing you one hundred times will be so boring and tiring. I hope I don't fall asleep before we're done. Hey, here's a thought; how about I annihilate you once, and then you commit suicide ninety-nine times to spare me the trouble?" Han Sen said, with a surprisingly serious tone of voice.

Chapter 930: Phoenix Body

Chapter 930: Phoenix Body

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"Ridiculous!" Hearing what Han Sen said, The King of Day could do nothing but scoff indignantly.

Phoenix King took the jive calmly, though. He was not swayed by what Han Sen said, and merely responded, "This is good. Perhaps that is what we should do; of course, the reality will be the reverse. I kill you, and then you proceed to kill yourself ninety-nine times. Okay?"

"Then it is settled." Han Sen smiled, as he let out a holy light that enveloped him.

Phoenix King's body kicked up a blaze of golden flames, instead. The shadow of a newly arisen phoenix could faintly be seen, behind the curtain of fire that wreathed the spirit. The array of tall flames was a mesmerizing sight, like a fountain of molten gold.

"Phoenix Body sure puts the envy into all who look upon it," The King of Day said, not even attempting to hide his own jealousy of the power.

Each member of the audience of spirits had their mouths agape and eyes wide. They felt pride in being allowed to witness the casting of Phoenix Body.

Phoenix King had spent many years in the first and second spirit bases. He had never lost once, and he was a supremely powerful spirit.

Han Sen looked at him and merely swung his fist.

Phoenix King threw a fist of his own in retaliation. The gold flames that surged around his fist turned into the shape of a fire-born phoenix, and it carried the knuckles forward with tremendous force.

Boom!

Han Sen's fist collided with the phoenix and broke it. His fist did not stop there, however, and onwards it went. His fist surged through the air and walloped Phoenix King.

The bird and the flames that surrounded Phoenix King were shattered by the mystic power that fueled Han Sen's fist.

But in the next second, the golden flames tightened around Phoenix King's body and were renewed like the summoning of fiery armor. He was undamaged, as if he had not suffered the power of that punch.

"Phoenix King is good, but there's no denying how powerful The King is, too. Did you see his phoenix-shape shatter?" Heavenly Empress commented.

The King of Day was happy, and he said, "Ha, even The King's power is null against Phoenix King. The King is done for this time."

Flower Empress wore a complicated look, and clearly waged an internal battle of conflicting opinions. She wanted The King to lose, but not grievously. She almost wanted him to win.

Han Sen did not relent in his attacks. Fist after fist hammered against Phoenix King's body, and while each time the fires were quelled, they'd be reborn to protect their caster before another fist could land.

No matter how much power Han Sen put into his attacks, Phoenix King shrugged each of them off. Still, no damage was dealt to the Phoenix Body.

Phoenix King merely stood there, not even attempting to dodge Han Sen's attacks. He looked at his opponent with disdain, as punch after punch was thrown against him.

"It's useless. You cannot harm me. Suicide now, and save us all the trouble and wait," Phoenix coldly said.

Han Sen smiled at Phoenix in return, saying, "I'll admit I'm impressed. That's a fire element skill, right?"

"Don't compare the grace of my Phoenix Body with that of ordinary fire. Mine is a holy flame, it is pure and it is ultimate." Phoenix's face was stuffed with gross pride as he spoke.

The spirits that watched the fight looked on him in admiration. They were in awe of Phoenix Body's might.

Han Sen laughed and said, "You make it sound unbeatable, but we all know everything has its weakness. Fire is fire, and fire doesn't get along with water too well."

"You don't control the powers of water, boy," Phoenix said with a mocking tone.

The water element was still harmless against Phoenix King. Ordinary watery attacks were not able to suppress the flames of the phoenix.

The King of Day joined-in on the mocking and said, "Cut the crap! Even if you did wield water elemental powers, they would do nothing. Stop wasting our time."

Han Sen ignored The King of Day and continued to focus on Phoenix King. He said, "Who told you I'm not attuned with the element of water?"

Han Sen reached out his arm and opened the palm of his hand. Frosty air was summoned to encompass it, and it grew stronger and stronger into a fierce blizzard, until it eventually consumed him.

"I thought he was physical-only?" Everyone was shocked at this revelation, unable to believe Han Sen was using the power of ice.

"Was he hiding his true power, after all this time? I mean, he was already beating each and every one of us he faced." Even The King of Day was taken aback.

"No. This is not his true power; it actually seems weaker," Heavenly Empress stated.

"You mean to say that power doesn't actually belong to him?" Flower Empress asked.

Phoenix King looked on Han Sen with disdain, saying, "This power does not belong to you. You cannot make it effective! Not even this power can bring me harm."

"Really? Then are you willing to accept one of these punches?" Han Sen did not wait for a response, and simply threw a fist out towards Phoenix King.

The icy powers were learnt from Little Fairy in the Second God's Sanctuary. He had only opened its first gene lock, so it was indeed weaker than what it could have been. It was visibly so, in the eyes of others.

Han Sen knew Little Fairy's powers were special, but he planned on doing more than just using her powers. He had more than a few aces up his sleeve.

Almost at the same moment, Han Sen simulated Little Silver's power. The frosty air crackled with the charge of brutal electricity, not too unlike the Water-Thunder skill he had just learnt.

Han Sen's fist was shrouded in biting clouds; the same clouds that masked much of his body.

Phoenix King's power and speed were not as good as Han Sen's, so the spirit's Phoenix Flame attack could not hurt him.

They had been at a stalemate, in which Han Sen could not be damaged and Han Sen could not damage the spirit with his holy light. Thus far, Phoenix King had only been so cocky and boisterous because of the Phoenix Body talent he possessed. He had an indestructible body, and he wanted people to know that.

Boom!

Han Sen's fist collided with Phoenix King's fire-wreathed body.

Chapter 931: Killing Phoenix King

Chapter 931: Killing Phoenix King

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The clouds pierced the wall of fire. The cold air could freeze the cells of others, and almost immediately, the flaming phoenix was metamorphosed into its own opposite; it was turned into a statue of ice.

Boom!

Phoenix King had become ice, and all of his cells had frozen solid. Then, without notice, the composition of his being exploded into miniscule chips of ice that either pelted the field or submitted to the wind and were blown away.

The golden flames were gone, and Phoenix King had poofed out of existence in a haze of cold-blue dust. He respawned near his spirit statue.

The spirit base fell so quiet, you could hear a pin drop. Phoenix King had been utterly annihilated in the blink of an eye, and for a moment, every spirit thought they had slipped into a bizarre and surreal dream.

The King of Day was frozen, and he could hardly believe his eyes.

Flower Empress' mouth was wide open, as if in awe that was trying to masquerade as disappointed shock.

Heavenly Empress herself did not expect that The King could defeat Phoenix King so easily, meaning all the phoenix genes would have to be delivered to The King now.

Seeing as she was the one who had convinced Phoenix King to fight The King, she felt tremendously guilty.

"Kingfire Gene +1; First Rank Achieved. First Rank Reward: Self-Spirit Gene + 10"

Han Sen was only a little bit pleased. Receiving ten self-spirit genes for achieving first place seemed like a lowly reward for the feat.

It now seemed to Han Sen that obtaining self-spirit genes in the spirit bases would not be easy, and it also told him there had to be other ways to receive them.

Phoenix King respawned from the spirit stone with anger, and amidst the fire and fury of his temper, he spared no time in launching himself towards Han Sen in the shape of a phoenix.

Boom!

Han Sen cast the skill Water-Thunder, which obliterated the flying phoenix into another cascade of giblets.

"If you lack the courage to commit suicide, I can help you." Han Sen's body crackled with a surge of electricity. He was a physical manifestation of terrifying lightning, as he approached Phoenix King's statue.

When the mad phoenix respawned, Han Sen punched him to death again.

As soon as he respawned again, Han Sen killed him. This was repeated over and over, and people were in such shock and awe that they could hardly think straight as they tried to process what their eyes were telling them.

Alternating between ice and thunder, Phoenix King kept dying without even being given the chance to breathe.

All the spirits watched Phoenix King get slaughtered relentlessly, like livestock being led to a grinder.

Ten thousand spirits had come to watch the battle unfold, and not one of them made a sound. They were all in silent fright, as the noise of explosions sounded repeatedly, as if they were on a timer.

"He is the first rank king spirit of this spirit base; The King is far too overpowered!" This thought raced through the mind of every spirit there.

The spirits who had shown disdain to Han Sen before were now frozen.

No one could believe that this was the result of the fight they had come to spectate.

"Does this mean The King wasn't afraid of Phoenix King, at all? Did he just want to collect more king spirit genes before achieving first place?" Some spirits finally understood Han Sen's initial reaction to the proposition of fighting Phoenix King, and after realizing this, they shouted to the sky.

"So, The King decided to fight king spirits one-by-one, in sequential order? And the people who wanted to bully him were those king spirits?"

"The King is so powerful, man. He'd never fear an opponent, or even think of fleeing a battle."

"The King is invincible. Who was stupid enough to believe he would be afraid of Phoenix King?"

...

The sudden reversal of opinion represented just how much spirits adored those who were stronger. More than ever, spirits started to admire and show their affection for Han Sen again.

For the fire genes he sought, Han Sen did not slow down in his repeated slaying of Phoenix King. He kept on killing him until he reached the sum of one hundred.

One hundred points was the max he was able to extract, unfortunately. Had he signed a contract, he could have received an infinite amount.

Still, the results satisfied Han Sen a great deal. He was very appreciative of the fire genes he was able to harvest. All he would have to do next was max out his fire royal genes; once he did that, his fire element strengths and resistances would be perfect.

Once this was achieved, he could practice fire hyper geno arts at a considerably quicker pace.

After the fight was over, The King's name became synonymous with the word invincible.

Many king spirits continued to despise him, but the love given to Han Sen from the lower tier spirits was unending. Many royal spirits were all too happy to provide him with spirit genes.

Despite receiving so many spirit genes, though, a feeling nagged at Han Sen's mind. He was actually quite unhappy.

Spirit genes only strengthened a person's talent and proficiencies with elements; they did not increase a person's fitness level. The greatest effect they would provide was in the opening of a gene lock.

Han Sen's fire geno points had almost maxed out. If he practiced fire element skills, his speed in opening gene locks would be far quicker than it would be for other humans.

Ordinary humans needed a fitness level of nine hundred to open their third gene lock, but if Han Sen practiced fire element skills, he could open a third gene lock from as low as six hundred.

Whatever fire elemental skill he used could be cast faster and with a greater power, too.

But to Han Sen, such a privilege was useless.

The reason why he was this powerful was all down to his super king spirit body. It put him in a whole different league than other king spirits.

Of course, the title of being a "super" king spirit did not mean that it was stronger than every other king spirit.

Still, king spirits that had only opened their first or second gene lock would still be weaker than a base super king spirit.

A king spirit that had opened their first gene lock possessed a fitness level that was comparable to the Iron Bug King.

King spirits needed to grow, and their fitness increased as they became stronger.

Han Sen noticed that by obtaining more self-spirit points, the power possessed by his super king spirit mode would be much stronger.

Because super king spirit was stronger, he could defeat king spirits with ease. But to keep going in this manner, without increasing his sum of self genes, the advantages he had would soon be made irrelevant. He needed more, and he realized how difficult such a task would be.

And to make matters worse for him, Han Sen was still stuck back in the sanctuary, unable to hunt creatures there. Continuing on this trajectory, without increasing his fitness, could one day prove deadly.

He could only use super king spirit mode in the sanctuary as a trump card—it was relegated to being a last resort. He couldn't randomly use it anymore, not before improving the strength of his body.

...

"San Mu, we have finally come to the edge of Thorn Forest!" Chu Ming jovially called out to Han Sen.

Chapter 932: When Next We Meet, I'll Buy You a Drink

Chapter 932: When Next We Meet, I'll Buy You a Drink

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen was incredibly happy at this news. They had run out of food a long time ago, and now they had the opportunity to restock.

Han Sen called for Qu Lanxi and Little Wind to accompany him and Chu Ming in the hunt of creatures. He wasn't going to waste a single second, as he wasn't sure when the shelter would move to the outskirts of the forest again.

They did not know which way they were going to go, but where they went seemed to be in absence of thorny brushes, and they espied a number of clearings in the distances ahead.

After killing a group of iron bugs, they stumbled across a hunting party of humans.

"Humans? There are humans!" Chu Ming looked excited when his eyes fell upon them.

Each of them were surprised, and it was a sight that warmed their hearts. It was usually a great joy to come across other humans, as the occasion was rare across the brutal expanse of the Third God's Sanctuary.

They had heard of a human royal shelter in the vicinity, and after walking an additional thirty miles, they came to a shelter which had many humans strolling in and out.

"Finally! I'm back to civilization." Chu Ming almost cried at the sight.

Han Sen and Qu Lanxi were glad to have found such a shelter, but weren't half as excited as Chu Ming.

After entering the shelter, they informed themselves of what manner of place it was. It was a relief to hear it was good for humans, despite the spirit shelters that weren't too far away. The people in this place were strong, and they could fight back and maintain their independence.

Whoever was capable of defending themselves were allowed to live there.

"We have found a place in which we can live and be free. We can have a good life, free from the fear we have had to constantly live through in recent times," Chu Ming said.

Han Sen said, "If you two like it, then stay. I'm going back, though."

"What? Why are you returning to that dump? You might die out there, all alone." Chu Ming looked at Han Sen with confusion.

"I prefer to remain in perpetual adventure." Han Sen couldn't explain how he felt well, but this was the closest and most concise way he could express himself.

There were a few other reasons of course; ones he did not wish to tell them. Han Sen needed that shelter to grow plants and enter the spirit base, something that was far more valuable to him than a safe place to lay his head.

In Thorn Forest, there weren't many primitive creatures to find, but he could easily encounter creatures of a higher level. The resources he could get there, with his moving shelter, was far more important.

And having a shelter that resided underground, free from any possible attack, was something incredibly rare and it was not something Han Sen was willing to give up.

"Can't we adventure from the safety of this place?" Chu Ming asked.

Han Sen wanted to explain further, but much of what anchored his desire to remain in the hidden shelter had to be kept a secret.

"Chu Ming, San Mu knows what he is doing. Don't try and change his mind. What matters is that we will still be friends forever, and distance won't lessen the bond we have established in our time together," Qu Lanxi graciously said, stopping Chu Ming's desire to plead that Han Sen remain with them.

Han Sen looked at Qu Lanxi and said, "You are right; we have survived much together. We've been through thick and thin, and straddled precarious lines through life and death situations. This is not something that can easily be forgotten."

Chu Ming could not understand why Han Sen wanted to go back, and after a few complaints, did not wish to strain their relationship or end their times together on an unhappy note. He stopped trying to change his mind.

When Han Sen and Qu Lanxi found some time to be alone, she said, "You are Ji Yanran's fiance, aren't you? Your name is Han Sen."

"You knew?" Han Sen had a wry smile.

Qu Lanxi smiled and told him, "There aren't many famous surpassers that go by the name of Han. I figured it had to be you, especially since you are fairly young. Besides, if you were going to select a fake name, San Mu was a bad choice."

Han Sen said, "I didn't mean to lie or hide; it wasn't done in spite. I have many enemies, and I didn't want to bring you any more trouble than I did, when we first met. When I got a firmer grasp on where we were, and was able to acknowledge that where I was, was free of other humans, I didn't mind changing my surname and confiding in you."

Qu Lanxi put her hand out in front of Han Sen and said, "When next we meet, I'll buy you a drink."

"I thought you don't drink." Han Sen said, shaking her hand.

"Meeting you again will be quite the occasion, I'm sure. And getting drunk on special occasions seems to be the tradition, haha." Qu Lanxi took a brief pause, and then continued

by saying, "Don't die out there, Han Sen. I will hold on and anticipate the drink we will one day share."

"I'm almost thirsty already." Han Sen smiled.

Before leaving, Han Sen provided Chu Ming a tree crab, an iron bug beast soul and a copper fruit for a kickstart.

Han Sen did not give these to Qu Lanxi because he knew she would not accept them.

Han Sen felt remorseful, leaving the shelter without them.

He felt he was being cold, and he was more disappointed with himself for not being sad about leaving them, but by being excited for the adventures that were sure to come.

He killed a few iron bugs on his return, and by the time he arrived back at the underground shelter, the skies had been stolen by the night.

"Being lonely and being alone are two different things, but on this night... I feel the former." Han Sen, while he cooked, had summoned Meowth and Golden Growler to talk to.

Meowth and Golden Growler would occasionally reply, and it struck Han Sen how much more intelligent and human they were, following their consumption of the waterdrops.

"When there is no one around, it's quite boring. I think it's time I bring Zero here." Han Sen said out loud. It should have been a thought, but he was surprised to hear himself talk it out.

The reason why he hadn't brought Zero with him yet, was because of Chu Ming and Qu Lanxi's company. It would be suspicious to see him always be accompanied by a strange little girl.

Now that he was alone, he decided to bring her there. Still, he wasn't sure if he was able to simply teleport her there on a whim.

"Hm, I'll try it tomorrow." Han Sen looked at the watch and the photo it contained.

He asked his mother about it once, on his return to the Alliance, but she had told him she did not know who the man was. She didn't recognize him as someone who belonged to the Han family.

"Who is this man? And did he kill all these creatures? If he did, what connection does he have to our family?" Han Sen was starting to get a headache, thinking of this. Regardless, he really was starting to believe his father's death had not been an accident.

Chapter 933: I Want Your Genes

Chapter 933: I Want Your Genes

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The next day, Han Sen asked his mother to bring Zero to the teleporter in Moment Shelter, to see whether or not she could teleport.

Like before, she came through the teleporter into his shelter. Han Sen was quickly delighted.

With Zero there, Han Sen did not feel as lonely.

The shelter, overnight, had again moved into the deeper recesses of Thorn Forest. Upon a small expedition outside, Han Sen was able to spot some winged snakes. He thought about engaging them, but when he saw the king amongst them, he promptly turned around and went back inside.

Han Sen knew he couldn't kill such a beast, but without the intrusions of others, he was free to grow that which he wanted to. For now, he planned on growing the Dragon-Blood Tree.

Each day, he gave the tree a single drop. It didn't take long for the tree to flourish and within a few days, flowers bloomed across the well-structured boughs of the tree. If it was to continue in such a manner, Han Sen deduced it would not be long before it grew fruit.

"The mutant class beast souls of Dragon-Blood Snakes would be very beneficial. If many of such fruits grow, I'll be rich!" Han Sen was delighted at the results, and his mind feverishly pondered the results his harvest would soon bring.

Whenever Han Sen was bored, he visited the spirit base to obtain more genes. He had an incredible reputation by now, and many royal spirits sought him out to deliver him their genes.

The king spirits no longer dared to challenge him. While their pestering was a relief, it was ultimately a disappointment, for it prevented Han Sen from being able to gather more of their genes.

"It looks like I should keep a low profile; otherwise, my gain of points is going to slow to a crawl," Han Sen thought to himself. He had shone a spotlight on himself a number of times now. He had relished in the attention he was giving, and caused constant commotion with the staggering fights and the audiences that would crowd to watch. He knew he had to avoid doing this from now on, and if that didn't work, perhaps even lose.

While this prospect seemed promising, the spirit he threw the fight for would be given a super king spirit gene. Then, the truth would be revealed.

No one knew Han Sen was The King, and he wanted to keep it that way. It would be dangerous for any aspect of his identity to be learnt.

Being unable to gather king spirit genes, Han Sen was no longer too fussed with visiting the spirit base. On this day, he only spent two hours there, seeing what he might have needed.

Aside from royal and king spirit genes, the other ranks of spirit genes were almost all maxed out.

Without anything to do, Han Sen decided to summon Moment Queen.

The last time Han Sen saw her, she was bawling her eyes out like a maddened woman.

Summoning her this time, Han Sen did so in the wonder of whether or not she could control the movements of the shelter. If she could control it, then he wouldn't have to roll

the dice every day, waiting to see whether or not it had moved to the outskirts of Thorn Forest.

When Moment Queen appeared, she did so with an immediate desire to kill Han Sen. Although he despised him, her attack was not through animosity alone. She wanted to die, and she hoped Han Sen would provide her this release.

But right before she tried to attack, she stopped. She stood still, while her eyes looked around wildly.

"Why are you in a king class shelter?" Moment Queen looked around in visible shock.

"I conquered it; not bad, huh?" Han Sen smiled.

Moment Queen looked at him with disdain and said, "the creatures these bones once belonged to would crush you with a mere poke."

"All you need to know is that this shelter belongs to me now." Han Sen looked at Moment Queen dead in the eyes and then said, "You seem stronger than you did before."

Moment Queen seemed spooked by her presence there in the shelter. As she looked around, she said, "When king spirits enter a shelter, they become stronger. If I could obtain self geno points, I could become as strong as the king spirits that populate the Third God's Sanctuary."

"That sounds good." Han Sen eyed her suspiciously and observed how she seemed to look like a newborn king spirit. Whatever the case may be, she couldn't have been any weaker than an iron bug king.

If she misbehaved or did something that would incite his ire and require him to kill her, he could do so with ease with his super king spirit mode. He wasn't quite up to the task, with his own simple, raw power, however.

"Where are the spirits here?" Moment Queen entered the spirit hall.

"Do you think I'd still be here if there were spirits?" Han Sen followed Moment Queen.

Moment Queen saw the perfect statue and looked as happy as one could be.

But then, her face started to look complicated and she fell silent.

"You can put your spirit stone inside there?" Han Sen asked.

"Would you allow me to?" Moment Queen asked in return. After her last betrayal, Han Sen had imprisoned her.

"Yes; but that all depends on the benefits you might be able to provide me," Han Sen said.

Moment Queen's eyes widened, and she coldly said, "I can help you control the movements of this shelter. If I don't, then this shelter will continue to teleport as it does and total ownership of it will be impossible."

"I like the moving aspect of this shelter; give me some cold, hard benefits," Han Sen said.

Han Sen would have really liked her to be able to control the position and location of the shelter, but he wasn't quite willing to let her know that now.

"Well, aside from that, I have nothing. Of this, you know," Moment Queen said, dismally.

"I want your king spirit gene," Han Sen told her.

Moment Queen's spirit gene might have been of the space element he much desired, but because she would rather die completely, she would not give it to him. This was his first mentioning of this.

"Impossible," Moment Queen rejected Han Sen.

Chapter 934: Moment Gene

Chapter 934: Moment Gene

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Do you want to be imprisoned in the Sea of Soul from now unto eternity, or would you like to control the shelter?" Han Sen said, sternly looking at Moment Queen.

Moment Queen had a conflicted expression. Humanity acknowledged the existence of spirit bases, but very few knew what they were exactly.

Han Sen had threatened her with what she feared the most: return to the Sea of Soul, trapped. If she could control the shelter and enter the spirit base, she believed she would have a chance to escape him.

Of course, Han Sen was not entirely trusting, and he practically knew what she was planning. He wanted her to feel hopeless, though, so that she would deliver her geno points to him.

He thought Moment Queen aligned with the rare space element, and she was likely the only spirit he could find who had space genes.

Even if he was lucky enough to encounter a space element spirit in the spirit base, the amount he'd receive would be extremely low, and it was almost guaranteed that no space element spirit would wish to wager a vast number of them in a self fight like Phoenix did.

Moment Queen looked at Han Sen and said, "They took my genes before they booted me back to the Second God's Sanctuary. I couldn't give them to you, even if I wanted to."

"How do you earn more self geno points?" Han Sen wanted to increase his tally.

"Consume the Life Geno Essence of a super creature that shares the same element as you. Either that, or fruit of the same element," Moment Queen answered, surprisingly forthwith.

"Let's talk business." Han Sen paused a brief moment, eyeing Moment Queen, then said, "But before that, you will have to give me one geno point."

"But I really only have one left!" Moment Queen pleaded.

"Well, it's either that or you return to the Sea of Soul. The choice is yours." Han Sen did not believe her.

Even if her king spirit genes had been taken away, she had been in the Second God's Sanctuary for quite some time, ruling over a shelter no less. He firmly believed she had more than one.

She had the talent to grow a six-gear tree, after all.

In response to the untruthfulness, Han Sen raised his hand to send her back to the Sea of Soul. But before he could finish, she quickly said, "Okay, okay; I can give you a point! But please, explain the terms of your desired co-operation."

"Give it to me first," Han Sen said.

Not wanting to be stuck in the Sea of Soul, she gave it to him as quickly as she could. A light was hastily fired into Han Sen's body.

"King Spirit Time Gene +1."

Has Sen believed her teleportation skill had required the space element. He hadn't expected her to possess the time element, instead.

"Now, what do you want?" Moment Queen asked, looking at Han Sen.

"There is no rush; let's discuss these matters slowly." Han Sen smiled.

The two spoke with each other for a long time after that. She would be given the responsibility of controlling the movements of the shelter, on the term that she would obey him. And up until Han Sen reached a hundred self genes, she would have to share half of hers with him.

Moment Queen would be allowed to enter the spirit base, but she would have to exit and aid Han Sen in hunting creatures on occasion, as well.

After they struck a deal, her wish for death subsided for a while. She had hope.

Because she now had hope, she was willing to accept Han Sen's authority for the time being. She did not want to kill him just yet, either.

"King class time gene, eh? She really is quite special." Han Sen was overjoyed with this revelation.

"You said you killed the son of a king, didn't you? If you enter the spirit base, will they find you?" Han Sen asked.

"I look different now. They won't find me. What? Did you think I only came back here just so I could be killed?" Moment Queen said.

"No, but that's good." Han Sen nodded.

Moment Queen observed the statue's forehead, and as she did, a black hole emerged from her and drifted over to fit itself inside the slot. It formed neatly into a spirit stone.

A light shot towards Moment Queen, and she disappeared in a flash of light. She had entered the spirit base.

Han Sen did not tell her about him being a super king spirit, and he most certainly did not want to let her know he was The King.

In the spirit base, she could talk freely with other spirits. He had to be careful about what information she had, and could possibly release in spite.

If she caused issues for him, though, he could always use his super king spirit mode to end her.

Moment Queen had only just managed to arrive back at the Third God's Sanctuary, so it was likely she was looking to collect many genes. It'd be a while before she came back out.

Han Sen did not wait for her, though. Instead, he went to water the Dragon-Blood Tree.

He believed each flower would bear him a fruit, but he soon realized he was wrong.

When the flowers withered, they did not grow fruit. And all that appeared were four grape-sized dragonfruit.

"Um, why are there only four?" Han Sen looked bitterly disappointed at the result.

Still, obtaining four mutant class beast souls was not all that bad. Pet beast souls that were birthed from plants would already have their battle mode active, so there would be no need for him to spend time raising them.

Once the wait for the ripening fruit was over, he'd have four pet fighters.

Han Sen wouldn't go hunt immediately after that, though. He wanted to wait until Moment Queen returned first. In the meantime, over the course of his wait, he tended to the Dragon-Blood Tree and watered it, eagerly anticipating the birth of the Dragon-Blood Snakes.

"I wonder how many gene locks they can open?" Han Sen was feeling hopeful it would be a high number.

Mutant pets could unlock six at the max. If it was the child of a creature, they'd only have one open at birth.

But creatures born from geno plants were not like this. The more talents they had, the more gene locks they could have open from birth.

Furthermore, the opened gene lock numbers were fixed. They weren't like genuine creatures, which could improve and open further gene locks over time.

Chapter 935: Zero, the Lucky Goddess

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Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Moment Queen stayed in the spirit base for the longest time and did not return. Han Sen had no fear, though, for he could feel what she was up to.

Providing one waterdrop to the tree every day, it only took another four days for the small fruits that hung from its boughs to increase to the size of an average car tire. The texture of the fruits was peculiar, scaly and reptilian like the creatures that were supposed to be within.

Pang!

One fruit finished maturing and fell from the tree. Quickly, and quite ecstatically, Han Sen retrieved the fruit and peeled back the layers of its scaled-exterior. After he did so, a red light shot out from the interior and entered his Sea of Soul.

"Mutant Pet Beast Soul Obtained; Dragon-Blood Snake."

Looking inside his Sea of Soul, he noticed the presence of a new creature. It was a red snake with four legs.

It was more like a gecko than a snake, but not quite. Its skin wasn't leathery like a gecko or smooth like an amphibian; it was more reptilian and scaled like dry, cracked mud.

From out of its mouth, a forked tongue rattled; it was definitely a snake of sorts.

Of course, Han Sen knew appearances could be deceptive, and so he didn't pay too much heed to its odd look. What he was most interested in were its statistics, and that was what he spent much of his time perusing.

"Mutant Dragon-Blood Snake: Second Gene Lock Open."

Han Sen was a little disheartened at the result. Mutant pets were capable of having six open gene locks, so this was at the lower end of the spectrum.

"It is fortunate I have another three to test my luck with." Han Sen resolved to only be grateful if one of the pets had five gene locks open.

Pang!

Another dragonfruit fell from the tree. Hastily, Han Sen scrambled over to pick it up. When it was in his hands, he peeled away the layers, all the while saying, "God? Please bless me with a pet that has five of its gene locks open. Amen."

After the layers were peeled and removed, another red light burst forth like a beacon and entered Han Sen's Sea of Soul. Uncaring for the little creature's appearance, he raced straight for the statistics.

"Mutant Dragon-Blood Snake: First Gene Lock Open"

"F*ck you!" Han Sen wanted to flip the nearest table he could find, as this was the worst possible result one could receive.

Although mutant creatures had a high fitness level, ones that had only opened their first gene lock were unlikely to be able to take down anything greater than an ordinary creature.

Since Han Sen wanted to take down mutant creatures on his own next, this pet was useless.

"It looks like I've been praying to the wrong god," Han Sen thought to himself.

The third dragonfruit dropped from the tree and hurtled to the ground, but before he went over to pick it up, he requested that Zero bring him water. When she brought the bucket over, he washed his face and summoned his iron bug armor.

Han Sen approached the fruit and started peeling it. As he did so, he said, "God? It's me again; perhaps you didn't get the message last time, but I request that you bless me with the fortune to receive that which I most desperately need. I will sacrifice lambs, goats, or whatever in your name, if that is what it's going to take. Please, God. Amen."

After he finished peeling it, a red light moved to nestle in Han Sen's Sea of Soul once more.

"Mutant Dragon-Blood Snake: First Gene Lock Open."

After hearing the voice, his face blackened. He shouted, "Oh, come on! This is not even funny."

Seeing the three snakes, Han Sen wanted to bang his head into the nearest concrete surface.

The final dragonfruit fell from the tree, and considering his current string of bad luck, Han Sen felt reluctant to open it himself.

"Zero, help me peel it!" He hoped Zero would be luckier than he was.

Zero approached the fruit and gently started peeling it with her small and delicate hands. When she was done, a red light shot into her forehead.

Han Sen pointed at Zero and asked, "Hey, I thought you couldn't use beast souls?"

Zero could not eat the flesh of creatures, and neither could she make use of beast souls; this was because she did not have a Sea of Soul. Her situation was similar to the shura, in that regard.

But with ease, the Dragon-Blood Snake entered her forehead, signifying she now had a Sea of Soul.

Han Sen had once tried to send her a beast soul in the past, but it didn't work. He knew for sure she had no Sea of Soul, but clearly, things were different now.

Zero looked at Han Sen but did not say anything, and the expression she wore made it seem as if she didn't know what to say.

Han Sen tried sending her one of his other, now-useless Dragon-Blood Snakes and the transfer actually worked this time.

"What is this?" Han Sen was shocked with this revelation, but judging from Zero's relative silence, it seemed as if she too was unsure what had happened or what had changed.

Zero merely stood where she was, staring back at Han Sen at a loss for words.

Han Sen asked Zero to return the snakes to him, and lo and behold, they were transferred back to Han Sen correctly. Her Sea of Soul seemed to function just as any other's would.

"Was she too young before or something? Perhaps that is why her Sea of Soul had not yet activated." Han Sen mulled over this curious development with great interest.

After thinking about it some more, her being too young may have indeed been the correct answer. He observed Zero's figure some more and noticed she appeared a little more grown-up than she had previously. Rather than a child, she looked more like a teenager.

That being said, she should have fully grown-up a long time ago. Why this was happening now befuddled Han Sen.

"Humans need to be sixteen before they can enter the First God's Sanctuary. Before sixteen, you haven't fully grown-up, thus the ineligibility. It is true she is not a pure, average, run-of-the-mill human... so is her slow growth a result of this peculiarity?" Han Sen wondered some more.

He couldn't prove his theories, but looking at her matured facial structure, it seemed likely.

Regardless of what the cause was, Han Sen was just happy she could now use beast souls.

Han Sen asked her if she could receive geno points from the consumption of meat, but she merely shook her head.

Han Sen took a look at the Dragon-Blood Snake she had obtained and returned to him, in the desperate hope her fruit-opening result was better than his own three tries.

"Mutant Dragon-Blood Snake: Sixth Gene Lock Open."

Han Sen's jaw dropped to the ground. He ran over to Zero, picked her up in his arms, and started spinning about with her. Then, he kissed her on the cheek, telling her, "My dear little Zero, you are my lucky goddess. Yes, yes you are! You just got me the best snake possible!"

Chapter 936: Knight Tree

Chapter 936: Knight Tree

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Blood-Dragon Snakes were of the blood element. With every gene lock that they had open, their powers improved by a great deal all across the board. Their speed and strength, however, were given an exponential boost.

Even a Blood-Dragon Snake with only two open gene locks would be considerably stronger than Han Sen. To receive a Blood-Dragon Snake with six open gene locks was a tremendous thing, and it was sure to lay waste to any creature it fought.

The fitness level of ordinary creatures was three to six hundred. Primitive was six to twelve hundred. Mutant was twelve to eighteen hundred. Sacred-blood was eighteen to twenty-four hundred. Humans had yet to gauge the fitness levels of super creatures, but it was estimated that they had a fitness level of at least three thousand. There was quite a gulf separating sacred-blood and super creatures in this sanctuary.

To bridge that fitness gully, newborn super creatures and newborn king spirits were viable targets.

Newborn king spirits would not be unlike the spirits Han Sen had encountered in the first and second spirit bases. Their fitness was comparable to that of a sacred-blood creature, with some being a little higher.

But when challenging creatures that were of the same tier as a human, creatures always proved stronger. Humans couldn't go against creatures unless they had a clear advantage.

With that being said, it was more difficult for creatures to open their gene locks. Their control of energy flows was not as efficient as human hyper geno arts in harnessing and using power.

Receiving a snake, with six open gene locks, was an incredibly rare gift for Han Sen. It had a base fitness level of fifteen hundred, but the six open gene locks boosted that to the region of two thousand. It was a creature that could hunt sacred-blood creatures effortlessly.

The Dragon-Blood Snake would have destroyed the iron bug king with ease, and yet, it was likely that the other three snakes he had received would have been the ones wrecked if such a fight took place. Any sacred-blood creature, with a single open gene lock, would've had what it took to destroy those three snakes.

They wouldn't perform too well against mutant class creatures, either. It was strange, though, as many people would value such pets. Other humans would need whatever help they could get, and they'd view even the weaker snakes as formidable pets to aid them in the Third God's Sanctuary.

"I would like to send them to Qu Lanxi, but how am I supposed to explain how rapidly the Dragon-Blood Snakes were grown? I guess I have no choice but to sell them," Han Sen thought to himself.

But thinking about this made him frown. Moment Queen had yet to return from the spirit base, and by now, he was getting impatient. He summoned her to return.

She had become addicted to the acquisition of power and geno points, so she was unhappy at having Han Sen yank her out so abruptly.

"You'll have plenty of time to earn geno points, so maybe now you can help me move this shelter someplace safer," Han Sen said.

"I can move it, but where is 'safe' exactly?" Moment Queen asked.

Han Sen did not know either, but Thorn Forest was not an infinite woodland. If they were to travel in one direction or another, they'd eventually arrive at an outskirts of some sort. Acknowledging this, Han Sen merely pointed in a direction.

Moment Queen moved in the direction Han Sen wished for her to go. Unfortunately, the distance the shelter could travel was limited, and it could only move a certain amount a day. After the move, they were still deep inside the webbed brush of Thorn Forest.

The next day, they were still there after the subsequent move, too. And so they were after the next few moves following that.

"Where is this?" Han Sen saw a big tree ahead of him in Thorn Forest.

It stood half a kilometer from the shelter; a goliath tree that stood proud and firm, its verdant head standing forty meters high in the sky.

Curiously, it looked as if many people had been strung up and left to hang, dangling from the thick boughs of the tree. Fortunately, upon closer inspection, Han Sen realized his vision was just a misinterpretation of what they actually were. They were fruit, and only human in shape.

While they looked human, they were slightly bulky. It was as if they were armor-clad humans, and with such protective gear, no hint of flesh could be seen. Han Sen thought they looked similar to the steel-clad knights that hailed from medieval Europe. With their helmets connected to the tree, it was a strange sight.

"Are they alive?" Han Sen counted the six armored-knight fruits.

"This is a sacred-blood class Knight Tree. They grow sacred-blood class Loyal Knights," Moment Queen explained, as she too calculated the breadth of the remarkable tree that stood before them.

"They're sacred-blood creatures?" Han Sen asked, before going on to say, "Should we kill them before they mature?"

Moment Queen looked at Han Sen as if she had just witnessed his brain cells implode. She asked him, "Why would you do that? You can't eat them. And when they mature, they will never betray the first person their eyes fall upon."

"Really? When will they mature, then?" Han Sen said, jovially.

Moment Queen looked at the tree and said, "Well, sacred-blood trees take a few thousand years to mature. This one will take another thousand, is my best estimate."

"I can't wait that long." Han Sen frowned, but his frown soon vanished upon a sudden realization. "But that's okay; let's bring it with us. Stop moving the shelter, and let's go dig it up."

"Pah! You think you can transplant a sacred-blood tree?" Moment Queen found it funny, and she giggled under her breath.

"Just do it." Han Sen did not explain and just rallied his four snakes and Little Wind to accompany him on the way to the tree.

Moment Queen followed. Not long after, her face curdled as she noticed something amiss. She called out, "Stop! Something is wrong."

"What is it?" Han Sen looked at her with confusion.

"Look at the ground." They were only three meters away from the Knight Tree, at this point.

When Han Sen looked down, all he could see was yellow soil. Still wondering what she was referring to, he asked, "Why, what is it? Is this something special?"

"Don't you think it is strange? How can such sordid, ill-kept ground birth such a magnificent tree?" Moment Queen asked.

Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to scan the vicinity, and it was just as she said; there was no lifeforce around or in the soil below.

Chapter 937: Disloyal Knight

Chapter 937: Disloyal Knight

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"This is weird." Han Sen frowned. Only the Knight Tree had a lifeforce in the vicinity.

"Maybe the tree absorbed the life from the soil all around it?" Han Sen asked, looking at Moment Queen.

"All plants absorb energy from the ground, but they never take more than their fair share. If there is an insufficient amount of nutrients available for its growth, it does not drain the surrounding area; it just accepts its own demise. It would not grow," Moment Queen said, with her eyes fixed on the Knight Tree.

"The tree has... a problem?" Han Sen said, as he eyed the six knights that hung from the boughs.

Moment Queen replied, "Yes, it has a big problem. For this tree to grow, with dead earth all around, should be impossible."

Han Sen nodded to display his understanding, and as he turned back to watch the tree, his face turned grim.

"There is something amiss with the fruit, also." Han Sen's forehead flexed again.

"Why? What do you see?" Moment Queen asked, with her own ardent curiosity.

Han Sen, with his eyes on the six knight fruit, said, "The Knight Tree is strong, as we have surmised. But the fruit it bears are weak. And you said it would take another thousand years for them to mature? They seem too weak to adhere to your estimate. And..."

Han Sen froze.

"And... what?" Moment Queen was not used to the way Han Sen was speaking.

"This knight tree has seven fruit, actually. There is one behind the tree, but it avoided our attention at first," Han Sen explained.

"There is another one?" Moment Queen's face changed, and so she went to the other side of the tree.

Han Sen brought the Dragon-Blood Snake and Little Wind with him to circle the tree. He was keen to get a better look, but he made sure to keep his distance.

On the other side of the tree, the fruit there was different than the other six. It was similar in shape, but it didn't look quite as natural. It was more like a statue of a knight.

The other six wore bright steel armor, but this one wore green-copper armor. Its presence there was a mystery.

Han Sen felt a powerful energy coming from the knight, and the other six combined seemed to be no match for the green-copper enigma.

As Moment Queen's eyes fell upon it, she exclaimed, "Disloyal Knight! It is a Disloyal Knight! The tree has birthed a Disloyal Knight!"

"What is that? Is there a difference between Loyal Knights and Disloyal Knights?" Han Sen looked at the green-copper fruit in confusion, and so he asked Moment Queen to clarify.

"Well, of course there is. Duh! They aren't the same type of fruit; can apples grow on a peach tree?" Moment Queen retorted.

Han Sen did not know much about botany, so he frowned and said, "Maybe it was lonely on its own tree. Hey, do you think a Disloyal Knight will be loyal to me like the Loyal Knights?"

Moment Queen looked at Han Sen with eyes of fire, wondering whether or not his stupidity was genuine. She told him, "No, of course not! Are you serious? Disloyalty is the opposite of loyalty, and so the Disloyal Knight is the opposite of a Loyal Knight. If you are the first person it sees, consider yourself marked. It will be your greatest nemesis; a foe that will not relent in its pursuit of you until you are dead."

Moment Queen continued in her speech, saying, "I once saw an emperor grow a Disloyal Knight Tree. It hadn't matured yet, and he said it would take nine thousand years for it to grow the single Disloyal Knight it would bear."

"Ooh, so that means it's a treasure. That's some good stuff, right? Can we get a beast soul if we kill it?" Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen did not answer him directly, and she merely continued on from her previous dialogue. "Do you know what he did to grow that Disloyal Knight Tree?"

"What did he do? He didn't bury a real knight beneath that tree, right?" Han Sen wondered.

Moment Queen answered, "Ten thousand knight spirits cannot compare to the strength of a single Disloyal Knight. It could very well be a super creature. At the very least, any ordinary Disloyal Knight can be birthed to the rank of a berserk sacred-blood creature."

"Could you answer my question, please? The emperor that wanted to grow the tree; what did he do?" Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen said, "Before he grew it, he had a grand expanse of land dedicated to the cultivation of Knight Trees. There were over ten thousand of them. But when the Disloyal Knight was born, they all withered and died."

"Um... okay. But that at least explains why there is no lifeforce in the area around this tree," Han Sen said.

"Ah, but there's another problem. Disloyal Knights are birthed on trees of their own. They cannot grow on a traditional Knight Tree. I remember this emperor saying that without the energy of the Loyal Knights, the Disloyal Knight could not grow. What? Do you really think this place once had thousands of Knight Trees?" Moment Queen said.

Han Sen looked around and replied, "I'm not sure, but this is deep inside Thorn Forest. Thorns clog every path, and as such, there cannot be many trees."

"Even if there was, the Disloyal Knight should not be growing on the same tree. Unless..." Moment Queen said.

"Unless what?" Han Sen asked, inquisitively. He did not know much about geno plants or other botanical fields, so he needed Moment Queen to explain everything she knew or guessed.

"Unless a Disloyal Knight died beneath this tree, and the Loyal Knight tree absorbed the deceased Disloyal Knight and somehow mutated," Moment Queen explained her line of thought.

"And what's the bottom line, if that is what has happened? Does it benefit us in any way?" Han Sen wasn't really interested in how the tree was grown, only what rewards he might be able to reap.

"If things are indeed like this, then maybe the Disloyal Knight will be different and we'll be able to claim it," Moment Queen said.

Chapter 938: A Knight That Opens His Eyes

Chapter 938: A Knight That Opens His Eyes

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"How do you reckon I can claim it?" Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen shook her head and said, "Well, the chances would be slim. And besides, look at it; it's going to take at least another thousand years for it to mature. You'll be old and grey by then."

"One thousand years is not that long, and furthermore, we can bring it into the shelter." Han Sen did not seem apprehensive or wary in the least.

With the waterdrops Han Sen possessed, the thousand years could be reduced to a mere three. And Han Sen was willing to wait that long.

The Disloyal Knight was a berserk sacred-blood creature, and if he was lucky, the scales could tip and result in it being a fully-fledged super creature. Waiting three years for that opportunity would be tremendously worth it.

But Han Sen needed to know whether or not he could claim the Disloyal Knight. If he couldn't, then he'd be the sole, lifelong target of the violent fruit-born soldier.

"Don't even think about it. It's hard enough to grow sacred-blood plants, but to unearth and move one someplace else is mere foolishness and will ruin what has already grown," Moment Queen implored.

"Just tell me how to claim the Disloyal Knight, would you?" Han Sen said.

"Although it is a Disloyal Knight, it has grown on a Knight Tree. This may result in it obeying the first person it sees, but..."

Han Sen always hated "buts," so he said, "Just spit it out!"

"He is a Disloyal Knight, and you can't deny what you are forever. Genetically, it's a Disloyal Knight and that's what it's going to be. Even if it obeyed you, initially, the traditional, unwavering fealty of a Loyal Knight would fade over time. It would only be a matter of time before it betrayed you. It could hurt you as much as it hurts others," Moment Queen explained.

"If that loyalty lasts one hundred years, I'd say it's worth it," Han Sen said.

A hundred years was nothing to Han Sen, and he could be as strong as a super creature himself in that time.

The knight would be helpful, in its early years. He could use it to kill goliath monsters with the greatest of ease.

Han Sen, learning this about the Disloyal Knight, commanded his snakes to unearth the tree and transport it back to the shelter.

Moment Queen did not say anything, but she found the scene quite amusing.

It would have made sense for an emperor to move a tree, but for Han Sen, who had only just entered the Third God's Sanctuary, it was a humorous joke. She thought he was being a little too big for his breeches.

Still, she would not stop him. Ultimately, it would not be her business, so she was happy just to sit back and watch.

"If you don't need me, then I'll return to the spirit base." Moment Queen was eager to get back to earning geno points.

Han Sen waved her off, knowing she would not aid in the tree's excavation, anyway.

The soil around the tree was very hard, but the snakes were powerful and it did not take them long to dig through. This was especially true of the snake with six of its gene locks

open. The speed at which it worked was remarkable, and it had no trouble committing to the task they had been commanded to perform.

The roots beneath the earth were slowly revealed, and they were as thick as barrels.

The roots were also long, and it proved impossible to move the tree as well as the roots. Han Sen commanded that they bite the roots off.

They did so, but it wasn't easy. The roots were harder than stone, and three of them failed, only leaving light bite marks in the material. Only the Dragon-Blood Snake with six of its gene locks open was able to cut off the excess roots.

But after the snake bit off one root, the tree began to shiver and tremble. The six Loyal Knights were like ghosts, swinging from the boughs of the tree.

Boom!

One Loyal Knight disconnected and hit the ground. One after another, so did the others. They did not collapse onto the ground, but instead, they landed on their feet like armor-garbed mannequins in a museum.

Han Sen took a step back, not sure what to expect, and allowed Little Wind and his number one Dragon-Blood Snake to protect him from the front. He also made sure to summon his armor, just in-case.

"What have we here? Didn't Moment Queen say it would take a thousand years for them to grow? Why would they detach now?" Han Sen looked at the six figures, twirling the red dagger in his hand.

Suddenly, the Loyal Knights opened their eyes. They looked at Han Sen and the Dragon-Blood Snake beside him.

"Wait, these are Loyal Knights. So that means they'll obey me upon seeing me, right? But if the snake is in front of me..." Han Sen regretted using the snake for protection, but suddenly, one of the Loyal Knights threw a punch towards it.

The other five followed and did the same, throwing fists towards the stalwart snake. They were much weaker than sacred-blood creatures, but they were undoubtedly greater than mutant class types.

"Did Moment lie? They are attacking whatever they see!" Han Sen commanded the Dragon-Blood Snake and Little Wind to fight back against their fruity aggressors.

Boom!

A light rose from the feet of one of the Loyal Knights, then it punched the snake. The snake was sent flying.

Han Sen saw the rest of the knights generate an aura, one that rose from their feet, also. Three of them were graced with a halo atop their heads.

Two of them had two halos, whereas one had three.

The more halos they had, the more powerful they were. Han Sen thought it might have signified the number of gene locks they had open.

The halos did not deal extra damage, but they buffed the knights in a variety of ways.

Not that Han Sen cared much for this. They hadn't finished fully maturing, and they had been deprived of adequate nutrition. Han Sen guessed the pets under his command could deal with the foes before him.

"It's lucky the Disloyal Knight has not decided to join them. Had it chosen to, I might have been done for," Han Sen thought. But then, he looked towards the figure of his musing and was given a shock.

He did not know when it had happened, but the Disloyal Knight's eyes were open. They were fixed on Han Sen.

Chapter 939: Rare Disloyal Knight

Chapter 939: Rare Disloyal Knight

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen was taken aback. For now, it was lucky that the Disloyal Knight had not left the tree.

"You're nowhere near done; there's no way you're coming down from there." Han Sen looked at the Disloyal Knight and felt a little safer.

Han Sen, clutching the dagger in his hand, turned around and attacked one of the Loyal Knights that were advancing.

The Dragon-Blood Snakes took one knight each, and Little Wind engaged one, too.

The Loyal Knights were almost as strong as the Dragon-Blood Snakes, and only the one with three halos had a noticeable advantage in strength. Fortunately for all involved, it was the Dragon-Blood Snake with six active gene locks that chose to engage that knight. The skittering-slithering fiend was quick on its feet, and it leapt at the armored nemesis to scratch it and draw blood.

Little Wind fought against a knight that had only one gene lock open, and thus had only one halo. His fitness was pretty low, all things considered, but he had four gene locks open. The wind attacks the furry fighter employed ravaged the defenses of his enemy.

Han Sen used his sacred-blood armor and dagger to engage his target, and he was doing well in the fight. He suffered a few hits, but the armor was strong enough to keep him protected.

Katcha!

The Dragon-Blood Snake, with six open gene locks, found an opening to dig its teeth into the neck of the Loyal Knight it had engaged. The vicious teeth sunk into the neck with ease, and it tore the entire head off the knight's shoulders in a gruesome display. Before the head could hit the ground, though, the snake spun around and swallowed it.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Loyal Knight killed. No beast soul gained. The flesh is inedible."

"Wow, these things are pretty weak. It looks like the Disloyal Knight really has been hogging all the energy." Han Sen was overjoyed, thinking he could still one day claim it.

And the fact that they were weak was good, as he wouldn't have to exhaust himself in the battle, despite the lack of meat he would receive. With that being said, though, he wouldn't mind getting one of the beast souls. A sacred-blood beast soul was, after all, a sacred-blood beast soul.

Roar! The Dragon-Blood Snake leapt towards another knight.

Against the Dragon-Blood Snake with six gene locks open, the other knights on the field didn't stand a snowflake's chance in h*ll.

The heads of four Loyal Knights were quickly severed and gobbled up by the snake. As impressive as this was, Han Sen was disheartened by the lack of beast souls he received.

The other two Loyal Knights were still doing combat. With the situation under control, Han Sen decided to turn around and look at the Disloyal Knight to see if anything had changed. Eerily, it was still there, staring back at him.

But with the Disloyal Knight being unable to move, Han Sen was not afraid. The snake finished off the other Loyal Knights, but still, he received no beast soul.

"Today's luck is far too poor." Han Sen commanded the snake to get back to work, excavating the tree for transport.

Three snakes dug the earth around the tree, while the strongest went to biting through the roots.

All of a sudden, the Disloyal Knight began to scream in agony with a shrill, inhuman voice. It was still connected to the tree, though, and Han Sen was confident that it couldn't dislodge itself.

"Stop screaming, you big baby! I'm only moving the tree; I'm not killing you," Han Sen said to the knight.

The Disloyal Knight seemed to hear what was spoken to him, and it looked down on Han Sen with murder in its eyes.

"Hurry up, snakey boys. Dig faster!" Han Sen rushed the snakes, just in-case something unfortunate was about to happen.

An unnerving feeling had managed to latch itself onto the back of Han Sen's mind, and slowly the feelings of concern for ill happenings simmered. It brought him discomfort, and he thought something foul would soon happen. Moment Queen had told him that the knight would obey the first person it looked on. It had indeed seen Han Sen, but still, it looked rather hostile.

"Perhaps I should ask Moment Queen about this; she might be able to shed some light on the issue." Much to her chagrin, Moment Queen was summoned back.

"Can't you leave me alone for a minute? I'm trying to earn geno points! What do you want?" Moment Queen sounded a little moody.

"What you said was incorrect. You have some explaining to do." Han Sen then proceeded to tell her what had occurred in her absence.

Moment Queen eyed the dead bodies that littered the site and said with genuine surprise, "Wow, that is weird. It looks like what I hypothesized was reversed. The Disloyal Knight was

not affected by the Loyal Knights, but it was the Loyal Knights that were affected by the overbearing force of the Disloyal Knight. I think it made them... disloyal."

"Does that mean I won't be able to tame it?" Han Sen asked, quickly gesturing for the snakes to stop digging.

"I suppose," Moment Queen said.

"Are you positive? There is no other way I can get that knight to follow my commands? The emperor must have had a way, surely," Han Sen said.

"Yes, but it doesn't work for ordinary people," Moment Queen said.

"How do you know that?" Han Sen asked, looking at the Disloyal Knight.

"Easy; it requires domination. If you could dominate the Disloyal Knight, prove to it that you are the alpha and that you are unequivocally superior to the Disloyal Knight in strength, it wouldn't betray you. It would follow you. But do bear in mind that this thing, once matured, might actually end up being a super creature. Toppling a foe such as that would be no small feat," Moment Queen explained.

"And there is no other way besides that?" Han Sen asked with a frown.

"If there is, I have not heard of it. This Disloyal Knight infected the entire tree, though; so don't do anything reckless. Sometimes it's best to just cut your losses and quit while you're ahead." Just as Moment Queen finished her speech, a roar sounded. Following that, the noise of breaking wood came from high up in the tree. The Disloyal Knight had broken its tie to the tree.

It looked as cold as ice, as the back of its copper armor was stained with blood. It looked broken there, also, as if it had not finished growing.

Chapter 940: Frightening Glory

Chapter 940: Frightening Glory

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The Disloyal Knight cried out. Its copper armor glistened in the midday sun, as it teleported in front of Han Sen and tried to strike his stomach.

The Disloyal Knight moved too quickly, and Han Sen took the punch. The force lifted Han Sen from his feet and sent him hurtling a couple dozen meters, toppling several trees as he went. When the arc of his launch led him to the ground, a deep crater was left in his shape.

His sacred-blood armor was dented, and its metal was cracked.

Blergh! Han Sen spat out blood.

"D*mn it! Why did I react so slowly to that strike? I should have been able to dodge that!" As Han Sen reflected over what had just happened, the Disloyal Knight did not relent in its pursuit of Han Sen. It came over to where he lay and tried to strike him again.

Han Sen commanded his four Dragon-Blood Snakes to writhe together and protect him like a shield.

Pang!

The Disloyal Knight struck the barricade, with the fist landing firmly on the head of one of the snakes. The snake was pulverized immediately, as a squelching noise greeted the knight's closed fist. The beast soul had been killed just like that.

The Dragon-Blood Snakes unfurled and leapt towards their aggressor in an attack, but the Disloyal Knight dodged.

One snake aimed for the knight's helmet, but just as it flew close, an open hand was raised. The gauntlet captured the airborne snake and then closed hard, turning the wriggling creature into jelly. Another snake was killed.

In a short amount of time, the Disloyal Knight had managed to damage Han Sen and kill two of Han Sen's mutant class pet beast souls.

"Moment, what are you waiting for? If I die, you die with me!" Han Sen called for Moment Queen to act.

If this had happened any earlier, she would not have cared for his plight, and instead would have opted to die alongside him.

But she had recently been given hope, and the promise of a brighter future not locked inside the Sea of Soul. She had to do something; she was not willing to watch Han Sen die.

Moment Queen gritted her teeth and raced towards the Disloyal Knight. She would do what she could, but she had only recently started to gain strength through the collection of geno points in the spirit base. She wasn't in her prime, despite her willingness to aid Han Sen the best she could. Her body was little greater than a young king spirit's.

Her speed was exceptional, but overall, her fitness level was lower than the snake that had its sixth gene lock opened.

This speed of hers was no trivial factor, however. Her genes allowed for the control of time, and she could slow down the Disloyal Knight with it.

Han Sen commanded the other two snakes to strike, while Little Wind cast Windblade and Aircannon.

But this didn't yet suppress or put the Disloyal Knight at a disadvantage. It managed to kill another snake, effortlessly. The only one left alive now was the one with its sixth gene lock open.

"D*mn it! Its halo weakens others," Moment Queen called out, as she evaded an attack that came for her.

Her long hair was given a trim by the Disloyal Knight. Had she moved any slower, it would have been her head that was cut off.

"I see that! So, what can we do?" Han Sen briskly asked, as he observed the two copper halos above the Disloyal Knight's head.

The reason Han Sen had been unable to dodge the initial attack was clear now. It was all because of those halos.

The Disloyal Knight's halo did not just slow people down, it also weakened their very bodies.

Pang!

The Disloyal Knight punched the last remaining snake. It was not killed, but the attack was so strong that it sent the snake reeling backwards, squealing as it spat out blood.

The Disloyal Knight was not powerful enough to one-hit-kill a sixth gene lock snake.

This knowledge comforted Han Sen to a certain degree, and it made it look increasingly likely that the Disloyal Knight had dislodged from the tree too early. It wasn't ready for primetime, and it wasn't a berserk sacred-blood class creature yet.

Han Sen clutched his red dagger and cast his dongxuan aura.

Now Han Sen was able to observe just how the halo worked, and he was able to calculate how much it weakened others. With the snake and Moment Queen's kiting, Han Sen would be able to get behind the fruity fiend. Unfortunately, though, they'd still be at a disadvantage.

Little Wind fired its blades of wind and finished casting its Aircannon. Unfortunately, they did not help all that much. The attacks were little more than a stiff breeze to the Disloyal Knight.

The knight had a great level of fitness, and its halo was strong. Its punches were mighty and destructive. When the red dagger cut the copper light of its fist, no damage was done.

So, Han Sen resolved to watch its movements more and get a firmer grasp on how the opponent acted.

Previously, in grievous times such as this, he'd activate his super king spirit body mode. Using it in such a dire situation would usually ensure a victory, but alas, he couldn't.

Pang!

Moment Queen teleported directly behind the Disloyal Knight and tried to punch the bloody, torn place in its armor where it had prematurely ripped itself loose from the tree.

But all of a sudden, the Disloyal Knight's body shone brightly and blocked her attack. It was close, but no cigar.

Moment Queen's fist bled after punching the light-imbued protection that now coated the foe's armor.

The Dragon-Blood Snake roared and attempted to sever the knight's head from its body.

But the knight was able to move away, turn, and wallop the snake's head. The snake fell to the ground.

"Now!" Han Sen appeared behind the Disloyal Knight and threw a punch.

He had used a stealth skill; one that didn't allow the Disloyal Knight enough time to notice and deflect the punch. Still, its body glowed in order to better absorb the damage that would come from the incoming fist.

Han Sen knew there was much power in that glow, but he was not afraid. His left arm was raised as it gathered frost and lightning, and his right arm bore the dagger.

Chapter 941: Disloyal Knight Beast Soul

Chapter 941: Disloyal Knight Beast Soul

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The fist carried a destructive light. The power was so great that it shone straight through Han Sen's hand like an x-ray, revealing the skeleton beneath his flesh.

Han Sen's Water-Thunder skill smashed against the Disloyal Knight's back.

Boom!

When the Water-Thunder came into contact with the knight's blood, it electrified the being. The crackle, sizzle, and pop of the lightning strike grew louder and fiercer until it crescendoed in a dizzying firework of electricity.

Without super king spirit mode, the body of the Disloyal Knight was not blown to smithereens. Still, it froze and paralyzed the knight, inhibiting any further movement from it. This was exactly as planned.

The Dragon-Blood Snake and Moment Queen both re-collected themselves and did not spare a single moment in taking the opening Han Sen had created. They raced towards the disabled knight that could not currently move.

All the knight could do was try to block. With each hit that landed on his defenses, the force pushed him back.

The attacks mounted, and the rate of fire against him steadily increased. When the knight looked ready to lose all control, Han Sen fired coins onto his body. The pressure of several mountains weighed upon him, slowing him down considerably.

When the Disloyal Knight finally buckled under the pressure of the relentless attacks, Han Sen had fired a dozen coins upon it.

Since Han Sen had opened his second gene lock by now, they were far more effective, too.

Dragon-Blood Snake and Moment Queen did not cease in their merciless assault, particularly now that the coin-laden knight was unable to fight back.

The knight was maddened by what was happening, and its mind could not fathom losing to them. As much as it wanted to lash out and do something, its health was being slowly whittled away, and the coins prevented it from doing anything. The weight that disabled it only got increasingly heavy over time, as well.

Han Sen himself took advantage of the situation he had stuck the knight in. He noticed their fruity foe was still trying its hardest to resist its predicament, and he also noticed the negative effects the halo upon its head continued to exude.

But still, he knew that he had all but triumphed over the frighteningly powerful tree-born nemesis. It had been crippled by the weight and repeated attacks; it was no longer a threat to him.

The Disloyal Knight had countless coins stacked on it.

Boom!

The Disloyal Knight could no longer withstand the pressure. It submitted to the weight and collapsed to the ground, entirely immobile.

Han Sen, the Dragon-Blood Snake, and Moment Queen did not lax. They all continued to batter the monster, and after a few more minutes of such a treatment, it died.

"Super Creature Disloyal Knight killed. 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."

Han Sen was exuberantly happy. Not only had he just slain a super creature, but he had also received its beast soul. He was a lucky man.

Han Sen's joy was given a momentary lapse, however, as he contemplated the string of events that led to his ability to kill the creature. He was incredibly fortunate to have dislodged the super creature, despite the fact that it wasn't fully matured.

The Disloyal Knight's body vanished, but in its place rested a copper Life Geno Essence.

Han Sen gladly accepted it, for it was the first Life Geno Essence he had received in the Third God's Sanctuary. Even he was surprised he was able to acquire one so soon.

After the knight died, the tree died along with it. Bringing it into the shelter now would be pointless.

Still, this did not disappoint him too much. For now, he was simply pleased that he had gotten the beast soul and the Life Geno Essence.

Quickly returning to the underground shelter, he spared no time in summoning the beast soul he had just received.

A copper-plated knight appeared in front of Han Sen. There was no halo above its head, but the armor was complete.

"Disloyal Knight: Super Pet Beast Soul."

As glad as Han Sen was, he was a little upset to learn it was a pet. That meant it would take a long time for it to be raised, and he couldn't use it for a while.

If others learned he had a super pet, the attention he would receive would be insufferable. It'd undoubtedly create another big fuss.

After the ordeal, Moment Queen returned to the spirit base. In her absence, Han Sen decided to refine the Life Geno Essence.

He simulated the energy flow of the knight and consumed the orb. He received five super geno points.

Perhaps it was because it hadn't fully grown, or that it was a first generation super creature, but receiving only five points was a little disheartening for Han Sen.

The shelter, after another couple of jumps, reached the outskirts of Thorn Forest. Creatures were finally appearing now, and it looked as if Han Sen could start hunting again.

With Little Wind and the Dragon-Blood Snake, Han Sen wasted no further time and left the shelter to kill as many creatures as he could. It wasn't long before Han Sen was able to max out his ordinary and primitive geno point tallies.

Han Sen did not know which area he was in, and he wondered whether or not there might have been a shelter nearby. If there was, he didn't want anyone to discover the location of his shelter, so he didn't allow his shelter to advance any further. He preferred walking a greater distance, if it meant less exposure.

Wherever he was, though, it was far away from the human shelter he had previously discovered. It was even further away from Qing Ming Shelter. Regardless, it wasn't a coarse area of woodland. Low-level creatures populated the region, which made for more relaxing hunts.

After walking fifty miles, however, Han Sen stumbled across another shelter. It appeared to be a knight class shelter. From what he could see from the outside, the interior seemed to resemble some sort of ancient city.

Han Sen saw many humans there, and that excited Han Sen a great deal. If it was a spirit shelter, there'd be many creatures in and about the shelter as well. Fortunately, they were absent, so he thought he was in luck.

"Hmm, but why do they only stand there on the inside? Doesn't anyone want to come outside?" Han Sen pondered the curious sight.

Normally, he'd have met and greeted the humans already. The fact that there was not a single human outside of the shelter struck Han Sen as strange.

After contemplating it some more, Han Sen decided to approach the shelter with equal amounts of confusion and concern.

Chapter 942: Abandon the City?

Chapter 942: Abandon the City?

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"What are you doing out there? Get in!" Han Sen witnessed someone calling out to him.

When Han Sen entered the shelter, he was able to get a better look at the people who seemed unwilling to go outside. They looked awfully glum. It seemed as if something bad had been going on.

This was a small town, a knight class shelter that provided residence to around thirty people. It wasn't the worst location for people to band together in the hostile lands of the Third God's Sanctuary.

"Is something wrong? What's going on here?" Han Sen asked the middle-aged man who had called out to him.

"Hmm, I've never seen you before. Are you new?" The middle-aged man didn't respond to the question he was asked.

"Yes, I've only just arrived," Han Sen said.

"Well, that's unfortunate. You may think spawning in a human shelter is a good thing, but we're about to lose the place," the middle-aged man said with a sigh.

"Why?" Han Sen asked.

The middle-aged man explained, "Twenty years ago, we conquered this shelter and built it up as a safe refuge for many people. A few days ago, a creature discovered our shelter. It's not your average woodland critter, either. It is a foul beast, one that came here from the north. The creature belongs to a royal shelter someplace in the mountains of that region,

and we have been informed of an impending assault. The leader of that shelter is determined to lay waste to our little sanctuary."

"How did you learn about all of this?" Han Sen asked.

He thought it was strange that they would even know about the shelter that lay to the north.

"We have a man in their shelter. He has risked life and limb to provide us this information. But even so, with all the knowledge in the world, there is little that can be done. We don't have the manpower to withstand an assault like the one that is said to be coming down on us. We only wonder now whether or not we should make our glorious last stand here or flee to the wilds," the middle-aged man explained.

Han Sen, understanding their predicament a bit better, acknowledged the direness of their situation and their hesitance to defend the shelter against the hostilities of the north. He could tell they were weak and had no chance of protecting their home.

As Han Sen retreated into thought, a loud noise brought him back. It was the tolling of a bell in the plaza.

"Old Huang is summoning us," the middle-aged man told Han Sen, before proceeding to the plaza.

Han Sen followed the rest there, as well.

Normally, many would take a newbie under their wings and treat them well. They'd be asked many things and offered an all-around welcome. Under the current circumstances, however, few cared enough to make the effort. Things were bleak for them, after all.

A man with white hair was ringing the bell, a man Han Sen naturally assumed was Old Huang.

For a moment, Old Huang's eyes fell upon Han Sen. Then the man's eyes moved on.

"The time is nigh. Now we must decide; do we fight or do we go?" Old Huang finally spoke. "Against the darkness that fast approaches, raise your hands if you wish to flee."

Everyone looked at each other before making a decision, but ultimately, almost all chose to raise their hands.

"Then perhaps it is for the best. Let this be our final night of refuge in what has become our home. Tend to any last duties and prepare yourself for the road ahead; we leave at first light on the morrow," Old Huang solemnly spoke.

After his speech concluded, everyone stood where they were. They all knew it would be best if they abandoned the shelter.

But the sudden realization of this loss was difficult to swallow, and they knew once they departed, they'd have nowhere else to go. There was going to be a great deal of hardship for them, beginning the next day.

Some of the older community members had put their hearts and souls into securing this place, and spent the years toiling hard to make it prosper. They felt the most agony, in understanding they would soon depart the safety of its walls.

"Go home," Old Huang said, returning to the podium he had spoken from. They had been there many years, and it was their home. But if they didn't leave, it would swiftly become their grave.

Unless they were willing to obey a spirit for what would likely be the remainder of their days, they had to flee. And even if they did decide to accept a lesser fate as thralls for a spirit, there was no guarantee the spirit would even want their service. They might have been killed even in surrender.

But the majority still wanted to leave, of course. They wouldn't allow a spirit to dictate their fates, if they had the choice. They determined their own destiny, and that was how it would remain.

Still, leaving their home behind was a difficult thing to come to terms with.

Han Sen observed the lifeforces of the people around him, and he noticed many of them were quite skilled and powerful. Thirty such people in a group was quite impressive.

"Can I say something?" Han Sen broke the silence.

Everyone turned to look at Han Sen, and when they did, Old Huang said, "Of course. Speak; we are all family here."

"We should fight," Han Sen said.

Old Huang, with a wry smile, said, "Young man, I understand the zeal of youth and the way in which you feel. But you must understand, we face the unyielding wrath of a royal spirit. They have at least fifteen mutant creatures; even if half our people went to face that wall of terror, there is little we could do."

"Do you think we would leave if we had what it took to fight, grasshopper?"

Han Sen wished to say something more, but a young person who stood near Old Huang suddenly asked, "Are you Han Sen?"

"Yes." Han Sen nodded.

"Little Yu, do you know who this young man is?" Old Huang asked.

"He is Han Sen; the son-in-law of the president. He is a great man. He is the one who defeated the royal shura," Little Yu explained.

After Little Yu said this, people recalled the name and the deeds he had become known for. Even the elderly of the shelter had heard of Han Sen.

"If you choose to flee, then flee. But if you decide to fight, you have my full support. Not only will we defeat those who believe they can trample us underfoot, but we will strike back and claim that northern royal shelter for ourselves," Han Sen proclaimed.

"Little Han, we would like to, but... we don't have the power. It is a struggle to maintain our current grip on this shelter," Old Huang confessed.

"Do you not believe we can stand firm against the assault on this shelter with this?" Han Sen summoned his Dragon-Blood Snake.

Chapter 943: Defending the Shelter

Chapter 943: Defending the Shelter

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"This is..." Old Huang and everyone there looked at the Dragon-Blood Snake in wonder. They thought it was some small, average pet beast soul.

Han Sen let the pet do the explaining for him, by having it unleash its gene locks.

When the first gene lock opened, the Dragon-Blood Snake's body grew to the size of a tiger.

When the second gene lock opened, the Dragon-Blood Snake's body grew to the size of a bull.

When the third gene lock opened, the Dragon-Blood Snake's body grew to the size of a golem.

When the fourth gene lock opened, the Dragon-Blood Snake's body grew to the size of a giant beast.

When the fifth gene lock opened, the Dragon-Blood Snake's body grew to the size of a dinosaur.

"A pet beast soul with five of its gene locks opened?!" The plaza gathering had quickly become an audience, and they were each amazed by the mutant pet.

Then, the Dragon-Blood Snake hissed and grew in size one more time. Its red-scales glistened as it became a terrifying beast of gigantic proportions. It looked ready to murder any that offended it.

"Six gene locks? The best possible mutant pet one can claim?!" Someone in the crowd shouted.

"Old Huang, with this snake... Do you think we stand a chance of repelling those who seek to remove you from your home?" Han Sen posed the question.

"That just may be possible." Although he tried to hide it, his loosely bottled excitement began to overflow.

Although the spirit shelter that opposed them had many creatures, it was very unlikely there'd be a creature amongst them with an open gene lock tally anywhere close to the snake's.

Mutant creatures could open six gene locks at the most, but that did not mean it was achievable for all mutant creatures.

And now, it wasn't only Old Huang who got excited, as hope of a future in their shelter returned to the crowd.

"This mutant creature can at least kite three creatures for us, and with us there, valiantly fighting alongside it, we may just pull through!"

"Yes; let's fight and prove to that spirit we're not to be messed with."

"We're not leaving this place; f*ck those spirits!"

Aside from a few of the elders, everyone who saw the snake had a change of heart they were keen to vocally express.

Old Huang told everyone to calm down soon after, however, and then told Han Sen, "I would like to ask you a few questions, Han Sen. And I would like you to answer my questions seriously and truthfully. This is a matter of life and death."

"I will gladly answer your questions," Han Sen said in response.

"Where did you come here from? Did you travel here from another shelter?" Old Huang asked.

"Yes." Han Sen nodded.

Hearing this, Old Huang also nodded. Then he asked, "If we succeed, will you remain with us?"

Everyone understood what Old Huang was implying.

Even if they could withstand the attack, Han Sen's absence after that would mean they'd have no more manpower if something sought to retaliate. They would still be vulnerable.

Fighting now would be pointless if it meant they'd only fall in the future.

Everyone looked at Han Sen, hoping he would choose to stay.

"I will leave," Han Sen answered.

Everyone looked disappointed. It felt as if their new-found hope had been dashed across the rocks.

"I appreciate your honesty." Old Huang did not hold it against Han Sen and understood why he'd leave.

Han Sen was a famous person of much renown. He had a Dragon-Blood Snake with six of its gene locks open. He was destined for a place greater than the little shelter he had stumbled upon. He was bound for someplace far grander, for sure.

"I have not finished. I said I will leave, but only under these two conditions; firstly, we claim that royal shelter. Secondly, if we fail, I leave the snake behind," Han Sen said.

Everyone looked surprised, and in response, Old Huang asked, "Do you speak the truth?"

"If you don't believe it, I can give you the snake now." Han Sen was not afraid of any potential theft, and didn't think they'd refuse to return it. Had they sought to, there was nowhere they could run off to. They were in the middle of the woods with a small army of creatures preparing to wipe them off the face of the sanctuary. To do so would be futile.

If the people did not stand and fight for their shelter, they'd most likely run off into the forest. And gauging the strength they possessed, Han Sen believed they did not have the mettle to survive in that domain.

Han Sen knew the end result if they chose to flee, so he felt compelled to help them.

Han Sen would use this opportunity to raise his mutant geno point tally, too. It was far more difficult to do when flying solo, after all.

The people there weren't that strong, but many could challenge and rival mutant creatures in strength.

If Han Sen could use this opportunity to obtain a royal shelter, it would be a terrific result, as well.

"Little Han, you are the president's son-in-law, so of course we believe you." Old Huang was not stupid, and he most certainly would not have kept the snake.

Now, following Han Sen's promise, everyone readied themselves for a fight and geared up in the best armaments they possessed.

"So, which shelter seeks to destroy you? And what is its master?" Han Sen hadn't been told the name of the shelter that sought to conquer them, so he asked for elucidation.

"It's Thorn Shelter, and its master is Thorn Baron. She is a royal spirit, and she is wickedly powerful," Old Huang said.

Han Sen was surprised to receive this answer, and so he said, "Ah, then we are in the regions that belong to Thorn Shelter?"

Han Sen became the de facto leader of the shelter for the time being, and others relied upon him to establish and organize their defenses and tactics for the coming battle. He was capable, when it came to leading others; he might not have had what it took to command large armies, but a group of about thirty people was within his comfort zone.

Han Sen was able to use his formations to effectively coordinate the others.

At first, others did not trust Han Sen, but after some more practice with the formations, they listened and paid greater heed. They soon realized the true talent he had, and so they were all able to work together in greater cohesion and synergy.

Three days later, the spirit army had yet to arrive. Han Sen traveled to a nearby knoll, to see if he could spy any movement.

Chapter 944: The Hunt Begins

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Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen ascended a mountain, led by an old man. He was on his way to Thorn Shelter.

The mountainsides were steep, and unlike the woodland that circled them, they were barren. The environment there was poor, which provided little reason for creatures to visit; as such, there was a noticeable lack of them.

The old man did not go too far across the mountain, and when he decided to return, he instructed Han Sen on which way he should go.

Han Sen's purpose for making this venture to Thorn Shelter was to meet the person who had supposedly risked life and limb in warning the knight shelter and its inhabitants of an imminent attack.

After one hundred miles of travel, Han Sen was finally able to lay eyes on the black shelter which resided on the peak of that mountain.

Above the foothills of the mountain, Han Sen caught sight of creatures, running to and fro.

The human who delivered the news was said to live separate from the shelter, in a house that had been built in a nearby valley that was said to resemble the shape of a fish's mouth.

When Han Sen came to that valley, he spotted the house. It was wooden, but ill-kept and all-around ugly.

Han Sen did not approach as he frequently did—casually and without care. He instead chose to approach stealthily. There didn't seem to be anyone around, so he waited for the

onset of night. As the sun was being reclaimed by the horizon once more, a man returned to the house.

The man was built like a tower, and when Han Sen saw his face, he couldn't help but quietly exclaim in shock, "Tiger of Blueblood, Tie Yi!"

Han Sen and Tie Yi once butted-heads in a competition for a military position. He beat Tie Yi, thereby becoming Ji Yanran's bodyguard. This allowed him to remain in the sanctuaries while he served in the army.

"Who's there?" Tie Yi was quickly alerted upon hearing Han Sen's unexpected outburst.

"Long time, no see. I didn't expect to find you here, as a courier of bad news to the shelter that lies a good distance south of us." Han Sen arose from the bushes and smiled as he delivered his dialogue.

"Han Sen? Why have you come here?" Tie Yi appeared to be just as surprised.

"I have come here to find out when Thorn Shelter plans to begin its assault." Han Sen smiled.

"Come inside; it would be best if we spoke there." Tie Yi took a gander at the surrounding environment and then opened the door.

Han Sen followed, and when he entered the shack, he closed the door behind him. There were no chairs inside, so he had no choice but to sit on the floor.

Han Sen observed the decor and decayed architecture of the home he found himself sitting in, and was surprised to see it so bare. Items of comfort were in short supply, and the majority of what lay scattered about were tools. There wasn't even a bedframe, mattress, or duvet.

"Have the people in that shelter evacuated?" Tie Yi asked.

"No. We will fight Thorn Baron and slay her," Han Sen said with confidence.

"Are you people insane? She also has a multitude of royal spirits in her service. They would be all that is required to conquer that shelter and its meager populace," Tie Yi finished with a concerned frown.

"That won't happen. We have a nice howdy-dooty prepared for whatever threat comes our way. But can I ask if you know which spirits and creatures are to be rallied and sent against the shelter in the planned assault?" Han Sen asked.

Unfortunately, Tie Yi shook his head, saying, "I am only here to grow geno vines for them; that's all. I was lucky enough to overhear the murmurs that spoke of their planned conquering of that shelter, but I've been here long enough to learn a thing or two about how Thorn Shelter and its occupants operate. If Thorn Baron is going, she'll lead the battle with eight mutant creatures."

Han Sen nodded and said, "And when are they planning to strike?"

Tie Yi shook his head and said, "I have told you everything you need to know. You and your people should leave, for Thorn Baron's power is unmatched. She will slaughter whoever remains there."

Han Sen smiled and said, "A matter of principle is involved in all this, and as easy as it would be to run away, we can't do that. We, nor the people who initially claimed the shelter way back when, will not throw away all they have built."

"If you don't run, then at least consider a surrender. You might still walk away with your head attached to your shoulders if you do that," Tie Yi offered. It was, he believed, the only alternative to flight.

"I am confident we can defeat Thorn Baron." After a pause, Han Sen continued by saying, "You can remain here. When we launch our counter-attack, we will save you."

Tie Yi looked strangely upon Han Sen. After a moment of contemplation, he said, "Are you naive? Are you stubborn? Or are you just too thick in the skull to not hear what I'm telling you? You don't actually have a plan, do you? And a viable one at that?"

"I won't tell you more than you need to know, but I will save that shelter." Han Sen smiled and then continued by saying, "Now, tell me about the mutant creatures and the royal spirits we might expect to see."

"I don't know much but..." Tie Yi told Han Sen all he knew. After asking a few more questions, Han Sen decided to return to his shelter.

Seeing Han Sen leave, Tie Yi could only sigh before closing the door behind him.

Back in the shelter, Han Sen continued to refine and formulate more plans for the upcoming siege. Thorn Shelter was far more powerful than he expected it to be.

If Thorn Baron decided to bring ten mutant class creatures, even with the snake on Han Sen's side, they'd pay a high price in blood to secure the shelter's freedom and future.

"I think we should strike first. We can take the fight to them, and battle them beyond the immediate borders of home." Han Sen decided to return to the Alliance.

Han Sen figured he needed a good bow; one that was good enough to slay mutant creatures.

He had already maxed out his ordinary and primitive geno points and managed to obtain seven sacred geno points, as well as five super geno points. His fitness was over a thousand points by this point, and that put him in the range of mutant creatures.

If he had a quality bow, he could make use of the Flaming Arrow he received off the porcupine and further increase its efficiency and power by employing the Drillhead Arrow skill. Killing the mutant creatures should not prove too difficult.

The Alliance had many powerful bows he could use for such an occasion, but their use required much strength. Not everyone could use them effectively.

With a fitness level of one thousand, Han Sen would only be able to use such a bow once or twice in rapid succession.

Han Sen received a bow from Annie. The Z-steel arrows that were available for purchase would be ineffective against creatures of the Third God's Sanctuary, so the best arrow to use would undoubtedly be his Flaming Arrow.

Han Sen brought the bow and arrow with him, as he snuck near Thorn Shelter. He wished to find Tie Yi again, but before he could, he saw a group of people approaching him.

Han Sen went into hiding and watched the people go by. They were all so strong, it was clear that they hailed from Thorn Shelter.

When Han Sen saw the leader of the collective, he was delivered another shock; it was the female spirit he had once encountered in Thorn Forest.

Chapter 945: The Unseen Shooter

Chapter 945: The Unseen Shooter

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"She is Thorn Baron! Hmph, I suppose that rules out my use of the red dagger. If she sees that, she'll recognize me." Han Sen was glad he had decided to bring a bow.

After opening his second gene lock, Han Sen's dongxuan aura had improved a considerable amount. Its effective radius had greatly increased, and it now allowed Han Sen to inspect and observe every member of Thorn Baron's team.

The team was massive. A royal class spirit accompanied Thorn Baron, and seven mutant class creatures encircled him.

There were three hundred primitive creatures in Thorn Baron's company, all in all, and even with the Dragon-Blood Snake on Han Sen's side... If they were to triumph, it would be a hard-fought victory.

"It is lucky I came out here to scout. I may have gotten everyone killed, had I chosen to remain in the shelter waiting for all this to descend upon them." Han Sen continued observing the creatures.

He knew he'd have to start taking them out, thinning the herd before they arrived at the knight shelter. All he would have to do was wait for the right opportunity to start doing so. Spirits would respawn, so killing the creatures would be the best course of action, since it dealt permanent damage to the strength and integrity of the enemy horde.

Hen Sen spent time looking at the seven mutant creatures the baron had brought with her.

A gold-winged hawk was one of them, and it flew high above the rest, as if in airborne defense. Its eyes flickered with gold lightning, as its body glistened in the warm rays of the sun.

It was a powerful thunder class mutant creature, in terms of the damage it could deal out. Han Sen, however, could gauge the strength of its defense and tell that it had a weak body. It was like a glass cannon.

Its weakest spot, Han Sen could detect, was a furry section on its chest. It was even less sturdy than the plated wings.

Han Sen remained hidden for the time being, clutching the bow he had borrowed from Annie. He summoned his Flaming Arrow and nocked it on the string. Having prepped himself for dealing with the host of creatures he would engage solo, he pulled the string back.

Han Sen suddenly felt very heavy. He had to exhaust all his strength in preparation of firing the bow.

The bow was aimed at the exposed spot of the gold thunder-hawk's chest, and the moment it spread its wings to reveal it clearly, Han Sen loosed the arrow.

Without making a sound, the arrow glided towards its target without drawing any attention to its presence. It pierced directly through the hawk's chest, causing it to gush blood in a cascade to the ground below.

The hawk cried out, fell to the earth, and after a few futile flaps of its wings in an attempt to return to the skies, died.

Everyone and everything that accompanied Thorn Baron saw it happen and were dazed. The baron herself was shocked, seeing one of her most prized creatures suddenly assassinated.

The creatures and spirits all peered in the direction they believed the arrow had come from, and without hesitation, the baron barked an order for them to annihilate the hidden assassin.

When they arrived in the area where they suspected the arrow had come from, there was no one there. No sense or lifeforce revealed the presence of an enemy in that place.

"Mutant Creature Gold Thunder-Hawk killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Before Han Sen could even hear the announcement chime, he had already vanished from the area.

He was not afraid that others could find him, as he was able to erase any indication of his lifeforce and even the precise trail of the arrow. Unless they could see the arrow, no one could detect where he might have attacked from.

Han Sen used the skill Cold Arrow, which masked the flight of an arrow and made it incredibly difficult for people to deduce where the attack originated. If he had not done this, he might not have been able to kill the creature without catching its attention and giving it a chance to evade.

He thought it was a shame he could not retrieve the dead body, though.

When Thorn Baron noticed that the hawk had been murdered, Han Sen was already long gone.

He simulated the powers used by Qu Lanxi and masked his scent. Although he wasn't as proficient at it as she was, it was still good enough to mask the scent of one person.

Even mutant creatures that were of the same level as Han Sen would not be able to detect him.

And the creatures that were naturally talented in detecting scents and lifeforces were unable to detect Han Sen due to his dongxuan aura.

Like a ghost, Han Sen weaved his way between the trees. With his bow raised, the Flaming Arrow was nocked and ready to fire again.

"How can there be no one there?!" Thorn Baron frowned.

"Roar!" As Thorn Baron mulled what phantom might have decided to attack them, she was suddenly interrupted by the cry of another creature. An arrow of fire had pierced through Gold-Talon Wolf's left eye.

It writhed around in agony as the arrow vanished into thin air. Blood flowed out of the annihilated eye socket in a gruesome stream.

It wasn't dead yet, but it would be soon.

Thorn Baron looked angry, and she herself raced towards the area where she believed the arrow had come from.

But when she reached there, as reported by others in the first location, there was no one to be seen. No lifeforce could be detected, and it was as if her team was being assassinated by a ghost, one by one.

"Who is this? Who is out there? Reveal yourself! Quit hiding in the foliage like a rat and face me. Allay your cowardice for a time and fight me like a real warrior!" Thorn Baron exclaimed to the trees, but was met with no response.

Roar! A primitive class beast was killed.

Thorn Baron's formation of creatures descended into anarchy and chaos. They looked around for their phantom aggressor, but it could not be found.

Spirits and creatures searched high and low, but they were jittery, each fearing that they might be the next to greet the murdering arrow.

Katcha!

Another arrow was fired into Gold-Talon Wolf's right eye. The same fire arrow that had initially dropped it had returned to finish the job.

A few creatures leapt to where they believed the arrow had come from, but there was nothing to be found.

The spirits and creatures were terrified, as if the reaper himself was playing some game with them. They did not know who would be the next to go or when they would be taken.

"Mutant Creature Gold-Talon Wolf killed. Beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

When the wolf died, the announcement played inside Han Sen's head.

Chapter 946: The Creatures Attacking

Chapter 946: The Creatures Attacking

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"Walk in a circle and keep walking!" Thorn Baron was angry, but she had to maintain her composure in order to effectively lead and issue appropriate commands for the situation.

Han Sen's arrow was a silent killer, but it could still be seen with the naked eye.

Thorn Baron's subordinates were situated in a formation that allowed them to carefully watch in every direction. If an arrow was fired, it'd definitely be seen.

Han Sen's arrow delivered terrible damage to the creatures it struck, but if the creatures were able to see it come their way, they could block it.

Unable to find a decent opening for the time being, Han Sen had no choice but to fall back. Removing two mutant creatures from the field of play was good enough for the time being.

There were five mutant creatures and two royal spirits remaining, as the key figures of the enemy horde. With the Dragon-Blood Snake on their side, they stood every chance of defeating those who sought to oppose them.

Thorn Baron's people, following this, walked at a much slower pace in fear of another ambush. When Han Sen returned to the knight shelter, they were still descending the mountain region he had engaged them on.

Han Sen had been able to get a reading of the power of the mutant creatures and spirits remaining, so he returned quickly to make some final adjustments to his plan.

"Five mutant creatures and two royal spirits? And only three hundred primitive creatures? Perhaps you are correct; perhaps we really can win this," Old Huang said, with tempered excitement.

"By committing to a strong defense, we can employ a great advantage over the assaulting force. The primitive creatures are only cannon fodder and are not a genuine threat for the time they remain in the open. All we must fear is them breaching the wall..." someone else chimed in to say.

"Their numbers are too many, and ours too few. We don't have enough people to effectively guard all four walls," another man said, with a frown.

"We have to try; we have committed ourselves to this. We have no choice!" someone else said, with a clap of their hands.

After the discussion, Han Sen went to the spirit hall. It was situated in the center of the shelter, and from there, he could see all four walls and their ramparts.

"They're here!" someone proclaimed, riding into the shelter.

The time had come, and even though they had steeled their hearts for the hardships to come, they were still in shock. They all looked to Han Sen for the initial instructions.

"You know the plan. Everyone, get to your positions now." As Han Sen issued the command, he summoned Dragon-Blood Snake, which went to the northern side of the shelter. He also had Little Wind with him, who he told to stay near one of the walls.

Han Sen stood atop the spirit hall, not planning to leave. He didn't care much that his fighters were feeling nervous, only that they did as they were told. He now looked at his Gold-Talon Wolf beast soul.

Mutant Gold-Talon Wolf: Weapon Beast Soul

Han Sen summoned it, and a fang-like dagger appeared in his hand. It was not as lethal as the red one he had been using, but it was still a powerful weapon.

"I am Thorn Baron. This shelter and the lands that encompass it are to be relinquished by the current inhabitants and given to me. If you wish to escape the futile death that will result from pointless resistance, your lives can be spared and forfeited to service beneath my rule." Thorn Baron was not in a good mood.

"And I am just a soldier. If you wish to escape a futile death that will come about from pointless attempts of shelter-conquering, your lives can be spared and forfeited to service beneath my rule. I could do with a pretty new maid," a man called Chen Lei spoke aloud in response.

The humans around him all burst into laughter, and they did not appear as tense as Thorn Baron had expected.

"As a baron of thorns, I'm used to dealing with pricks, but you..." Thorn Baron's mood went from sour to curdled. Hearing this, she became angrier than ever. Not in the mood to negotiate any further, she commanded her creatures to begin their assault.

Han Sen had drafted many different plans, but most of them seemed to be pointless now. Perhaps it was due to her impatient mood, but her entire host seemed to only attack from one sole direction.

"I overestimated her intelligence." Han Sen had a wry smile and commanded everyone to the defense of the northern wall and ramparts. He also went to accompany them there.

With Thorn Baron's less-than-efficient method of assault, the pressure they had each been under was lifted by a great degree.

Having thirty people to guard the northern wall was more than enough.

Monsters roared, explosions sounded, thunder struck, and humans shouted their war cries. The variety of noises melded together to form the grand soundscape of war. It was a magnificent scene.

The walls were being shredded by blades of wind, as fireballs were also hurled at it. A creature that looked like a leopard started to scale the stone wall, and just as it was about to reach the top, a human plunged a sword deep into one of its eyes. Blood squirted from the puncture, as the leopard dropped back down to the chaotic ground below.

Roar!

A tiger that was wreathed in fire appeared and announced itself. Its body was sturdily built like a tank, and its mere presence was enough to exude a feeling of dread on those that saw it coming.

Boom!

A red shadow jumped out of the shelter and lashed out against the terrifying tiger. It was sent flying through the air, on a low trajectory which had it knocking down trees as it went.

The Dragon-Blood Snake cried out at the foes that assaulted the shelter. With a simple swing of its tail, eight primitive creatures were instantly slaughtered.

A black eagle circled the air and cast its own Windblade down below. A titan-like beast brought a battering ram towards the gate of the shelter, and with each pounding impact, the shelter rattled and vibrated.

Han Sen did not fight during the entirety of this, he merely commanded the Dragon-Blood Snake and the humans that fought valiantly in the defense of their home. As good as things had been going so far, Han Sen believed the enemy was more formidable than he had initially assumed them to be.

They even had two mutant creatures with them that had unlocked five of their gene locks. The flaming tiger that had been knocked away had six of its gene locks open, just like the snake.

The humans were in a bad spot, and the battle was going to be far tougher than they expected.

But calmly, Han Sen watched and commanded his troops to repel the invasion. And with his improved dongxuan aura, he could keep track of all the humans and creatures. While things would be okay for now, he knew he'd need an additional trick to give his team an edge. As such, he spared one part of his mind for figuring that out.

He knew he could maintain a stalemate, continuing as he had been, but a surefire victory would need something more.

"If this isn't enough to win, we may have to cut corners." Han Sen observed Thorn Baron, who was standing behind her army.

She too observed Han Sen. She believed the humans would be easily defeated, and was surprised to see such an effective resistance. Of course, she knew this was down to the person commanding them. He attracted her gaze.

Chapter 947: Dead Man's Arrow

Chapter 947: Dead Man's Arrow

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"My Baron, do you wish me to rid the field of that human?" the royal spirit Dragon Demon asked.

In response, Thorn Baron said, "Yes. Do it at once; quick and clean. We have wasted far too much time as it is."

"Yes," Dragon Demon said. He was clad in black armor, and with a black dagger in hand, he raced towards the gate.

His eyes looked on Han Sen with the desire for cold-blooded murder.

When Han Sen saw him come, he frowned. He knew this latest foe would be a more formidable opponent than the Dragon-Blood Snake itself.

The odds truly were against them, it felt. Thorn Baron's team was, on the whole, significantly stronger than those who defended the shelter.

"Old Huang, take the reins of command!" Han Sen leapt down into the chaotic battlefield below.

If he wanted to halt the incessant advance of the creatures, Han Sen knew he'd have to take down Thorn Baron. If that didn't happen soon, he'd have no choice but to summon Moment Queen for aid in the shelter's defense.

Han Sen did not want to make his ownership of Moment Queen public yet, so he decided to go solo for now.

Old Huang was shocked to see Han Sen so casually descend onto the battlefield. How Han Sen would survive, amidst the carnage, he could not even hazard a guess.

The humans that fought were starting to realize the creatures were stronger than they initially believed them to be. To them, Han Sen's sudden behavioral shift was like suicide.

Of course, Han Sen did not think this way. Although the Baron was physically stronger, it was a situation he wasn't likely to drown in. He knew he could hold his own against her.

And for as long as he remained fleet-of-foot, Han Sen wouldn't find himself surrounded by the creatures of the battlefield, either. He could detect and respond to each and every creature movement. The moment he leapt from the ground, he'd know exactly where to land and what he'd do next.

Left and right, Han Sen swerved, bent, and twisted his way through the hordes of enemies like a breakdancing leopard.

The entire scene looked as if he was running through a number of bushes, yet not a single leaf touched him. It was wild to watch.

Despite the countless creatures that thirsted for his blood and did the best they could to stop him, nothing could come close to touching Han Sen. Closer and closer, Han Sen advanced to the approaching royal spirit.

"Arrogant." Dragon Demon's eyes were filled with the desire for slaughter. The black armor began to generate scales, as horns formed atop his helmet.

The black claws were like the fangs of dragons, and they looked indestructible.

Han Sen could feel the staggering amount of power inside his latest nemesis, but it did not make him afraid. He didn't feel any hesitation, even in the knowledge that his own speed and strength did not match that of the spirit who desired his blood.

Han Sen and Dragon Demon's shadows flickered past each other. But before Han Sen could launch his fist, slashes were carved in his chest that exposed his ribs.

Katcha!

Han Sen coughed out a glob of blood, as a river of claret oozed from his chest. He fell to the ground with no sign of life. He was a dead man.

"Dumb human. He could not even recognize the difference in strength between us." Thorn Baron looked upon Han Sen's lifeless corpse with disdain, then she issued one more command, "Kill the remainder!"

"Yes." Dragon Demon was delighted to hear this, and he took off running towards the shelter.

He was confident in his powers, and he could sense there was no more lifeforce inside Han Sen's body. There was no longer any need for him to concern himself with the human that so stupidly engaged him in battle.

A primitive creature then jumped onto Han Sen's body and tried to devour it.

The remainder of the humans, those left guarding the stronghold they had spent their lives in the Third God's Sanctuary building, were sad. They saw what had happened to the man they believed to be their savior, and felt the zest and zeal to fight being sapped upon the realization the hero Han Sen had been killed.

"Don't give up, people. We still have a chance of securing victory!" Old Huang could not give in to sadness, and he did his best to instill some confidence in the people who were valiantly fighting for their lives and future.

He saw the Dragon-Blood Snake continuing to fight out on the battlefield. If Han Sen had truly been killed, the pet beast soul would have disappeared.

But the Dragon-Blood Snake was still fighting as hard as it could against the Flaming Tiger, indicating Han Sen was still alive.

Old Huang was not sure what game Han Sen was playing, but he knew this was all part of a greater plan of his. Things weren't over yet.

Seeing the humans continuing to fight, Thorn Baron smiled mockingly. "Dumb humans."

Then, all of a sudden, an arrow was flying towards her face. She felt a searing heat approach, and the hair of her head singed.

She recognized this to be the arrow that slew Gold Thunder-Hawk and Gold-Talon Wolf.

Thorn Baron was quick to react, though. With a hardy rose, she tried to deflect the incoming projectile.

But the arrow acted as if it had a mind of its own. It swerved to the side and lodged itself in her throat.

Thorn Baron looked down on the protruding arrow, her face consumed with disbelief. She tried to speak, but only pathetic gurgling sounds came out as she choked on her own blood. Her eyes moved up to observe the battlefield.

The dead man was stepping on the corpse of a primitive creature. He held a bow and mocked her in return. Thorn Baron had wished to later cut his lifeless body up into pieces to release her anger.

But now, she could do nothing. The life was leaving her body, which began to fade away.

The entire battlefield came to a stand-still. Immediately, all the creatures retreated.

Chapter 948: Fair Trade

Chapter 948: Fair Trade

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Dragon Demon cried against the insubordination of the creatures that wished to flee and yelled at them to stay, but they did not listen. He lacked the authority, for he and the creatures had signed a contract with Thorn Baron. She was the sole person either party could accept commands from.

The humans were exuberantly happy, following the quick turn of events. Under Old Huang's lead, they chased off the creature horde into the woods and away from the shelter, slaying stragglers.

"I'm going to kill you." It was through Dragon Demon that Han Sen was able to feign death and kill Thorn Baron.

And seeing Dragon Demon come for him, Han Sen called for his Dragon-Blood Snake to back him up.

"I will kill you; maybe not now, but someday. I promise you this." Dragon Demon knew he could not defeat Han Sen under the current circumstances. So, he pledged an oath to kill him, turned, and departed the battlefield.

There was no point going after him, though. His spirit stone was nowhere near, and any victory against him would be short-lived. With the Dragon-Blood Snake at his side, Han Sen instead decided to cull as many of the fleeing creatures as he could and thin the horde that would soon recover their numbers and personal strength in Thorn Shelter.

"Mutant Creature Pillar Titan killed. Beast soul gained. Consume its flesh gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Han Sen and the snake delivered the beatdown upon the creature. Through the entire ordeal, this only marked their third kill of the evening. Receiving another beast soul was remarkably fortunate.

With most of the horde dispersed, scattered in flight across the thick underbrush in a desperate attempt to return home, Han Sen turned away and focused his attention on the primitive stragglers he could more easily capture and slay.

Humans won the fight, and they were treated with many spoils for their bravery. Plenty of beast souls had been collected and much creature flesh had been harvested.

The only thing that disheartened Han Sen was the size of the creatures they had slain. While bringing such foes down was an impressive task, the hulking bodies meant their consumption would be slow, and many mouths would have to work on the same meat. Still, it allowed for a feast in the victory celebrations that were soon to follow.

Han Sen summoned Meowth and Disloyal Knight to feed them. The knight, however, didn't even look at the food it was offered.

"Another picky-eating bastard." Han Sen unsummoned the knight swiftly after.

In the celebration, Han Sen was treated as a hero, and he was almost made drunk.

In Thorn Shelter, things were expectedly glum. The beautiful Thorn Baron was furious over the events that had transpired. "That obscene *sshole! I'm going to have him hung, drawn, and quartered!"

The spirits and creatures in her presence all trembled in fear of their matriarch. The last thing they wanted to do was say or do something that displeased her even more; no one wanted to incite her ire in her current frame of mind.

"They did it." Tie Yi wore a complicated expression, and he struggled to wrap his head around the fact Thorn Baron and her army had been beaten back. It was a shocker to learn

that the little human shelter had claimed victory. He had never been so surprised as when he saw a horde of worn-out creatures scramble their way through the gates of the shelter.

After a while, he decided to count how many creatures had returned. He was even more surprised to learn five mutant creatures had not come back and were likely slain.

"How in the sanctuaries did he pull this off?" He actually wished he had been there, fighting alongside other humans. Such a battle must have been a glorious spectacle. Unfortunately, he had signed a contract with Thorn Baron.

Back in the Alliance, Han Sen went to meet up with Ji Yanran in the virtual community. He told her about the battle he had been in.

Ji Yanran was happy for him, but she still had to plead that he try to remain as safe as possible. The Third God's Sanctuary was a dangerous place, and she wanted nothing more than for him to be secure.

Shortly after their meeting, Ji Yanran had to return to work so she left the virtual community. Before he departed, however, Han Sen stopped Annie.

"Annie, can I borrow this bow for a while longer?" Han Sen ordered the construction of the very same bow for his personal use, but it'd take three months to be completed. Liking it very much, he asked her if he could continue using hers for the time being.

Bows like this required much hard work and delicate deliberation in their crafting. They were extremely valuable, and even with present technology, mass production of such a bow was impossible.

"Sure. But how about you do me a favor in return?" Annie said.

"Do what?" Han Sen asked.

"I'm joining a surpasser party; I'd like you to accompany me," Annie answered.

"You? Partying?" Han Sen looked flabbergasted.

Han Sen had always taken Annie for some sort of lifeless robot that followed Ji Yanran around like a shadow. He had never seen her demonstrate much emotion, and neither had he seen her do anything remotely interesting.

He had never even seen her visit the sanctuary.

And now that she was saying she was off to a party. Han Sen was taken aback.

"Yes, so will you come?" Annie coldly asked.

"Um, of course. What kind of party is it?" Han Sen needed the bow to hunt, so he knew he had no choice but to join her.

"Oh, it's just a get-together with some of my old friends," Annie said.

"Friends? You have friends?" Han Sen's mind struggled to think what sort of people would want to be friends with Annie.

"Forget it. Give me back my bow!" Annie's temper suddenly flared up in anger.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I'll come, I'll come; no questions asked. Just tell me where to be and I'll go," Han Sen swiftly pleaded.

"Go to the Atlantic Planet. Someone will come pick you up there tomorrow." After saying this, Annie promptly took off.

"Atlantic Planet? Isn't that Lan Te's family's planet?" Han Sen thought to himself.

Lan Te's family was similar to Angel Gene, and was one of the big four; but Lan Te did not sell anything remotely similar to the Angel Fluid.

Lan Te's family only produced money.

It was the oldest and biggest bank in the Alliance, and most other banks referenced and cooperated with them.

There was an organization in the Alliance called Levo Federal Reserve. It was connected to the economy and was an independent department.

Not even the president had the authority to control them, solely. If something needed to be changed or done, it had to be agreed upon through a vote.

Lan Te's family was the boss of the banking world, and no family could avoid having some form of ties with them.

As a result, they had an unprecedented amount of influence in the Alliance and council, and no single person could ruin their reputation.

The Ji family and Lan Te family had business together, but hearing Annie was going to a party with them, Han Sen couldn't help but be surprised.

Chapter 949: Special Collection

Chapter 949: Special Collection

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The next day, a spacecraft came to pick up Han Sen. Clearly, but perhaps unexpectedly, Annie had revealed herself to be a bit of a scrooge. The spacecraft was only a shuttle that was to bring him and Annie to the spaceport so they could charter public transportation and make their own way to Atlantic Planet.

"Did you have a blind date with one of their men? Did you not fancy him enough for a second date? Am I to come along with you, all so you can pretend I'm your hot and sexy new boyfriend?" Han Sen jested.

Giving Han Sen a side-eye, Annie told him, "If you, in any way, ruin my chances of dating and subsequently marrying a man from the Lan Te family... I will kill you. Each and every person from that family is a better example of a human being than you."

"That's disappointing to hear." Han Sen let out a chuckle, but then went on to ask, "So, why have you asked that I accompany you? Shouldn't I prepare before we get there?"

Annie said, "There is no reason. They know I work for Captain Ji, but since she's too busy to come, I'm having you take her place. You are, unfortunately, her fiance, after all."

"So, I'm only a substitute? I almost feel insulted." Han Sen feigned sadness, but then went on to say, "But what about these friends you say you have? Provided they are genuine human beings, are they people you met in the Third God's Sanctuary?"

"No, it was from my time in the Second God's Sanctuary." Annie paused briefly before continuing. "In the Third God's Sanctuary, I am in a restricted area."

A restricted area was a place that was previously owned by humans, but was then taken over by spirits.

Humans who teleported away could not return. If they did, they'd either be forced into slavery or killed.

Unless someone fancied being a thrall to the whims of a brutal spirit, such people could never go back.

"Ah, that's why she's always around in the Alliance. That's why she can follow Ji Yanran like a puppy," Han Sen thought to himself. Then he said, "What is your shelter called? If there is a chance I can reclaim it for you, I'll do my best to help. Then, you can return to the sanctuary."

"Beast Shelter. A spirit emperor conquered our shelter, one who went by the simple name of Beast," Annie coldly said, as the haunting, previously suppressed visions flickered across her eyes in remembrance.

Han Sen could only present a wry smile, because he knew there was no chance he could take on an emperor spirit.

"Well, I may not be strong enough to help you now, but one day I will be. And when that time comes, I'll help you," Han Sen kindly told her.

Annie believed he was only saying that to comfort her. Taking down an emperor class shelter was an impossible feat, she thought.

When they arrived on Atlantic Planet, Lan Te's people were there waiting. They brought them to the yard.

Annie had told Han Sen that she had befriended people in the Second God's Sanctuary, people who were forming an army.

She had been positioned vice-commander of the forces, while the leader was a man from the Lan Te family. His name was Liu Meng.

"Lan Te Liu Meng? That's a mouthful," Han Sen commented.

Annie rolled her eyes. She told Han Sen he was an important man of the Lan Te family, he was just unfortunate to receive a long and girly name.

When they arrived in the yard, Liu Meng was there to greet them. He looked quite different than Han Sen had imagined he would. He didn't have the signature blue hair and blue eyes of the family.

In fact, he looked like any other person in the Alliance. He was fairly handsome, but plain. And much like everyone else in the Alliance, he had black hair and black eyes.

"You are Han Sen, I can only assume. Finally, I get to meet the man!" Liu Meng was polite, and there seemed to be genuine enthusiasm and passion in his mannerisms of speech. Han Sen expected an encounter with another rich snob, so it was nice to know he might be spending time with a humble, educated gentleman instead.

When they entered the lobby, there were many other guests there. All the members of the aforementioned army came forward to greet Annie.

Seeing Ji Yanran was not accompanying her, they were disappointed. Fortunately, Han Sen had made a name for himself and they weren't short-changed. They thought he made for a fine substitute, and due to them being keen on meeting him, as well, things weren't too awkward.

Annie was a quiet person, and whenever she was asked a question, she replied in as few words as she possibly could.

"Have you heard tales of a powerful spirit said to be rising through the ranks? It is said he destroys any spirit he goes up against."

"Oh, you mean The King? Of course, I've heard of him. I live in a shelter that belongs to Thunder-Devil King's father. His son was one-hit killed by The King."

"Ugh, that's just what we need. Another wretched, looming threat for us humans to worry about."

"Spirits are born stronger than us."

As everyone dined and drank, they somehow ended up discussing The King.

"Han Sen, what are your thoughts on The King?" Liu Meng asked.

"He sounds strong." Han Sen wasn't sure what he should say as, unbeknownst to them, he was commenting on himself.

Everyone thought Han Sen could provide a professional review or an insightful observation of what the new threat might have been. They were taken aback by the response he gave.

"You have just become a surpasser, have you not? It is normal that you do not understand, I suppose." Liu Meng smiled and then went on to say, "There are many smart and powerful spirits in the Third God's Sanctuary, but we're not too far behind. We have Angel Gene Fluid and pet pills; in time, we will bridge the gap that separates our power from the spirits there. The speed of our development will only increase beyond that, too."

People were very interested in Han Sen, but they were surprised to see he mostly ignored everyone else there.

Han Sen was not a quiet person, but still, he wasn't much of a talker. He could only relax when he wasn't the center of attention or being asked a bunch of questions.

Annie had been pulled away by a few of her girlfriends, so Han Sen focused his attention on the chefs in the kitchen. From the open-view, he was able to watch them prepare and

cook their meals. But as he watched, the housekeeper came over to Han Sen and said, "Mr. Han, my master wishes to show you his collection."

"What about the rest?" Han Sen looked around and saw that Liu Meng had gone.

"My master tells me the special collection can only be shown to special people," the housekeeper said.

Chapter 950: Special First Time

Chapter 950: Special First Time

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen followed the housekeeper out into the gardens. The area glistened like polished jade, and it skirted the edges of a lake. In the middle of the lake was a stone pavilion. Liu Meng was sitting there, and he smiled at Han Sen.

"Mr. Liu, is the collection you wish to show me the fish in the lake?" Han Sen approached the stone pavilion, and aside from the active fish below the glass surface of the water, saw nothing else there of note.

Liu Meng, in response, said, "The collection I wish for you to see is right before you."

"You can't be talking about yourself, can you?" Han Sen looked at Liu Meng with wide-eyes.

With a serious look on his face, Liu Meng answered, "Yes. I have never fought anyone before. I have practiced and done all-manners of training, ascended ranks at an alarming pace, but never before have I fought against another human. To me, it is a valuable collection, and I wish to give this to you."

With a wry smile, Han Sen said, "I think you have the wrong person. Shouldn't you give this to someone who is more qualified?"

Liu Meng calmly responded, "As a family member of Lan Te, I am provided much care and protection. Even in the sanctuary, I am given everything I need without challenge."

"This is a good thing, isn't it?" Han Sen said.

The Lan Te had business with every aspect of the Alliance, so such treatment was not unexpected. And Han Sen believed this to be a great thing.

Liu Meng nodded and said, "This is good, yes. But personally, I feel that it is wrong. And yet, no matter how hard I try, I am still nothing before the Lan Te glory."

Han Sen did not say anything. The two were nothing alike, and Han Sen had been raised in a completely different manner and environment. It would be impossible for him to empathize with Liu Meng.

"I like fighting, and I am learning the arts of combat to the best of my abilities. However, all I challenge never treat me as a proper opponent," Liu Meng explained.

Han Sen thought to himself, "Isn't the reason why obvious? Who would dare harm you?"

"The moment I saw you fight Yu Qielan, I knew I would have to make you an opponent." Liu Meng looked at Han Sen with much excitement.

Han Sen had no idea what to think or feel.

He hadn't done anything and had never met Liu Meng before, yet the man wanted to fight him. The way he spoke made it sound as if they were destined to compete, too.

Han Sen wanted to tell him, "What makes you think I'll challenge you?"

Liu Meng smiled and drew a shortsword. He placed it onto a table and said, "I know I'm putting you in an awkward position, but if you can beat me, this sword is yours."

"No, I am too weak to go up against you. Why don't I recommend you to fight someone who is truly powerful?" Han Sen spoke, but then retreated into his mind, thinking, "Even if you gave me a billion, there is no way I'd beat up a son of the Lan Te family."

Liu Meng slid the shortsword across the table, closer to Han Sen. "Look at it, would you? This is a weapon that comes from ancient times. Its name is Taia."

Han Sen had no knowledge of ancient weaponry, but he knew the blacksmithing required in the past could not compete with what was produced in the current age. Humans were still primitive back then, and even metals such as z-steel hadn't been discovered.

Han Sen picked up the shortsword, and when he felt the power inside it, a chill ran down his spine.

Han Sen observed Taia. The blade was shorter than two feet, and the metal had a certain reddish hue to it. It almost looked as if it had been crafted from bronze.

It wasn't blood-red, it was more like the last light of a sun that was to dip below the horizon.

The bronze, elegant sword looked cold and murderous.

But the sword had been crafted from primitive materials, so it wasn't as if it could serve as a suitable weapon. Even a knock-off z-steel sword could break it with the greatest of ease.

"This sword was created in a country called Chu. Its crafting was the joint operation of two expert blacksmiths, and it was a gift for a king. It became an infamous, well-renowned sword following the king's rule with that weapon," Liu Meng said.

Han Sen was not much of a fan of swords. To Han Sen, practicality always came first. The relic he was handed, he believed, should have been placed in a museum.

"You must think this is some useless sword hailing from a bygone era, but you'd be forgiven for thinking that." Liu Meng knew exactly what Han Sen was thinking.

"The blacksmithing of ancient times can't hold a candle to what is done today, right? It might look good, but it is undoubtedly weak. I can't say I'm much of a fan of art," Han Sen clarified his true feelings.

Liu Meng did not speak, but instead drew a dagger of his own and attacked Han Sen.

He was not expecting Liu Meng to start a fight there, of all places. And being caught off-guard, it was too late for Han Sen to dodge.

He did recognize that the dagger being used against him had been crafted from z-steel, though.

In a flash, he used Taia to block the incoming attack. He was planning to evade as soon as the sword began breaking.

Katcha!

Something broke, and it was not Taia. It was the z-steel dagger.

Han Sen observed Taia in his hand, and then looked at the z-steel dagger's severed blade. He was shocked.

"Taia was not always a shortsword. In the past, Taia was once a five foot long greatsword. After it was cut in half, it was refined into the weapon you now hold. The remainder of the blade that was broken is in the possession of the Qin family. They continually try to buy this back, but I reject them each time," Liu Meng said.

Chapter 951: Son of All Gods

Chapter 951: Son of All Gods

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to take a better look at the sword Taia. Its sharpness was not its greatest attribute.

What was most striking about it were the features of its power, hardness and durability. If two swords ever clashed, and one broke, that meant one of them had better hardness and durability.

But this was a sword that had been crafted in ancient times, and it was believed that no material could be hardier than z-steel. It was perplexing to try and grasp how Taia had prevailed as the stronger sword.

Although it was only a two foot long shortsword, Han Sen was able to detect the presence of a lifeforce within.

This surprised him even more, because it was common knowledge that only beast soul weaponry could possess a lifeforce and be alive."

He was told that the sword was forged through the talents of two blacksmiths, so how could this be so?

"You know, we aren't all-knowing of our past. There are more questions than answers to be found, when seeking knowledge of our history. As for this sword, in place of truths and facts, only myths can be found. Myths, however, are fickle things. One myth claims this sword was forged from outer-world black iron. Meaning, a chunk of a metallic meteor was obtained by the blacksmiths. Somehow, this ore was smelted and used in the creation of the sword," Liu Meng said.

"How did it break?" Han Sen asked.

It was incredibly sturdy, and it was hard to fathom how such a powerful weapon was broken in two.

"You'd have to ask the Qin family about that. They care very much for this sword, so it is likely they are the ones who can answer the questions you have," Liu Meng confessed.

"And so, if we duel, and I win, this sword can be mine?" Han Sen was excited by this sword, and he believed it might have been greater than the red dagger.

Liu Meng pulled out a contract and said, "If you want assurance, feel free to sign atop the dotted line."

"Okay, sure!" Han Sen did not want to fight earlier, due to the fact that there was no benefit. With such a precious treasure dangling in front of him, he couldn't resist trying.

He knew Liu Meng was a surpasser, but he had no idea what his fitness or gene lock level was.

Annie said he became a surpasser two years before, though, so he couldn't have been too powerful. Regardless, with no incurred loss for losing, there was no harm in Han Sen giving it a go. Quickly, he signed the contract.

"Come on!" Liu Meng excitedly proclaimed.

"Out here?" Han Sen looked around the pavilion he was standing in.

"Why do you ask? Is there a problem?" Liu Meng asked.

"Shouldn't there be a training room somewhere around here? I can't imagine destroying this place," Han Sen said.

Liu Meng then said, "Okay, let us go there."

Acknowledging Han Sen would actually try his best in a fight against him, Liu Meng was visibly overjoyed despite his attempts to contain it.

Liu Meng did not want to fight Han Sen due to his inability to find a person who was stronger.

The primary reason was because of Han Sen's defeat of Yu Qielan.

Beating those of your own kind wasn't glorious, but beating a royal shura was. It was quite the achievement.

Unfortunately for him, his family forbade him from challenging a shura. As a substitute, he decided to fight Han Sen, for he was at least as powerful as a shura.

Han Sen followed Liu Meng, and along the way they bumped into Annie.

"Where are you two going?" Annie asked.

"Liu Meng wants to fight me, so I am going to the training room," Han Sen explained.

"You are fighting him?" Annie asked.

"Is there a problem with that?" Han Sen looked at Annie.

"Liu Meng, do not play with him. I promised Lady Ji I would bring him back safely," Annie said.

But then, Liu Meng showed her the signed contract and said, "We aren't playing, look. We've signed a contract and everything."

Liu Meng then went on to say, "Han Sen, I'll wait for you in the room just up ahead. You talk to her first."

Annie, with apparent concern, hastily asked, "Why would you agree to such a foolish thing? Didn't I tell you he is the only heir of this family?"

Han Sen smiled and said, "We're only having a friendly bout. Don't worry, I won't hurt him too much."

Annie said, "Hurt him? Do you have any idea who you're up against? Do you have any idea what his title is?"

"I dunno. I've never met the chap before." Han Sen shrugged his shoulders.

Annie sighed and slowly pronounced his title, "He is the Son of All Gods. He has never killed a creature, due to many demi-gods accompanying him; that may be true. But they are the ones who train him. Don't be so foolish as to think he won't know how to fight. Many demi-gods frequently speak highly of his talents. They say he's even better than Lin Feng. Ji Yanran's great-grandfather has even spent some time training him, too."

"He sounds pretty powerful." Han Sen smiled.

Annie then said, "He is powerful. When we were both in the Second God's Sanctuary, although he had many bodyguards with him and he was forbidden from killing stuff himself, his commands saw us through many perilous battles. Even I have learnt a lot from him."

Han Sen looked at Annie, and with a smile, said, "Nice."

After that, Han Sen patted her shoulders and entered the training room.

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Annie sounded a little frustrated now.

She believed Han Sen was implying she was weak, due to his continued belief Liu Meng was an average fighter. But she knew he was joking, and so she just followed Han Sen into the training room.

Liu Meng was there waiting, and as Han Sen stepped forth, he performed a friendly welcome gesture.

Han Sen gave one last look to Annie and approached the stage.

Chapter 952: The Bet

Chapter 952: The Bet

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

There was a strength tester in the training room. Liu Meng punched it hard, and on the display, the number 1203 appeared.

"This is my fitness level. My strongest skill has unlocked its third gene lock. If you haven't reached that level yet, then I can only open one gene lock to match a similar strength to your own," Liu Meng said.

"No, do your best. Otherwise, what is the point in winning?" Han Sen said, as he looked at the number.

Liu Meng said, "Good. In that case, use any weapon you fancy."

"Um, I think my fists will do just fine," Han Sen said.

"All right, then. It is settled." Liu Meng's body blazed with a sudden flame, and immediately, a fiery fist was thrown Han Sen's way.

The fire that snared his maniacal fist was carried by a gust of wind, and it reached for Han Sen's head with an alarming speed.

Pang!

Han Sen punched Liu Meng's fist, and with the collision of fire and lightning, sparks obscured the battlefield.

They both fell back, regathering their composure. With no cause for delay, they lunged towards each other again.

The dance of lightning and fire was wild and unpredictable. It was like a lightshow of the elements, and so bright and quick were they, the arms that carried the elements could not even be seen. And thus they remained engaged, with not one of them taking a step back.

Annie watched the fight with keen interest, unsure which of the fighters would end up injured.

Inside a room in the yard, away from the training area, an old man with blue eyes and hair settled his eyes on a screen. It was a video feed of the fight, and he watched it intently.

Near the blue-haired old man, there was a black-haired old man, also. He was watching the fight, as well.

The black-haired old man was the one Han Sen had thrown-up on, outside of a bathroom one time.

"Tell me, old friend; who do you think will win?" the blue-haired old man asked Zhuo Donglai.

"Your grandson is more talented than you were. He is the strongest person of his age, but I must confess that if I were a betting man, I'd put my money on Han Sen prevailing," Zhuo Donglai said.

The blue-haired old man looked offended, but he still smiled and said, "Why? Do you think Han Sen has received better training than my grandson? Or is it because he is the heir of Mr. Luo? What I do know, is that he chose not to practice the Falsified-Sky Sutra."

Zhuo Donglai was aware of the temper that silently flared beneath his feigned smile. His name was Green, and although he appeared to be gentlemanly, he was extremely stubborn. What's more, he always wanted to win.

Green did not fight much, but he believed the Lan Te family was superior to all others.

If Han Sen wasn't from the Luo family, Green would have already stopped the match, proclaiming it to be disrespectful.

Zhuo Donglai smiled in response and said, "Believing Han Sen will win does not stem from any part of his muddled heritage. I simply believe he is the best."

"You think he is better than my grandson?" Green asked, with a serious look.

Green was not willing to veil his true thoughts, despite sitting beside his old friend. He was not happy about what Zhuo Donglai said, and he was fine with allowing his face to carry a scowl that explained this on his behalf. When the words my grandson were spoken, the tone of voice deepened.

Zhuo Donglai smiled and answered, "Yes. I think he is better than your grandson."

Zhuo Donglai was not a person to beat around the bush. He was happy to tell Green exactly what he thought, as straight as an arrow. Besides, it was not out of the simple respect he had for Han Sen; he had plans for the boy.

He planned to take Han Sen on as a student of his, and of course, he'd never agree to a student that he believed was inferior to any others.

Green was visibly disgruntled by the answer, but he still tried to maintain a graceful appearance. He then proposed, "How about a wager?"

"And what wager would that be?" Zhuo Donglai said.

"If Han Sen loses, take Liu Meng as your student and teach him the Purple-Manor Sutra," Green proposed.

Zhuo Donglai frowned and responded, "Don't you remember what I told you? It is not that I am unwilling to teach him, it's just that your grandson is unsuitable for its learning."

"And how would you know that? He is the best in our family, and I believe he can!" Green took a moment to collect his composure and then said, "If you are that confident in Han

Sen's abilities, then agree to the wager. Or are you merely saying Han Sen will win so you can be contrary and go against me?"

Green knew Zhuo Donglai well; Zhuo Donglai wouldn't let others think he was not firm in his beliefs.

"Han Sen will win," Zhuo Donglai said.

"Then there is nothing to worry about, is there?" Green laughed.

"But this seems to be a lop-sided wager, don't you think? What if you are the one who is wrong, my friend? What will you be coughing up?" Zhuo Donglai asked, looking at Green.

"Hmm, then take an item from my collection. Once upon a time, didn't you want them?" Green offered.

Zhuo Donglai said, "They are good, yes, but... None are superior to my Purple-Manor Sutra.

"Then what would you like?" Green asked.

"Angel's Wheel," Zhuo Donglai slowly answered.

Green's face dropped to a cold stare at Zhuo Donglai.

Chapter 953: Odin's Eye

Chapter 953: Odin's Eye

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

After a lengthy silence, Green's face returned to a smile and he said, "You are already a demigod. What do you need that for?"

"If I can't use it, then I could at least provide it to my student." Zhuo Donglai smiled.

"You have a student?" Green was shocked.

"No, not yet. But I will soon." Zhuo Donglai paused briefly, then resumed by saying, "Do you still want to establish this wager?"

Green turned back to look at Liu Meng and Han Sen. Through his observations, he could tell Han Sen was weaker than Liu Meng, though not by much.

Han Sen's number of opened genes could not be higher than Liu Meng's.

"Yes; we have a deal. If Han Sen loses, you will take Liu Meng as a student. If Liu Meng, by some miracle, happens to lose... I will give you Angel's Wheel," Green said.

Liu Meng had a higher number of gene locks open, and a higher fitness level, too. Because of this, Green did not believe his grandson could lose.

If Han Sen had learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra, he would have been worried. But since this wasn't so, he was fine with accepting the gambit.

"Okay, then. It is settled," Zhuo Donglai confirmed.

Pang!

Liu Meng and Han Sen continued their barrage of attacks at one another, and then, in the blink of a single second, they stopped.

"Good. With that warm-up over, we can commence the real fight." Liu Meng was getting very excited.

All that had transpired thus far was a test, and now he acknowledged Han Sen's power was not too far off his own.

Han Sen knew Liu Meng was not an easy person to deal with, so he didn't treat his opponent lightly. The man's skills and reaction times were faster than his own, and Han Sen knew this.

Liu Meng's fire went out, but that only made him look scarier. An eye opened in his forehead.

The eye was pitch black, like a demon's.

When the eye opened, Liu Meng's body grew to twice its size. His muscles multiplied in shape and strength, transforming his once gracious body into a hulking, monstrous machine-like entity.

"Liu Meng possesses Odin's Eye?" Zhuo Donglai looked shocked, upon seeing this.

The genuine surprise that spread across Zhuo Donglai's face made Green happy to see. Not to present himself too boorishly, he tried to suppress his excitement somewhat, and merely responded with a jiving, "I bet you didn't see that coming."

Zhuo Donglai's shock turned to utter confusion, and so he asked, "I thought you said only those that have pure Lan Te blood can practice this skill. Your grandson is a mix, is he not?"

Green dropped all pretense and started to look unabashedly cocky. He said, "I told you he is a child prodigy, and that he is a genius. Even I sometimes believe his learning of Odin's Eye

is some strange hallucination of mine. If he can learn Odin's Eye, then he can learn Purple-Manor Sutra."

Zhuo Donglai gave no response to this. He knew how powerful Odin's Eye was, and this birthed a worry in his heart. To see a non-pure blood member of the family was able to learn this skill was shocking.

Zhuo Donglai's confidence in Han Sen's ability to win this fight had actually been dialed down a couple of notches. Odin's Eye was not something to be trifled with.

"Liu Meng does not only have Lan Te blood running through him, but he has your blood, too. If the day comes when he learns both Odin's Eye and Purple-Manor Sutra, we will have created a most terrifying human. He would be unstoppable." Green made no effort to subdue his childish excitement over this prospect.

Zhuo Donglai could only manage to muster a wry smile in response, and say, "So, what? Will you allow him to fight?"

Green shrugged his shoulders, saying, "Old friend, don't say that."

Liu Meng himself, down on the battleground, was very excited. His third eye, the black one, had a white pupil. It exuded a certain mystic quality.

"I see you have opened two gene locks. I will open two, as well." It was as if Liu Meng's third eye had been looking right through Han Sen.

"Sure." Han Sen nodded and cast the Dongxuan Sutra.

Annie, still on the sidelines, was getting very nervous. She was beginning to acknowledge that this was no longer a traditional practice session.

If either one of them was hurt, there'd be much trouble. She wanted nothing more than to stand up, run over to them, and get them both to stop.

Just as she opted to do just that, the housekeeper appeared beside her.

"Annie, please do not disturb the fighters. Watch the match." The housekeeper, as always, spoke with soft politeness.

She did as she was bidden. She sat down and prepared to watch the fight, in dreadful anxiety.

She did not hesitate in obliging the housekeeper's command due to what she felt from him. While he was indeed gentle, there was a certain power brimming just below the surface. She believed it wasn't a power she should risk upsetting.

Han Sen's fists were like cannons, as the powers of sonic and thunder exploded in the air. He ran towards Liu Meng.

Alongside Sonic-Thunder Punch, Han Sen cast Heavenly Go on his approach and used them to the best of his abilities.

Liu Meng's mechanical body made no effort to avoid the attack, and instead just raised his arm to accept the incoming Sonic-Thunder Punch.

Boom!

The sonic and thunder build-up exploded. Silver-lightning skittered and hopped along Liu Meng's muscles, but dealt no damage.

And even worse, the sonic power did nothing to mess with his energy flow.

There was no cause for alarm just yet, however, for Han Sen did not expect to beat Liu Meng quite so easily. He had a greater plan; a trap. And that attack was only the first part of what it was going to take to lead Liu Meng into the position Han Sen needed him in.

As Han Sen punched, ducked, and weaved, Liu Meng continued to stand still. The white pupil glowed strangely on his forehead, as only his hand moved. With perfect precision, every attack was blocked with this single hand.

Chapter 954: Green's Wishes

Chapter 954: Green's Wishes

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen felt as if Liu Meng could predict all of his moves.

When Han Sen moved, Liu Meng was already turning to where he proposed to go. This resulted in Han Sen having to change his formation.

But no matter what he tried, whenever Han Sen sought to attack Liu Meng, his hits were deflected. The formidability of his opponent surprised him a good deal.

"Does Liu Meng know Heavenly Go, too?" Han Sen frowned.

It was strange, though. While the traits were there, it didn't quite look like Heavenly Go.

Liu Meng's performance was almost as if he was cheating, and there were flickers of the Falsified-Sky Sutra in his moveset, or so it seemed.

The most remarkable trait of the Falsified-Sky Sutra was that it never missed. Liu Meng acted as if he was omnipotent, as if he could predict or see the outcome of a person's destiny when they committed to a choice in battle. If needed, he could change his own course in a flash.

Wanting to prove some of his theories, Han Sen decided to madly attack his opponent, and when he did, the sound of thunder echoed throughout the training room.

But amidst those crazy attacks, Liu Meng merely stood still and used the most simple of blocks to deflect each and every hit.

Liu Meng was like a bastion of impenetrable defense. There was not a single flaw in his movements, and with each hit he blocked, a spark of Han Sen's hope was dashed against that wall.

Annie's hands were sweating as she watched. While he had not gained an advantage, she was surprised at how powerful Han Sen had become. After all, he had only just entered the Third God's Shelter.

Liu Meng's power, however, scared her even more. He looked invincible before Han Sen.

The dominating feeling he exuded was overwhelming, and it almost choked the breath from his onlookers. Annie could not see a way in which Han Sen might overcome this foe.

Annie believed that if she had been the one competing against Liu Meng, her confidence would have snapped against his intimidation. She'd have been rendered unable to fight.

Failing once was not scary, but repeated failings can wear down the stoutest of hearts and minds.

Fighting with Liu Meng was to suffer failing, over and over. Every skill used against him would prove useless.

"He is stronger than you used to be, when you were that age," Zhuo Donglai sighed.

With a proud tone of voice, Green said, "I told you he is the best in our family. No one is stronger than him. Not even some mutt of the Luo family."

Zhuo Donglai shook his head. He wanted to say something, but he held his tongue.

Green was an old friend of his, so there shouldn't have been anything they'd refrain from saying to each other. But this was different, and he knew he could not speak it.

When Green was young, he was famous in the Alliance. He wasn't born into fame and prosperity like Liu Meng; it was earned. He was a genius, and he was highly respected by all. And appearance-wise, Green was even more eye-catching than Liu Meng.

With Green at the family helm, the Lan Te family maintained a relatively low profile. But they also attracted certain animosities, and forged many rivalries with other families.

With their power, though, most of the Alliance still feared the Lan Te. Power could often breed hubris, and Green was wise enough to steer the family in a slightly humbler direction whilst also maintaining its influence.

There was once a time, though, when Green—who had practiced Odin's Eye—challenged the renowned Luo Haitang, the "Godslayer."

Luo Haitang defeated Green without trouble, and while no one was able to spectate the match, Green shied away from the public eye after this.

Being Green's old friend, Zhuo Donglai knew about the fight.

Green was beaten badly, and he viewed it as the most terrible of shames. He still felt the sting of that day, and Zhuo Donglai knew this. As such, he never brought it up in conversation.

Zhuo Donglai knew how much Green had invested in Liu Meng, and he knew how much he wanted him to defeat Han Sen. Despite being a descendant of Luo Haitang, though, Han Sen had not been trained by his forefather. He had also refused to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra. This gnawed at Green's belief in the significance and the self-wrought poetic notion of the fight he was spectating; he was just not keen to admit it.

"I think Liu Meng can beat the Falsified-Sky Sutra," Green excitedly commented.

Zhuo Donglai smiled and said, "There's always the possibility. He is still young, too."

Green shook his head and said, "If he practiced the Purple-Manor Sutra, he could most certainly beat it. And even learn it!"

"As we have already established; if he can beat Han Sen, I will teach it to him," Zhuo Donglai spoke with a tone of surprise seriousness.

"Thank you, Zhuo." Green looked touched, as if it was already a confirmed commitment.

"Let us eagerly await the results, shall we?" Zhuo Donglai smiled wryly.

Liu Meng was good, and he was most certainly a stronger fighter than Green had been, back when he was the same age. But Zhuo Donglai was still firm in the faith he could not defeat Han Sen. Even though Han Sen had not practiced the Falsified-Sky Sutra, he believed the young man was a better fighter.

"I'm going to fight back." After blocking all of Han Sen's attacks, Liu Meng finally moved. He swung his fist towards Han Sen like the flaming lunge of a wrathful dragon.

Han Sen blocked the fist, resulting in an explosion of fire and electricity. Without reprieve, Liu Meng then brought down his other fist. It was wreathed in ice, and all of a sudden, the training room dropped to low temperatures.

The attacks came quickly, as wind, fire, and thunder burst out of Liu Meng.

He was like a machine, and every part of Liu Meng's body possessed the capacity to murder. He was able to utilize every ounce of strength effectively, and coordinate every part and component of his body with incredible precision.

Everything about his performance was amazing. It was almost as if he'd transcended the capabilities of a human and operated with the perfection only achievable by a machine.

Annie stood up. She had known Liu Meng for the past few years in the army, but she had never seen him strike before.

With the kicks and punches that were thrown, and the constant collision of elements, the training room was filled with the raucous noise of battle. It was so loud, it felt as if the very atmosphere was getting hammered to the breaking point.

But Green frowned. He noticed that when Liu Meng attacked, Han Sen managed to guard effectively. Liu Meng had been unable to penetrate his defense.

Chapter 955: The Strongest Skill

Chapter 955: The Strongest Skill

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Odin's Eye could expose a target's weakest point, and it was not like the Falsified-Sky Sutra. Han Sen had his own method of evaluating his opponents, though, through his Dongxuan Sutra. He used it trace his foe's attacks and effectively block each one.

Fighting Liu Meng was not easy. He was around the same level as Han Sen, and he was exceptionally talented. Since he was unable to break through Liu Meng's defense, Han Sen knew victory would not come easy when it was his turn to attack.

Despite the underlying complexities of each fighter, the fight was simple to watch. When one attacked, the other blocked with absolute perfection and vice versa. Right now, it was Han Sen's turn to defend, and after a half hour long barrage of attacks, Liu Meng could not damage his opponent in the slightest.

"I have heard he has learnt Heavenly Go from the Huangfu family. I see now that it is true." Green frowned.

Han Sen blocked every one of Liu Meng's attacks, despite their power. The moves Liu Meng performed against Han Sen had been taught to him by a demigod, and under the effect of Odin's Eye, they were executed flawlessly.

He could use any skill perfectly, as a matter of fact. Whether it was a righteous skill or an evil one, Liu Meng could use it.

Half an hour later, the battlers switched and Han Sen was the one to start attacking. But just like before, he was unable to overcome Odin's Eye.

By now, they had been gone a long time. The other party-goers, noticing their absence, wandered around in search of them.

One person, seeing that the light in the training room was on, curiously peeked inside and found them.

The news of this fight spread like wildfire, and people came in droves to watch.

One would attack and the other would defend. Their fighting skills were incredible, but it shocked the onlookers to see Liu Meng unable to penetrate Han Sen's defense.

Han Sen's fists, when he attacked, came in simple. It was Han Sen's signature skill, Sonic-Thunder Punch. It wasn't the same-old-same-old, however. Han Sen was switching up his formation a lot, and that had a knock-on effect to the display of his skill.

Still, it was not enough to damage Liu Meng.

Both of them swapped between attack and defense many times, and a decisive victor seemed impossible to decide.

Compared to the ferocity of their initial fighting, though, things started to change. They had slowed down in fatigue, but neither was tired enough to drop their guard.

The audience had been there a long time now, too. Their excitement had long since depleted, and a few people had even gone to sleep.

After five hours of battling, there had been no progress. Annie's butt had gotten numb.

"I have already prepared rooms for the guests. Come with me," the housekeeper announced.

"Oh, thank heavens." People had grown tired of watching them fight.

Most went off with the housekeeper the instant he appeared, but quite a few stayed. A few hours later, that changed. After more and more people left, only Annie remained.

They may as well have been shooting free throws in basketball, except neither of them had scored a point the entire time. The initially enthralling spectacle of their combat had long since lost its excitement, and the two were a mind-numbing bore to observe now.

And after all that time had elapsed, neither had been able to inflict the slightest damage to the other. Their defenses were impenetrable.

Han Sen and Liu Meng, by this point, were gasping and sweating. Their exhaustion had slowed down their fight.

Han Sen's fist, which once gleamed like suns of electricity, only produced minor sparks. Liu Meng only had his bare fists left to fight with.

Pang! Pang!

Their knuckles collided with each other, shaking off droplets of sweat as they coursed through the air.

It was midnight by now, and still, the fight limped on. Soon after, their movements were twisted and neither of the two could stand upright.

Neither of them wanted to concede, though, and their will was all that kept them going.

Their attacks, being much weaker than before, were easier to block.

"That Taia sword is mine!" Han Sen declared.

Liu Meng's body was extremely fatigued, and he had exited Odin's Eye a long time ago.

Liu Meng, unable to dodge Han Sen's next attack, was thrown to the ground.

With an opening before him, Han Sen climbed on top and repeatedly punched Liu Meng in the face.

"No, I'm going to win!" Liu Meng managed to get Han Sen off of him. Kicking him away, it was his turn to mount Han Sen and punch his face in.

The once delicate exhibition of combat by two highly-trained individuals had swiftly turned into a drunken bar brawl.

"Are you guys done?" Annie could not watch anymore, and so she stood up and left.

She knew that with both of their stamina being what it was, neither would end up dealing considerable amounts of damage to the other. It was practically over.

With Lan Te's housekeeper there to keep an eye on the proceedings, she knew everything would be all right after she left.

"Friend, I don't think our bet is going to present the results either of us want," Zhuo Donglai said.

"Han Sen should be proud of his ability to fight with my grandson like this." While what Green said was graceful, he was sweating on the inside. He did not expect Han Sen to be able to fight Liu Meng to this point.

"I'm going to rest. I have no interest watching kids quarrel on the ground," Zhuo Donglai said.

"Walk with me." Green left.

In the training room, both were writhing on the ground. They were sopping wet as if they had both been for a swim.

"I have a skill I have not used yet. Had I used it, I would have won a long time ago."

"I have a skill that's more powerful than your skill. It's super-secret, but you'd have lost immediately, had I used it."

"I have a skill that would kick your skill's butt."

"I have a skill that is so so so so so much more powerful than your skill. It's the strongest skill, and I could kill you with ease."

They were both on the ground, and the only thing that seemed to fight now were their mouths.

Chapter 956: A Letter Without Words

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Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The next day, as Han Sen and Annie were leaving, Liu Meng was nowhere to be seen. His face had been beaten and bruised. Thinking it wasn't appropriate for the young scion of the Lan Te family to be seen in such a state, the housekeeper accompanied them on their exit.

Before they boarded the starship, the housekeeper gave a gift to Han Sen and Annie each. He told them they were gifts from Liu Meng.

After sitting down and unwrapping her gift, Annie was taken aback by the presence of sparkling jewelry within. They had been created by the finest of craftsmen of the Alliance.

Upon opening his box, Han Sen was greeted with the sword he had fought Liu Meng for. The broken sword named Taia was within.

"Why were you given a copper sword?" Annie did not know about the significance of this sword, and she merely believed it to be a relic or artpiece.

"This is was at the crux of our gambit." Han Sen smiled.

"Does that mean you won the fight?" Annie didn't really care much, but she still asked to make conversation.

"No." Han Sen shook his head.

Liu Meng did not open his third gene lock for the duration of the fight, and Han Sen did not use his super king spirit mode. Neither of them broke the defense of the other, and it resulted in a stalemate. Nobody won.

Liu Meng had more geno points than Han Sen. If Han Sen had as many mutant and sacred-blood geno points as Liu Ming did, he would have defeated him without issue. With strength like that, he could obliterate Odin's Eye.

But that would also result in it being a life or death fight; a fatality could easily occur. And seeing as they weren't actually enemies, Han Sen saw no reason to push Liu Meng so far.

Annie didn't ask any more questions about the gift he had received. She didn't know the nature of it, and neither was she really interested. She believed it to be a nice little decoration, and she was content in thinking that.

Picking up the sword, Han Sen saw an envelope lying below it. When Han Sen opened it, there was a plain white parchment inside with no text on it. It was empty.

"Why is there nothing written on it?" Annie asked.

"Who knows." Han Sen crumpled the paper in his fist and incinerated it with a fire born of his hands. Then he looked to the stars in the sky.

When he arrived home, he examined the Taia sword with greater care. The handle was not its original, and he noticed it had been forged of z-steel. It had later been plated with the copper scales of some beast. All-in-all, it seemed to match the blade well.

The copper sword looked a little red, and it looked rough. The tip of the broken blade was craggy and vicious-looking.

Han Sen could feel the lifeforce in the sword.

Han Sen gave it a swing and appreciated the feel he got from it. Still, it wasn't perfect. The blade was not complete, and as such, it lacked the precise balance the most exceptional blades typically possessed.

"The other half of this blade belongs to the Qin family. Even if I managed to retrieve it, it'd be useless. It's harder than z-steel, so how in the sanctuaries would I be able to reforge it?"

Still, there's always the possibility I could forge a whole other sword with the other half. Then, by dual-wielding, I could use Dual Fly sword skills." For now, Han Sen was going to use Taia and the red dagger. After giving it a quick go, they felt good in his hands. He was comfortable using them.

After that, Han Sen went to the Saint Hall community in search of a fire hyper geno art.

It wasn't long before he saw an S-Class skill named "Phoenix." Without hesitation, he bought it.

It was not too dissimilar from Phoenix King's phoenix body. It was a protective skill that required Nirvana for its learning.

Han Sen, of course, did not need that. His proficiency with the fire element was exceptional, and he could merely simulate Phoenix King's energy flow for the direct practice of Phoenix.

As expected, Han Sen learnt it with ease. He figured it would not be long before he could use it in combat.

Han Sen decided to return to Thorn Shelter, with Annie's bow in-hand once again. Although Thorn Shelter had not decided to retaliate, their presence there was still a concern.

To weaken them further, Han Sen planned to assassinate as many creatures as he could.

Heading through the forest, Han Sen wanted to pay Tie Yi a visit first. He wanted to learn more about Thorn Shelter.

Before he reached Fish Valley, he saw the bodies of many creatures strewn about, and many more creatures locked in combat with one-another.

"What the hell happened here?" Han Sen quickly hid his presence and snuck closer to get a look at what was going on.

"Caw!" A golden bird flew across the battlefield, unleashing a barrage of wind blades to slay many of the creatures down below.

"Tie Yi?" Han Sen saw Tie Yi fighting a creature, and he was heavily injured.

Making use of Taia, Han Sen sprung forward to sever the head of a primitive creature from its body.

"Tie Yi, what happened here?" Han Sen asked, while holding him.

"The Holy-Flame King lost the war. Thunder-King took Nine-Wish Mountain. Thunder-King's son, Thunder-Devil King, is coming. Thorn Shelter is done for," Tie Yi painfully explained.

"Thunder-Devil King?" Han Sen had once killed him in the spirit base, much to the spirit's embarrassment. He found it difficult to believe that same spirit was now trying to conquer this area.

"I signed a contract with the baron. I can't leave, even if it results in my death on this battlefield. If you want your people to survive what is to come, lead them into the forest and never look back," Tie Yi mournfully said.

"Stay here and hide. Get to safety. I'm going to try and take her spirit stone. If I do that, you will be free." Han Sen took Tie Yi to a hidden location.

"Don't go! Thunder-Devil King is much stronger than Thorn Baron. Thorn Shelter is lost," Tie Yi said.

"I'll be right back." Han Sen snuck towards Thorn Shelter.

Han Sen kept his presence hidden, and no creature across the battlefield was alerted to his coming. He killed a few that were close to seeing him, and soon arrived at Thorn Shelter.

Chapter 957: Holy Bottle

Chapter 957: Holy Bottle

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Dead bodies littered the ground as far as the eye could see. The mutant creatures Han Sen had encountered before were still alive, doing battle, but they looked to be in terrible condition.

"Oh, no. It looks like Thorn Shelter really will fall." Han Sen climbed up one of the shelter's towers and peered over towards the spirit hall.

All of Thorn Shelter's inhabitants had been wiped out, and Thunder-Devil King was now nearing the spirit hall with his creatures in tow.

Thorn Baron was in front of the entrance, and she looked panicky when she saw Thunder-Devil King strolling up towards her.

"Thorn, Flame-King has lost the war and Nine-Wish Mountain is mine. Give me your spirit stone and I will allow you to live under my command," Thunder-Devil King said.

"No thanks," Thorn Baron coldly responded.

Thunder-Devil King laughed and proclaimed, "He has many wives, and you are just one name on that list. I am the son of an emperor; become one of my wives."

"D*mn you." Thorn Baron immediately pulled out a crystal bottle. It contained a water-like substance, which she promptly threw on the floor. Immediately, purple vines sprouted and wreathed their way across the entire ground of the spirit hall.

The vines were like snakes, rising up to lash out and attack Thunder-Devil King and his followers. Han Sen was shocked to see the sacred-blood creatures that belonged to Thunder-

Devil King being injured by the vines, whereas those below sacred-blood class were instantly slain.

So many creatures had been beaten by the vines, no aggressor could do anything to free themselves.

"What is that bottle? It's so powerful." Han Sen had seen those vines before, but it was clear to him that the bottle he was seeing now had amplified the strength of them.

Thunder-Devil King annihilated one of the vines and said, "Flame-King loved you greatly, to provide you with that bottle."

"Die!" Thorn Baron held the bottle like an orchestration baton. She conducted her vines, raising them up to attack Thunder-Devil King with greater ferocity.

Thunder-Devil King summoned a thunder hammer in response. He shattered a large number of the vines, and said, "You are too weak. Even with the bottle, your efforts are futile and powerless. I am going to take this king spirit class treasure and use it properly, with an effectiveness you cannot."

The thunder hammer was activated by Thunder-Devil King's thunder. Its power electrified and charred the vines with ease.

All the creatures that could then pounced into action, attacking the vines. And under the wrath of that sudden siege, the vines did not seem as if they would last very long.

A lot of vines were destroyed by Thunder-Devil King and the creatures. Thorn Baron poured out some more of that magical liquid in response, growing more of the vines.

After a few more pours, the bottle was at half capacity. And still, she was making no headway against those who had assaulted her shelter. Vine after vine was cut down, with no great trouble for Thunder-Devil King.

Thorn Baron started to look hopeless. She really was too weak to use the holy bottle effectively, as it did nothing to halt the aggressive progress of the enemy.

The thunder hammer was not a normal weapon either, Han Sen believed. It must have possessed a wretched amount of power to so easily disintegrate Thorn Baron's vines.

Han Sen's heart was now pounding, though. Thorn Baron's holy bottle was undoubtedly a rare treasure of sorts, whereas Thunder-Devil King's hammer was a high-level geno weapon.

Even if it was a little weaker than the bottle, the spirit's weapon had to be at least sacred-blood level.

Han Sen wanted to fight them both, but he could think of no way he might do that without using super king spirit mode.

But super king spirit mode only lasted three seconds, and there was not much he could do with such a small window of opportunity.

Han Sen, watching the fight, slowly approached Thunder-Devil King.

Even if Han Sen managed to get the holy bottle, he wouldn't be able to escape the swift wrath of Thunder-Devil King and his creatures.

So, he watched them intently. He was going to wait for the perfect moment in which he could use super king spirit mode to kill Thunder-Devil King.

If he did that, it'd send the spirit back to his spirit stone. The spirit's troops would flee in fright.

If he was lucky, Thunder-Devil King might even leave the hammer behind.

Geno weapons were different than beast souls, as they were proper physical items at all times. If you dropped a geno weapon, anybody else could pick it up and use it.

He didn't want to forget the threat Thorn Baron herself posed, either. He wanted to wait until she had used up all the water in the holy bottle. That would also be the time he'd expect Thunder-Devil King to drop his guard, leading to the right moment for Han Sen to strike.

"This is it." That moment arrived, and so Han Sen camouflaged himself and approached Thunder-Devil King from behind.

Han Sen had fought him once before, so he was familiar with the spirit's moveset. But still, the spirit had not used that hammer the last time they fought, and Han Sen knew he'd have to be wary when confronting it.

To kill him quickly and avoid as much trouble as he could, Han Sen knew he'd have to assassinate Thunder-Devil King. If he couldn't end him fast, he'd have to face off against many sacred-blood creatures, and that was something he wasn't quite confident in doing yet.

Thorn Baron, in the meantime, was doing poorly. The legion of vines were almost all gone, and the bottle didn't have a single drop left.

The vines were no longer shielding the spirit hall, either.

Hiss! A colorful snake destroyed the wall of vines and grabbed Thorn Baron. She was too weak to dodge.

"The bottle is mine!" Thunder-Devil King looked as sinister as he did happy, as he pried the bottle from her hands.

Thorn Baron was hopeless, and she wanted nothing more than to self-destruct now.

The moment she was about to do just that, a white light appeared behind Thunder-Devil King like the sudden eruption of a volcano.

Chapter 958: Perfect Robbery

Chapter 958: Perfect Robbery

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Thorn Baron suddenly saw a handsome spirit appear, shrouded in a white light. As her pupils shrank, her mouth widened in joy.

Thunder-Devil King saw the expression on her face, but he believed she was trying to trick him into dropping his guard. He didn't feel the presence of anything behind him.

But as he peered into her eyes, their glassy surfaces showed flickering reflections of something behind him. He was shocked. The white light and the handsome face looked familiar.

He had repeatedly dreamed of the day when he could crush and forever mar that pretty face, but now that he was encountering the spirit again, he could only feel fear.

Thunder-Devil King wished to turn around and hammer the bright shadow that had appeared behind him, but it was too late.

Boom!

The scary white lightfist flew towards the back of his head. In a split second, the head was nothing but a crushed melon. His face had been completely disfigured, and he hadn't even gotten the chance to fight back.

Before he could swing the hammer in retaliation, he had been killed.

The creatures that had assaulted the shelter and were laying waste to its inhabitants suddenly started to flee in fear.

"The King!" Thorn Baron happily exclaimed. In her eyes, Han Sen was the greatest, most powerful king spirit ever known, at his tier. She had no idea that it was a human behind the mask.

Grabbing the thunder hammer, Han Sen leapt over Thorn Baron's head and took off running through her Spirit Hall.

Han Sen hadn't grabbed the bottle yet. Instead, he focused on obtaining her spirit stone from the statue inside the hall.

"I, Thorn, am willing to submit and offer absolute loyalty to a new master. I can become the most faithful of servants."

Thorn knelt in front of Han Sen without reluctance, but as she combined with the spirit stone, she realized something. She wasn't kneeling before her most-admired idol, the most powerful spirit of his class, The King. This was a human. And it wasn't just any human; it was the human she hated the most.

"What? The King is a human?" Thorn thought in utter disbelief, but the process of becoming his subordinate had already started. She transformed into a rose and disappeared into Han Sen's Sea of Soul.

Han Sen picked up the holy bottle and thought to himself, "Perfect!"

Han Sen raced back out of the shelter and down to where he had left Tie Yi.

Although Thunder-Devil King had been killed and the creatures had fallen back, it would only be a matter of time before he returned. And when he did return, he'd most likely come back with a greater host of creatures. For now, Han Sen had to use the time he had to run.

Tie Yi looked overjoyed, likely because his contract with Thorn Baron had been revoked.

"What did you do?" Tie Yi asked with much surprise.

"Flee first, talk later." Han Sen, leading the injured Tie Yi, brought him to the human shelter.

Han Sen told Old Huang what had occurred, and everyone's worries over the shelter's safety returned.

The shelter was again unsafe. It'd only be a matter of time before Thunder-Devil King found it. He was a brutal spirit, and his power far exceeded Thorn Baron's. If they were to remain in that shelter, only death would await them.

"We have to leave, and depart through Thorn Forest," Old Huang said.

They had to go, but Thorn Forest was a treacherous place. There was no telling how many could survive in the deeper recesses of that nefarious woodland. They'd be venturing into a great unknown, and the thought of what might await them there brought them much fear, and rightfully so.

"I have a shelter where everyone can stay," Han Sen said.

"You have a shelter?" Everyone looked at Han Sen in disbelief; a common sight when something concerned Han Sen. Even high-level spirits would not wander through Thorn Forest, yet Han Sen suggested that he owned a shelter of his own someplace there.

"I can take you all there, but it is my shelter. That also means I call the shots. If you guys can accept that, you're welcome to stay there," Han Sen said.

"Little Han, you really have a shelter where we'd be safe?" Old Huang asked once again.

They did not care who would end up being their boss. What concerned them the most at that moment was survival.

"If you believe me, and would like to come to such a place, then start packing your bags. You can let your eyes decipher the truth, once you've seen the place I will take you to." Han Sen did not explain more than that, as the Thunder Army would be upon them any second.

They were actually reluctant to believe what Han Sen had said, but they knew they really had no other choice than to hope he was telling the truth. So, they all decided to accompany him.

Before long, they departed their home. When they arrived at the underground shelter, everyone was shocked.

Thunder-Devil King respawned with an explosion of thunder and lightning. The discharge brought ruin to everything around him.

"The King! I'm going to kill you! You hear that!? I'll kill you!" Thunder-Devil King had been snubbed in many different ways. He had not taken the holy bottle, and even his thunder hammer had been stolen.

He immediately rallied his troops and prepared for another assault. When they arrived back at Thorn Shelter, the place was empty. And what's more, Thorn Baron's spirit statue was missing its spirit stone.

"The King! I'm going to kill you!" Thunder-Devil King wrecked the spirit hall and commanded his creatures to scour the encompassing lands for any trace of the two spirits.

The creatures found the abandoned human shelter, as Han Sen suspected they might.

Inside the underground shelter's palace, Han Sen sat upon a stone chair. Thorn Baron sat opposite him. She stared at him with a complicated expression, but her gaze was unblinking.

Chapter 959: Thorned History

Chapter 959: Thorned History

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Are you done staring?" Han Sen asked.

Thorn Baron looked at Han Sen and mumbled, "You are The King?"

Thorn Baron could not believe it, and she thought the entire concept was ridiculous. She saw The King appear to save her and then run for her spirit stone. When she looked up at The King again, it was just the human Han Sen.

Aside from Han Sen being The King, there could be no other explanation. Her eyes could not have deceived her.

"Does it matter?" Han Sen smiled.

"Yes, of course it matters!" Thorn looked at Han Sen angrily.

"Then the answer is yes." Han Sen knew that she had already realized this and only wanted confirmation.

"How can The King be a human? How can he be you?" Thorn Baron's tone of voice was low with sorrow, and she looked utterly disheartened.

"The bottom line is that I am your master now. So, what are you going to do?" Han Sen said.

"I..." Thorn trailed off.

If this any other ordinary human, she'd have preferred to self-destruct.

But this was The King that she had secretly admired for the longest time, which left her with a number of conflicted emotions.

"There is no rush for you to say anything, but I do have a few questions I'd like to ask you." Han Sen brought out the holy bottle and continued, "Tell me, how do I use this thing?"

Han Sen had been unable to figure out how to use the holy bottle, so it was fortunate she was there. Hopefully, she could explain it to him.

"Why would I tell you that?" Thorn Baron said.

"You will tell me so you can avoid being forced to do things for me, like some thrall." Han Sen smiled.

"If I tell you, will you free me from your service?" Thorn Baron asked.

"No. You know my secret, so for the time being, you are stuck with me. Telling me what I wish to know, though, will give you some modicum of freedom. I won't force you to do anything you don't wish to do." Han Sen maintained his smile.

"It can only be used by a spirit. It is a Spirit Gear," Thorn Baron reluctantly explained.

She still wanted to confirm whether or not Han Sen was The King.

"Then, how do I use it?" Han Sen asked, as he thought to himself, "If only spirits can actually make use of the thing, no wonder I am unable to use it. It is fortunate that, for a brief amount of time, I can be a super king spirit."

"Spirits need to fill the bottle with their own energy. The holy water inside can purify and sanctify the spirits that use it," Thorn Baron went on to say.

"Purify?" Han Sen looked at her with confusion.

"It's like a buff. You should try it," Thorn Baron said.

"Don't lie to me." Han Sen turned into a super king spirit and placed his white light inside the bottle.

Thorn Baron saw Han Sen transform into her much fantasized-about King. She could not help but stare at the attractive face, that indeed looked like the most handsome male spirit one could ever expect to see. She had never before felt so conflicted.

"Are you a human or a spirit?" Thorn Baron asked.

Han Sen did not answer because his time had run out. Water had manifested inside the bottle under the influence of his white light, but upon his return to a human figure, that water vanished.

"It really is only available for the use of a spirit. Creating water is too slow for the current duration of my super king spirit form," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen put the bottle away, placing it in his pocket for now.

"You are Flaming King's wife." Han Sen was surprised to hear that a king spirit had married a royal spirit.

Thorn Baron was pretty, but spirits were attracted to power more than anything. It was hard to imagine that any king spirit would fancy her.

"No," Thorn Baron said.

Although she knew The King was actually a human, she still did not want him to misunderstand.

"If you are not his wife, then why would he give you this bottle?" Han Sen asked.

Thorn Baron nibbled her lips and said, "I'm actually his daughter."

"What?" Han Sen was now looking at her in disbelief. After all, how could a king spirit give birth to a royal-class daughter?

"My mother was a royal spirit, so I was unable to receive his power and title. Flaming King gave me this bottle, but that was all. He would never allow me to be by his side, and he never once let me come close," Thorn Baron coldly explained.

"That's a sad story." Han Sen could relate to what she was saying, somewhat.

Spirits adored the strong. It made sense why a king spirit would not accept a royal-class daughter. Had he accepted her, other spirits would consider him a joke.

"If you stick with me, faithfully, maybe I can help you become a king spirit someday," Han Sen said, then returned her to the Sea of Soul.

She knew his secret, so Han Sen wasn't willing to let her frolic about as she pleased, like Moment Queen.

Han Sen grabbed the thunder hammer he had stolen from Thunder-Devil King. He swung it to unleash huge serrated zig-zags of lightning.

"This must be a sacred-blood class piece of equipment, for sure. With silver fox's power, this thing would be incredibly powerful." Han Sen then suddenly felt his body move.

Han Sen touched his pocket and noticed that the bottle he had placed inside had disappeared. The gourd that was also inside that pocket was vibrating.

Chapter 960: Father, Don't Cry

Chapter 960: Father, Don't Cry

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen took out the gourd and placed it in his hand. It was previously gold, but now it was dim and dirty-looking. Cracks had manifested across its surface, giving it the appearance of dried, distressed mud.

Its heartbeat, however, was growing stronger and stronger. Han Sen believed something would soon emerge.

"Is this it? Is whatever's inside it finally going to reveal itself?" Han Sen was shocked.

He was glad that whatever was inside was finally going to come out of the gourd, but he couldn't help but wonder whether it would be a good thing or a bad thing.

As the gourd vibrated, the mud-like shell began to flake away.

"If you've just stolen my holy bottle, you better be giving me something good in return! And by good, I'm expecting something like a super weapon. So, how about one of those? I'm not being greedy, but something that'll give me the leg-up and enable me to slay troublesome spirit emperors would be pretty sweet. But you know, I wouldn't say no to armor, either. After all, everyone should use protection, lest an unfortunate accident occur. Armor that'd make me invincible would be decent enough, so there's no need to go any stronger than that. I do need to remain modest. So, Buddha, Taoist, God, Jesus, and even you Mohammed. Athena, all of you, I'm asking all of you; please, pretty pretty please, fulfill this wish of mine!" Han Sen then proceeded to ramble even more, praying to any and all deities or religious figures he could think of.

Han Sen had invested much in nurturing the gourd. The gourd had just taken the holy bottle he fancied, and that was in addition to the Cog Gear that was created by Moment Queen. If nothing good emerged, he was going to explode with anger.

Watching the shell of the gourd peel off inch by inch, Han Sen's heart began to beat faster. Each thump was almost painful.

Katcha!

The shell collapsed into a mound of mud-flakes, as something new rolled into Han Sen's hand.

Examining it, Han Sen was in disbelief.

It was a thumb-sized female doll. Its eyes were big and black, the same color as the doll's hair. It was a chubby little thing, but most curious of all was what the doll was holding. The doll was holding another gourd.

As Han Sen stood there, frozen and unsure of what to think, the doll started to grow. It expanded to the size of an ordinary baby.

It was alive. The chubby hand of the doll grabbed Han Sen's arm, and with its cheeks, the baby rubbed her face against Han Sen's. Then, she said, "Daddy, Daddy!"

Han Sen wanted to shoot himself. He had sacrificed so much to the gourd, and all he had received in return was a baby.

"My six Cog Gears, my holy bottle..." Han Sen's spirits hit rock-bottom.

The baby grabbed Han Sen's neck and used her other hand to stroke his head, saying, "Father, don't cry."

Han Sen looked at her and placed her down on a table, wishing he could exchange the baby for the weapons he so sorely wanted.

After he observed her for a while, the baby's mouth began to drop as tears welled-up in her pretty, sparkling eyes.

"Don't cry! Don't cry!" Han Sen was starting to get a headache, but he wasn't going to bully and disregard the feelings of a baby.

"Father, hug!" The baby looked pitiful as she stared up at Han Sen.

Han Sen sighed and picked the baby up.

This immediately brought the baby joy, and with her hands, she grabbed Han Sen's neck, shouting, "Daddy! Daddy!"

"What are you?" Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to examine the baby, and didn't notice much of interest. Had it not emerged from the gourd, he'd have assumed she was a natural human baby.

Whatever she was, she wasn't a creature and she wasn't a spirit.

"Geno Seeds can grow humans? But what do I need a baby for?" Han Sen's depression was sinking in, and it wasn't going anywhere else in the immediate future.

Thinking something was wrong, though, he kept on examining the baby.

"Strange. Where is it?" Han Sen looked around on the floor and there was nothing.

"I thought she was holding a gourd. Where did it go?" Han Sen's confusion was only getting worse.

Han Sen kept searching, but he was unable to find out where it had gone. What he did find, though, was a seedling on the ground.

The sprout was coming out of a rock, and like the picture-perfect image of a young plant, it had two cute little leaves.

Han Sen squatted for a better look.

He had seen this before; it was a six-item Gear Tree.

Han Sen observed the little tree and saw that the ground around it was wet, as if someone had just watered the plant.

"These are the tears of the baby." Han Sen looked at her, and noticed the tears that still remained on her face. They must have dropped to the ground, soaking the plant.

Han Sen wasn't prone to dripping sweat, so the only explanation was it being the tears of the baby.

He smiled and said, "Don't cry. I love you!"

Han Sen then used his finger to wipe the tears from her face and then throw them on the ground deliberately.

What happened, a second later, made Han Sen freeze. Where the tears fell, the rock cracked as another young plant sprouted through it.

The little leaves were green like jade, and they did indeed look like another six-item Gear Tree.

"D*mn; one of her tears is equal to one of these trees. Haha, I'm rich!" Han Sen almost jumped in joy.

He gave her a kiss on the cheek and then said, "My good little daughter..."

But still, despite that revelation, Han Sen was unable to find the gourd she had been holding when she first appeared. After scouring the entire palace, he was unable to find it.

Chapter 961: Botanical Garden

Chapter 961: Botanical Garden

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen was having trouble with the baby, following all this. And its presence in the shelter drew much attention.

The shelter's residents were shocked at the sight of the baby, as humans typically weren't allowed or able to enter the sanctuaries until they were sixteen years of age.

Due to its appearance and behavior, no one took it for a spirit or a creature. There was nothing ominous or unusual about it, so no one thought of it as being anything other than a human baby. There it was, alive and well in the Third God's Sanctuary.

Whenever Han Sen was in her company, others would interrogate him with questions. He couldn't answer any of them, of course.

Still, he was glad that he was able to command Old Huang and his people to take residence in the east side of the shelter. This meant they couldn't come to Han Sen's side and pester him whenever they wished.

"So, what should I call you?" Han Sen put the baby in front of him.

The baby sat there on the ground, looking up at Han Sen. Seeing him standing still in thought, she tugged at his pant leg, wanting to be held and cradled. Then, she went to sleep.

Han Sen wasn't the most proficient when it came to naming things, and this was no different. He'd never had so much trouble coming up with a name before.

And what's more, this was apparently a human girl he'd be naming. He couldn't devise any-old random name.

If it was a male, he could be less careful.

He wanted to come up with a good one, because he planned to treat her well. He wanted to raise her as an actual child and instill her with good morals. Any child under his care would grow up with her head screwed on right. If she got older, he didn't want her running off with any cheap man who sought to woo her.

But, every tear she cried was able to grow a six-Gear Tree. And those things were more valuable than a tree made of money.

Since he'd always be getting something in return, Han Sen was confident in his decision to raise her well. He was going to treat her far better than any creature he ever owned.

After another half-day's thought, he was unable to devise the right name for her.

"I'll just call you Bao'er," Han Sen told her, putting the baby on the bed. Then he stood up, deciding to go to the Alliance so he could buy her some clothes.

After going through the teleporter, though, he heard the baby cry out, "Daddy! Daddy!"

"What? How did you get here?" Han Sen was shocked. He'd never before seen something non-human that could make use of teleporters.

"Daddy, hug!" Bao'er said, as she sat on the teleportation plate.

Han Sen picked her up, with a head chock full of questions following her arrival from the sanctuary. And it wasn't just that; she had also arrived at Han Sen's destination.

He picked her up in his arms and decided to give it another test. He walked through the teleporter and was taken back to the sanctuary with her in his arms. Then, he returned to the Alliance, and lo and behold, it worked.

Bao'er was like a human, freely able to enter and exit the sanctuary.

Fortunately, Han Sen teleported to his home in the Alliance. It would only freak out the masses, were they to see or learn about a baby that had teleported in from the sanctuary.

And furthermore, if the Child Protection Agency saw Han Sen do that, he'd be taken straight to jail.

So, Han Sen kept her in his room and gave her good from Little Yan. After scoffing it down messily, her face was covered in cream.

Then, Han Sen bought many clothes for her off of Skynet. Once that was done, he returned to the sanctuary.

Although Bao'er looked like a human, her behavior was a little different.

She didn't poop or pee everywhere like human babies did, and she didn't cry easily.

Aside from the two tears she had cried on their first encounter, Han Sen hadn't seen her release single tear.

Of course, that was also partially due to Han Sen's good behavior with her.

And for now, the two six-Gear Trees were enough. He couldn't take care of anymore, for the time being.

The two trees were not entirely like the ones grown by Moment Queen, and these ones were likely to require dozens of thousands of years to fully mature the fruit they'd bear.

Getting waterdrops to sustain the trees was already enough of a trial. So, with the hope of learning a new trick or two, Han Sen decided to consult Moment Queen and ask her how her tree developed so quickly.

The answer she gave surprised Han Sen, though. She told Han Sen the tree had already spent much time growing in the Third God's Sanctuary. It stopped growing after she was kicked back into the Second God's Sanctuary, but when the opportunity appeared, it started again.

"I need more waterdrops." Han Sen now needed to care for his Blood Pine and the two Gear Trees. For now, though, he had to prepare.

For the duration of time he would be gone, Han Sen tasked Zero with looking after his trees and the baby. In his absence, he gave her a number of waterdrops to apply each day.

Fortunately, Bao'er did not make a fuss and was more than willing to remain in the shelter. Had she insisted on coming, Han Sen had no idea how he would have hunted.

After exiting the underground shelter, Han Sen decided to pay a visit to the abandoned human shelter which was now possessed by Thunder-Devil King. The hold was overrun by creatures and monsters.

Amongst them all, Han Sen saw a royal spirit and two sacred-blood creatures.

He was surprised to see Thunder-Devil King stuff so much defense in a such a small compound.

But, keen to learn more of what Thunder-Devil King had brought to the area, Han Sen decided to venture past this shelter and see what might now reside in Thorn Shelter.

He wasn't dumb enough to think of assaulting the shelter by his lonesome; the forces that were present ensured he wouldn't be able to take it easily, even if he had many accompanying him.

Han Sen's purpose wasn't to conquer the shelter, though. His aim right now was to pillage Thorn Shelter's botanical garden. It resided outside of the shelter, and even though there were guards in place, Han Sen knew he had what it took to infiltrate the garden.

Sneaking towards it, Han Sen could already make out the presence of many peach trees. The entire garden was packed with good stuff.

"Thorn, you said you could sneak in there. How?" Han Sen asked, after summoning Thorn Baron and gesturing towards the garden.

Chapter 962: Raiding the Garden

Chapter 962: Raiding the Garden

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"Getting in should be easy. There is an old tree close to the east side of the garden that is hollow on the inside. It has many roots all around it. If you drill your way through below it, you can enter the garden without sounding any alarms." Thorn Baron paused, then said, "But the tree that is closest to maturing still needs another thirty years. There is nothing for you to take there; you can't obtain anything of value right now."

Despite being unaware of Han Sen's trick for growing plants, Thorn Baron still led the way. Before long, they came to the tree she had spoken about.

As she had described, there were many thick roots protruding from the earth. After digging downwards, he soon came to a spacious pocket beneath the roots. After entering, he traveled a short distance to enter the garden. Without much effort, they had infiltrated the area without triggering any sort of alarm.

It was in the middle of the night, so there wouldn't be anyone going for a walk in the garden at this time.

Han Sen was delighted, seeing all the plants there that were ripe for the taking. He grabbed a nearby swordvine and sucked it dry.

"Suck it! Suck it! Suck it!" Han Sen drained as many plants as he could, and obtained over a thousand drops of his most cherished liquid in no time at all.

Thorn Baron had no idea how Han Sen was able to suck the plants dry, but she thought it was quite concerning, watching him ruin the garden in such a manner.

After sucking half of the garden's plants dry, Han Sen had obtained ten thousand waterdrops.

"Wait." Thorn Baron stopped Han Sen, just as he was tugging on another plant.

"What is it?" Han Sen heeded her, stopping for a second.

"I didn't grow these ones." Thorn Baron examined the plants Han Sen was about to destroy.

"Should that bother me? Let me continue absorbing." All Han Sen wanted was waterdrops. He didn't really care who had grown the plants.

"No, wait. Hang on. This does not seem normal," Thorn Baron warned.

"Not normal?" Han Sen looked at the plant he was about to absorb and saw how it looked like an orchid.

"This must be a sacred-blood class Purple-Butterfly Orchid. It is likely Thunder-Devil King claimed the garden and sought to plant his own botanical items here. This is not brand new, so it is likely it was transplanted here from someplace else of his. I'd say it is only two weeks away from maturing, actually," Thorn Baron explained.

"Oooh, I should definitely drain it then." Han Sen had thought obtaining mutant class plants was great enough. He hadn't realized that he'd be able to nab some sacred-blood plants, as well.

Han Sen then asked Thorn Baron, "Hm, but is there anything special I should know about it?"

"If humans eat this plant, it will increase their sacred-blood geno points. If a spirit below royal class consumes it, it can increase the spirit's self geno points," Thorn Baron said, as she counted the orchids. "There are seven flowers here, so you can increase seven points."

"These things are that effective?" Han Sen looked at the orchids with shock.

Following that, he grabbed his red dagger and started digging around the orchid. When he was done, he picked the entire collection up.

Thorn Baron frowned and said, "This plant seems to have been damaged when it was transplanted here. How are you going to keep it alive, by digging it up again?"

"If I want it to live, it'll live." Han Sen lifted it up and gave it a waterdrop before pocketing it.

When Thorn Baron saw how rudely Han Sen was treating the flowers, she almost felt insulted. She didn't believe the plant would live following the mistreatment.

As this was all Han Sen's business, however, she held her tongue and did not mention her displeasure.

What lay ahead of Han Sen were mostly sacred-blood plants. Heaven knew how long they'd all take to mature, but Han Sen did not care. He unearthed each of them, ready to take them home.

Any plant that wasn't sacred-blood, though, he simply absorbed for waterdrops. When he was done, the garden was like a wasteland; it was a dead and depressing sight.

"This is..." Han Sen saw a mushroom growing at the foot of a tree.

The mushroom was large, its cap about the size of a human head. It was red, covered with the traditional white polka dots. Its smell was delightful.

Han Sen noticed how powerful it felt, and noted that its lifeforce was much greater than the sacred-blood plants that had previously populated the garden.

"Do you know what this plant is?" Han Sen asked, as he pointed towards the mushroom.

Thorn Baron's face changed, and she said, "This is a Flying Mushroom."

"A Flying Mushroom?" Han Sen frowned, none the wiser.

After a while spent examining the mushroom, Thorn Baron said, "Yes, it is a Flying Mushroom. I haven't the faintest clue who planted it here, though."

"Okay, but tell me what it does." Han Sen was annoyed at the lack of answers.

Han Sen had been using his dongxuan aura to hide the movements of the two in the garden, but by now, the garden was in ruin. If the guards turned to look at what had happened to the place, the intruders were sure to be in trouble.

"This is a super geno plant. If a royal spirit eats it, they can become a king spirit," Thorn Baron said, excitedly.

"Really?" Han Sen was delighted, so he quickly dug up the mushroom.

He was so quick, Thorn Baron was unable to stop him, but if he didn't take it now, others would eventually come for it.

Han Sen gave a waterdrop to the mushroom before packing it away

After that last item, the garden had been stripped. It was entirely empty.

It looked like a remnant of some decayed land. Aside from the Flying Mushroom and four sacred geno plants, the rest had been absorbed by Han Sen. He had netted twenty thousand waterdrops.

"I'd love to see the look on Thunder-Devil King's face tomorrow, when he goes for his next garden stroll." Han Sen laughed to himself and disappeared into the moonlit mountainsides.

Chapter 963: Relic

Chapter 963: Relic

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"D*mn The King! I'm going to kill him!" The next day, Thunder-Devil King's rage reached new heights. It was likely the entirety of Thorn Forest could hear his furious screams.

By now, Han Sen had already safely returned to the underground shelter. He grew the mushroom and his orchid in secret, behind his garden.

"Daddy! Daddy!" When Bao'er saw Han Sen return, she spared no time crawling towards him. She climbed up to his neck and gave him a kiss.

"Did you behave while I was gone?" Han Sen was happy.

"Yes," Bao'er said.

Han Sen brought her back with him to the palace. When he arrived, he was shocked to see that the place looked like a ruin. Trash was littered everywhere, and in the midst of it all was Zero, cleaning.

Many of the things Han Sen had brought back with him from the Alliance had been destroyed, including his softest mattress.

When Han Sen witnessed the sight, he asked Zero with much concern, "What happened here?"

Zero looked at Bao'er and said one word. "Her."

Bao'er kissed Han Sen's cheek and said, "I was good."

He had only been gone for two days, and yet, in that short amount of time she had managed to ruin the palace. If he had been gone any longer, he feared the entire shelter might have been destroyed.

"Just throw it all out. We'll go buy some new stuff." Han Sen took them both to the Alliance, so they could purchase replacement furniture and such.

They could have bought it all on Skynet, but by walking around the shops themselves, they could get a better look at the furniture and feel how solid each piece was.

Bao'er looked excited the entire time, while Zero was quiet and seemingly uninterested.

"Sir, this supermarket has a room for toddlers. Would you like to make use of it and leave your child there for the duration of your shopping trip?" One of the workers in the store stepped forward to ask Han Sen.

"No, that's okay." Although the room for kids was free, Han Sen had no idea what she would do in his absence. Without being under his watchful eye, she might destroy the room or even hurt the other babies.

They went over to where they sold mattresses and checked out the airbeds there. They were the easiest to carry and most suitable for life in the sanctuaries.

"Sir, this airbed uses the latest technology. It is very suitable for the skin of babies. Perhaps you should give it a try?" the salesman said.

"Um, no thank you." An image of Han Sen's old bed flashed through his mind, and knowing that the small child in his arms had caused the destruction, he wasn't willing to risk a repeat there in the store.

"It's okay. You won't be held accountable, even if there is damage," the salesman said, smiling.

After the second request, Han Sen cautiously placed Bao'er down on the airbed.

"Bao'er, is this good?" Han Sen asked.

She looked excited, and she brought her hands down on the bed gleefully.

Pang!

The airbed exploded before them, and Han Sen quickly pulled her back.

"Oh my God! Is your daughter okay? I'm so sorry for this!" the salesman apologized, as a manager approached them.

"We apologize for that, sir. Please be sure that we will pay the medical bills for any treatment your daughter needs," the manager said, with obvious concern.

"That's okay. How much is this bed? I'll buy it," Han Sen said, smiling.

The manager did not want Han Sen to pay anything, so they gave it to him for free and even provided him with a few lottery vouchers.

It was difficult to explain what had happened, so Han Sen did not argue and accepted all they offered him.

Han Sen did not want to use the vouchers, but the prizes attracted Bao'er. Many of the items that were up for grabs were toys.

"Han Sen!" When Han Sen entered the entertainment section, someone called out his name. He turned around and saw that it was his second uncle Han Lei.

Han Sen did not hate the Han family members, per se, but he was not fond of them either.

They hadn't done anything too despicable, and Han Sen had so many dangerous enemies that he didn't have time to waste on ill thoughts of the Han family, anyway.

Han Sen's father used to manage the family's company, but the company was owned exclusively by the other members of the family. Han Sen's father was given no shares of the business.

Strangely, they had no idea they owned it until after Han Sen's father died. And after the ordeal, they sold the company to Starry Group.

Han Sen's father used to say he and Han Sen owed the Han family, so Han Sen did not really have to hate them. Still, he preferred to treat them as strangers.

"Han Sen, are you buying stuff from here?" Han Lei looked on Han Sen with a slight awkwardness. This was probably due to how the man had mistreated Han Sen and his mother in the past. Now that Han Sen was famous, and had even managed to defeat a royal shura and become the president's son-in-law, they had been quite rightfully served humble pie.

If they had treated Han Sen better in the past, he could have helped them a great deal. Now, that was unlikely.

"I'm done, and I am gone," Han Sen said, and prepared to leave.

Although Han Sen didn't dwell on what had happened in the past, he still preferred having no contact with the Han family.

Han Lei said, "My brother left something in the company; if you want, I can give it to you."

"What is it?" Han Sen asked.

"Just some private belongings he left behind. Some clothing and communicators, things like that," Han Lei said.

"I'll claim them when you are free next." Han Sen could not be bothered asking why they had not mentioned this before, but the less talk, the better.

"I am free now. You should come over and take them." Han Lei smiled.

Chapter 964: Ancient Hall

Chapter 964: Ancient Hall

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen returned from Han Lei's house with a box of items.

While Han Sen was there, his uncle repeatedly mentioned his debts. Han Sen eventually gave him some money.

This was not him being nice, though. He wondered if there was something more of his father's that might have been hidden from him. Perhaps the gift of money would prompt his uncle to give it to him.

Back in his home, Han Sen started to dig through the wares. There were two jackets, documents, various tools, communicators, and a smartwatch datapad that was like a wrist-laptop.

After rummaging through the items, Han Sen ultimately came to the conclusion that there was nothing all that special. Most of the physical documents were work-related, so there was nothing revelatory amongst what he had received.

The datapad was forty years old, too, so that had almost zero monetary value at this point. But that wasn't where its worth would lie.

The datapad was the only thing that might harbor the sort of information he was looking for. Unfortunately, it was password-protected.

Han Sen decided to give Li Xing Lun a call, as he was the sort of fellow who could crack open encrypted computers and hack into all sorts of things.

"Easy peasy, lemon squeezy! I'll be done in ten seconds," Li Xing Lun said.

Li Xing Lun established a connection between the datapad and his PC remotely through Skynet. And almost immediately, it was unlocked. Three seconds later, though, the datapad exploded.

"Holy sh*t! What the h*ll?!" Li Xing Lun was frozen at the result.

"It's fine. It wasn't worth anything, anyway." Han Sen kept his smile, but in his chest was a mound of confusion.

"No; this is an A52 Smartwatch Datapad. Why would brute-forcing its password initiate a self-destruct? Let me get a closer look at that," Li Xing Lun said.

Han Sen opened it to nothing. All that remained was the black, smoldering remains of what it had been.

"Someone must have custom-rigged a self-destruct system inside it. Unlocking it caused the thing to blow up. I'm so sorry about this." Li Xing Lun was feeling guilty.

"That's okay. It's nothing important, anyway." Han Sen didn't blame him. It wasn't his fault, and no one could have expected such a system to be in-place.

This smartwatch-debacle just made Han Sen more suspicious about his father.

"The chip is not completely destroyed, though. Perhaps it would be possible for me to extract some data?" Li Xing Lun really wanted to help Han Sen, and he continued, "Don't go anywhere; I'm coming to see you. Maybe I can recover something!"

Han Sen wasn't the wisest when it came to technology. He only had the knowledge he had been taught in school. As a result, he didn't think data recovery would be possible in this case.

But Li Xing Lun was dexterous with technology, and Han Sen trusted him. If Li Xing Lun said some manner of recovery was possible, he thought there'd be no harm in allowing him to try.

Two days later, Li Xing Lun arrived at Planet Roca. He took out the chip and got to work.

Han Sen was quite surprised to see Li Xing Lun work on the remains of the datapad so intently, and he watched him work on it day and night for the next few days. Eventually, Li Xing Lun really did find something.

Of course, because it was damaged, the information was not complete. But still, there was one sentence of text that really made Han Sen frown.

"Entering Ancient Hall... practice blood... sutra..."

There were many words missing from the text, but this sentence was the easiest one to read.

"If I want to enter the Ancient Hall, do I need to practice Blood-Pulse Sutra? Is that what this is implying?" Han Sen's confusion was only becoming greater.

"I'm sorry, but this is all I could do for you." Li Xing Lun was still remorseful over blowing up the laptop. And he felt even worse, not being able to recover as much as he had hoped to.

"Don't worry; you've done enough. Thanks a lot for the help," Han Sen said.

Han Sen did not know why his father had left behind this datapad, but obviously, someone did not want Han Sen or anyone else finding out what was inside it.

After Li Xing Lun departed, Han Sen researched what he could about the existence of Ancient Hall. It was still just a myth, though. There was no factual evidence supporting its existence.

As a result, Han Sen was unable to find out much from humans. What he did find out, though, was where the myth of the Ancient Hall originated from.

It was from the shura. The myth said that the Ancient Hall was where the deities or gods of the shura resided. It was a forbidden place for the shura to go, and only their kings were able to visit there, sometime before their death.

It was like a tomb for the monarchs of the shura. If shura kings died outside the hall, they must be left where they were, as no else could enter the hall.

Of course, this information was only obtained from Skynet. And Han Sen could still not find any information on the Ancient Hall's whereabouts. But he did find two pieces of information on the hall's architecture; it was said to be a palace built from stone, and outside it stood a shura statue.

Han Sen was unsure whether or not the Ancient Hall in the extracted data was the one associated with the shura, though. Something could have been lost in translation, and there was no way for him to know for sure.

"But if these two Ancient Halls are indeed the same, why would my father have an association with it?" Han Sen, once again, was confused.

He knew he himself was a human, but there was one person who he wasn't quite sure about.

If his great-grandfather was Han Jingzhi, and if Zero's identity had something to do with Blood Legion, things could become muddy.

"What happened to the Han family, in the past?" Han Sen destroyed the rest of the chip, so no one else could ever read what was written.

He was not strong enough to investigate these matters alone, and there still wasn't enough to go on. But once he had the appropriate leads, and his power had grown, he'd follow it through to the end. But whatever happened, he still acknowledged he couldn't let himself get too deep into these affairs. He might eventually find himself unable to return.

Chapter 965: Injured White Bear

Chapter 965: Injured White Bear

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Back in the underground shelter, Han Sen called for Moment Queen to retrieve the Dragon-Blood Snake and go out hunting on his behalf.

Although she did not want to do this, she acknowledged it was about time she did something for him. It had been a while, after all.

As Moment Queen left, Han Sen entered the spirit base so he could start gathering more geno points.

But he was rank number one in the second spirit base, and as a result, he was unable to challenge anyone.

All he could do was wait for other spirits to offer up their genes. King spirits still harbored a grudge against him, though; as a result, they were the only genes he could not collect.

"The King, my eyes can greet your splendor once again!" Han Sen suddenly saw a huge spirit bowing before him.

"It is you, Flaming Giant." Flaming Giant was the first spirit Han Sen ever encountered, back in the first spirit base.

"My King, on the floating islands, Space-Splitter King has proclaimed you are nothing but a wimp. He said he can instant-kill you, and he wants you to go and fight him." Flaming Giant was a hulking beast of a spirit, but he was as nosy and gossipy as an old woman.

"If he's that confident, then why doesn't he come to me while I'm here in the spirit base?" Han Sen said.

Flaming Giant said, "Didn't you know he's currently in the third spirit base?"

"I don't really pay heed to those who are unworthy," Han Sen said.

Flaming Giant was exuberant with joy, and his adoration of Han Sen had not lessened a single bit. But he warned, "You are very powerful, but Space-Splitter King has always been a bit of a boaster. With his constant trash-talking of you, it may lead other spirits to believe you are merely afraid of him, if you do not challenge him soon."

Han Sen asked, "What element does he align with?"

"I have heard he possesses the powers of space, and with it, he can tear through the fabric of our dimension. He has beaten everyone that is around the same level as himself," Flaming Giant explained.

"Well, when I reach the third spirit base, I'll be sure to deal with him," Han Sen said.

Han Sen really wanted to kill Space-Splitter King for the geno points he could provide, but outside of the spirit base, he had no idea where that spirit might be found.

He wished to extract more information from Flaming Giant, but he was startled by Zero. She was knocking on his statue, so he exited the spirit base to see what was up.

When he emerged, she was pointing to the other end of the hall. She said, "Someone is here."

When Han Sen departed the hall, he saw Old Huang. He was yelling.

"Old Huang, what's going on?" Han Sen asked, as he stepped outside the hall.

"Chenzhang and a few others left to slay iron bugs. But they have become trapped!" Old Huang said.

"Didn't I tell you guys not to wander off too far?" Han Sen frowned.

"They made a mistake. Can you please go and save them?" Old Huang pleaded desperately.

Han Sen went to visit the survivor of the ordeal, who had returned to inform them of what had happened. The man said, "Six of us departed in a bid to hunt and replenish our pantries. On our expedition, we encountered an injured creature unlike what we usually choose to be our prey. We decided to engage it. Unfortunately, its injuries had not slowed it down as much as we'd hoped, and it ran off really fast. We chased it for a while, and before long, we were far deeper inside the forest than we ever thought of actually going."

The surpasser looked terrified, and after a pause to gather his composure, said, "The forest came alive. The vines and their thorns worked to capture my friends. I was at the back of the group, and after witnessing what was happening to my compatriots ahead, I turned to flee and successfully escaped. As I ran, I was able to observe the manner of vines that had captured my friends. They were different and strange. And shortly after being captured, my friends passed out."

After Han Sen heard the tale, he told him, "Take me out there, so I can get a good look."

"I'm coming with you," Old Huang said.

"No. The greater the number, the greater the possibility of accidents. Let me head out there first and scope out this incident." After Han Sen finished, he mounted Little Wind and immediately took off with the survivor.

At about the halfway point of their supposed journey, the man called out, "Ah, look! That is the creature we sought to hunt."

Han Sen looked to where he gestured, and he saw a creature lying in the bushes.

It was a bear, covered in white fur. It was small, and its underside had been badly injured.

Shortly after Han Sen looked its way, the beast became aware of Han Sen's presence. It took off at great speed, but it left a trail of blood.

"Is it going off in the direction Chenzhang and the others became trapped?" Han Sen asked.

"Yes, actually," Li Yutian confirmed.

"Let's go." Han Sen hurried Little Wind to chase after the injured bear.

Others might have believed the white bear was an injured creature, fleeing those it feared might take advantage of its condition. But this wasn't the truth, and Han Sen was able to discern this through an observation of its lifeforce. It was incredibly lively.

The bear was only luring them in that direction, in a cunning method of obtaining food, most likely.

Han Sen kept chasing the cub, and as he went, he said, "Tell me when we near that portion of the forest."

But as they ran, vines emerged from the earth like snakes. They attempted to tie them up.

Han Sen's right hand unsheathed his Taia sword immediately, and with a black flame wreathing it, he hewed the vines that were closest to him.

Roar!

They heard a scream from someplace, and as it sounded, the ground began to tremble. More and more vines broke through the earth, lashing wildly to trash the forest around them.

Chapter 966: Ability to Control Bugs

Chapter 966: Ability to Control Bugs

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Oh my God! What is this monster?" Li Yutian was shocked.

A giant bug, as big as a bus, shout out from beneath the earth. Its tentacles looked like discolored versions of the vines of the forest, laden with lethal thorns. After Han Sen sliced one of its lecherous appendages, the foe was enraged. It charged at Han Sen in a frenzy.

The white bear stood atop the bug's head. It no longer feigned being injured, and it now revealed its true state. It was excited over the distress it had caused the two that had followed it.

Han Sen looked at the bug and the bear and was surprised. He never expected to see two wholly different species hunt together in this fashion.

"You go first!" Han Sen commanded. With Taia clenched firmly in his hand, he moved to attack the bear first.

The cub ordered the bug to use its tentacles to ensnare Han Sen.

But nothing could stop Han Sen's assault, as he sliced and diced his way through the tentacles that sought to capture or slow him. When nothing stood between him and the cub, Han Sen swung Taia with great ferocity. The speed and power was unleashed in the form of visible wind, shaped to the blade that cast it.

The cocky bear was taken aback by the human's formidability. Not hanging around, he leapt off of the thorn bug.

The bug was indeed the unluckiest of the two, thus far. After what it had already incurred, the windblade sliced through its body and cut the creature in two. Shortly after, black fire blazed across its dying, twitching pieces.

"Mutant Creature Thorn Bug killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Han Sen was surprised at the power he had managed to unleash with Taia and Phoenix.

But that surprise quickly turned to moderate frustration. The flames that enveloped the bug were so strong, they charred the corpse until it was inedible.

The cub was frightened by what he saw, and quickly fled the scene into the tangled depths of Thorn Forest.

"I think Chenzhang is most likely dead. Go back and report what happened; I'll give chase to that bear." Without waiting around, Han Sen took off after his target.

The cub did not stop running for one second. As it went, a light appeared from somewhere in its body. After a short while, a buzz was heard, and then a number of bugs swarmed to attack Han Sen.

"This guy can control bugs?" Han Sen was pretty surprised by this revelation. Still, the horde of pests that flew towards him did not delay his pursuit. With Taia in hand, he effortlessly carved his way through the lot, until only a smoldering mound of fly-corpses remained on the forest floor. He swiftly left it behind.

The bugs he had killed were primitive class. As soon as they came into contact with Han Sen's Phoenix flame, they were instantly incinerated.

Han Sen, at top speed, was a little faster than the cub.

This fact and the powers he had wielded undoubtedly scared the bear, as it kept looking back as it ran. It had certainly gotten more than it had bargained for when it tried to trick Han Sen.

But the bear surprised Han Sen, too. The creature wasn't as weak or as simple as he had initially assumed it to be. If it was a mutant creature, it must have many of its gene locks open, at the very least.

Strangely, though, all it did was run. It did not seem as if it wished to fight.

"Is this guy actually weak, and using others is all it can do to survive?" Han Sen guessed.

Still, Han Sen wanted it dead, no matter the cost. And vengeance aside, there was always the chance he could net himself a new and rare beast soul.

Before long, he caught up with the cub and was directly behind the fleeing beast. As Han Sen lifted his sword and brought it down low, the bear did not react. All it did was continue to run as fast as it could. And when the sword made contact with the bear, it carved a cleft into its furry backside. In a flash, its buttocks burst into flames.

The bear squealed and came to a crashing halt on the ground. Upon the spoiled, upturned soil of the forest floor, the bear rolled and writhed around in agony, attempting to suppress the flames that gnawed and obliterated his bum.

Han Sen prepared to slash it one final time and bring an end to the beast, but all of a sudden, it jumped up and started kowtowing to Han Sen in a plea for mercy.

"D*mn, this bear really is a wimp." Han Sen looked at it, as it continued kowtowing.

It was easy to pity the thing, and all of a sudden, it did not look like a murderous, fleeing beast. It actually looked harmless.

Suddenly, however, the bushes nearby quivered and shook. A pitch-black, two-tailed scorpion came rampaging through.

The scorpion was as big and intimidating as a tank. The tails were ten-meters long each, and their ends were incredibly sharp.

After a brief moment, the color of black faded to a blue, almost aquatic glow. If you were to suffer a sting from one of its wretched tails, you would assuredly not survive.

At this moment, the bear Han Sen was taking pity on stopped kowtowing. It leapt atop the scorpion's head, as a boastful grin returned to dress its face.

"D*mn, son. This creature is a coward of legendary proportions." As he thought this, the scorpion's stingers swiftly raised up, then flew towards Han Sen's chest.

Han Sen whipped up a quick storm of black fire and blew it towards the scorpion's stingers. Much to his surprise, it dealt no damage.

With haste, Han Sen activated his dongxuan aura and used it to dodge the stinger he hadn't been able to stop.

The scorpion struck with two tails, and their rapid jabs came thick and fast. Although he was able to dodge each attack, he was unable to get a hit of his own in.

The cub was jumping in glee atop the scorpion. It was unbelievably cocky, and it most certainly wanted to see Han Sen dead.

"This thing is weird. The scorpion should be sacred-blood level, as my fire was unable to deal it damage. But the cub, it must be a mutant class. And yet, if that is so, how is it able to control the mind of a sacred-blood creature?" Han Sen wondered.

Chapter 967: Cocky Little Bear

Chapter 967: Cocky Little Bear

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen's fitness level was just over a thousand. Compared to sacred-blood creatures, which had fitness levels of over two thousand, it was not difficult to understand why slaying such beasts was a trying task.

Han Sen could only use dongxuan movements to help him evade the onslaught of attacks that came his way.

The scorpion's fitness level was practically double Han Sen's, so his ability to threaten the monster was almost non-existent. If his dexterity wasn't so high, and he couldn't dodge with such great skill, he'd have been killed with ease.

The scorpion had opened six of its gene locks, so it was incredibly unlikely that Han Sen could beat it.

Han Sen just thought it was fortunate that the scorpion lacked AOE skills. Had it learnt such attacks, the only thing he could have done was run away.

Roar! The bear was still stood proudly atop the scorpion. Its roar was as if it was saying, "Come fight me!"

Amidst the barrage of pincer-strikes Han Sen was narrowly avoiding, he caught sight of the bear's smug face. It was at this moment Han Sen's body exuded a frightening aura.

A white light burst out of him, and it turned him into a bright, holy figure of resplendent light. In this grossly incandescent form, a terrifying power thundered.

Boom!

Han Sen evaded the scorpion's next attack and set his sights on the white bear.

Not expecting the sudden outburst, the creature terrified. It desired to run.

But Han Sen wasn't having it. With his sun-like fist of pure, unbridled power, he threw his knuckles at the bear. When the punch found its target, the bear was sent skimming across the coarse forest floor. It was unable to get up.

Han Sen grabbed the white bear like a hunter grabbing a dead squirrel. With another evasive maneuver around the attacks of the scorpion, Han Sen took off flying into the air.

The three seconds of super king spirit mode came to an end, and with the bear still firmly in his hands, Han Sen made an airborne return.

Thankfully, despite its strength, the scorpion lacked the ability of flight. All it could do was hiss menacingly at Han Sen as it watched him go.

"Where did that smug little bear go, huh? Where's that cockiness now? Come on, show me!" When Han Sen arrived back at the shelter, he rudely tossed the bear on the ground.

Grrr! Grrr! The white bear was not as remorseful as Han Sen expected, and rather than beg for mercy, it threatened Han Sen with growls.

"Ah, that's how you want to play it? Let's see what you're made of, then!" Han Sen brought out Taia in an effort to kill it.

But suddenly, the white bear drew out its claws and scratched itself. Blood dribbled down from its body.

Han Sen was surprised by this, unsure of what it was planning to do.

Suddenly, Han Sen felt the forest above tremble as if there was an earthquake. Countless bugs were now swarming towards the shelter, like an aftershock tsunami.

The bugs could smell the bear's blood, and they were each brave enough to come in. At the sight of the legion of bugs that now assaulted their shelter, the humans around were afraid, and they scrambled to different corners of the shelter in panic and disarray.

"Get to safety inside the shelter!" Han Sen called out. He grabbed the bear and fell back, further in.

There were too many bugs to count, and they were all at least mutant class. If it had just been a few, it would have been fine, but now, it was a different ball game.

The bugs came for the bear, and their numbers continued to grow. They fought and clawed their way through their brethren in an attempt to get to him.

Grrr! The white bear was being provocative, and it seemed to be telling Han Sen that he should have let it go.

"You're dead meat! No bug can help you; not a single one." Han Sen grabbed the white bear by the neck again and retreated deeper within.

This enraged the bear, and so it dragged its paw along its flesh again. After this new self-inflicted lesion, the blood drove the bugs into an even greater frenzy.

The bugs were everywhere, and they choked the air and sky.

Han Sen then decided to head to the entrance of the shelter, afraid the bugs would continue their assault until they destroyed the underground realm. Ruin to his shelter was the one thing he could not afford.

And even if the shelter and the monumental tree above were not destroyed, if many bugs were left to invade the shelter, they'd undoubtedly slay the people that had moved-in to live there.

Grabbing the bear as roughly as he could, Han Sen ran outside and into the forest. The bugs did not relent in their crazed swarming.

Grrr! The bear growled and growled, but that's all it would do. It was furious at its mistreatment.

But despite this, Han Sen did not dare hurt the bear at this point in time. The more damaged the bear was and the more it bled, the more rabid the native bugs would become.

Unfortunately for Han Sen, this trial was far from over. Before long, he saw the scorpion coming his way, wishing to rejoin the fray.

With the situation as messed up as it was, all he wanted to do now was quickly kill the bear and discard its corpse there in the forest so he could run home.

He'd most likely be able to get away, but he wanted to do this only as an absolute last resort. There'd be no benefit for him in simply killing the bear.

But more and more bugs came, with many of them being sacred-blood class. They were getting frighteningly close.

As Han Sen wondered whether or not he should have killed the bear, a familiar voice rang out.

“Daddy! Daddy!”

Han Sen looked back, and he saw Bao'er sucking an empty bottle as she crawled towards him.

“Why are you here?” Han Sen picked Bao'er up.

“I want milk.” Bao'er shook the bottle she had been sucking on, indicating its empty condition.

Roar! Roar! Seeing the vast swathes of bugs continuing to join the pursuit, the bear made more threatening noises.

Pang!

Bao'er had gotten annoyed, and so she kicked the bear in its face. The power in that kick was a struggle to believe, as blood suddenly spewed out from the bear's face. The head's structure was disfigured and crooked, and the teeth were knocked out. They scattered across the forest floor like loose change.

But when the bugs smelled the bear's blood, the creatures merely screamed, squealed, and raged even more.

“Ah!”

Bao'er was furious. The insects were keeping her from receiving milk, and this displeased her a great amount. Then, she pulled out a small gourd and shouted at the bugs that cloaked the surroundings in their ravenous numbers.

Chapter 968: Gourd Absorb

Chapter 968: Gourd Absorb

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Bao'er clutched her gourd tightly, and from the tip of it, a black hole formed.

The atmosphere around it broke, and in that space, the very composition of the dimension fragmented. And then, from all around, everything began to be sucked into it.

Han Sen was frozen at the sight, watching the dark, swirling vortex suck in all the bugs like a hyperdrive de-humidifier.

The gourd was small enough to fit neatly inside Bao'er's hands. As a result, the gourd was far smaller than the bugs.

And yet, it effortlessly vacuumed-in each and every one of the creatures. Even the tank-like scorpion was dragged through the black hole at the mini-gourd's tip.

Han Sen could hardly believe it, even watching the sacred-blood creatures be sucked inside the gourd.

The gourd had to be some sort of bottomless well. Despite the countless creatures it had absorbed, there was no indication of it filling up. It was as if a pocket of endless space resided within it, and it could collect all that it sought to.

Pat!

Soon after, the bugs were all gone, and an unnerving silence returned to the tangled woodland. And then, just as quickly as it first appeared, the gourd disappeared.

Bao'er, empty bottle in hand, said, "I want milk."

“Okay. I’ll get you the best organic milk I can find,” Han Sen said, smiling.

With Bao’er there, no one could dare mess with him.

After bringing Bao’er back to the shelter, Han Sen filled up her bottle with milk. And calmly, she suckled its rubber end in delight.

“Bao’er, where is your gourd?” Han Sen asked.

Bao’er looked at Han Sen with moderate confusion.

“You know, the gourd that absorbed all those bugs.” When she still didn’t seem to understand, Han Sen presented her with a drawing of a gourd.

Bao’er, now understanding, said, “It’s mine.”

Han Sen quickly replied, “Oh, I know that. Don’t worry; Daddy knows it’s yours. But I’m just wondering... can Daddy borrow it for a time?”

“Okay. I can give it to Daddy.” Bao’er clapped her hands and the gourd appeared before her. Then she passed it to Han Sen.

“Good girl!” Han Sen accepted the gourd and simulated Bao’er’s energy flow. He aimed it at the bear that had brought him so much trouble and yelled, “Absorb!”

The white bear p*ssed itself, but strangely, the gourd did not produce a black hole.

“Suck! Suck! Suck!” Han Sen yelled, three times. But still, nothing happened.

The white bear was frightened with each call, and when Han Sen started yelling, the bear passed out due to the overwhelming fear of imminent death.

It was like a prisoner who was to be executed at a firing range, but all the guns had jammed three times.

“Why is it not working?” Han Sen asked, bringing the gourd back over to Bao’er. “How can I make it absorb stuff, just like you do?”

Bao’er looked confused, not sure what Han Sen was suggesting.

Han Sen tried to explain it in greater detail, but she was evidently too young to understand.

“Can we release the bugs that are inside, maybe?” Han Sen had an idea, regarding the bugs that had been sucked inside.

There were a few sacred-blood class creatures inside, so releasing them one by one could let him obtain quite a few sacred-blood geno points.

But unfortunately, Bao’er could not understand this suggestion, either. In response to this, Han Sen tapped the gourd on its head and said, “The bugs... the bugs...”

Bao’er smiled and then grabbed the gourd. He thought she had understood, but instead, she tapped the gourd on its head and made it disappear.

“Ugh, I need help. I better enroll in some baby-language academy.” Han Sen felt incredibly disheartened.

Since he could not speak to Bao’er properly and make her understand him, Han Sen planned to kill the bear the old-fashioned way.

As Han Sen approached it, though, the bear leapt up and began another act of kowtowing.

“It’s too late for that; you’ve already done this once.” Just as Han Sen prepared to finish the bear off, Bao’er started laughing and clapping.

The bear saw Bao’er’s happiness and did a handstand for her. Then it did a strange performance, using its tongue to jump and hop in the air. Bao’er laughed with exuberant glee.

“He is smart.” Han Sen was surprised.

The bear, seeing her so happy, crawled near her and tried to lick her feet.

But Bao'er thought it was too dirty, which soured her mood. She slapped the bear, which sent the furry felon flying into a nearby wall with a crash.

“Ha!” Han Sen then wondered whether or not if he should give the bear an extra chance, if it committed itself to pleasing and providing Bao'er company.

If it would change its ways and do this, he'd allow it to live as a toy for Bao'er. Also, it could provide Han Sen some blood every now and then to attract bugs and make hunts simpler.

The bear survived its latest wallop, but its nightmare had only just begun.

Han Sen watched the bear and allowed it to remain near Bao'er's side.

Over time, he'd occasionally hear the bear scream in agony, following a loud thud.

The people in the east would always hear these screams, and they started murmuring amongst themselves about what it could have been. Many were in the belief that Han Sen had a secret hobby of torturing animals.

By the end of each day, the bear was injured and could hardly even move. It thought it could rest, but such wishes were flickers of its naivety.

At night, Han Sen used his holy light to heal the creature. And the day after, it'd be sent right back to Bao'er for play.

The bear needed to allow Bao'er to bully it, for that was the only way to keep her happy. And every now and again, Han Sen would come to draw its blood. It felt as if it had been robbed of its bear-necessities, and its life as a free-bear was over.

Chapter 969: One in a Ten Million Chance

Chapter 969: One in a Ten Million Chance

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

As the days went by, the purple orchid matured. Its flowers spread open like purple butterflies, and they released a most glorious scent.

Thorn Baron confirmed that they were mature, and so Han Sen promptly put one in his mouth. An incredibly sweet nectar bathed his tongue in delightful ecstasy.

“Sacred-Blood Purple-Butterfly Orchid Consumed: Sacred-Blood Geno Points +1.”

Han Sen was more than ecstatic, so he collected the rest and stuffed his mouth with them. By the time he was done, he had obtained seven geno points.

Thorn Baron looked at the plants with shock, almost unable to fathom how the plants had all survived their uprooting from the garden.

She found it even more difficult to believe how healthy the Flying Mushroom had become, and how it was actually growing bigger.

“How did you make this thing grow?” Thorn Baron asked.

“Oh, it’s just a little something that is derived from human knowledge. But tell me, what are the chances a royal spirit will become a king spirit following the consumption of this mushroom?” Han Sen enquired.

“It is somewhere in the realm of one to ten million,” Thorn Baron answered.

“You might as well have just told me there’s zero chance.” Han Sen frowned.

“Even king spirit parents are not guaranteed to have a baby king spirit offspring. Believe it or not, these chances are actually decent,” Thorn Baron said.

“You are a royal spirit, but you should have the genes of a king spirit. Will you have a higher chance of becoming a king spirit?” Han Sen asked.

“Are you suggesting you might give it to me?” Thorn Baron asked, with a sudden perking of her mood.

“Yes. There isn’t much point in me keeping it,” Han Sen coldly said.

Han Sen wanted to give it to the spirit with the greatest chance, and he thought Thorn Baron would be the best choice.

“I’m not sure the chance would increase, though.” Thorn Baron sighed.

“Well, we’ll wait and see. There’s still a while to go before it has fully matured.” Han Sen quite liked her, and she had always been honest. That was a big plus in his books.

Moment Queen returned from her hunt with Dragon-Blood Snake. They brought the carcasses of six mutant class creatures back with them, which, after consumption, provided Han Sen an additional thirty-five mutant geno points.

Han Sen allowed Moment Queen to remain in the shelter after that, and he himself went out to hunt next. Bao’er’s gourd was good, but the creatures it absorbed seemed to disappear forever. Because of that, he did not take her with him.

The white bear was still accompanying Bao’er on a day-to-day basis, and he had swiftly become her favorite toy.

Han Sen took a vial of the bear’s blood with him, in case he need it later for the hunt.

Han Sen had long since stopped the movement of the shelter, which allowed the people to become familiar with the surrounding terrain.

And on this hunt, Han Sen decided to head west.

There weren't many insects left in the vicinity, due to Bao'er's gourd absorbing much of the population. To find more, he had to walk an additional fifty miles.

To make the traversal easier, Han Sen rode his Dragon-Blood Snake. And soon after the fifty-mile mark, he did indeed start to stumble across creatures.

The first thing he found was a Tank Ant nest. He stopped right next to it.

Han Sen took out a metal straw and placed it on the corpse of a dead iron bug. Then he went into hiding.

Not long after, a few Tank Ants came marching out of their nest.

Their names were quite misleading, as "Tank Ant" belied their relatively frail nature. They were red, and they were about the size of an average fist. Their shells were tough, but that was just part of dealing with ants. But regardless, they waltzed out and went straight up to the iron-bug bait.

Han Sen did not use much blood, so it was only enough to attract a few ants. This was exactly what he desired, and after the ants had arrived at the dead bug, Han Sen loosed an arrow at one of the suckers.

Pat!

The flaming arrow tore right through the body of the targeted Tank Ant.

"Mutant Creature Hunted Tank Ant killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

The Tank Ants had come out of their hole one-by-one, in single file.

Han Sen did not decide to hunt these Tank Ants because they could provide him with decent beast souls.

He hunted them because of their nature. They always lived together, and what's more, most of the ants inside that particular ant hill were mutant class.

They were so small, Han Sen would be able to eat them quickly and increase his mutant geno point tally at a rapid pace.

The Tank Ants were very dumb, too. Even if the ants ahead of them had been killed, they fearlessly continued their single-file march.

Han Sen was overjoyed, being able to kill them in such a hassle-free manner.

It was an easy task, overall, and their mindlessness made it a simple affair.

The strongest Tank Ant Han Sen detected had only opened three of its gene locks. But with its waist as a weakness like all the rest, it was still incredibly easy to kill.

After killing twenty of them, Han Sen received a beast soul.

Eventually, though, the smell of blood faded. And when it had all disappeared, no more ants came to the surface.

Picking up the bodies of the ones he had slain, Han Sen removed their shells and built a campfire in which he could cook them.

"Ah, this is good." Han Sen ate one and found that it tasted wonderful. The meat was crisp and surprisingly sweet.

"Mutant Tank Ant Consumed, Mutant Geno Points +1."

"Just a little salt is all that's needed for this delicious meat." As Han Sen ate, though, he felt something was amiss. He was unnerved, and so he turned to scan the environment around him. Then, he caught sight of two red eyes staring at him from a nearby bush.

Quickly, he became alert. With his skills and experience, Han Sen should have known something was watching him far sooner. Whatever was watching him, it wasn't any old creature.

Chapter 970: Red-Eye Rabbit

Chapter 970: Red-Eye Rabbit

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Rustle. Rustle. Rustle.

As the bushes rustled, a white shadow leapt out.

Han Sen was frozen. From the red eyes, he believed a horrid monster had been watching him. But that wasn't the case at all; all that emerged was a white rabbit. Aside from its ruby eyes, it mostly looked like an ordinary rabbit... save for it being about three-feet-tall. It was like an oversized teddy bear.

Still, Han Sen knew not to drop his guard. He had seen many cute creatures in the past, ones that had turned out to be cruel, vile, and terrible beings that only sought to do him harm.

Han Sen could tell that it was a mutant creature. How many gene locks it had opened, however, he hadn't a clue.

Han Sen's fitness had yet to reach even the heights of his Dragon-Blood Snake. To compete with this rabbit, he knew he'd have to rely on his super king spirit mode.

The rabbit used its hind feet to jump over to Han Sen, and Han Sen immediately readied himself to summon the Dragon-Blood Snake.

But curiously, the red-eye rabbit only nabbed the food Han Sen had been cooking. It opened its mouth and began gnawing and nibbling on whatever it could get.

Han Sen then thought to himself, “How dare you eat my meat! And on that note, when in the sanctuaries did rabbits decide to start eating meat?! And you’re only a lowly mutant creature; how dare you.”

The rabbit’s actions infuriated Han Sen, and he quickly turned his fist into a fiery phoenix. Without delay, he swung it towards the mischievous critter.

Pang!

The rabbit seemed to have an aura of protection around it, like a crystal-casing that was invisible to the naked eye.

When the phoenix flame came into contact with it, the fire spread out everywhere, all along the orbish-aura. Not a single hair of the rabbit was singed.

Han Sen was shocked. He was incredibly strong when it came to the use of fire, so he was taken aback to learn that he could not shatter its protection.

He sat up again, and saw that the rabbit was totally unfazed by what Han Sen had attempted to do. Because of its lack of concern, it continued eating the food Han Sen had worked for. And for this, his anger only increased.

“You bastard!” Han Sen’s body became entwined in a black flame. Repeatedly, he punched the glass-like casing that protected the rabbit from harm.

Multiple phoenix’s shattered against the protective casing that housed the rabbit, but it was all in vain. The ground around the rabbit was somewhat sunken, due to the deflection of fire, but this charred, upturned soil was the only result Han Sen was achieving.

Han Sen’s shock continued to heighten. He thought to himself, “Has this thing opened six gene locks, as well?”

The red-eye rabbit continued to nibble the food without interruption, but at this point, Han Sen realized there was something very wrong with it.

The glassy-aura that protected it was entirely transparent, but if you looked closely on the side, you could see a layer of shimmering light.

It was kind of like a halo, and Han Sen counted seven of them. That must have meant the rabbit had opened seven gene locks.

“Is it a sacred-blood creature?” While this might have been so, Han Sen had sensed that it was weaker than a sacred-blood creature.

The rabbit was clearly an enigma, and so Han Sen decided to lay off the punching for a bit and contemplate the curiosity that was stealing all his food. Without knowing how strong it was, and whether or not it might turn hostile, he knew he had to calm down somewhat.

All Han Sen had seen of its power was the protective shield it possessed, and yet he was already amazed by the strength of it. It'd be foolish to push the creature further.

Not willing to punch the rabbit anymore, Han Sen could not do much of anything. He stepped back and merely gave it a stern look.

Survival of the fittest was the number one rule when it came to life in the sanctuaries. The rabbit was clearly the fitter one between them, so there was nothing Han Sen could do to prevent it from taking his food.

Han Sen decided to walk the perimeter and scope out whether or not there were other creatures nearby.

After traveling briefly, he stumbled across a canyon. He was at the top, and when he leaned over to take a peak, he saw many more red-eye rabbits.

“Why are there so many of them?” If all of them were sacred-blood class, the power they'd have was sure to be insane.

Using his dongxuan aura, though, he was able to determine that they weren't sacred-blood creatures. In fact, they were quite weak.

They must have been the weakest critters Han Sen had ever seen during his time in the Third God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen believed their fitness had only reached three hundred, or thereabouts. Whilst they might have dominated the Second God's Sanctuary, here, they were nothing but creatures of prey.

“No way! Even if my food thief is a rabbit king, there can't be such a clear difference in strength between it and its kin. Can such weaklings have a sacred-blood king?” Han Sen snuck down the ravine to get a closer look, as he mulled the strange scenario.

He did not alert the rabbits; he merely walked down and observed.

The red-eye rabbits there were far smaller than the one that had stolen his food. In fact, they looked like regular rabbits you'd see scurrying about farmlands. They did not look like creatures hailing from such a dangerous sanctuary.

Han Sen walked an additional ten miles, following his descent. The number of rabbits was incredible, and he had easily seen a thousand of them in that time. And not a single one of them was hostile, or even of primitive class.

Han Sen did not believe they could hide the truth about their energy flow, so he decided to attack one rabbit with all his might.

This rabbit also had an invisible barrier of protection. But this rabbit was weaker, and Han Sen was able to break through the forcefield and kill it.

“Ordinary Creature Red-Eye Rabbit killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten ordinary geno points randomly.”

Chapter 971 - Mutant Sabertooth Bee

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

“Hmm, so it is an ordinary creature.” Han Sen frowned even more.

The Red-Eye Rabbits around him were all ordinary, which meant their boss could be no greater than primitive. But the thieving Red-Eye Rabbit Han Sen had first encountered had opened seven of its gene locks.

Ordinary creatures were now useless to Han Sen, so he didn't harm any others in the valley and simply kept on traveling.

He occasionally bumped into other creatures, but they were nothing he needed to hunt.

After another fifty miles of travel, he no longer saw any more of the rabbits. Still, that first Red-Eye Rabbit continued to concern him.

Exiting the valley, he proceeded to ascend the slopes of a mountain. There, Han Sen stumbled across a mutant creature he could hunt. From a cliffside wall hung a large beehive. The occupants of the hive were bigger than average bees, approximately the size of pigeons.

Han Sen was already aware of the existence of this creature, and knew that it was called a Sabertooth Bee. They were venomous, but they were usually only primitive in class. That being said, mutant ones did occasionally exist.

And of course, that was Han Sen's intended target. Their form and their weakness made them an ideal target for him to hunt.

Han Sen had brought with him the corpse of the Red-Eye Rabbit he had slain. He laid it out on the grass, peppered it with some of the white bear's blood, and left it there while he went off to hide.

The bees soon became aware of the liquid. In response, swarms of the insects exited the beehive in haste, all of them seeking the source of the smell that had ensnared their attention. There must have been at least three hundred of them.

Han Sen drew his bow, nocked an arrow, pulled the string, and readied himself to fire an arrow at any mutant ones that appeared.

They were quick little blighters, and their eyesight was good. Hitting them from such a distance was no small feat.

If they were aware of an arrow headed their way, they'd have no trouble avoiding it. And following the first miss, they'd remain alert. Any further shots would also result in misses.

Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to mask his presence so the bees would be unable to detect him. This increased his chances of successfully performing the stealth kills he wanted to.

After gauging the scene for a while, Han Sen found the ideal opening for an attack. He fired the arrow, which silently ended the existence of one Sabertooth Bee.

“Mutant Creature Sabertooth Bee killed. The beast soul has been acquired. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly.”

Han Sen was delighted to receive a beast soul on the first kill.

Without waiting, he took a look at its features. The beast soul turned out to be an arrow type.

“Oooh, I can finally replace the arrows I've been using.” Han Sen hadn't been impressed with the power of his Flaming Arrow for a long time, so he was pleasantly surprised to find a mutant beast soul replacement.

Han Sen summoned it, and he liked its look. It was white and serrated, not unlike the vicious teeth of the creature it had come from. The tip of the arrow was hooked like the saberteeth the bees possessed, as well. It was a spooky-looking arrow, for sure.

“Nice arrow,” Han Sen thought, as he fiddled with it.

Either the bees weren’t very smart, or they were too fixated on the blood Han Sen had lured them out with, but none of the other bees cared that their bee-friend had been murdered.

Not wanting to waste a chance to score one more, Han Sen decided to take out another mutant bee. This time, he was going to use his sabertooth arrow. After lining up the shot, he released the string.

The arrow pierced through his desired target effortlessly.

After re-summoning the arrow, Han Sen fired again. By the time the blood smell had finally gone away, Han Sen had killed an additional six.

Ensuring his presence had been masked, there was nothing he had to worry about. Still uncaring for their fallen bee-compatriots, the rest of the bees returned to their hive.

Han Sen emerged from where he was hiding and collected his kills. Then he sprinkled a few more droplets of blood on the carcass of the rabbit to lure out more. Before the bees returned, he went back into hiding.

By the time he was done with the bees, Han Sen had slain sixteen of them. He was also able to obtain another sabertooth arrow.

“Awesome!” Without any more mutant bees for him to hunt, he decided to stop and move on.

Han Sen took the bear's blood frequently, and every time he did so, he was met with high-pitched squeals and screams. To extract the amount he needed, he always had to have Bao'er near him.

For some reason, the white bear was extremely frightened by Bao'er.

Han Sen left the mountainsides on which he had hunted the bees, and then decided to have a cookout with his latest kills.

The taste of the Sabertooth Bees was different than the taste of the Tank Ants. The flavors were very wild and unappetizing, so Han Sen had to spruce the taste up himself.

Han Sen added a variety of his favorite spices to the insects he roasted, and after sinking his teeth into their meat, his tongue was met with a smorgasbord of delicious tastes. It was exquisite.

“Mutant Class Sabertooth Bee Consumed: Mutant Geno Points +1.”

“Cool. The only thing that would make this cookout better would be a case of chilled beer.” Han Sen munched and crunched his way through the bees he had harvested. Their skin was crispy and their bodies were without bones, and it was a feast he was happy to relish in.

But then, Han Sen suddenly saw a white shadow emerge from the bushes. It wasted no time in destroying Han Sen's enjoyment of the moment by grabbing one of the bees he had been cooking.

“It's you, you little sh*t!” Han Sen watched the rabbit king nibble on the bees he had hunted himself.

“F*ck you! How dare you come back and steal my food again.” Han Sen was infuriated by the boorish, thieving critter. His phoenix fire was unable to break its shield, so this time, he fancied summoning his Dragon-Blood Snake. But before he did, he managed to stop himself.

He re-acknowledged the strength of the rabbit, and remembered that if the Dragon-Blood Snake was killed, it'd be a great loss for him.

Seeing the rabbit gnaw the well-seasoned bees, Han Sen had an idea.

Chapter 972 - Unbelievable Rabbit King

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen sat down near the campfire and started cooking another bee.

So far, he had only cooked four out of the sixteen he had hunted. He had eaten one, and so had the rabbit king.

Han Sen did what he could to make the bee taste the best it could.

Han Sen had been grilling food for many years now, and he had become a bona fide master of the art. He was the king of cuisine, when it came to outdoor cooking and grilling.

This latest bee was laden with the perfect assortment of his best spices. This was the perfection of the culinary arts, and a mere gander at what he had cooked was enough to make the most stoic vegan drool copious amounts of saliva.

After the rabbit was done gnawing on two bees, Han Sen's latest masterpiece had almost been completed. When the furry fiend was done, it turned its attention to the one that was now being grilled.

Surprisingly, it did not immediately grab it. The rabbit simply watched it get cooked in captivated silence.

This wasn't at all what Han Sen expected, but he was glad the rabbit wasn't rude enough to steal the unfinished food.

"What's wrong with this thing, I wonder?" Han Sen finished cooking the bee and then stood up.

Seeing Han Sen put down the bee for it, the rabbit kicked its feet together in a joyous leap and began scoffing it all down.

“Yes, eat it. Eat it all. This will be your last meal.” Han Sen watched the rabbit and smiled menacingly.

Although it surely tasted divine, Han Sen had left one of the bee’s poison sacs inside.

This poison could numb and paralyze the tongue, but with the spices he had used, Han Sen was sure the rabbit wouldn’t be able to detect what it was eating.

He didn’t expect it to actually kill the rabbit, but making it sick would be enough for him.

Han Sen continued to watch the rabbit, anticipating the moment it’d fall under the effect of the poison.

After a few more mouthfuls, the rabbit suddenly froze in place. A white substance frothed from its mouth, before it collapsed to the ground and began convulsing.

Han Sen watched with a captivated stare. His ploy had been more effective than he believed it would be, and he was pleasantly surprised at how low the rabbit’s resistance to poison was.

“Is this really a sacred-blood creature?” Han Sen ran over to the rabbit and watched its lifeforce begin to fade while its body twitched in agony.

Han Sen stroked its fur, and was surprised to see that its shield had vanished. From his light touch, the rabbit started to bleed.

The rabbit was far weaker than he believed it to be. He was quite shocked.

Weak. It was unimaginably weak.

The sacred-blood rabbit was actually just as weak as an ordinary rabbit.

“How is that even possible? How can a creature with seven gene locks open be so weak? How can such a weak creature possess the fitness level required to be a sacred-blood creature?” Han Sen was frozen in disbelief, watching the rabbit’s lifeforce fizzle away.

The rabbit was dying, but before it completely gave up the ghost, Han Sen decided to be merciful. With his holy light, he opted to heal the rabbit and purify the toxins in its body.

Han Sen did not believe it was a sacred-blood creature. It was impossible for a sacred-blood creature to be that weak.

The only possibility for its weakness, Han Sen hypothesized, was that it had somehow managed to open seven gene locks while being an ordinary creature.

As unbelievable as it sounded, it was the only explanation he could think of.

If it was just an ordinary creature, killing it would have been pointless. He didn't need ordinary geno points anymore, so being merciful wasn't a problem.

And besides, this was a puzzling creature. And the enigma fascinated him so much, he really desired to know how this strange anomaly had occurred.

If a human with a fitness of three hundred had opened their second gene lock, they'd be considered a genius. Opening a third gene lock would have made them a legend, and such a feat would require much time and talent.

Just like Han Sen, who was very talented. He would have been capable of doing this, had he remained at the same fitness level and trained for two years.

If he had the opportunity to get extra geno points, he could have opened three gene locks. But that would be as far as he could go.

But Han Sen was not interested in doing things this way. He wanted to do things fast and hard, unlocking gene locks and amassing fitness levels the quickest way possible. The speed at which he gained power was something few would believe, though.

Much like the rabbit, no one would believe him if he said he had opened seven gene locks.

“This rabbit must have received one hell of an opportunity, to achieve this. Can I somehow extract a benefit of my own, following this discovery?” Han Sen pondered to himself, as he continued healing the sick rabbit.

Han Sen really wanted to find out what was wrong with the rabbit king.

A short while later, the rabbit seemed to be getting better. Before long, it was able to open its eyes again.

The rabbit, despite what Han Sen had done, was not aggressive. It remained still, accepting all the healing it was given.

Chapter 973 - Rabbit Hole

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

The rabbit was no longer poisoned. After he moved away from it, the rabbit ran around in what appeared to be happiness. It was not afraid of Han Sen, and it didn't behave like any creature of prey he had seen before.

He cooked some more meat and gave some of it to the rabbit. Clearly, the creature wasn't very wise. It hadn't learned its lesson, following the last piece of food it had been given. Without a modicum of concern for whether or not the latest treat was poisoned, the rabbit gobbled it up.

The rabbit wasn't aggressive, and Han Sen realized he may have overestimated its willingness to steal. It wouldn't attempt to take anything Han Sen was handling.

Once its belly was full, however, the rabbit ran off. Still curious about its nature, Han Sen tried to follow it.

Regardless of what abilities it possessed, the rabbit was an ordinary creature. That much, Han Sen was certain of.

As he followed the creature, the rabbit didn't seem to be aware of its tail. Eventually, it reached the canyon that was populated by other rabbits and entered a burrow. Without a shadow of the doubt, Han Sen assumed that the burrow was its rabbit hole.

The rabbit hole was fairly large, even large enough for Han Sen to follow the rabbit inside.

Han Sen pushed away the shrubbery that cloaked its entrance and climbed inside. A little past the entrance, the tunnel expanded further and became quite wide. The sides were all carved from rocks instead of loose earth.

Further ahead, the tunnel opened up into a wider space. And upon arriving there, he noticed it was a natural formation. It was a beautiful cave, hidden underground.

Han Sen hastened inside and observed the area.

From that subterranean pocket, there were many branching pathways. And in that place were many other rabbits, as well.

The rabbit king didn't stop in that cave, and it zig-zagged along through a variety of different passages. Han Sen had to speed up in his pursuit of it, in fear of losing the creature. After a while, they came to an underground river.

Many rabbits drank fluid from the stream, which led Han Sen to believe that was what the rabbit king had come to do, also.

But instead, the rabbit king leapt into the water.

The shield allowed it to float atop the babbling river, and the rabbit submitted itself to the gentle pull of the current.

Using Aero, Han Sen followed the rabbit king down the river.

“Where is this rabbit going?” Han Sen wondered.

Further downstream, the water's flow got a little choppier. The tunnel they moved through was purely for the passage of this water. With the splashes from the stream, all the rocks around were wet. There was no place for the rabbit to disembark, and eventually, even that tunnel had various branches and different offshoots of tunnels to follow. This complex network of caves was not at all what Han Sen was expecting.

The rabbit slowed down as it bobbed along the river, and it seemed to be deciding which way to go next. When it decided, it moved its feet to roll the orb-shaped shield in the direction it wished to float.

Han Sen followed the rabbit down these tunnels for two hours, until he heard a louder sound of water.

All of a sudden, the rabbit king disappeared from his sight.

And that was when Han Sen realized the rabbit king had taken the plunge off a waterfall.

When Han Sen saw the rabbit king next, many splashing sounds accompanied the sight. After the rabbit king descended the waterfall into a subterranean lake, a silver-scaled aqua dragon lashed upwards. It was attempting to kill the rabbit king.

It seemed as if the rabbit king was going to be eaten with relative ease. But it managed to kick itself off a cliff wall and leap past the water serpent.

The dragon turned around and continued chasing the rabbit, but the aqua dragon had black chains around its arms. The chains quickly jerked the dragon to a stop, and allowed the rabbit king to get to safety.

Boom!

The aqua dragon's body fell, creating ten-meter high waves.

The rabbit king was still in the water, but it was no longer in danger. The aqua dragon was still chained up, and it was unable to pursue the furry king.

The rabbit, still in its shield and submitting to the bob of the waves, continued to travel downstream.

Han Sen was frozen, acknowledging the power that dragon possessed. It was almost as strong as a super creature, that much he knew for certain.

The biggest question on his mind, though, was how someone had managed to chain-up such a fierce beast so far below the earth. And furthermore, why?

“Was it a human that did this? Or was it a spirit?” The chains did not look as if they had been forged by humans, but ultimately, Han Sen could not be sure.

After one last, quick inspection of the aqua dragon, Han Sen returned to following the rabbit before he lost it. Fortunately, the creature was purely physical. If it wasn't, Han Sen and the rabbit would have been done for.

Eventually, the river started to slow down, and this was when the rabbit disembarked from the current. It leapt out of the water.

Now, the rabbit king followed the rocks. Before long, it came to another passage. It was a cave. Han Sen did not waste any time, and so he flew over to the stone cave the rabbit had come to. The cave was only a few meters deep, and Han Sen was shocked when he saw what lay inside.

The cave was not actually a cave. It had been handbuilt, like a room. The only thing natural about this place was the entrance.

It seemed as if the landscape had changed since the time this room had been built, and the entrance had been cracked.

The room was rather large, equivalent to the size of sixty living rooms. A plum tree stood in the center, and it was four meters tall. It extended to brush the ceiling of the room.

Strangely, there was fruit upon its branches, but no blossoming flowers. The fruits were about the size of an egg, and they were purple and red in color.

Chapter 974 - Mystic Stone Room

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

The Red-Eye Rabbit jumped and grabbed one of the tree's fruit. It swallowed it in one gulp, and immediately after doing so, started to roll on the floor as if it was suffering.

Not long after, it calmed down. It looked weaker than it had before, and its lifeforce was faint. But slowly, it began to return to normal.

“What is this plant? And who planted it here?” Han Sen was surprised at where he ended up, and he observed his surroundings with keen interest.

Aside from the plant, there was nothing else in the room. There was a single closed-door, but where it led, he had no idea.

Han Sen turned his gaze back to the tree. Its lifeforce was incredibly strong, and he did not even have to use the dongxuan aura to feel it.

It was a very high-class tree. If this was what enabled the rabbit to open its seventh gene lock, then it could have very well been a super geno plant. Han Sen, wanting to try it, grabbed one of the fruits and took a bite. He felt the delicious juices roll into his belly.

If the rabbit was able to consume it, then he wagered he could too. He was interested in seeing if it would affect him similarly to how it affected the rabbit. Assuming his hypothesis was correct, of course.

After eating the fruit, Han Sen felt as if his innards were getting sliced by some phantom knife. He fell to the ground, sweating.

The pain did not immediately relent. It continued to increase, and became so intense that he ended up screaming aloud.

Soon after, though, the pain went away. His body was left in a weakened state, which was a foreign feeling to Han Sen. It was a sensation he wanted to be rid of soon.

“Super King Self Spirit Gene +1.”

Han Sen was surprised that this fruit was able to increase his self geno points. Looking up at the tree, it delighted Han Sen to see that there were around a hundred of the fruit.

Han Sen was now glad to see that the rabbit was still incredibly weak. It took a while to digest the fruit. If it was still hungry and back to being spry, it'd take all the fruit before Han Sen could.

Han Sen saw that a lot of the fruit had already been eaten, and he wasn't sure how much had been taken.

Using his holy light, Han Sen was able to fully recover and get back on his feet. When he was upright, he wasted no time in gobbling up another.

The pain was just as bad as it was the previous time. Fitness level did not matter when eating this fruit; you were dealt unimaginable pain no matter how strong you were.

“Super King Self Spirit Gene +1.”

No pain, no gain. Literally. And Han Sen could not wait to eat more.

After eating the fruit, he healed himself. And when he was recovered, he'd immediately eat another fruit. This happened over and over, and suddenly, pain had become his pleasure.

The tree still had over a hundred fruit, and when he had eaten a hundred of them, Han Sen heard a strange announcement play:

“Super King Spirit gene capacity at maximum. First gene lock open.”

Han Sen was more than shocked, to say the least. He already knew opening his gene locks improved his super king spirit mode, but he had no idea super king spirit mode had its own gene locks to open.

Although he wished to know what changes there were following the opening of its first gene lock, he had no idea where he was. He wasn't going to randomly use it here.

Han Sen ate the rest of the fruit on the tree, providing him an additional eighteen self geno points. This meant he had a grand total of one-hundred-and-eighteen self geno points following this excursion.

"I'm sorry, rabbit. But fair's fair. You eat my stuff, I eat your stuff." Han Sen almost felt guilty.

The rabbit was not aggressive to him, and Han Sen comforted himself by telling himself the rabbit's open gene locks were useless. All they did was strengthen the bubble shield around it.

"Fine, I'll tell you what. In return for what you've just given me, how about I provide you with a bunch of pet pills? You can have as many as you want." Han Sen planned to bring the rabbit back with him.

In case it was ever killed by other humans, unable to defend itself due to the fact that Han Sen had stolen its source of strength, he decided to return with it.

It was a clumsy creature, and he figured if a human ever did set its sights on the rabbit, it'd be killed without much trouble.

"The rabbit looks very cute, too. Bao'er might like it." But thinking about what the bear had to suffer, he wasn't sure he should subject any more creatures to her cruel torment.

Besides, the rabbit was different than the bear. And the circumstances of their meeting were entirely different. The rabbit didn't deserve to get destroyed everyday by Bao'er.

Han Sen left the rabbit there for a while and went towards the door. He had already received a most amazing treasure in the room he was in. The thought of there being something even better, further in, excited him a great deal.

Humans were both greedy and curious things, so Han Sen wasn't going to leave without searching this place in full.

Han Sen pushed against the door.

It opened easily, and there was no lock or rusted hinges to contend with.

Beyond it, there was another stone room. This one was even bigger, and it was beautiful like a palace.

The walls were decorated with a variety of strange symbols. There were curves, straight lines, and dots of all sorts.

They were not religious symbols, instead, they seemed more like celestial imagery.

In the back of this palace-like room, there was a bronze tripod ding cauldron. It was ten meters tall, and it possessed similar imagery as well.

Han Sen flew over there, curious about what might be inside the ding. And after seeing what was there, goosebumps rose up and down his body. His sweat turned cold.

Chapter 975 - The Man in a Bronze Ding

Chapter 975: The Man in a Bronze Ding

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

There was red soil inside the bronze ding. It smelled like blood, and someone had been buried beneath it.

The head and the hair of a man was all that was left uncovered by the soil. As Han Sen looked, the man's pale face seemed to be looking at him.

The man's eyes were white, and they had no pupils. It was a chilling sight, and he could have easily been mistaken for a demon.

Han Sen could not tell whether it was a human or a spirit. He couldn't detect a life force, but it was so curious and unnerving to think a person had been buried there, so far underground, inside a ding.

Han Sen gulped, as he was getting rather creeped out.

When he regathered his composure, he sought to check the man out and see if he could learn more. His preliminary examination told him that the man had a pretty face, and he was wearing jade earrings. That was all he could see.

"Who is this man? And why has he been buried here?" Han Sen flew away from the ding and saw a folding screen. Moving past it, his eyes were greeted with the sight of a stone hall.

In there, Han Sen noted the presence of several stone statues. They were all demonic-looking in their imagery. But he didn't know which demons they depicted, as they didn't at all look familiar to Han Sen.

Towards the end was a stone table, and atop it, a grey box. Han Sen approached it, and noticed it was open. The lid was slightly ajar.

Through that gap, he saw that a bone was inside it.

Han Sen magnetized the box towards him and fully opened the lid to get a look at the bone that was within. Much to his surprise, he realized that it was actually a rubik's cube that had been crafted from bone.

This wasn't an average rubik's cube, though. It was six-sided, and none of its surfaces were color-coded. In place of colors, there were many symbols that were foreign to Han Sen.

After a thorough count, he learned there were one hundred faces for the rubik's cube.

Creating a rubik's cube that was so small, yet so dense and complex, was not something of average craft. It would require the precision of high technological advancements and machinery.

If you could complete and solve a simpler rubik's cube, you could do this one. The only difference being, with this level of complexity, it'd take far more time.

And with only foreign symbols for an indication of which face aligned with what, minus any easier-to-discern colors, it was sure to be far harder.

With ten-thousand faces to unmuddle, it was to be a real headscratcher. And it was most certainly not a puzzle that could be solved by any average human.

Thinking it quite interesting, Han Sen wanted to keep it. After another examination, to espy whether or not there was any danger associated with the item, he deemed it okay to take. Swiftly, he pocketed the puzzle.

When he got back, he fancied completing it through the use of a computer. He figured there was no point in exhausting actual brainpower to solve it.

All Han Sen worried about was whether or not the bone that had been used to craft the rubik's cube had come from a creature. If it had been, he couldn't return to the Alliance with it.

Han Sen decided to leave the stone hall, and just as he was to pass the screen, he was delivered a fright. Standing atop that screen was the man he had previously seen buried inside the ding. He was staring at Han Sen.

"Are you a man or are you a spirit?" Han Sen eyed the man suspiciously, as he drew his blood dagger.

The clothes the man was wearing did not seem like any uniform belonging to the Alliance. There were many plates of black metal across his attire, but they looked soft. His garb was strange.

The man did not answer. He reached out his hand towards Han Sen's neck with a sudden burst of speed.

Han Sen's face changed in acknowledgement of this, and a blaze of phoenix fire enveloped the dagger in his hands. He struck forth with it and slashed the man's outstretched hand.

Dong!

When his blade collided with the man's skin, it sounded as if Han Sen had just struck metal. The dagger bounced off the man's hand, and with a sudden reversal of power, Han Sen was sent flying backwards into the stone walls of the hall.

The white-eyed man sought to attack Han Sen again before he could recover, so Han Sen summoned his Dragon-Blood Snake to defend him.

Pang!

The white-eyed man created a hole directly through the Dragon-Blood Snake. The creature squealed in pain.

Fortunately, it was a strong and powerful beast soul. It was able to withstand the hit, and it'd take more than that to bring it down.

But the white-eyed man had no interest in fighting the Dragon-Blood Snake. After his initial attack on the creature, the man moved past the reeling beast soul and went after Han Sen again.

Using his dongxuan movements, Han Sen repeatedly slashed the man with a storm of black fire strikes.

But no matter where it landed, each hit was useless. He even attacked the man's face, but it was all to no avail.

The man closed the distance between them with an attack of his own, and Han Sen was too late to dodge it. The flesh of his shoulder was torn, and the gash instantly wept blood.

"Who are you!?" Han Sen asked again.

Against this enemy, Dragon-Blood Snake was all but useless. And even if he employed his super king spirit mode, Han Sen wagered he'd still be weaker than the man.

Realizing he could not beat this foe, all Han Sen wanted to do now was escape. The landscape, and its winding tunnels, were maze-like this far below the earth. If he was quick enough, there was a chance he could lose the man.

But that was a big if. The man was incredibly fast, and Han Sen was unsure whether or not he could compete with him. Already, that speed was being employed to prevent Han Sen's departure.

After a few more evasions, Han Sen's chest was slashed. When the man's middle finger came back into view, it dripped with Han Sen's blood.

Chapter 976 - Battle on the River

Chapter 976: Battle on the River

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

Boom!

The snake was knocked away by the man again. When it crashed into the nearby wall, the entire hall shook violently.

Han Sen did not dare fight the man any longer. When the man turned his attention back to him, though, he swung his dagger to kick up a black flame, then leapt out of the man's way in a fiery evasion.

But the man possessed unimaginable power, and no matter how hard Han Sen tried, he couldn't dodge.

The man's hand was like an omnipotent shadow that trailed those who sought to flee it, hovering above and ready to snatch or smash helpless victims.

Gritting his teeth, Han Sen used his red dagger in an attempt to knock the hand away. But this time, the man's hand suddenly opened to grab the red blade. And then, in a flash, it was broken in a swift clench.

But the man's hand did not stop there. It still came toward Han Sen, and the attack was not absorbed by the sacred-blood armor he wore. The wretched nails of Han Sen's foe were sharper than any blade.

If it wasn't for the Dragon-Blood Snake, the man in black would have twisted Han Sen's head off.

When the hand came for Han Sen, at the last second, the Dragon-Blood Snake leapt in front of its master to take the hit. Instantly, the creature was knocked away again, but still, the man did not relent. And it seemed no matter what Han Sen tried, shaking this ghastly person would be impossible.

Han Sen had no choice but to now pull out his Taia sword. He hadn't used it earlier, in fear of it being broken. That belief had not changed, but it was the best blade he currently had.

It was a desperate time, and Han Sen could not afford to be careful. He would do whatever it took to survive, so with Taia in hand, Han Sen swung it against the man's incoming hand.

Dong!

Han Sen and the sword were sent flying, but strangely, the man let out a yelp. He shouted aloud in pain, and Han Sen noticed a wound across his hand. And from the gash Han Sen had delivered, the man bled purple.

"Taia has what it takes to hurt him?" Han Sen was surprised and delighted. The man stopped moving and looked on the sword with great fear.

Han Sen was happy and renewed with hope following this development. With this revelation, he might have a chance to escape. And it was all thanks to Taia.

When Han Sen took this opportunity to flee, though, the man was still not keen to let him go. The man came after him, but kept a moderate distance between them. His desires to keep Han Sen there and to stay away from Han Sen's sword seemed conflicted.

Han Sen fell back to the tree, but the Red-Eye Rabbit had vanished.

"My tree... you die..." The man, seeing his tree stripped bare, looked furious.

No longer did he care about the sword Han Sen possessed, as a blazing bonfire of anger surrounded him in a frightful aura. The cavern seemed to tremble with his rage.

“Hey, it wasn’t just me. The rabbit had some, too!” Han Sen kept on running, summoning his Dragon-Blood Snake to follow from behind.

When Han Sen made it out of the tree-hall, Han Sen heard the Dragon-Blood Snake cry out behind him. Turning back to take a look, it seemed grievously injured. Han Sen couldn’t dwell on it too much, though. He summoned it back and cast Aero to glide upstream.

But before he could put space between himself and the man, Han Sen found him approaching at a rapid pace and closing the gap.

“D*mn it!” Han Sen cursed aloud, but he did not relent in his flight.

Boom!

The man stepped across the water and then leapt up into the air. He was right beside Han Sen, and there seemed no likely way he’d escape this strike.

“F*ck you!” Han Sen waved his Taia madly.

But the man was like the master of all, and he was obviously prepared for this. He evaded the sword and threw his palm at Han Sen’s chest.

Spilling blood from his mouth, Han Sen lost control of his flight and went careening into the river. A huge splash accompanied his crash into the stream.

The chestplate of his armor had been broken, and the water was dyed red. As wounded as he was, though, Han Sen was not yet willing to give up.

Han Sen had practiced diving before. Holding strong against the pain threatened to drown him, Han Sen dove deeper into the water, trying to escape the evil thing that hounded him.

It was a deep stream, ten meters at least. But as Han Sen kept swimming, he suddenly caught sight of a pale face with black hair swirling around it. It was like the frightening appearance of an underwater demon.

“You can even beat me when it comes to swimming?” Han Sen was angered by his opponent. Realizing flight was still pointless, he decided to attack with Taia again.

The man looked cold. He dodged Han Sen’s sword strike, spun, and had his arm outstretched. He was inches away from palming Han Sen’s chest.

Figuring it was a now-or-never moment, Han Sen burst with a bright white light. His eyes and hair shone like white gold, signaling his transformation into a super king spirit.

His power and speed increased, and an endless font of energy sprung up inside his body to fuel his limbs. Han Sen did not dodge the incoming attack, he merely reoriented his Taia sword to strike the man’s chest.

Pang!

The man’s hand collided with Han Sen’s chest, as Han Sen’s blade plunged deep into the man in black’s heart. Both of them bled.

The man groaned and fell back into the black waters.

Han Sen wasn’t going to let him get away, though. He found footing on a rock and pushed himself forward with the blade primed to strike the man’s chest once more.

The man, seeing what was coming, clapped his hands to catch the incoming sword.

“Die!” Han Sen’s white light burned with the fire of a sun. With the power of his first gene lock open, the Taia sword did not relent upon its capture. It plunged deep into the man’s chest once more.

With this second stab, the man could not help but scream. He palmed Han Sen and the sword left his body.

Chapter 977 - White Dragon

Chapter 977: White Dragon

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

A cloud of red and purple mist obscured Han Sen's sight. Fortunately for him, he could still use his dongxuan aura to keep track of the man.

With no hesitation, Han Sen stabbed the man again.

He knew the time he could keep super king spirit mode activated was limited. If he didn't take advantage of that time to heavily damage his pursuer, he'd be in dire straits when it was over.

But the man used his legs to kick and propel himself out of the water. Han Sen sought to follow him, but by the time he could emerge from the stream in pursuit, the man was already one hundred meters away.

"I'll be back," the man said, as he ran.

But Han Sen did not chase him. He decided to turn the opposite way and flee while he had the chance. Even if he managed to catch up with the man in black, his super king spirit mode would have most likely ended by then.

Killing that man wouldn't be easy, not in Han Sen's current state and with the current length of his super king spirit.

Han Sen flew for a while, but he noticed he was still in super king spirit mode. He thought it should have ended far sooner.

After ten seconds elapsed, super king spirit mode came to an end. And at this point, Han Sen had just reached the waterfall.

“It looks like I can last around ten seconds, after achieving my first open gene lock.” Han Sen was delightfully surprised.

But now was not the time to sit back and be happy over this advancement. Right now, Han Sen wanted to make his way out of this hellish labyrinth and go home.

Under the effects of super king spirit mode, he was able to stab the man in his heart twice. But still, it wasn't enough to kill him.

Han Sen only wanted to get back to his shelter. If he moved his underground shelter, he did not believe the man would be able to find him, either.

But before he scaled the waterfall, the man appeared out of nowhere. The man in black caught up to him with alarming speed.

“You almost had me fooled. I knew you could not remain like that forever!” The man actually spoke a composed sentence, but the tone was monotonous, and there was a metallic reverb in his voice. He was not a pleasant person to hear talk.

“You want to go again?” Han Sen stopped moving and floated motionless in the air.

The man's chest had already healed. It was too late for Han Sen to run right now, but he thought bluffing might be the ticket.

“Quit your embarrassing attempts at fooling me. I can spy a lie, for I am Yaksha.” The man in black then jumped towards Han Sen without hesitation.

“Crap!” Han Sen had no choice but to run, he thought. And so he did, summoning the snake to do its best in blocking his ravenous assaulter.

The snake had already been heavily injured, but now, it was hit by Yaksha once again. It heaved blood following the blow and fell down into the black waters below.

Han Sen quickly returned it, in case it actually died.

Seeing Yaksha catch up, Han Sen thought, “If this wasn’t underground, I could just fly away.”

Somehow, Han Sen believed Yaksha’s speed was actually increasing. The man seemed to be faster than he had been before.

If Yaksha looked likely to hit Han Sen, he couldn’t use super king spirit mode to save himself. All he could do was rely on Taia.

Han Sen’s speed was not as good as Yaksha’s, so the man was able to evade Han Sen’s attempted strike, spin, and try to grab him by the neck.

Han Sen unleashed his strength in a fiery display, propelling himself into the water. But suddenly, an aqua dragon was coming for him from ahead.

“Crap! How could I forget about this thing being here?” Han Sen now realized the waterfall in front of him was the one with a chained aqua dragon below it. Unwittingly, he had just served himself up as the dragon’s prey.

Yaksha froze at the sight, while Han Sen leapt up and dove over the aqua dragon’s head to land on its body.

Han Sen grabbed it and tried to attack it. But the aqua dragon ignored the human crawling on its back, and instead looked ahead at Yaksha. It roared in his direction.

“I can’t believe you have not died,” Yaksha said to the dragon.

When the dragon heard his words, it only seemed to be more infuriated. It splashed the water violently, as the clanking of chains echoed loudly through the caverns.

The power this beast possessed was incredible, but its arms were chained up. The forging must have been exceptional, as they bound the dragon to the point it could not make use of its powers or do anything to get free.

Han Sen lay on the dragon and held on tight. The ride he was in for was like a rodeo times ten.

“White Dragon, I only want that boy’s life. Do not get in my way.” Yaksha jumped towards Han Sen.

The dragon roared and threw Han Sen away. But then, it attempted to catch Yaksha in its mouth.

Han Sen tried his hardest to keep his orientation under the disturbed, thrashing waters of the underground lake. When he breached the surface again, he saw Yaksha punch the dragon’s head.

The dragon roared and attempted to fight the man, but the chains prohibited it from doing anything.

Han Sen hid himself beneath the water again. Aside from the dragon, there was nothing else out there to help him.

But then, hearing the chains being pulled in the dragon’s futile attempts at freedom, Han Sen suddenly had an idea. He decided to swim downstream.

Chapter 978 - The White Aqua Dragon Is Set Free

Chapter 978: The White Aqua Dragon Is Set Free

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

The dragon's rage put the water in turmoil, which made it a struggle for Han Sen to stay on course. Right now, he was attempting to dive towards the rocks to which the dragon's chains were anchored.

After diving down to a depth of one hundred meters, he still couldn't see the bottom of the lake, but he did see where the chains led.

The chains were there, screwed deep into the lake wall. This was slightly disappointing for him.

Han Sen had expected there to be a simple lock he could break, but perhaps behind the wall, there'd be something else.

With Taia in hand, Han Sen began to strike the stone. But the rock was tough, and it was difficult for him to make progress quickly.

After a while of trying to cut through, he decided to give up. Stabbing the sword into the rock left only light marks on its surface.

He was very disappointed. So, this time, he decided to try and cut the chain itself. But even on that, Taia could only leave light scratches. Still, this gave him an idea. The chain was as thick as an arm, and if he slashed it a few more times, it was sure to break.

With all his power, Han Sen hit the chain as best he could.

The dragon, feeling as if someone was gnawing at his chains from below, started to pull. It looked infuriated as it dealt with Yaksha.

“Surely it could not have been Yaksha who locked him up down here. Could it?” Although Yaksha did not look as strong as the dragon, it seemed as if he was getting stronger all the time. It was as if he was still in the process of some sort of recovery.

“I need to be quick. If Yaksha does end up becoming stronger than the dragon, I’m in for a bad time.” Han Sen continued to strike with his sword like a madman.

Katcha!

Han Sen slashed it a thousand times, in total. And on the thousandth strike, a ring in the chain was broken. When the dragon pulled again, the ring shattered.

Without waiting, Han Sen swam towards another chain and started the process all over again. There were six chains in total, so it seemed as if he would have to break them all.

If they hated each other as much as they seemed to, Han Sen could allow the two to duke it out while he made a sneaky getaway.

The dragon, after feeling one of its chains break, began to pull harder than ever.

“Hang on! Slow down! I’m getting you out, aren’t I?” Han Sen flailed his sword as maniacally as he could.

After much more hard work, the second chain was severed.

Han Sen took a look at Taia, to see how its sharpness was faring. Much to his surprise, delight, and relief, the sword was as sharp as ever. It had not been dulled by even the slightest amount.

“If this sword has not dulled by being beaten against rocks and metal chains such as these, how in the sanctuaries was it originally broken?” Han Sen thought in awe.

As Han Sen worked on the fourth chain, the dragon’s excitement was going through the roof. It kept on pulling the last two chains, but still, it could not free itself.

When Han Sen cut the final two chains, the dragon roared and leapt out of the water. Its performance was incredible, and very intimidating.

Han Sen swam up to the surface, and when his head broke through, the entire cavern was rumbling.

The fighting between the two had started to make the cave collapse.

“Yaksha is getting stronger again.” Han Sen did not dare to stay and watch the spectacle of their combat.

Which of the two won this fight meant little to him. He’d most likely be killed by either one, if their attentions weren’t currently fixed on each other.

And also, if the cave came down on top of him, he wasn’t willing to remain and get buried alongside them. So, he took off flying, retracing the route he used when he followed the rabbit in.

He heard explosions coming from behind, and they were loud that they made his ears hurt. But after traveling for a while, the noise started to die down, and he began to realize he had gotten lost.

There were many different ways to go, and they all looked very similar. He had forgotten exactly which twists and turns he had taken.

“Upstream, right? Just go upstream, that should lead me back to the surface.” Han Sen continued to glide along the river on an upward trajectory. As good as this idea seemed, he was certain he hadn’t come down the way he was currently going up.

Han Sen, after a while of continuous flying, heard nothing come from behind now. But he had been going up the river for a while, and he had yet to see a single rabbit.

“I may not be able to get out, but at least Yaksha won’t be able to find me.” Han Sen hid his lifeforce and continued his attempt at escape.

Han Sen traveled for a long time, and eventually, the river became much wider. It had been a while since he last saw a turn, so he thought it was too late to go back. He decided to keep going.

After fifty miles of subterranean travel, the river had widened until it looked like an ocean. There was no end in sight, and all that filled his vision was darkness and the gentle ripple of the waters. It was as if he had discovered an underground sea.

Boom!

A giant monster leapt out of that ocean, creating vast waves as it appeared. Han Sen saw it appear as he stood on the edge of a cliff.

He was frozen at what he saw next—there were more of them. A variety of goliath creatures emerged from that sea, and he found himself feeling like an ant.

Chapter 979 - Even Sharks Would Not Let Go

Chapter 979: Even Sharks Would Not Let Go

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

The creatures seemed to be playing on the water, but even so, Han Sen did not dare approach the group. There was a silver-scaled aqua dragon there, very similar to the one he himself had just released.

“Why are there so many dragons here?” Han Sen counted five aqua dragons. And strangely, it looked as if they were having fun together in the water.

Han Sen observed their lifeforces and noted that none of them were as powerful as the first he had encountered, with Yaksha.

There were also slight variations in each of their appearances. The first white aqua dragon had four legs and feet, and no wings. These, on the other hand, did have wings; pretty, silver, semi-translucent wings. They gave them the ability to fly.

“What is this?” Han Sen saw another giant sea monster emerge from the black water.

When his vision of it became clearer, Han Sen was shocked. It was a giant white shark, and it had wings as well. It was twice as big as the dragons, and it produced tall waves that disturbed the water as it swam.

When the winged-shark appeared, the four dragons almost seemed to behave as kids. They played around it in a friendly manner.

Looking closer, Han Sen noticed that the wings of the dragons were quite similar to the wings of the shark. And what’s more, the dragons had shark teeth.

Furthermore, their bellies were broader than the white aqua dragon's from before. They looked like western dragons.

"Are these the offspring of both the white dragon and the shark?" Han Sen wondered to himself.

He thought that, after a thousand years of being trapped so far below ground, the white dragon must have been willing to screw whatever female creature it could find. And that just so happened to be a shark.

Across that underground ocean, it seemed as if only the shark could freely swim towards the dragons.

"That aqua dragon was one horny dog. You must be pretty desperate, if you're willing to make babies with a shark," Han Sen chuckled to himself.

As Han Sen pondered the curiosity, he heard more splashes. Immediately, another aqua dragon came bursting out from the waters near him. This one had wings, but the body itself was no taller than a human's. It appeared directly before Han Sen, and it eyed him with curiosity.

Han Sen was taken aback, not expecting to see a newborn. It hadn't grown at all, yet.

The aqua dragon did not know what Han Sen was, and it just stared at him with much inquisitiveness. He could imagine its mind racing to figure out what the strange creature—the human—was.

"Go play." Han Sen gestured with his hand, trying to shoo the dragon away from him. He had been here long enough, he thought, and he still had to figure out how to return to the surface.

He couldn't imagine what might occur if he drew the ire of four aqua dragons and a mamma shark, as well. They weren't quite sacred-blood in class, but they were still powerful.

The white aqua dragon misunderstood Han Sen's command. He thought Han Sen wished to play, so it opened its mouth to say something.

Immediately, Han Sen grabbed the mouth of the baby dragon and clamped it shut. If it spoke, he believed he'd be very dead.

But it still believed Han Sen was playing, and so it used its hands to rub Han Sen and feel his skin.

"Ssshhh, be quiet." Han Sen knew there were creatures out there in the world that didn't always want to fight. And in particular, it was mostly the more intelligent ones that were likely to reason and not kill-on-sight.

Slowly, Han Sen lifted his grip and let go of the dragon's mouth. With his dongxuan aura, he covered the area to hide their lifeforces and movements.

He wondered if the dragon understood what he had told it. After removing his hand, it really did not speak. And all it did then was rub its nose against Han Sen, sniffing with curiosity.

Han Sen raised his hand and started falling back, afraid the dragon might have a change of heart if it were to get unintentionally spooked.

But when Han Sen fell back, the dragon followed. It followed Han Sen until the duo reached a tunnel, far from the sight of all other monsters across that subterranean sea.

Han Sen then had a greedy thought. "If I could lure it back with me, it could be a great help."

He then brought out a bottle of pet pills. He took one of the pills in his hand and presented it to the dragon.

The dragon seemed to take interest in the pill, after a long sniff-test. It tried to take a bite, and almost consumed all of Han Sen's hand.

Thinking hand-feeding might be dangerous, Han Sen resorted to chucking the pill into the dragon's mouth, just to be safe.

The dragon quickly swallowed the pill, and it wanted more.

Quickly, Han Sen held the dragon's mouth again. Then, he grabbed another pill and lobbed it deep down the tunnel.

Han Sen kept doing this for a long time, after. He did so until he had lured the dragon a long way away from the ocean where he had first encountered it.

"Okay, I've got him away from there, but... how do I leave this place?" Han Sen wondered, as he looked around for any sign of a passage that might lead him to the surface.

Han Sen had thought it best to follow a running stream earlier, but doing that was what led him to the ocean. Now, he had entered another tunnel far removed from anywhere that was familiar to him. He was well and truly lost.

"I will just have to keep moving." Han Sen chose a direction and stuck to it.

The dragon followed, with a clear desire for more pet pills.

Han Sen only had two bottles of the stuff, and he had already given them all to the dragon.

After a while of walking, the dragon stopped following him. Without any more pet pills, it wanted to return.

"Don't go." Han Sen had spent two bottles of pet pills on the dragon, so he wouldn't settle for it leaving him. If he was to invest in anything, he'd have to guarantee a worthy return.

But the aqua dragon ignored Han Sen's command, and it went off, returning to the ocean.

Han Sen opened the bear's blood and said, "I have no more pet pills, but have a whiff of this. This stuff is even better."

The dragon gave it a sniff, but wasn't interested. It carried on swimming back.

Han Sen summoned a water drop this time, and pleaded, "Don't go! How about you try this?"

The white dragon sniffed the waterdrop and licked it.

"Good boy. Now, if you follow me, there's plenty more to be had." Han Sen stroked the dragon's head, hoping the dragon would follow.

But then, Han Sen heard splashes from up the river behind them. A silver-scaled aqua dragon appeared, with lantern-bright eyes fixed on him.

When their eyes met, Han Sen froze.

Chapter 980 - Wedding Dress Skill

Chapter 980: Wedding Dress Skill

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

The silver-scaled aqua dragon was injured, and it was the one from earlier. It seemed as if its fight with Yaksha had been a brutal one. But even though it was injured, if it still sought to pick a fight with him, Han Sen couldn't use super king spirit mode or even hope to beat it.

"This kid is cute..." Han Sen patted the little dragon's head and looked awkward, all in an attempt to hide what he had been doing.

Roar! The silver dragon roared at Han Sen.

A gust of spittle and wind blew Han Sen back a few steps.

The saliva that now caked him made him sick, and an overwhelming stench of fish rolled over him.

Han Sen thought this signaled a need to fight, but all the dragon did was roar. It didn't do anything else, and perhaps that was because he had freed it from incarceration, earlier.

The baby white dragon happily ran over to the silver dragon and jumped on its back. It, too, then roared.

"It's nice to see you two have been reunited with each other. He looked lost in these tunnels, you see, and... well, I have an errand to run. I best get going!" Han Sen hoped to sneak away after the two were together again.

But then another gust of dragon-breath knocked Han Sen off his feet and sent him hurtling against the tunnel wall. A fresh layer of saliva gelled his entire body.

The silver dragon gave Han Sen one last look, then returned to the ocean with the small white dragon atop it.

From the silver dragon's back, the white dragon turned to shout at Han Sen one last time, too.

"I suppose I shouldn't be too greedy." Han Sen then started trying to wipe the slime of saliva from his body. For now, he was just glad the silver dragon had chosen to spare him, and there'd be no need for another fight.

"If the dragon came back, that must mean it won. I wonder if that Yaksha was killed, then?" Han Sen hoped he was dead, for only then would he truly be safe.

Han Sen continued through the tunnels and started following more and more waterstreams in the hopes one would lead him to the surface. The rivers were still too long, and the labyrinth was still too complex for him to navigate. All he could do was guess a direction and hope for the best, because he had no idea where he had come from and where he was going.

But then, suddenly, Han Sen saw a white shadow appear. Much to his relief, it was the Red-Eye Rabbit king.

Han Sen was made very glad, so he decided to chase after it.

This couldn't have been the first time the rabbit had come here, and surely it wouldn't be lost like he was. By following the rabbit, he thought he might have a chance of getting out.

The rabbit king was on its way someplace, and it moved steadily. As such, Han Sen keenly followed.

After a long while of walking, he finally encountered other rabbits, and this told him he'd soon be free of the place.

The rabbit eventually led him out of the caves, and once again, Han Sen found himself in the canyon from before. He had come out a different way than he had gone in, though.

But after exiting the cave, Han Sen frowned. Scattered all about were the corpses of countless dead rabbits.

All the dead bodies had a hole in their head, as if something had bored through their heads to consume the brain and nothing else. The corpses were just left behind to rot.

“Is this Yaksha’s doing? Was Yaksha not killed?” Han Sen felt as if his presence there had left a dark imprint, and it made him shudder. As disappointed as he was in the thought that the man might still be alive, he knew he’d now have to exercise more caution.

Fortunately, Han Sen couldn’t feel him in the nearby vicinity. It must have left the area, and for that, Han Sen was thankful.

Then, as if it was greatly upset, Han Sen saw the white rabbit hopping and skipping between all the murdered rabbits. Feeling bad for the creature, he decided to pick it up.

“Follow me home; at least you won’t have to worry about being killed.” Han Sen held the rabbit and left the canyon.

The rabbit seemed useless, but at least he could keep it around as a sort of pet. Leaving the clumsy thing here, it would surely not last very long.

Han Sen made his way back to the shelter, but throughout his return, he was in a constant state of alert. He didn’t want to run into Yaksha again, and fortunately, he didn’t.

Han Sen did not dare leave the shelter again, in fear of Yaksha, who would relish the chance to finish him off. For now, he wanted to focus on his Dongxuan Sutra and open more of its gene locks.

He had the ability to unlock four now. His fitness level had gone up quite a bit, and it had quickly outpaced his opening of gene locks.

He entered the teleporter with the rubix cube in hand. Much to his surprise, he was able to bring it with him.

He scanned the computer and tasked his computer with figuring it out for him. It would have been an extremely difficult task for him to do, so it was far easier for him to just allow the computer to sort it out.

Not long after, the rubix cube was done. There were six sides, each containing a different picture and words from an ancient language.

Each picture contained a different naked woman, and red and blue lines were drawn across each of their bodies. They were like arteries and veins, almost.

But upon closer inspection, the pictures told a different story.

Han Sen did not know what the lines meant, but the ancient words were too small for him to see, and he had to zoom-in to read them.

The ancient words were similar to that of the Dongxuan Sutra. Fortunately, he had spent time studying and learning ancient languages recently. Luckily, he could now read it.

After reading the words upon the rubix cube, Han Sen's face contorted a little. He was perplexed. It was an ancient Qi Gong, transcribed across the puzzle, and it was called Wedding Dress Skill.

The Qi Gong seemed powerful, and there were ten gene locks to open with it. But it was different from the Dongxuan Sutra, in that there was only one function and it remained at the same tier no matter how many gene locks were open. After reaching new tiers and opening more gene locks, the Dongxuan Sutra provided its user with new skills and improved pre-existing skills. Therefore, Wedding Dress Skill was indeed quite different. Still, it was clearly an improvement over the Dongxuan Sutra.

The max number of gene locks to open with Wedding Dress skill was ten gene locks. The Dongxuan Sutra had more than that though, and that was the difference.

As a surpasser, Wedding Dress Skill was clearly the best you could get. There were only five known hyper geno arts that could allow the opening of at least ten gene locks.

Those five skills did not include the Dongxuan Sutra or the Blood-Pulse Sutra, either. But now, there was another, and that was called Wedding Dress Skill.

It was a strange skill, though. It was said only a woman could practice it, and only virgins, too.

What was even stranger, if a woman was in the process of learning it, they could jump straight to the tenth gene lock if it meant ensuring a man who was committing a Life-and-Death Breakthrough would succeed. But after that, the skill would be destroyed, and the memory of its learning would be gone.

Chapter 981 - Tutor

Chapter 981: Tutor

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Life-and-Death Breakthrough was something Han Sen had heard of before, but he did not really know what it meant. He believed doing that could enable him to become a demigod, allowing him to practice the next Dongxuan Sutra.

Of course, that was just him guessing.

In the Dongxuan Sutra, committing a Life-and-Death Breakthrough was incredibly dangerous. Even the most powerful of people could die using it, and traditionally, there was only a ten percent chance of survival when doing such a thing.

Dongxuan Zi explained that when he created the Dongxuan Sutra, he ensured its Life-and-Death Breakthrough had a higher success rate, though. It was apparently over fifty percent.

The Wedding Dress Skill said that if a woman was willing to sacrifice her learning of the skill, it'd allow a man to perform a Life-and-Death Breakthrough with a hundred percent success rate.

In Dongxuan Zi's era, people who survived Life-and-Death Breakthroughs were regarded as gods.

Dongxuan Zi himself was the only known person to have performed one successfully.

The Wedding Dress Skill could enable a person to do what he did. It was a dizzying feat, and the entire concept was quite sweat-inducing.

“It may be a Qi Gong, but this thing is useless to me.” Han Sen downloaded the details and removed it from his PC.

He then returned to the shelter and hid the rubix cube there.

Han Sen: Super Body Super King Spirit

Level: Surpasser

Lifespan: 400

King Body Evolution Requirement: geno 100

Owned Geno Points: ordinary geno points = 100; primitive geno points = 100; mutant geno points = 74; sacred-blood geno points = 14; super geno points = 5.

Super King Self-Spirit Points: 118

Han Sen's fitness was not bad, and he had been doing well so far. But for now, he wanted to open more gene locks.

He did not leave the shelter in fear of meeting Yaksha again.

One day, while Han Sen practiced his Dongxuan Sutra, he received a notification that Qin Xuan was looking for him.

"Team Qin, long time no see." Han Sen smiled, looking at her in the video.

"Han Sen, do you have Taia?" Qin Xuan asked seriously.

"Liu Meng gave it to me. Is that a problem?" Han Sen asked.

He was surprised, and he was now witnessing firsthand how serious the Qin family took this business with the Taia sword.

"If you're looking to sell it, would you mind selling it to us?" Qin Xuan asked.

"Do you mind telling me why this sword is so special?" Han Sen knew this sword was nothing ordinary.

Qin Xuan said, “This sword just means a lot to us, and it is a secret that pertains to our family. What I can tell you, though, is that it’s useless in the hands of others.”

Han Sen nodded and said, “Well, if I want to sell it, I’ll come looking for you.”

Han Sen did not mind doing her a favor, but Taia was his primary weapon for the time being, and he needed it to kill creatures. Until he found a better replacement, he had to hold onto it.

“Thanks a lot.” Qin Xuan sounded relieved. Then she proceeded to say, “Let’s talk about something else for the time being. I would like you to know I am establishing a training class for the Special Security Team. Would you mind being a tutor?”

“Nope; I can’t teach.” Han Sen was surprised at the sudden request.

“It’s not like you’ll be teaching directly from a textbook. And you’ll only need to do it from Skynet. It’ll take one hour each day for a month. If you are busy, we can schedule a replacement for certain days. We can fit it around your timetable.” Qin Xuan smiled.

“When does it start?” Han Sen asked.

“Day after tomorrow. Over twenty thousand people have signed up,” Qin Xuan said.

“I’ll teach archery, then.” Han Sen was only spending his time practicing the Dongxuan Sutra each day, so squeezing in an hour to do something else would be fine.

Han Sen was still a member of the team, too. He was still being paid wages, despite not having done anything for the longest time. And being a teacher for newbies might be fun.

“When are you free, then? I need to sort out the rota.” Qin Xuan was visibly delighted at hearing Han Sen could join.

After their discussion on that, they chatted about their lives for a while.

Qin Xuan did not want to become a surpasser yet. Ever since the discovery of super genes, many people wanted to focus on maxing out their level with the new genes before ascending to the next sanctuary.

Some people managed to collect the eggs of super creatures, to obtain their super geno points.

But there weren't many eggs, and if that is how they were to focus, it was likely only one person could max out their super geno points in a century.

People in the Alliance believed Han Sen had a different method of obtaining super geno points, but Han Sen was Han Sen; they didn't dare do anything to offend him.

If they tried making a move on Han Sen, they feared Godslayer Luo would unleash his wrath upon them.

That aside, he was Ji Ruozhen's son-in-law. As such, no one dared touch him.

It would have been even more difficult to get to Han Sen in the sanctuary, too.

"Han Sen is to be the tutor?" In a mansion someplace, a man read a list of names. When he saw Han Sen's name there, he was surprised.

"Which Han Sen?" a red-haired man asked, looking back.

"There is only one Han Sen. It's the Han Sen," the man responded.

"What is he teaching?" the red-haired man asked.

"Archery," the man answered.

"I previously had no interest in going, but I can't miss this." The red-haired man lifted his eyebrows.

Chapter 982 - Tutor Han on Stage

Chapter 982: Tutor Han on Stage

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Having dinner with Ji Yanran, Han Sen informed her that he would be teaching students in archery.

At this, she frowned and said, “If you’re going, that might be a problem.”

“What problem?” Han Sen asked, not understanding how there could be a problem with Qin Xuan’s simple proposition.

Ji Yanran smiled and answered, “Being a teacher will aid your reputation in the Special Security Team. And with this title, you can be a deeply respected member. But teachers usually hail from the Martial Hall, and you don’t really fit in with that crowd.”

Han Sen understood what she was implying. It wouldn’t only be that he’d not fit in, he’d most likely be isolated.

Still, he had already thought of this and he was still adamant about tutoring. It was an exciting prospect he was keen to try. He was only a squad leader, so it would be good to achieve a higher rank in the team at large. It couldn’t do any harm.

Besides, Qin Xuan most likely wanted him to gain a higher level in the team. And her plight was not something he could reject.

Han Sen spent most of his days practicing the Dongxuan Sutra and taking care of Bao’er and Zero. Such peaceful periods were a rare occurrence for him.

“Daddy, I want milk,” Bao’er said, as she held the rabbit king in one arm, bottle in the other.

The rabbit king had tried to resist her hugs before, but Bao'er managed to make quick work of its shield and destroyed it in the blink of an eye.

To Bao'er, a seven-tier gene lock shield was as stalwart as a flimsy piece of paper.

But the rabbit king was very tame and it didn't feel the need to resist her. Unlike her actions with the bear, Bao'er didn't feel the need to torture the rabbit, either.

And speaking of the bear, it was extremely jealous of how the rabbit was treated. It kept wanting Bao'er to pay more loving attention to it, but a session or two of bullying was all it would get.

Once, when nobody was around, the bear attempted to kill the rabbit king. The rabbit was asleep at the time, but the shield was up, and when the bear attacked, it was unable to break it. It drove the bear insane.

Han Sen, at her request, provided her milk and prepared some food for the pets. Then he went to tend to his garden.

Aside from the dead orchid, everything else was growing very well.

"I wonder if that king tree will be able to grow again? I should return there sometime, dig it up and bring it back here. If the waterdrops prove successful in restoring it, I might be able to gain self geno points very quickly." Han Sen was getting giddy just thinking about it.

He knew high-tier plants would generally produce fruit only once, but it was worth a shot. And there was, of course, the prospect of it taking a very long time to grow, even if it could grow fruit again.

Those hurdles aside, the king tree occupied Han Sen's mind a lot. He wanted it badly.

But first, Han Sen knew he'd have to become stronger before he attempted a retrieval of the tree. Heaven knew what might transpire, if Yaksha still lived there.

When he was done in his garden, Han Sen went to check on the people in the eastern side of the shelter. They were doing well for themselves, spending their days hunting creatures and having a merry old time within the safety of the underground shelter.

After spending most of the day there, Han Sen decided to return to his home in the Alliance. He went on Skynet and visited a community that was exclusive to members of the Special Security Team.

There were many students there, all together in one area. When Han Sen entered, there was a teacher performing a lecture on stage. The students were all watching him.

Choosing to listen-in, Han Sen found himself a seat. He was good at fighting, but he wasn't a master of every combat profession. He understood how valuable it could be to learn and accept wisdom offered by others.

This teacher was discussing fist skills. The talk provided Han Sen many new ideas to try in the future. He learnt a lot.

The name of this teacher was Nangong Han, and he was an aged surpasser. He had unlocked four of his gene locks, which was rather high. Few people ever reached the number eight.

He was an old member of the team, and an accomplished teacher from the Martial Hall.

And that was where most teachers came from: the Martial Hall. Many of them were very elderly, and they had quite the reputation.

But this year, Han Sen would be a teacher. This made the others feel a little uncomfortable.

He was so young, and he was only a squad leader. He did not come from the Martial Hall, and he did not even have a formal title. They thought the Qin family was trying to weaken the integrity of the Martial Hall.

This was how Nangong Han viewed matters, as well. And when his eyes fell on Han Sen, he pulled them away quickly to pretend he had not noticed him.

“Fist skills are ripe with possibilities, but its general focuses are on speed, power, and dexterity. You have to be both faster and stronger than your opponent, if you seek victory. All this is not derived from pure muscle strength, however. There are many ways to hone your talents with the fist, but there are skills to make use of, also. A great focus is on reaction speeds, and without great reaction times, any skill you use is useless. Timing is of paramount importance.”

Nangong Han then looked at Han Sen and said, “I am going to show you a few moves, driven by fist-gear skills. Perhaps Tutor Han can aid me in my demonstration?”

Han Sen froze, as suddenly, all the students turned to look at him. And then, many clapped.

Chapter 983 - Attacking and Defending Practice

Chapter 983: Attacking and Defending Practice

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen froze. He did not expect Nangong Han to ask him to perform something on stage alongside him. But with the eyes of every student now on him, he could hardly decline.

“Tutor Nangong, how can I be of service?” Han Sen asked, as he ascended the stage.

Nangong Han smiled and answered, “Oh, do not worry. I am going to execute a few basic moves. It is your task to react to them as any other ordinary combatant would.”

“Okay.” Han Sen nodded.

“Tutor Han and I will now show you how to defend! The most important thing regarding defense is to never rest on your laurels. For a stalwart defense, you must consider everything you have ever learnt. And when confronting the attacks of another, you must pay specific heed to their center. Even demigods have to move when they cast a skill, and through keen observation, you can always tell where their movements will take them.” After this, Nangong Han threw a punch in Han Sen’s direction.

Qin Xuan and many others watched this intently. She, in particular, had believed there to be something amiss with Nangong Han’s request for Han Sen to go on stage. But now, it was too late for her to do anything.

Upon seeing a fist suddenly hurtling towards Han Sen, Qin Xuan looked afraid.

Qin Xuan knew the people from Martial Hall were not fond of Han Sen, but this entire event had been set up by the Qin family. She believed the concerns and moaning of the elders from Martial Hall would simply remain as verbal complaints. She never thought that

things would escalate to a full-blown fight. Things had already gotten off to a shaky start, it appeared.

Nangong's purpose, currently, was to humiliate Han Sen. He presented a facade of friendliness, and pretended to consider Han Sen as a colleague before the audience, but there was resentment inside Nangong Han. And embarrassing Han Sen on stage was his cloak-and-dagger outlet for this resentment.

He could have asked his personal assistant to help with the demonstrations, but he had it out for Han Sen, so he asked Han Sen to come up on stage and aid him in demonstrating defense.

If Han Sen did not block this sudden attack, Nangong Han would be able to point out his error. If this were to keep occurring, Han Sen's credibility would be undermined. Students would not regard him as highly, and they'd perhaps even favor a different tutor.

Under his guise of friendliness, Nangong Han cackled with evil delight.

That's not to say he was fooling everyone. Many people knew him and his true nature, including Qin Xuan. She knew him well, and she knew the punch he had thrown was not one of idle performance.

Nangong Han had been a surpasser for a few decades, and he had excelled in the technique of Shadow Punch. With his light element, it was difficult for his enemies to trace the path and velocity of his punches. Han Sen did not know the man, so he had come on stage without any measure of precaution or preparation.

The punch seemed ordinary, on the surface. But that was just a shadow of its true form. If Han Sen sought to block the simple trickster hit, he'd be hit by the real punch underneath.

What's more, Nangong Han had opened two more gene locks than Han Sen had. His fitness was far higher, as well.

“He really thinks this little of the Qin family? And that we’re oblivious to what he is doing?” Qin Xuan’s face looked ill, as she was fraught with worry for Han Sen’s well being.

She believed she hadn’t firmly asserted who was in charge of the entire event. She had to let the stuck-up people of Martial Hall know who was the boss to prevent this from becoming a common occurrence.

However, while Han Sen had come on stage without knowing much, he had detected slight hints of the hostility Nangong Han harbored for him.

Han Sen had been through much in the sanctuary, and he had encountered all manners of beasts. He could tell if a creature or spirit was hostile, so it was impossible for Nangong Han to completely hide his animosity.

Squinting his eyes, Han Sen quickly reached up and tried to block the incoming attack.

Nangong Han’s eyes jumped with excitement as Han Sen reached out, and so he drove his punch with a quicker pace.

If Han Sen only blocked his shadow, the young pup would take a hit that would make him look like a fool.

Qin Xuan saw Han Sen move to deflect the shadow and knew things would quickly turn ill.

The tutors from Martial Hall saw this, too, and they all wore disturbing smiles of delight.

“The young man is in too much of a rush,” one of the tutors said.

He did not speak his name, but everyone knew he was talking about Han Sen.

Pang!

Everyone leaned forward to witness what happened, and there they saw Han Sen. He had blocked Nangong Han’s true fist.

“He didn’t use Shadow Punch. Did I misjudge his intentions?” Qin Xuan and the others looked on in confusion.

Usually, that fist would have just been the shadow. But Han Sen had blocked the real fist.

They didn’t believe Han Sen could have blocked the real punch, had Nangong Han used Shadow Punch.

Everyone thought the on-stage tutor was going to use Shadow Punch to make Han Sen look like a fool.

But strangely, Nangong Han’s face did not look quite right. And immediately after, he threw another punch.

Everyone from Martial Hall frowned. Nangong Han’s punches looked very simple, and it didn’t seem as if he was using Shadow Punch at all.

“What is he doing? How can he expect to teach with such casual moves?” a tutor from the Martial Hall said.

Everyone thought Nangong Han was merely afraid of Han Sen and his connections, but Nangong Han started to look like a man who had been shocked by a disturbing revelation. It was as if something mortifying had happened to him.

Chapter 984 - Traitor Nangong Han

Chapter 984: Traitor Nangong Han

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

Nangong Han was an old man in the sanctuary. He had endured many trials in his time there, and his Shadow Punch was no joke.

Now, he was more shocked than he had ever been. Through the years, he had never been put in such an awkward position.

Despite what everyone thought, Nangong Han was indeed trying to use Shadow Punch. When Han Sen sought to block the shadow fist, Nangong Han would strike with his other—that was his plan.

There was no need to hit Han Sen hard, as even the lightest jab would weaken his image and the respect he was given as a tutor. If he could tarnish Han Sen's reputation in such a way, Nangong Han hoped that Han Sen would be seen as an ignorant young man, too big for his breeches.

But when Nangong Han sought to create the shadow fist, something strange occurred. His fist did not work correctly.

At first, he believed he had let the excitement get to him, and that was why he missed. So, he tried to recalibrate his focus and deliver the punch again. But for some strange reason, he could not conjure the shadow fist at all. It was as if his actual fist was being magnetized towards Han Sen.

Nangong Han secretly opened a few of his gene locks to increase his power output.

But it didn't make any difference, and that realization soon robbed him of the snark with which he had invited Han Sen on stage. Against Han Sen, his Shadow Punch was useless. Its effectiveness had magically disappeared.

Nangong Han's fist still went up against Han Sen with the speed of thunder, but it was a far cry from what was supposed to occur. But for the uneducated audience, it was quite the spectacle. Rapid, maniacal fists blurred towards Han Sen, but he was able to block each one.

The other tutors of Martial Hall knew more of Nangong Han's capabilities, and they believed he was just being a coward. They thought he genuinely wanted to co-operate with Han Sen and get in his good books, rather than attempt to humiliate him.

Even Qin Xuan believed Nangong Han was playing nice. Otherwise, she reasoned, things wouldn't be going so smoothly.

No one else knew how Nangong Han was truly feeling, and the shock of this turn of events was starting to make him panic. Sweat started to form across his forehead.

He now wanted to stop attacking, but it was like he had been possessed. Nangong Han's fists had minds of their own, and they wouldn't stop coming towards Han Sen.

Nangong Han was looking at the young man on stage with horror, as if he was the Ghost of Christmas Past.

Understandably, Han Sen was feeling quite different. Han Sen was actually having fun. He was using Bao'er's energy flow to draw Nangong Han's fists to where he wanted them and feign a proper block. But Bao'er's energy flow was wild and uncontrollable, even for Han Sen. He had only planned to use it when he truly needed it, but now, the old tutor's fists were coming at him as if the stage was on fire.

Nangong Han's strength was not in raw force, but in speed and the shadow that veiled his moves. Still, he had four open gene locks, and even that was not enough to withstand the insane suction that suckered him in.

Although this trick did not deal damage to his enemies, Han Sen was glad he had this power. It could affect the way others moved, and therefore it was quite the gamechanger.

If Han Sen used this technique during key moments of battle, it could entirely change the course of a fight and give him the leg-up he needed to overcome powerful foes.

Han Sen had once tried the gourd's suction before, but after Bao'er was born, its strength had most certainly increased.

"Um, I thank you for your... co-operation. That is exactly how one must defend against incoming attacks." Nangong Han's hands suddenly dropped to his sides, and he did his best to maintain his composure and not reveal a hint of what had occurred to him.

Seeing Han Sen bow to him, Nangong Han was at least grateful that the young man had not tried to embarrass him on stage or reveal to the audience what had transpired.

Nangong Han went on to finish the rest of the lesson, but when it was over, he could hardly recall what he had talked about.

When Nangong Han returned to his friends from Martial Hall, they looked at him with great disdain. They all thought he was a coward.

Nangong Han wished to explain what had occurred, but he could not put it into words.

Han Sen had only become a surpasser recently, and there was no way he already had what it took to defeat Nangong Han.

If he told them that Han Sen was controlling his movements, they'd think he was lying.

"Tutor Nangong, the lesson was nice." Han Sen's voice rang out to him from nearby, and when he turned, he saw Qin Xuan and Han Sen approaching.

Nangong Han felt like collapsing to his knees and crying his eyes out. The tutors that were with him were looking at him as if he was a traitor.

“Tutor Nangong’s lesson was truly amazing. I’ll be eagerly anticipating the next,” Qin Xuan said.

The tutors from Martial Hall continued to stare at Nangong Han, silently fuming with anger. They believed he had betrayed them.

“I didn’t do anything wrong!” Nangong Han exclaimed in his heart, but try as he might, he could not spit out the words.

“Tutor Nangong, when I take the stage for a lesson of my own, I hope you can help me out, as well.” Han Sen smiled at him, which only made Nangong Han’s face distort even more. The old tutor wanted nothing more than to run away.

Chapter 985 - Qin Family's Secret

Chapter 985: Qin Family's Secret

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

For Han Sen, archery was not difficult. It was a combat profession he adored, and when it was his time to teach students, he committed to the lectures with keen sincerity.

“Tutor Han, I have heard you know of the skill called ‘Drillhead.’ Could you teach us that?” a person asked. He was young, and wanted to learn a cool technique.

The idea of learning Drillhead quickly overtook the minds of many of Han Sen’s students. Now, they all wanted Han Sen to teach them how to perform it.

In response, Han Sen smiled and said, “It’s a complex skill. Skills that you would think of as being ‘cool’ are usually quite complicated. But you must first learn how to perform the basic talents, and achieve mastery with many of the early techniques before you can learn a skill such as Drillhead. It requires much dexterity with the bow.”

“But Tutor Han, we have already learned our basic skills. We did so in the Military Academy,” responded the man who initially asked.

“Ah, but I’m different. You learned those beginner moves from someone else—not me.” Han Sen smiled warmly, and then went on to say, “Now, let’s talk about the bow.”

Drillhead required its user to have already adopted a drilling skill. It was not something someone could learn, or achieve even a modicum of true talent with, in just a few lessons. Han Sen wanted to speak in broader strokes that covered the combat arts of archery.

Unfortunately, it was a fairly boring lecture. But, as dull as it may have been, what was taught was very important. If the students heeded what Han Sen told them, their chances of survival and future success would be much greater.

That being said, if the students did not listen, there was nothing Han Sen could do to force them otherwise.

Cool skills were flashy, and they attracted much attention. But the students were young, and Han Sen wanted to teach them lessons that were truly meaningful, and could have a longer-lasting impact on their lives.

Young people weren't too keen on having others tell them what to do, though. And few enjoyed lengthy speeches.

Many people were becoming greatly disappointed with the lecture. They'd expected to learn a great deal, and to be inspired and uplifted by his speech. With their expectations dashed, their hearts continued to sink lower and lower with each sentence of Han Sen's on-stage rambling.

But not all of the students were like this. Many of the smart and focused students still paid great attention to Han Sen.

Overall, Han Sen wasn't a particularly good teacher. And while many of his students might have ended up walking away disappointed, he didn't regret the methodology or content of his lecture. Archery was his passion, and he was happy to share his wisdom about the subject.

When the lesson ended, two students approached Han Sen. One had black hair, whereas the other had red.

"Tutor Han, can I ask you a few questions?" the black-haired man asked politely.

"Of course," Han Sen said.

"I would like to ask if it's reasonable to use a bow in close-quarter combat?" the black-haired man said.

Han Sen initially believed the man would ask something else regarding Drillhead. This question came as quite a surprise.

“Hm, that is a good question. Contact me with this ID later, and I will tell you more. For now, move on to the next lecture. I don’t want to be held responsible disrupting other classes with late-running students.” Han Sen provided them with his ID.

He had been asked a question that could not be explained in a hurry. Plus, they had a few more lessons to attend immediately after his. Provided they were willing to listen, Han Sen would be happy to teach them more later.

“Thank you, Tutor Han.” Then they continued on their way.

“Not bad.” Qin Xuan appeared, smiling as she approached Han Sen.

“The students, on the whole, don’t seem pleased with what I was telling them,” Han Sen said.

“What you said was fine; they are just too young and inexperienced to grasp what you were saying to them.” Qin Xuan took a moment to smile softly. Then, she went on to say, “Those boys from the Arthur family came to ask you something. Is everything okay?”

“They just had some questions regarding archery.” Han Sen was a little surprised by her sudden questioning, so he asked, “Why? Is there something wrong with them?”

“Well, they can be considered the most troublesome members of the team. I get a headache just looking at them.” Qin Xuan smiled, then asked, “Right. And what about my proposition, have you considered what to do with it?”

“With what? The Taia sword? I’m still using it for now, but I might sell it when I get a better weapon in the future,” Han Sen explained.

“All right, then,” Qin Xuan said.

Han Sen thought this was strange. She was usually never this pushy and inquisitive, so he realized that the sword must mean more to her family than she was letting on.

“Can you tell me why this blade is so important to you?” Han Sen asked.

Qin Xuan fell silent and still for a moment. When her speech returned, she said, “I can tell you, but it’s a secret. You cannot tell anyone else.”

“I can keep a secret, don’t worry,” Han Sen said.

After another lengthy pause, Qin Xuan resumed by saying, “You once asked me about Qin Huaizhen. This blade relates to him.”

“Those two are connected?” Han Sen had never confirmed that the person he once found frozen beneath the Black Desert was indeed Qin Huaizhen. And he had always wondered why that man had told him to be wary of Han Jingzhi. And he also wanted to know why the man possessed the Blood-Pulse Sutra. A multitude of questions still lingered around his memory of that strange encounter, and nothing had ever been cleared up.

With the chance of a long-awaited revelation, Han Sen’s heart started to beat faster.

When Qin Xuan spoke again, she said, “In the past, the Qin family was not whole. One half was from the Zhou period, named Ji. The other originated from the Qin period, and was named Ying. I come from the Ying, and our lineage hails from the First King. Taia belonged to the First King. Our family also possesses a Qi Gong that requires this sword to be practiced.”

“What Qi Gong requires this sword for practice?” Han Sen asked.

“I can’t tell you that,” Qin Xuan said with a smile. “Taia is rightfully ours. But the existence of sanctuaries was unknown to us back then. At that time, everyone knew about our Qi Gong; they just lacked the correct sword for practice. Only Qin Huaizhen is known to have used Taia for its practice.”

“Did he succeed in learning the Qi Gong?” Han Sen asked, with great curiosity.

“I believe he did. And after doing so, he joined the Seventh Team to be an investigator. He took Taia with him to the sanctuaries, and when he returned, that sword had been broken in two. The other half was lost to us, for the longest time. He told us it was important for us to recover the other half of Taia, so that we could practice the Qi Gong.”

Chapter 986 - Third Tier of the Dongxuan Sutra

Chapter 986: Third Tier of the Dongxuan Sutra

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen had now learned more about Taia and Qin Huaizhen. While this may have helped elucidate a few things—like how the sword had been brought to the sanctuaries—the real burning questions were still left unanswered.

When the Qin family asked the Lan Te family where they found the sword, they said it was purchased from an interstellar traveler.

They had only seen the traveler once. They did not know where he came from, and they had since been unable to identify him.

When the following lectures ended, the two young men from the Arthur family came to visit Han Sen again. They were still very curious, wanting to learn more about archery.

When Han Sen met with them again, it pleased him to see their enthusiasm for archery, so he answered every question they posed.

Kai Wei and Long listened to Han Sen intently, and this made him even happier.

But after that, their keenness did not lapse. Each and every day, they returned to ask Han Sen about stuff they did not understand. Han Sen enjoyed the opportunity to be a personal tutor and lecturer, and he took the time to help them to the best of his abilities at every opportunity he received. He started to like the two.

Han Sen didn't think of teaching the two as a waste of time at all, provided they listened well—which they did.

A month passed, and this time wasn't only spent teaching. He also managed to open his third gene lock.

His fitness was very high at this point, so Han Sen was able to unlock his third lock rather quickly. By comparison, it'd take the average surpasser almost two years to reach this point.

After opening the third gene lock, his dongxuan aura expanded by a considerable amount and also provided him a new function.

The second tier allowed him to mask his lifeforce to elude the notice of others. After opening his third gene lock, he could now obscure the seventh sense of others.

He could not dull or inhibit the eighth sense, though. But still, provided they did not have it, it meant he could make others practically blind and deaf.

It was a frightening power for any combatant to face, and this silent disabler was scarier than any destructive power a person could possess.

Having unlocked this ability, Han Sen wondered if his next unlock would allow him to smother the eighth sense of others, too.

Han Sen sent Moment Queen out to hunt creatures, and while she was gone, he took this chance to enter the third spirit base.

He adopted a low profile, and masked his presence there to ensure that no one else knew The King had arrived there yet.

His dongxuan aura could not only stifle the seventh sense of one individual, it could be cast across an entire area.

That meant, if a spirit was outside the effective radius of his dongxuan aura, they could neither see nor enter that place.

So, after hiding his spirit statue, no one could see him or his island. His appearance there was little more than a flickering shadow.

This was stage one of Han Sen's new Third Sanctuary Geno Raiding Plan.

Han Sen began by going after royal spirits. He wasn't going to skip any levels, as he wished to gather as many royal spirit geno points as he could.

The spirits who were beaten were not even given the chance to see Han Sen's face. All they knew was that a veil of black obscured their vision, and then they were suddenly respawning at a spirit statue.

Han Sen couldn't help his fast ascension through the ranks, and soon, he reached the ranks of the king spirits.

"Have you heard? A horrible king spirit has arrived here. You never see him until it's too late. He'll draw you into darkness, and then you will be killed."

"I know, I heard! I wonder which king spirit's son it might be?"

"It's been a while since we last saw him, but do you think it might actually be The King?"

"I don't think so. Doesn't The King wield a white light?"

"But I have heard many king spirits have been killed by this new threat. It seems to be another frightening, powerful spirit we must contend with."

"Who do you think would win in a fight? This spirit or The King?"

"The new spirit. The element of space is frightening."

"Split-Space King said, he'll destroy the new spirit if it attacks him."

"He's a space king spirit, of course he'll wreck this shadow-dwelling creep."

"I'm sure the spirit knows this, too. That's probably why he hasn't gone after Split-Space King yet."

While the spirits discussed this, Han Sen drove his island passed them and briefly listened-in. And as he went, he thought, "If Split-Space King is indeed a space spirit, I can kill it and nab a few space geno points. If we were to have a self fight, that would be even better."

But Han Sen wasn't going out in search of him yet. Back in the second spirit base, Han Sen had already been told about Split-Space King and his vow to destroy The King.

"Maybe I really will be able to have a self-fight with him," Han Sen said to himself, as he continued looking for his next target.

Han Sen only attacked king spirits that were one rank higher than he was. And by the time he was done, he had managed to nab an easy twenty spirit geno points. Unfortunately for him, though, they were all of basic elements.

The more king spirits Han Sen beat, the cockier Split-Space King became, though. He said Han Sen was a coward, only confident in fighting while concealed. He believed Han Sen would never show his face to him, and therefore, Split-Space King was confident saying anything he wished to.

Whenever Han Sen killed a king spirit, they'd respawn with great fury. And more often than not, their rage-fueled complaints made mention of Split-Space King. His latest kill resulted in the spirit yelling, "Pah, coward! If you think you have the balls, go and fight Split-Space King!"

"That wimp? He is nothing. I can kill him with ease," Han Sen responded, from the dark that veiled him from their sight.

"Talk is cheap. If you think you've got what it takes, no one is stopping you from fighting him. Go over there and prove your worth," the king spirit rebuked.

"Oh, I will. Deliver a message to him; we will fight in Shen Xiao. And inform him it will be a self fight. I will be waiting. Oh, and if he is not willing to commit to a self fight, tell him not to bother showing up," Han Sen said, then left.

It wasn't long before the news of this challenge spread throughout the entire third spirit base. Every spirit soon heard the words Han Sen had spoken, and they were each keen to watch such a fight.

Chapter 987 - Dry Angel Corpses

Chapter 987: Dry Angel Corpses

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

“Do you think Split-Space King will show up for the self fight in Shen Xiao?”

“Of course he will.”

“Aye; he has nothing to be afraid of. His split-space powers can vaporize this dark-dwelling loser.”

“It’s going to be one heck of a show, then. Come on, we mustn’t be late. Let’s hurry!”

“This will be a rare spectacle; we must definitely get there soon.”

...

Countless spirits went to Shen Xiao to witness this fight. And as cold as ever, Split-Space King accepted the terms of the fight and said, “Pah! What a fool. ‘Tis a waste of life, challenging me to a self fight.”

“Split-Space, this fight is pointless,” a woman said.

“If I can’t beat him, or if I cower away, how in the sanctuaries do you think I can live up to my name?” Split-Space King said.

“But you don’t know anything about him. You don’t know the extent of his powers. It’s risky, and if you lose all your space geno points...” The woman sounded very worried.

“I am indestructible, have you not learnt that yet? I will crush anything that comes my way with the greatest of ease,” Split-Space King reaffirmed.

The woman wished to say something more, but he stopped her and said, “You are just a royal spirit. You do not understand. I can kill him one hundred times in the blink of an eye.”

The woman was only a royal spirit, but she had given birth to Split-Space King. It was very sad that he disdained her. He was a wretched son.

Han Sen set up the fight, but he did not go to Shen Xiao. He killed two more king spirits and left the spirit base.

When Split-Space King arrived, the spirits were overjoyed and their hype reached maximum. But much to their surprise, the shadow spirit that had called for this fight did not appear. The audience waited two whole days, and still he did not appear.

“That king spirit must have bluffed, and really is afraid to fight!”

“Of course; we should have seen this coming. Split-Space King has split-space powers, after all. That must be his weakness.”

“I can’t believe he lied like this. What a shameful person; he is so embarrassing.”

“Maybe he’s just busy?”

“What a coward.”

...

Han Sen was in the underground shelter’s east side, examining a corpse Xu You brought back.

It was a horned-bug that was spiky like a burdock. It was only a primitive creature, but it was special. There was a fist-sized hole in its head, and its brain was gone.

“You say there are many such corpses up north? All in the same state as this?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes, there are. And there are the bodies of other creatures, too.” Xu You gave him the details of their discovery.

Han Sen observed the body and fell silent, having seen something like this before. He could feel a dark residue of Yaksha in the wound.

Yaksha must have fled north, following their encounter.

“Little Han, can we bring the bodies back?” Old Huang asked.

There were many bodies in such condition, and aside from their missing brains, they were perfectly fine. Some of them were mutant, too; they’d be a good way for the people in his shelter to level up.

“Let me go there and scope the place out first. If it is safe, then you can bring them back.” Han Sen was worried Yaksha was still in the area, so he fancied checking it out alone.

Han Sen saw many dead bodies as he ventured north through Thorn Forest. He masked his presence and went forward with care.

After fifty miles of travel, he was still seeing many dead bodies. It didn’t seem as if Yaksha had returned.

Han Sen brought a few of the bodies back with him when he returned. He then commanded the others to go and collect the rest, deeming the region safe for the time being. He wanted to avoid letting the meat go bad.

Han Sen was a little worried. He didn’t know what Yaksha’s ultimate goal was, what he was doing, where he was going, or anything else. If Han Sen bumped into him before he could move the shelter, things would go terribly awry for not just him, but for the people that were now in his care.

Han Sen went to see Bao’er, and left the shelter again with her in tow. He followed the bodies, wanting to locate Yaksha, if he could.

As he moved deeper through the forest, the number of bodies lessened. Still, there were enough to track him.

Yaksha was obviously uninterested in hiding himself, so this meant it'd be easy for Han Sen to track him down.

But Han Sen made sure to exercise great caution on his trek, and his carefulness increased the deeper he ventured.

He masked his and Bao'er's presences as well as he could.

Thorn Forest was a wild and unpredictable place. Han Sen had seen many crazy things in his time there, so he knew he could never be too careful.

Suddenly, Han Sen's eyes opened wide. Along the thorny vines that wove between the trees, many corpses had been strung up.

Upon closer examination, the corpses were all dried like husks. It was a sinister scene.

And the most shocking thing for Han Sen was their human-like appearance. They weren't random creatures; they were humans with wings. These dried-up angelic beings had wings of varying colors: black, white, and grey. The feathers had mostly fallen from their wings, revealing the skeleton beneath what was once undoubtedly a most beautiful plumage.

The bodies of these angels hung from the vines, and in their chests, protruding from where their hearts should have been, were red spikes.

Thirteen angels had been pinned there, in total. When they had died, he could not tell. They no longer looked pretty and holy; the sight of them gave Han Sen chills.

He noticed the bodies of these angels had no eyes, either. Their sockets were dark and empty.

Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to scan the area, and that was when he felt Yaksha's presence. He had been here, and he had examined the bodies of these angels, as well.

Chapter 988 - Place of Sacrifice

Chapter 988: Place of Sacrifice

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“Are they creatures or spirits?” Han Sen wondered, as he examined the eyeless angels with confusion.

Han Sen summoned Thorn Baron to hear her input. “Thorn, do you have any idea what these are?”

Thorn did not immediately respond, and she went to examine them as if she had never seen them before. This was confirmed when she told Han Sen, “No, I haven’t. They seem to be some sort of creature.”

“Are you sure they’re creatures?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes,” Thorn Baron answered, assuredly.

Han Sen frowned, thinking it to be an awful waste. Who would slay so many creatures and not even consume a single morsel?

Since she couldn’t help, he returned Thorn Baron and summoned Moment Queen to ask her.

Immediately, she looked upset. She had been in the midst of a hunt herself, and with the yank of a metaphysical chain, she had been brought over like a slave.

When Moment Queen saw the eyeless angels pinned on the vines, though, her irritation vanished. She looked shocked and exclaimed, “Who has established a sacrificial ritual here?”

“Come again?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen looked at Han Sen with grave seriousness, and shouted, “Who did this? Who did this!?”

“I haven’t a clue; I just stumbled upon it.” Han Sen explained the events that led him to the discovery.

When Moment Queen heard what he had to say, she looked upon the bodies of the angels. She walked towards the vine they hung from and looked at the earth below. Then she punched a deep hole through the soil.

Dong!

A loud metal noise emanated from beneath the dirt.

Moment Queen punched the ground again and started to dig, turning up soil that was dark red.

The soil looked coarse and dry, and the further she dug, the deeper the red hue became. It eventually looked as if the earth had been wholly dyed red.

It got even stranger when jewelry started to turn up in the churned soil she was pulling out of the ground. They seemed to show up in a specific order.

“It really is a site of sacrifice.” Moment Queen looked ill.

“Can you please explain to me what’s going on?” Han Sen frowned.

Moment Queen eventually answered, saying, “This is a festival for the deceased; something done by spirits.”

“This is in worship of spirits?” Han Sen found it difficult to believe. If what Moment Queen was saying was true, how was Thorn Baron unable to identify what this ceremony? After all, she was a spirit, too.

Moment Queen replied, “Spirits have spirit stones; when they die, they don’t necessarily die. The only spirits that require a sacrificial ritual are those who have failed to ascend to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary. Their spirit stones penetrate their own bodies, killing them.”

“Keep going.” Han Sen didn’t quite understand, but he was glad she was being somewhat forthwith.

“Think of it as a ritual of resurrection. If their bodies are not destroyed, they can use this ritual as a manner of reviving themselves.” Moment Queen paused for a second, and then went on to say, “This is a place of sacrifice. These beings were the sacrifice, and their lifeforce was wholly sucked dry. They provide their lifeforce to the spirit that requires resurrection, and the more powerful the spirit was, the more lifeforce they’d need. These thirteen creatures are Wind Angel super creatures.”

Han Sen felt a chill run down his spine, as he gulped and asked, “Thirteen super creatures? Was it a king spirit that did this?”

“Whatever did this was far stronger than a king spirit. Not even I can tell what manner of spirit would require thirteen super creatures for a resurrection. My best guess would be an emperor.” Moment Queen frowned as she stopped speaking.

“How do you grow the angels?” Han Sen noticed a fluctuation in her tone, when she mentioned the super creatures earlier.

To this, Moment Queen hummed and said, “You’re asking how you get thirteen of the same super creatures, yes? Well, they grow from a tree. And of course, any person who has managed to grow such a tree is undoubtedly an emperor.”

Han Sen was shocked, hearing that an emperor was resurrecting another emperor that had failed its ascension to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary.

“Can we still eat these Wind Angels?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen looked at him and said, “Their lifeforce has been sucked dry. It’s nothing but compost now.”

Han Sen shrugged. He didn’t want to eat the remains himself, but he thought it might have been a fine treat for the Disloyal Knight.

Since his retrieval of the fiend, Han Sen had fed the Disloyal Knight pet pills and waterdrops for its growth. But when the pet would be able to fight, he could not tell.

He thought the thirteen Wind Angels might have been enough to enable its battle mode.

“Did he get resurrected, then?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen shook her head and said, “I don’t know. This is where the ritual is prepared. The real place of sacrifice is where the spirit’s body lies. It’s probably further ahead.”

Han Sen looked in the direction Moment Queen gestured, and realized it was the way Yaksha had gone. He frowned and said, “What is Yaksha doing there?”

“That’s the person you saw in the ding, yes? He was the one who went this way?” Moment Queen’s face warped into an expression of horror.

“I am pretty sure, yes.” Han Sen nodded.

“We should follow.” Moment Queen walked forward in a bit of a rush.

“For what?” Han Sen commanded her to stop, not wanting to risk Bao’er’s life by going after Yaksha.

Chapter 989 - The Emperor's Spirit Orb

Chapter 989: The Emperor's Spirit Orb

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Moment Queen stopped and explained, "If the ritual did not work, the emperor will not have been brought back to life. But regardless, his life force is still in-play. If its existence continues in this way, it will instead become a spirit orb. Think of it as a weakened spirit stone, that is unable to revive anything. But, it can be consumed by other spirits. If another spirit consumes a spirit orb, they are granted a considerable number of self-given points."

"How do you know there'll still be a spirit orb? What if the emperor has already taken it?" Han Sen frowned.

"It sounds to me like Yaksha is the emperor who has put all this in motion. Perhaps something happened to him, long ago, and now he has returned to finish the task," Moment Queen said.

"And you think we can do combat with an emperor?" Han Sen still feared the spirit.

The aqua dragon had been unable to defeat Yaksha, and Han Sen himself had only opened three of his gene locks. Hesitation and doubts as to whether he could defeat such a foe were entirely reasonable.

The only reason he had chased after Yaksha thus far was because of Bao'er's support and his newfound ability to obscure the seventh sense of others.

Moment Queen, seemingly alarmed, tried to explain the gravity of the situation in a rush. "Yaksha came out of a ding and fought a dragon immediately after, you said. He will undoubtedly be in a weakened state, and if we go after him now, we can kill him."

“Don’t forget, your spirit stone is a part of your body. You can’t respawn if you fall in battle,” Han Sen told her.

“I wouldn’t throw away my life by challenging a foe I knew I could not hope to beat. But you said there were several creature carcasses, scattered along the way here. That in itself tells me Yaksha is weakened. Pride is a spirit’s greatest shackle, and an emperor wouldn’t be willing to eat such low-life creatures unless he was absolutely desperate. Before he consumes the spirit orb he is after, he’ll be at his weakest. If we find him, we can kill him and take the orb for ourselves.”

Han Sen thought what she had been saying made sense, and perhaps it would be best to nip this entire mess in its bud before things could get any worse. Han Sen didn’t want Yaksha to get any more dangerous. Moment Queen wouldn’t needlessly risk her life, and Han Sen needed all the self geno points he could get.

“Fine. Let’s check it out.” With Bao’er by his side, he felt a lot more confident.

If Yaksha was able to, he would have killed the dragon when he fought it in the subterranean labyrinth. Yaksha had suffered much damage, and it was clear he had not yet recovered his health.

Moment Queen raced through the trees, as Han Sen followed from behind.

Bao’er observed her surroundings with great interest as she clutched a bottle. She was like a puppy, swinging her head left and right to see everything she could.

Although it seemed as if she was in the biggest rush ever, Moment Queen still exercised caution. But so far, after a great distance had been traversed, nothing curious revealed itself. The signature vines of the forest were still all-present, woven between each tree, but that was it.

After crossing a distance of ten miles, Moment Queen stopped and said, “This is it. It’s right in front of us.”

Han Sen stood near Moment Queen and saw a great clump of vines, all tangled together to form a sort of wall. It was rather like a wicker basket, except for its strong resemblance to a castle.

As they wondered whether or not to enter, something let out a sudden roar.

It sounded like a beast, one that used sonic powers to amplify its cries. It was so loud, they both felt as if their chests had been delivered a direct punch. They even spilt blood from their mouths.

“There is a super creature inside,” Moment Queen said, as she wiped the blood from her lips.

Han Sen, wiping his own blood, saw that Bao’er was completely unharmed. She looked in the direction the noise had come from.

“Let’s go!” Han Sen wanted to leave.

If there was indeed a super creature inside, there was no feasible way they could defeat it.

But, before he could turn to leave, something appeared to exit the castle. Without wasting a second, he masked their lifeforces and moved to hide in the nearby bushes.

It was a giant centipede. It looked terribly wounded, and it wasted no time scuttling out and racing off between the trees in panic.

Not long after, something else came out of the castle. It was Yaksha.

Yaksha looked to be in terrible shape, as well. His scaled-armor was entirely broken, and only a few roughed-up plates remained.

One of his arms had been almost completely severed. Only loose flaps and strings of skin connected it to his shoulder.

“Godd*mn dragon king; I’m not done with you yet!” Yaksha shouted, while holding the arm that looked ready to drop. Then he disappeared.

Han Sen froze. It was a horrible sight, seeing him in such condition, and he wondered what had occurred. From what he could guess, Yaksha had been set-up.

Moment Queen frowned and looked at Han Sen. She said, “I have heard about the existence of a certain dragon king before. If it resides inside that castle, we may have a struggle ahead of us.”

“What do you mean?” Han Sen saw Yaksha fleeing the area, and his expectations of obtaining a spirit orb had gone with him.

Moment Queen said, “Dragon King is a famous emperor of the Third God’s Sanctuary, and he possesses the power of dragons. Everyone obeys him, and if he failed to reach the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, I can’t imagine my chances. They’d be far slimmer, to say the least.”

“Are you still going to risk entering that castle?” Han Sen asked, as he looked at the menacing construct.

“Not even Yaksha could defeat Dragon King; I doubt we’d fare any better,” Moment Queen said.

Han Sen nodded. He didn’t want to risk Bao’er’s life by bringing her inside, either.

As they turned to leave the area, though, Bao’er leapt out of Han Sen’s arms and rapidly crawled inside the castle.

Chapter 990 - Obtaining the Dragon Orb

Chapter 990: Obtaining the Dragon Orb

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

“Bao’er, get back here!” She didn’t heed Han Sen’s call, but she did turn around and wave at him. This prompted him to follow, despite the sirens in his head. When he caught up with her, she had crawled even further forward.

“Don’t go in there!” Moment Queen shouted. If Han Sen died, she did, too. There was nothing for her to gain in her master’s untimely death.

Han Sen returned Moment Queen to the Sea of Soul and continued chasing after Bao’er.

He would have put his foot down and stopped her if Bao’er was an ordinary baby. But her appearance obviously hid her true maturity and knowledge. She wouldn’t have crawled into the castle like she was, if there was nothing of value to be found there.

When they got inside, there were a variety of different passages. The variety of passages didn’t slow Bao’er down, though. As if she knew the way to go, she kept on crawling without a single pause to collect her bearings.

She crawled incredibly quickly, and whenever Han Sen fell behind, she’d stop and turn around. Then, she’d call out, “Daddy, come!”

Han Sen continued to follow her, and was surprised by the distinct lack of action. They walked through the labyrinthine complex of the vine-castle without anything attempting to get in their way.

The castle was massive, and Han Sen had been walking for at least ten miles within its walls. He projected there’d be many more directions to travel since paths branched off in

every-which-way, as awkwardly and obtusely as the very vines that twirled around each other to form the castle's structure.

Suddenly, Bao'er stopped. She pointed forward, and at which point, Han Sen decided to pick her up. In front of them, the corpse of a dead creature barred their way.

It was a golden tiger of sorts, and its body was wedged into the passage, with its backside facing them. There were no visible wounds, but blood coated the area around it.

"Hm, did the roar come from this thing?" Han Sen summoned his Disloyal Knight.

When Disloyal Knight saw the body, it emotionlessly approached the corpse and began chomping on the flesh and slurping its blood.

If Disloyal Knight was so interested in eating the creature, then there was a high chance the fallen monster was a super creature.

Disloyal Knight ate as quickly as Little Angel had, and it wasn't long before Han Sen could see the front of the tiger.

The tiger did not have a head, and he was unsure why it was missing or who had severed it.

After a brief look around, he couldn't find the head and neither could he find a Life Geno Essence to consume.

Disloyal Knight was almost done with the creature. With most of the flesh gone, it began gnawing at the bones, before snapping them and sucking the marrow inside with a revolting, feverish excitement. Han Sen had no clue how it could eat so much.

When it was done, Han Sen put Disloyal Knight away. Then, Bao'er crawled forward and said, "Let's go, Daddy."

Han Sen was unsure whether or not he should keep going, as the way that monster had been killed concerned him a great deal.

But with Bao'er hurrying him, not dismayed by what they had just seen, he was okay with following her forward.

Whenever the way branched—which was often—Bao'er led him without pause. There was no fear of getting lost, with her leading the way.

Shortly after, they came to a big room. In its center, there was an alter that had also been formed by the vines of the castle. Upon it lay a man.

Dragon-like horns protruded from the man's head, and his body was clad in black-plated armor. He had long, blue hair. As surreal as the scene was, it was so quiet, you would assume the man was just peacefully in slumber.

Upon closer inspection, Han Sen noticed a glowing orb atop the man's magnificently still forehead. It was beautiful.

Looking inside it, the image of a dragon appeared. It seemed to swim around inside the orb, as if the glowing lights were the sea it resided in.

“So, this is the spirit orb?” Han Sen was overjoyed at the discovery, but he wasn't willing to be so reckless as to attempt to steal it without learning more about the situation he had found himself in.

The man did not look dead, and his sleep may have been true. If Han Sen snatched the orb, and the man woke up, he'd be the one who was dead.

Deciding it was time to bring Moment Queen back, he did just that.

She looked angry and ready to complain at first, but when her eyes glanced across the man, she screamed and said, “Spirit orb! It's Dragon King's spirit orb!”

“Can we take it?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen inspected it carefully, but came to a disappointing conclusion. “No. The emperor has not been revived, but the body is active. It looks as if it’s missing a key ingredient that is necessary to complete the resurrection ritual.”

Moment Queen paused, and then went on to say, “Dragon King’s body is connected to the orb. The lifeforce inside the orb, if stolen, might compel the body to attack and kill us. And that would be no hassle for an emperor, believe me.”

“So, does that mean we should leave it be? We can’t take it?” Han Sen frowned.

Moment Queen had a wry smile, but then said, “His resurrection is only half complete. I still fail to understand how it wasn’t a success. See the dragon inside the orb? That is the spirit’s soul. He should have been revived, so it is very strange to learn that he has not.”

“The spirit orbs you can take and consume are those that have yet to achieve any such activity. This is far too tricky for us to attempt.” Moment Queen seemed to be out of ideas.

Han Sen wished to say something, but Bao’er suddenly held up her gourd. Then she aimed it at the dragon orb.

Over the course of a single second, the orb was sucked into the gourd.

Moment Queen froze, looking at Bao’er as if she had just seen a ghost.

Han Sen, seeing Bao’er take the orb, then turned his attention to the body, in case it moved. But then, the strangest thing occurred: the lifeless body withered away, drying up like a long-deceased carcass.

Dong!

Something fell from the emperor’s body, after it dried up.

Chapter 991 - Dragon-Blood Ring

Chapter 991: Dragon-Blood Ring

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen saw a red-jade ring drop to the floor. It had been on the man's finger, but it slipped off when the body withered.

He was not interested in jewelry, but he gave it a scan to see if it was significant, anyway. It wasn't, to his knowledge, so Han Sen paid it no mind.

But when Moment Queen saw the ring, she was shocked. She pretended not to be, though.

Han Sen had never heard of the ring before, but she had.

The blood-ring was something of much renown.

When she was in the Third God's Sanctuary the first time, Dragon King was incredibly famous. He also had a vast collection of jewelry.

His most important possession was this ring. He would never be seen without it, and Dragon King had an obsessive compulsion to never let it out of his sight.

People said Dragon King synthesized the ring with the horn of a super creature, and he fed the ring with his own blood for many years.

While many people had seen the ring, few knew what it did exactly.

The only time he would remove the ring was to fight a human. And when he set it aside, not even his wives were allowed to touch it.

He once murdered his favorite wife for touching his ring. When she touched it, she did so by accident, and as a consequence, he broke her spirit stone without remorse.

Some said the ring possessed Dragon King's second soul, and all his memories were stored there, like a back-up.

If he ever failed his ascension to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, he could resurrect himself with this ring.

Although it was just a legend, and something unproven, it was still a valuable artifact. It was the most important treasure of the late Dragon King.

Moment Queen wanted the ring for herself, as a sort of memento. If she went to get it, though, Han Sen would believe the ring to have a true worth and keep it for himself.

"Hm, how can I grab the ring? I need to distract him, somehow." Moment Queen tried to think of a way in which she could draw his attention away from the sight.

As she contemplated what to do, Han Sen was still observing the body. He circled it slowly, over and over. Despite how much he looked, there did not seem to be anything there of worth. He fancied taking the king's armor, but after touching it, it started to decompose.

Han Sen scanned the corpse repeatedly, unable to fathom how he might walk away from the venture without a reward.

Moment Queen, just about managing to contain her excitement, said, "That armor is pretty good; you should check it out."

"The armor is turning into goop. How is that 'pretty good'?" Han Sen said.

Moment Queen then said, "The reason it decomposes is because of the scales. It decomposes with the body."

"Okay, and what's your point? It's ruined now." Han Sen frowned.

Moment Queen smiled and said, "You don't understand. There is one portion of the scales that won't decompose."

“Which part would that be?” Han Sen asked with confusion.

“There is a dragon-scale that grows upside down. Even when Dragon King dies, that scale won’t decompose. It will absorb his life force, and thus be quite precious,” Moment Queen explained.

“You’re saying it’s that good? Hm, where is it?” Han Sen said.

“I don’t know. It must be underneath the armor or something; you should take a look,” Moment Queen said.

“Okay, fine. I’ll take a look!” Han Sen then got to it, in search of the mystical dragon-scale Moment Queen had told him about.

When Moment Queen saw Han Sen begin to rummage about the body, she coldly smiled and thought to herself, “Consider this a trade for the ring. If I didn’t want this ring so badly, I wouldn’t have told you about the scale, either.”

Moment Queen had not lied about the scale’s existence, but it was an effective way of buying time for herself.

And even though she knew, she wasn’t willing to tell him where exactly the scale could be found. If she did, she’d have no time to fetch the ring without attracting his notice.

Han Sen, no longer focusing on her, was keen on pillaging the corpse. The prospect of treasure always demanded his attention. She walked around, as if pretending to be busy elsewhere, all the while eyeing the ring on the ground.

The dragon-blood ring was near the altar, and as if she was pretending to examine the altar itself, she inched her way closer to the ring.

“Mwahaha, it’s mine! If the legends are true, perhaps I can use the emperor’s help to get rid of this *sshole for good,” Moment Queen thought.

As Han Sen plundered the body, she did her best to control her heartbeat and act as normal as possible.

“It’s mine!” Seeing the ring so close, Moment Queen was exuberantly joyous. She believed the ring would aid her in escaping Han Sen’s control.

Just as her finger touched the ring, a fat little hand reached out to grab it. Moment Queen froze.

“Ah...” Bao’er looked very curious, holding the ring.

Chapter 992 - The Reversed Dragon Scale

Chapter 992: The Reversed Dragon Scale

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Moment Queen's heart pounded in her chest as she watched Bao'er hit the floor with the ring in gleeful childplay. She wished to snatch it back.

But if she showed any interest in the ring, she knew Han Sen would take it away from her for good.

Bao'er continued to play with it, and Moment Queen hoped she'd soon lose her interest in it.

As Bao'er swung her arms around, with her fist clenching the ring, it looked as if it'd slip out from her grasp, any second.

"Bao'er, that belongs to the dead. You shouldn't do that." Han Sen was afraid she'd end up eating the ring.

Bao'er was stronger than anyone he knew, but on a certain level, she was still a baby. He still felt compelled to be as protective as any reasonable parent should.

When Moment Queen heard him speak, she hoped Han Sen would tell her to discard the ring.

She knew she still had to act cool and not show any interest, so she held back for a while and just watched Bao'er.

But then, Bao'er stopped messing about and just sat there. She fiddled the ring between her fat, wrinkly baby-fingers. It seemed as if she was actually considering whether she should keep it or throw it away.

Suddenly, she raised her hand as if to prepare a throw.

Moment Queen's glee and excitement immediately returned, and in her heart, she started shouting, "Throw it! Yes, throw it!"

Bao'er's hand raised the ring... and stopped. She didn't throw it, and the baby's crooked face suggested she was still deep in thought over whether or not to keep the ring.

Moment Queen's face turned dim again. Soon, Han Sen would find the scale. And when he did, her opportunity of nabbing this ring for herself would go, too.

But then, Bao'er pulled back her raised arm, as if to finally throw the ring away.

This delighted Moment Queen. But the rollercoaster of emotions showed no sign of slowing down, as Bao'er's arm dropped with the ring still in her possession. Moment Queen's mind was furious, screaming, "Just do it!"

Finally, Bao'er came to a decision. Her face looked serious, and she seemed ready to throw it in Moment Queen's direction.

"Yeah, that's it. Come on, baby. Come on." Moment Queen opened her arms, as if to gesture that she should really throw it her way, and prepare to catch it.

Bao'er's face dropped its babylike glee, though. She was serious, like a baseball player, preparing to throw the game-saver.

Seeing Bao'er ready to throw, Moment Queen's hands opened wide. The baby's arm launched forward but... no ring left the clutch.

Bao'er smiled to Moment Queen like a little demon. She stood up, with the ring firmly in her hands, and ran over to Han Sen.

Bao'er climbed on top of Han Sen's back and forced the ring on him.

Han Sen accepted the ring and smiled at Moment Queen.

Moment Queen, after seeing their impish smiles, knew she had been tricked.

Han Sen must have known there to be something special with the ring a long time ago. To test her faithfulness, and whether or not the ring was a worthy item for the taking, he pranked her.

“*sshole! *sshole father! *sshole daughter!” Moment Queen’s mind was an inferno of raging hatred, particularly so when she realized she had been tricked by a baby.

Han Sen took the ring. He didn’t know what good it would do him, if any, but if Moment Queen wanted it that badly, then he knew he’d be better off with it.

Han Sen did not say anything, though. He ignored Moment Queen and continued searching. He lifted up the armor and saw a scale that looked like that of a fish. It almost looked like a shell.

“Brother Dragon, you’re very dead, aren’t you? That means you won’t be needing this, right? Don’t worry, skeleton, I’ll make good use of it. You have my word. And who knows? I might make you famous again,” Han Sen said to the withered husk, as he plucked the scale from its bony torso.

Perhaps it was because the body was dry, but he had no problems taking the scale.

When his fingers felt the scale, it was cool to the touch. The scale was white and semi-transparent.

“Moment, is this the reversed scale you mentioned?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes,” Moment Queen coldly answered.

“Is there anything else around this place worth taking?” Han Sen asked, with a tone of slight mocking.

Moment Queen wanted to kill Han Sen. If it wasn’t for the ring, he wouldn’t even have learnt about the scale, either.

“No,” Moment Queen coldly said.

Dragon King died because of his attempt to level up. It was not his tomb or shelter, so it was likely she was telling the truth and there really was nothing else worth taking.

Finding the ring was lucky enough. And it was only through the emperor’s stubbornness it was there for Han Sen to claim.

“Well, if there’s nothing else for us here, we should take our leave.” Han Sen then returned the way he had come, and placed the angry Moment Queen back in the Sea of Soul.

With Bao’er up front, leading the way, the return trip to the shelter did not take long. Resting in his hall, Han Sen fiddled with the ring and scale he had retrieved.

“Moment Queen wanted this thing pretty badly. I wonder what it does, exactly?” Han Sen couldn’t discern what made either item special.

“Well, treasure is treasure. And besides, I’ve been needing a ring to pull my bow.” Han Sen then placed the ring on his finger.

When he wore it, though, the red of the ring seemed to come alive. It glowed menacingly, and the sound of a roaring dragon boomed through the hall.

Chapter 993 - Stealing the Source

Chapter 993: Stealing the Source

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

A light, manifesting in the shape of a dragon, shot out towards Han Sen's forehead.

The light was wickedly fast, and Han Sen was not quick enough to avoid it.

"Dragon King has returned." A voice rang across the expanse of Han Sen's mind. It was firm and menacing to hear, but there was a glimmer of genuine surprise and relief as an undercurrent to the tone.

Han Sen looked around and suddenly realized his environment had changed; he was inside his own consciousness. Ahead of him was a red lotus, and in its fold, something was trying to wiggle its way out.

"Evil Lotus Queen, you belong to her. And she has marked you?" Dragon King's voice roared with sudden anger, and he went on to say, "If she is here, I would do best to avoid her. But you are merely a marked subordinate; there is nothing you can do to prevent my rebirth."

"Dragon King, I think it would be best if you did not leave the lotus. You should go back to your ring." Han Sen was not afraid of Dragon King.

The Dragon King that sought to invade his mind was not the emperor he once had been. Now, he was only a king spirit. If his body was there, then perhaps Han Sen would have been unable to beat it.

But with only his mind there, playing an away game, he was nothing compared to Han Sen.

After all, Han Sen was a super king spirit that also possessed a super king body. Dragon King was only a king spirit, and had no body at all.

“What a fool! Do you think me feeble, without a body? I will make a good vessel out of you!” The encased dragon raged against the lotus folds and did its best to escape entrapment.

Cracks began to run the length of the petals, and it looked as if it would soon break.

Suddenly, the lotus began to shine. And then, fresh petals began to grow to replace the near-broken ones and keep the dragon contained even tighter.

“I am a dragon... break!” The dragon roared, and then, the red lotus burst into flames.

Seeing the red lotus get destroyed, Han Sen was delightfully happy. He had never lifted the mark that had been stamped on him, in fear of triggering the lotus.

Now that Dragon King had removed the lotus stamp on his behalf, he was actually grateful.

Far away, in a palace, Lotus Queen frowned and said, “Dragon King was not killed for good, and furthermore, he has touched my man. Even the Demon Emperor has returned. Oh, I’m going to make that Dragon King suffer.”

Dragon King, breaking free from the constraint of the lotus, exclaimed to Han Sen, “Now, I can use you as a vessel. And when I return to the world outside this pitiful mind...”

Before Dragon King was able to finish his dialogue, the shadow of a holy white light beamed in front of him. Against that, even his draconic powers were no longer intimidating.

“How... how can your mind be so strong?!” In front of that shadow, his dragon-body was stripped of all its fierceness. It looked weak and frightened, by comparison.

“I told you to return; you brought this upon yourself.” Han Sen’s super king spirit mind prepared to attack the blood dragon.

Dragon King roared and attempted to flee.

The figure of a super king spirit leapt forward and palmed Dragon King, making it wheeze blood.

Of course, it wasn't physical blood. It was Dragon King's actual life force, and as it seeped out, Han Sen was able to consume and absorb every last morsel of it.

“Super King Spirit Self Gene +1.”

When Han Sen heard this, he was delighted. He squeezed the frail dragon repeatedly, to gain more and more self geno points.

Dragon King was in utter shock. He was so powerful, but against the spirit that now pounded him, he was helpless.

The blood dragon was like a dying lizard, unable to withstand the hits. Escape was impossible for it.

“I am a true dragon!” Dragon King knew he'd be broken for good soon, and he'd never return. He had to do whatever he could to ensure his survival. But Han Sen wouldn't let him, and in response to Dragon King's proclamation, he made the spirit's draconic body explode with a bright white light.

Amidst all the brilliant light, the dragon tried to slip away.

“You can't just come and go whenever you please.” Han Sen reached out his hand and grabbed the dragon-blood life force.

“Argh!” Dragon King shouted, as the tiny sliver of life force was taken by Han Sen's hand. Dragon King was being dominated, and Han Sen would not show mercy to someone who had sought to usurp his body.

Absorbing every glint of light he could, Han Sen's super king spirit self geno points count continued to increase.

Reaching down to the flailing dragon, Han Sen squeezed it tight.

“Super King Spirit Self Gene +1.”

More of the dragon’s lifeforce was absorbed, and with it, Han Sen’s geno points increased again.

After squeezing some more, the dragon was beaten. It only had the strength to let out a pitiful scream.

“Don’t kill me! I can give you something wonderful in return for your mercy. Please, just let me live and it is yours!” Dragon King begged and pleaded for his life.

“Okay, then tell me what I can have. This better be good. And if I don’t like what I hear, you’re dead meat!” Han Sen coldly said.

Dragon King quickly responded, telling him, “I am one of Demon Emperor’s generals. When he went to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, he left me his armor. I can give it to you. Please, just don’t kill me.”

Chapter 994 - Ancient Demon Emperor Tree

Chapter 994: Ancient Demon Emperor Tree

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Dragon King had been returned to the ring by Han Sen. When Demon Emperor entered the Fourth God's Sanctuary, not a single sanctuary had been discovered by humans yet.

When he was about to enter the Fourth God's Sanctuary, his equipment became useless, so he gave all of it to his subordinates.

Dragon King received his armor, and when he tried to ascend to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, it saved him from certain death. His ascension failed, but he was not killed outright as was expected.

Therefore, Dragon King made preparations for a future sacrificial ritual that would allow him to one day be reborn in full.

The Dragon Ring was his last resort, but neither method had worked out well for him.

Furthermore, the armor was damaged. But regardless, Dragon King hid it someplace special, so he could recover it upon his return to the world.

Han Sen put the ring on and hid it with his dongxuan aura. He summoned Moment Queen so he could ask for more information regarding Demon Emperor.

Moment Queen scoffed and wished to ignore Han Sen completely, but she knew that wouldn't get her anywhere. So, to gain his favor, she told him what she could.

When she first reached the Third God's Sanctuary, Demon Emperor had already been in the Fourth God's Sanctuary for ten thousand years. What she heard were only whispers, murmurs, and rumors regarding the figure. And she never even knew Dragon King was

associated with him. What she had heard about most was the simple power Demon Emperor possessed. She had no idea about what he owned or anything.

Han Sen put Moment Queen away again. Then, he touched the ring and asked, “Dragon King, do you know someone named Yaksha?”

“He is another subordinate that belongs to Demon Emperor. We were never friendly, and he was always jealous of the armor I was given. Still, he never could beat me,” Dragon King told Han Sen without fuss.

“Did you know that he went to your sacrificial ritual?” Han Sen asked.

“That *sshole must have come for my armor. Little did he know that it was not with me. I foresaw the possibility of something like this occurring, and so I set up a trap. If he sprang it, he should be heavily wounded now,” Dragon King explained.

Han Sen did not move and asked, “You said you were given the armor. What was Yaksha given?”

“He was given a Demon Seed by Demon Emperor. It takes one-hundred-thousand years to grow. The tree that grows, upon maturity, can bear many fruit that provide spirit genes. If low-tier spirits consume one, they can outright open gene locks. But like I said, it takes one-hundred-thousand years for such a tree to grow,” Dragon King said.

“It’s no wonder Yaksha wanted to kill me, if it took that long.” Now Han Sen was understanding Yaksha’s motives a whole lot more.

Dragon King also said that if a king spirit ate one, it could increase a few self geno points. But whenever Han Sen ate one, it only provided him a single point. It seemed as if things were far more difficult for a super king spirit.

“I need to find a way to move that tree. Maybe I really can get it to grow some more fruit,” Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen kept Dragon King in the ring. He planned to leave him there for a while, as he wasn't going to get the spirit's armor just yet.

Even if the location he spoke of was true, the armor resided deep within the forest. And venturing there could prove too much, even for him. It was likely he'd encounter a variety of super creatures if he was to go there.

Even if he used the underground shelter, there was no guarantee it would work. And Han Sen was now responsible for the lives of everyone else who lived in the shelter, meaning he could not take so many risks. If a super creature attacked the shelter, it was likely they'd all be killed.

Han Sen looked at his self geno points and noticed he had a hundred and sixty-three. Forty-five of those had come from Dragon King.

Han Sen recalled he had to battle Split-Space King, so he decided to return to the spirit base.

"I hope he was patient enough to wait all this time," Han Sen said to himself, as he drove the island to where he had proposed that the fight be held.

All the spirits were still gathered at Shen Xiao, waiting for the much-anticipated fight to commence.

Split-Space King had waited there for three days, and when the shadow-spirit never appeared, they believed it was due to cowardice.

Unfortunately, Han Sen's absence only fueled Split-Space King's arrogance.

"I expected more from the spirit that beckoned me to fight." Split-Space King feigned disappointment, but the mocking of his tone was hard to miss.

"You really want to have a self-fight with me?" A voice came from an incoming island, with a handsome spirit atop it.

“The King...”

“Is the nameless king spirit actually The King?”

“It would appear so.”

“Niiice!”

“Split-Space King said The King is garbage. I guess now we’ll see.”

...

When many spirits recognized Han Sen, they began to talk amongst themselves with great fervor.

“You are the king spirit that wished to fight me?” Split-Space King asked.

“Yep,” Han Sen answered.

“And you are The King?” Split-Space King asked.

“Yep.” Han Sen nodded.

“Well, that saves me some trouble. Let me kill you so we can get this over with,” Split-Space King said.

Han Sen started the self-fight. Due to Split-Space King being first rank in the entire spirit base, he was able to send him an invitation immediately.

Split-Space King promptly agreed, which led to his statue going bright.

“Self-fight? It really is a self-fight!”

All the spirits began screaming with excitement, as the hype consumed them. Only the greatest of enemies would commit to a self-fight, so it was rare to witness such a battle.

Chapter 995 - Invisible Versus an Equal

Chapter 995: Invisible Versus an Equal

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

A white light shone brightly as Han Sen stepped onto the physical clouds of Shen Xiao. Then, he said, “I’m afraid this will be my final fight in the third spirit base. No one will dare fight me, after what they are about to see. That being said, I’ll grant you the opportunity to forfeit before we begin.”

The spirits that watched, all believed Han Sen was trying to bluff his way out of the fight.

At first, Split-Space King did not say a word. He silently stepped onto the clouds of Shen Xiao, then said coldly, “You’re afraid, huh? You should be.”

Han Sen laughed in response, and said, “You can go on believing that, if it helps. But how about you just cut the crap and try to kill me, like you’ve been saying over and over.”

Split-Space King swung his hand like a blade that seemed to tear through the fabric of reality.

Cracks spiderwebbed through the very space around Han Sen.

“He really does wield the space element. Although it doesn’t actually shatter the dimension, it is quite impressive to see cracks form in the fabric of space itself.” Han Sen wanted the genes even more now.

But seeing what was occurring around him, Han Sen did not try to fall back. He wanted to see if his super king spirit could withstand the attack.

If he could not go up against space, then that meant he was not indestructible.

So, Han Sen stretched his body as light coursed through his veins and muscles. The light of his exterior was amplified.

As the cracks of the dimension drew nearer, it looked as if they would shred his body.

But without fear, Han Sen stretched his arms and prepared to punch his foe, seemingly without a care for the cracks that were fast approaching.

“Fool!” Split-Space King laughed.

Although his power was low, the cracks were like flying weaponry that sought to slice and dice Han Sen into bits.

All the spirits, seeing Han Sen just move forward, thought something was amiss.

The moment Han Sen went through the cracks, his body bled.

Even Han Sen’s fist was bleeding. And as he pushed on through, he did so in a red light, as his clothes were dyed with his blood.

Even king spirits could not move through the cracks without getting destroyed in a barrage of lacerations.

“Space powers are too strong. Is there anything out there that can withstand it?”

“Split-Space King really is indestructible.”

“Even The King can’t beat him. If anything could actually challenge him, I’d wager it is only a spirit that wields the element of time.”

Split-Space King looked on cockily, saying, “What a fool; trying to transcend and break through the fracturing of space.”

Han Sen's body was covered in gruesome gashes, and the red-shredding of his being was like the marking of a spiderweb. Split-Space King believed The King's body would collapse into a mound of chopped meat if he pushed through a second more.

But Han Sen's fist was getting close. It was getting dangerously close.

Split-Space King's face changed. He wanted to formulate more space tears, but it was too late for him to do anything.

Han Sen's raging fist was going to land, and the best he could do was establish a flimsy block.

Muscle collided with muscle, as bone went up against bone.

The spirits, seeing Han Sen's body approach with a glowing fist, watched with rapt intensity as it broke Split-Space King's arms and drove itself directly into his smug face.

Boom!

The white light drew together to create an orb of incinerating power—one that destroyed Split-Space King's head. The arrogant spirit was sent flying back, crashing into statue in a bloody heap of broken bones and blood.

“Space King Spirit Gene +1.”

Shen Xiao was so quiet, you could hear a pin drop. No one could believe what their eyes had just witnessed.

They could not believe Split-Space King had lost to a single punch delivered by The King.

The eyes of the audience stared unblinking in disbelief of the sight. In continued silence, their eyes flickered between Han Sen standing still, and the crumpled body of Split-Space King and the bloodied statue.

“I’m going to kill you.” Split-Space King respawned and did not wait a moment before racing forward to attack Han Sen again.

Split-Space King created a multitude of cracks across the arena. It was as if Han Sen was standing in a world of glass, one that was slowly breaking and collapsing.

“If you could actually break space, only then might I fear you. A kitten could scratch me harder than all this could.” Han Sen threw his fist forward once more.

Again, many of the dimensional breakings cut Han Sen, but the damage done was only skin-deep.

No damage was done to his muscles or even his super body.

Split-Space King was incredibly angry, and that fury spread out into his surroundings, making the area around him look like a broken snowglobe.

But still, even those attacks would only draw blood. Not a single one of those cracks were enough to truly repel Han Sen and his thirsty fist.

Boom!

Han Sen’s punch nestled itself deep into Split-Space King’s head once again, with no fear, hesitation, or pain softening the merciless strike.

Split-Space King was powerful, but his body was not built to withstand the likes of Han Sen.

During his respawn phase, Han Sen approached the statue. And when Split-Space King respawned, there were no dramatics to precede the next killing. Upon each respawn, Han Sen was there, waiting for his next kill. The statue was like a space geno point dispensing machine, and the only sound to be heard was that of a brief scream being cut short every time.

Indeed, no spirit dared make a sound as they watched Split-Space King be utterly annihilated each and every time.

It was a frightening scene, watching an incredibly powerful king be utterly destroyed like an ant.

“Indestructible.” Every spirit had this word rattling around in their heads.

Chapter 996 - Ancient Shura Text

Chapter 996: Ancient Shura Text

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen was incredibly overjoyed, watching his space king spirit geno point tally increase one-by-one.

Split-Space King, before it was all over, became numb. Eventually, he gave up completely. Whenever he respawned, he stood there silently, awaiting death. Again and again, he allowed this to happen.

“Oh my spirit! The King is terrifying. What element does he wield?”

“Physical, maybe? But if that is true, can plain, physical power even reach such heights?”

“Unless someone has more gene locks open, The King is unbeatable.”

“The King won’t be a king much longer. He is sure to become an emperor!”

“This is the sort of spirit that will bring great change to the Third God’s Sanctuary.”

“The King is indestructible.”

...

The quiet chattering between the spirits soon turned into a frenzy of praise and fawning, and whenever they looked at The King, their faces fell slack in complete awe and admiration of him.

Boom!

After killing Split-Space King ninety-nine times, Han Sen's space geno point tally reached a hundred. He couldn't increase it anymore.

"I've gone up against many king spirits in my time here, and still, none are able to defeat me. Is this to continue forever?!" Han Sen spoke aloud and put on an expression of disappointment. Then he turned to leave.

"Only The King can say something like this. And to be honest, he has every right to." The spirits all looked on him in amazement.

Han Sen did not really mean what he said. His primary goal was to provoke the ire and hatred of the other spirits even more, and perhaps draw out another challenger. Unfortunately, none were willing to.

Unexpectedly, the spirits all agreed with his words and deemed them appropriate.

"These spirits are lame. Humans are fearless; they wouldn't act like this," Han Sen thought to himself.

"I can't believe Split-Space King was unable to defeat The King." Flower Empress was in shock.

"If nothing stops him, he's well on his way to becoming an Emperor. He's got the makings of a spirit that'll reach the Fourth God's Sanctuary, without error," Heavenly Empress said.

"The Emperors have had no luck so far, but they won't relent in their pursuit of him. And when they do find The King, they'll kill him." Flower Empress spoke with a soft and worried tone.

"I don't think that is necessarily true. If they find out where he is, I'm not sure they'll be able to do much," Heavenly Empress commented.

"I wonder who his parents are. I'd sure like to meet them!" Flower Empress said.

“You want to be their daughter-in-law? You’re thinking that far ahead, are you?” Heavenly Empress jested with a laugh.

Flower Empress said, “Well, there’s no denying it’d be great if I could marry a spirit such as that. The baby we’d conceive would be something quite special, for sure. And regardless of that, I still owe him kisses!”

...

Moment Queen had been sent out to retrieve creatures, and when she entered the spirit base, she heard the news.

“Whoa! That sounds like a scary spirit. I wonder where he came from?” Moment Queen did not think highly of herself, and she did not even reckon she could defeat space king spirits of her own tier.

After hearing the tale of The King, she thought to herself, “If I can ally with him, I can most certainly exact my revenge! Hmm, but I’ve only opened one gene lock... I doubt I’ll be able to catch up with him.”

When the image of Han Sen’s smug face flickered across her mind, Moment Queen said to herself, “Ugh, this is that asshole’s fault! If it wasn’t for him, I’d have opened a multitude of gene locks a long time ago. When the time for my revenge comes, I won’t just kill him. No, that’d be too merciful. I’m going to enslave him. I’ll make him my thrall!”

Moment Queen did not know The King was Han Sen, the person she hated most in all the world.

As this was occurring, Han Sen was dining on a meal Zero had prepared. At the same time, he fiddled with the scale.

With Moment Queen’s fruitful hunt, Han Sen no longer had to worry about mutant gene points. All he had to do was eat his fill.

But the dragon scale troubled Han Sen.

There were many small words inscribed upon it, and he had no clue what they meant. Dragon King told him it was a transcript of his own secret skills.

But Han Sen did not believe this, and he found it difficult to imagine someone randomly carving their skills out on such a unique scale.

When Han Sen pestered Dragon King for a more profound explanation, he translated the text for him. But due to Han Sen not being able to understand the source text, he couldn't be sure whether or not to trust the translation.

And still, Han Sen believed he was lying. He asked Thorn Baron and Moment Queen what they thought, and they both told him the same thing: the words on the scale were not written in any spirit language.

Han Sen then went to do some research, and he found a few languages that possessed similar runic systems to the ones on the scale.

After a deeper analysis, Han Sen was surprised to discover an exact match with a shura language.

Han Sen had learnt how to read, write, and speak the shura language. But he had learned a modern variant of the language. The dialect written across the scale was ancient, and it was almost entirely different.

Not wanting to jump the gun, Han Sen spent some time with his research and was careful to confirm his findings. It wasn't long before he realized he really wasn't mistaken. The text on the scale belonged to an ancient shura writing system; it was prehistoric.

It was a shocking discovery, to say the least. The shura could not enter the sanctuaries, so why in the universe would their runes be inscribed on the scale?

Han Sen attempted a translation with his computer, but there was little he could uncover. Although there were a few words here and there the system could translate, not a single sentence could be completed.

At the very least, Han Sen had now learnt that whatever had been written upon the scale was not one of Dragon King's skills. And when he translated a word that was clearly the title of the text, it read: Asura.

Chapter 997 - Falsified-Sky Sutra?

Chapter 997: Falsified-Sky Sutra?

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

“Why is the dragon scale inscribed with shura text?” Han Sen had tried his best to translate it, but it was mostly to no avail. So he turned his attention back to Dragon King and started interrogating him for information. But the spirit was tight-lipped, and no death threat Han Sen could make was enough to force him to talk.

“It’s like the sky, but it is not. It is asura.” As Zero returned, bringing back the meatfeast of a hunt to the shelter, she started talking to herself when seeing the dragon scale.

“Did you say something?” Han Sen asked Zero to repeat what she had said.

Zero pointed to the scale and said, “It’s like the sky, but it is not. It is asura.”

“You know what’s written on this thing?” Han Sen’s excitement perked.

His excitement did not stem from Zero being able to understand the text, though.

Zero was a shura, in some way or another. Although he was surprised to learn she was able to read the ancient shura language, this was not what excited him.

What excited him was what Zero had said. He recognized them, as they were the opening lines of the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

Zero nodded.

“Can you read it out to me?” Han Sen asked, in a rushed manner.

Zero took the scale in her hands and started to read, as requested. “It’s like the sky, but it is not. It is asura...”

Han Sen was frozen, as ninety percent of the text was the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

His heart pounded and his head pulsed as if it was going to explode.

Han Sen could not understand why the Falsified-Sky Sutra had been written in an ancient shura language, on a dragon scale in the Third God's Sanctuary. It gave him a headache, as he tried to comprehend all the possible implications this revelation conveyed.

“What's going on?” Han Sen asked himself, in complete disbelief.

After Zero finished reading what was written, her hand gleamed with a power. All of a sudden, an invisible force was cast outwards against a nearby pillar with great intensity.

“Falsified-Sky powers?” Han Sen was quickly taken aback.

Han Sen had seen it many times at this point, so it was easy for him to recognize it.

“Zero, have you learned this before?” Han Sen asked, as he grabbed her by the arms.

Zero shook her head, but Han Sen still asked, “And that's the truth? You haven't learned it? What about the Falsified-Sky Sutra?”

Zero shook her head, as if she had done something naughty. “I'm sorry! I didn't mean to cast it like that, I was just giving it a go.”

“It's okay. You can practice it all you like, that's not what I meant.” Han Sen realized his reaction might have scared her. So, he gave her the scale and comforted her to the best of his abilities.

Han Sen had not practiced the Falsified-Sky Sutra to distance himself from the Luo family. Since Zero had suddenly just learned it, he didn't see the harm in allowing her to continue practicing it.

But Han Sen was still perplexed over the day's discoveries. He could not wrap his head around why the Falsified-Sky Sutra would have some kind of connection not only to Dragon King, but the shura, as well.

Han Sen's mother told him only members of the Luo family could learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra, but evidently, that was not the case. Zero had only just read it once, and she inadvertently cast it with as much ferocity as Luo Yin.

Looking at Zero, Han Sen now wore a complicated look that came from his intense interest in her character.

Han Sen left the hall shortly after this and went to a place where no one might intrude upon him in the shelter. There was a room there, and after closing its doors, he released Dragon King from the ring.

The hall was suddenly alive with the sound of screaming. Even the King of Hell himself would have shuddered at the sounds of those anguish-born cries.

No matter what Han Sen did to Dragon King, he would not talk. No threats or wretched manner of torture or inflicted pain would make him speak.

The asura sutra on the scale was the Falsified-Sky Sutra, and as incomprehensible as it seemed, Dragon King was not at all willing to elucidate the reasons why.

"How could Dragon King plead for his life before, and yet now, he seems happy to die on behalf of maintaining the Falsified-Sky Sutra's secrecy?" Han Sen wondered.

Seeing Dragon King near death, Han Sen returned him to the ring.

Han Sen really wanted to learn more, but for now, he had hit a dead end. With no further leads to explore, it'd have to be put on the backburner.

Han Sen thought about asking his mother, but she was never keen on discussing anything regarding the Luo family. As such, he thought it was unlikely he'd learn anything from her about this entire affair.

And it would probably upset her, if Han Sen did start showing an interest in the Luo family.

Han Sen returned to the hall and continued dining on the mutant flesh Moment Queen had retrieved earlier. And now, his mutant geno points had maxed out.

He gave his new strength a whirl on the tester, and learned his fitness level was above fifteen hundred. This meant he was capable of opening his fifth gene lock.

Unfortunately, his Qi Gong was trailing behind. He estimated it'd take another three months just to unlock the fourth tier.

The higher the gene lock, the harder it would be to unlock it. After the seventh tier, subsequent unlocks rested purely on talent and luck.

Few super creatures and king spirits were capable of unlocking nine gene locks. And the number of humans reaching such heights was lower by an extremely large margin.

To kill super creatures in the future, though, Han Sen knew he'd have to get his gene locks open. And so he was determined to do just that. If he didn't get them open, he wagered he'd have no luck in their hunting.

When Han Sen woke up, he received a package from an AI. Strangely, it did not say from whom it was sent.

"That's weird. Who sent me this package?" Han Sen opened the package immediately, not concerned about the remote possibility of something dangerous residing within. The Alliance was able to scan packages, anyway. If there was a harmful substance, such as toxins

or radioactive material, or even bombs inside, the package would never have been forwarded to him.

Chapter 998 - Blind Man's Stuff

Chapter 998: Blind Man's Stuff

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen opened the package, which had been delivered to him in a recyclable box, and saw a lone envelope inside.

Needless to say, he was taken aback. Sending someone a primitive letter in that day and age was very unusual.

He picked up the envelope, which was plain and without text on the front, and turned it over. There was nothing written on the back, either.

Han Sen opened it up and pulled out the slip of paper that was inside. On it, two simple sentences were written.

“Something will arrive in three days. Take it to the shelter and do not allow anyone else to see it – Blind Man.” Han Sen read it out and frowned.

Han Sen did not recall a person named Blind Man, but the writing was somewhat familiar. It was someone he had met once before, but his memory of the person's significance was hazy.

When Han Sen was in the Second God's Sanctuary, a man called Blind Man had given him a book called *The Innocent*.

He only saw him once, and after their encounter, he disappeared and was never seen again. Why he would send a letter and ask him to expect a package in three days, Han Sen could not tell.

“What a strange person.” Whatever was going on, it didn’t feel like a mere prank. Regardless of what was to occur, Han Sen decided to wait three days and see if anything did indeed come.

When that day rolled around, a package showed up at Han Sen’s door. Strangely, it was delivered to him by an actual person. This person was well-cloaked, though, and it was difficult to even discern their gender.

The person placed the item in the mailbox and left.

Because this item had not been scanned, Han Sen brought it to the sanctuary and got Moment Queen to open it for him. If there was something dangerous inside, it was best if she handled it.

When the box was opened, nothing bad happened. And on the inside was a miniature purple cauldron.

It was around twenty centimeters tall and ten centimeters wide. There was a lid on it, so if there was something within, it was obscured from view.

Curiously, though, emblazoned on the cauldron was the symbol of the Nine-Life Cat.

“Is Blind Man a member of Blood Legion? What meaning could there be, to him sending me this cauldron?” Han Sen frowned and gave the cauldron a good shake, to determine whether or not there was something inside it.

No sound was emitted, which told him it was empty—this actually disappointed him.

Removing the lid, though, proved his little test wrong. And what was inside gave him quite the shock.

Sitting inside the cauldron was a red jewel shaped like a ping-pong ball. It was rather weird, in that it had made no sound when he shook the cauldron.

“How is that possible?” Han Sen was really confident in his abilities of perception, and being able to sense the presence of something, even if it was out of sight. If there was something inside, he should have been able to detect it.

Han Sen closed the lid and gave the cauldron another shake with the jewel still inside. Like before, no sound was heard. It was as if the cauldron was empty.

When Han Sen removed the lid, the jewel was still there. He now also noticed a pleasant, herbal fragrance being emitted.

“What is this?” Han Sen took the jewel out. It felt warm to his touch, and it was lighter than any stone he had felt before.

Han Sen wondered if the jewel was actually a jewel, or was instead some sort of pill. If it was, it didn’t look edible. Swallowing it would be like swallowing a rock, or so he thought. He didn’t fancy digesting something like that.

Not partial to the consumption of such an item, he placed the jewel back in the cauldron and found a place in the shelter to hide it.

He didn’t really want to help Blind Man, but he was worried about the possibility of the package being associated with some murder or criminal act.

Han Sen returned to the Alliance and searched for information regarding such a cauldron.

He found many different cauldrons on Skynet, but there was nothing remotely similar to the one he had just been given. There was no news out there, either, about the theft of a cauldron.

After entering the dimensions of the cauldron, he should have been able to find something out about it. But alas, he could not.

Han Sen could not find anything out about the jewel, either. Frustrated, he simply decided to log-off Skynet and leave.

Following this package, though, Han Sen did not receive anything else from the elusive Blind Man. With no more reason for it to demand his attention, Han Sen decided to let the matter go for the time being.

“Little Han, we have received a report of an injured sacred-blood creature. Would you like us to check it out?”

As Han Sen went off to the east of the shelter, Old Huang sought him out.

“What is it?” His fourth gene lock had almost been opened, so he was fancying the idea of a quick kill of a sacred-blood creature.

“It is a black snake of sorts. It appeared to be dying, but that didn’t stop it from swallowing a mutant class frog. Still, that’s what told us it was most likely a sacred-blood creature,” Old Huang elaborated.

“Let’s take a look, then.” Han Sen followed Old Huang out of the shelter, and they ventured west. After ten miles of travel, they encountered a black snake resting on a rock. Its body was as thick as a barrel, and it had to be at least fifty meters long. Concerningly, its scales had been shredded by what appeared to be massive claws.

“It is a sacred-blood creature, you’re right.” Han Sen scanned it, and took notice of the lifeforce. And as they suspected, it was indeed legitimately damaged.

Chapter 999 - Blue Ape

Chapter 999: Blue Ape

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“Little Han, is it a sacred-blood creature?” Old Huang asked.

Han Sen nodded, saying, “Yes, it is.”

Han Sen brought out his bow and summoned a Sabertooth-Bee Arrow. Then, he took aim at the giant snake’s weakspot.

“Old Huang, ready yourself for a fight.” Han Sen then commanded the party to establish a formation.

Han Sen loosed the arrow. It pierced through the snake’s already-shredded flesh and embedded itself entirely within the beast.

The black snake shrieked in agony, and took off after Han Sen. It expelled a black smoke from its mouth, as it went, and it looked terrifying.

“The snake can breathe a horrid mixture of fire and toxic smoke; run!” Han Sen summoned his Dragon-Blood Snake as he ordered them all to fall back.

The two monsters lashed against each other. Although the giant snake had been severely wounded, it was still more formidable than its new opponent. Without wasting a second, it slithered its way around the Dragon-Blood Snake to ensnare and choke it. So powerfully did it seize Han Sen’s creature, it looked as if its entire body would snap in two-seconds-flat.

The Dragon-Blood Snake squealed in pain as the black snake rotated its head, nearing the mouth of its captured foe. Then it opened its venomous maw wide and cast a gust of toxic smoke down the Dragon-Blood Snake’s throat.

The Dragon-Blood Snake's muscles relinquished their strength, and it collapsed as if it were drunk. It wished to escape, but it longer had the strength to even attempt to free itself.

Han Sen returned the Dragon-Blood Snake to the Sea of Soul before anything even more foul befell it.

Whoosh!

Another Sabertooth-Bee Arrow was fired, and it drilled through another of the giant snake's wounds.

The black snake was whipped into a frenzy by Han Sen's bold attacks, and it lashed towards him with a mouth that breathed fire like a geyser.

The forest around him was turned to cinders, and charred branches cascaded to the ground in a chimney-red, halloween-orange haze. If a portion of the once-green region had been spared the fury of the snake's fire-wreathed vengeance, it soon fell prey to the fierce disintegrating properties of the beast's toxic smoke.

Han Sen pranced quickly in retreat, weaving his way past trees and bushes, using what he could as momentary cover.

His sacred-blood armor was able to repel the fire and toxic smoke, thankfully. All he had to do to remain alive was not breathe in the smoke himself.

Using the bushes, Han Sen evaded the snake's enraged attacks. And after each successful dodge, he fired an arrow at another of the snake's wounds.

If Han Sen had not gotten as strong as he was, he wouldn't have been able to keep his head above water and remain toe-to-toe with the foe.

Still, the sacred-blood creature was scary. And despite the barrage of arrows Han Sen fired, and the shrieks of pain they drew from the snake, they didn't actually slow the creature down. It still came for Han Sen as madly as ever. He could only be thankful the

snake had already been injured so severely; had it not, Han Sen wasn't sure if he could've handled it.

The black snake was strong, and it continued as it was for quite some time. But eventually, as all things did, the blood loss took its toll. The creature began to shiver and shake, and its attacks lost the precision and finesse they once had.

Han Sen, braving the inferno, took the opportunity to run loops around the snake. He fired arrow after arrow, each striking the wounds of the giant snake.

After an hour of this, the black snake lost its composure and fell to the ground. It remained there, with at least two hundred arrows protruding from its scaly-skin.

“Sacred-Blood Creature Black Python killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly.”

Han Sen felt great relief following that battle. It had almost been too hot for him to handle, and he was supremely thankful the creature had been found wounded. He did not fancy going up against such a foe if it was at full health.

Han Sen then went to fetch Old Huang and his people, and brought them back. As they prepared to transport the creature back, something leapt out of the forest towards the snake's body. It grabbed the snake, threw it over its shoulder, and ran away.

Everyone was frozen stiff. An ape had just waylaid them; one that was two meters tall and had baby-blue fur.

For it to carry such a creature all by itself was no small feat, and yet despite that, it managed to race through the knotted woods with impressive speed.

“Sh*t! How dare you take my kill. That belongs to me!” Han Sen's wrath was quickly incited, and he fired arrows as he yelled at the fleeing simian.

But the ape did not look back, and off it continued to go. It had positioned the snake across its back, too, so that the corpse would be the recipient of any arrows fired at the ape's back.

"Ooh-ooh-Oohaha!" The blue ape turned around and laughed at Han Sen. Then, it went back to running away.

"F*ck you, monkey!" Han Sen was furious. He had to do something, but first, he told Old Huang to return.

The blue ape continued running through the tangled overgrowth of the forest, and Han Sen planned to go after it. Unfortunately, it too was a sacred-blood creature. And so, to ensure the safety of Old Huang and the others, he made sure they did not follow.

What's more, he had seen the ape's claws. It was quite possible that the blue ape was the one responsible for the snake's initial injuries.

As Han Sen gave chase, the blue ape sped up. It ran faster than Han Sen could.

That surprised him, too. It was as if the blue ape had suddenly activated a speed boost.

"Is it just fast, or has time just sped up?" Han Sen was quite surprised.

The blue ape shone with a blue light as it went, and further and further it raced. When there was a wide enough berth, it would even turn around to taunt Han Sen with a cheeky grin.

Han Sen was unable to catch up, and after a while of chasing it, the thief had gained a lead that increased until it was completely out of sight. Regretfully, Han Sen had to give up the pursuit.

There was no use in Han Sen getting mad, as it was his fault for not being able to match the ape's speed. He returned to the shelter empty-handed, but did not make a fuss.

What had occurred with the ape did not weight on his mind, either. He soon forgot about it entirely. Failure was to be accepted sometimes, and it was something that happened frequently, when someone wished to hunt creatures.

But a few days later, there were growing reports of a blue-colored fiend making a habit of stealing kills and even wounding people.

Han Sen frowned. With the ape's power being what it was, he knew the ape could have killed the hunters if it chose to. So, it seemed as if the ape had returned with the desire to provoke them.

“Stay in the shelter over the course of the next few days. I will check it out,” Han Sen commanded his people. Then, he went to the spirit hall and picked up Bao'er. With the baby in-hand, he left the shelter.

Han Sen had been unable to chase the blue ape before, but things might be different with Bao'er in tow. If the ape made an appearance and did something to upset Bao'er, Han Sen was fairly sure she'd use the gourd to make quick work of it.

Chapter 1000 - Battling the Ape King

Chapter 1000: Battling the Ape King

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen left the shelter with Bao'er. He killed a few primitive class bugs at first, to see if that would draw the ape out.

Not long after, it had indeed come to steal his kills. It crept near to Han Sen and watched him.

It was possible the ape knew Han Sen was special, more accomplished than the others fighters it had boorishly stolen from. This time, it did not make an immediate appearance and try to tackle Han Sen before running off with the goodies; it just waited and watched.

Han Sen was aware of the ape's presence, but pretended he wasn't. If he revealed he knew it was close by, there was a chance the ape would scarper. And if so, he'd most certainly be unable to pursue the ape if it was empty-handed.

Han Sen faced away from the ape, and holding Bao'er, he looked for more prey he could kill. When he started to move, so did the ape.

Han Sen found a black scorpion lying ahead, and noted it was primitive class. He fired an arrow.

The scorpion's carapace was broken by the sudden shot, and the insect quickly died.

And just as this happened, a blue flash leapt out of the bushes. The ape spared no time in picking up the scorpion, shouting mockingly at Han Sen, and running off back into the tangled depths of the forest.

The ape could have easily killed the scorpion if it wanted to, and it was clear it was interested in annoying Han Sen more than anything.

Han Sen immediately opened the three tiers of his Dongxuan Sutra. As he did, he covered the ape and sealed its seventh sense.

“Where are you going to run now, you little imp?!” Han Sen pulled out his bow and fired.

Having been unexpectedly robbed of its seventh sense, the blue ape was quite shocked. It frantically panicked as if it had been blinded, and a Sabertooth-Bee Arrow had already made a home on the hairy fiend.

The sharp arrow hit the monkey’s soft belly, and it accelerated as it came into contact, spinning as if it were a drill.

Surprisingly, the arrow was only able to ruffle some of the ape’s fur, and was unable to break the ape’s skin.

The blue ape squealed in fright, but it didn’t let Han Sen’s meddling stop it from trying to escape. Although its seventh sense was still sealed, it was still able to reorient itself and try to flee. Perhaps, Han Sen thought, the monkey was familiar with the area, and thus it could still run off in a certain direction with great speed.

Han Sen gave chase, determined to fire another arrow that would strike the monkey’s arse.

Through the boons of Dongxuan Aura, Han Sen was able to fire the arrow silently. And because of this talent, the arrow managed to avoid the attention of the ape. As planned, the arrow dug into the monkey’s meaty backside.

Roar! The blue ape’s arse was bleeding. It pulled its arms back to finger the wound, which oozed blood. It looked rather funny.

“Haha!” Bao’er clapped and laughed at the sight.

Han Sen was going to fire another, but the ape's blue light appeared. And after this occurred, the speed of the ape greatly increased.

He tried giving chase to the monkey, but Bao'er looked unmoved, and it didn't appear that she wanted to bring out her gourd and kill the ape before it could escape. Needless to say, this disheartened Han Sen, somewhat.

Bringing out his bow again, he fired. Unfortunately, not even the arrows could keep up with the fleeing ape. Eventually, it disappeared from his sight.

"It went fast." Although Han Sen had lost sight of the creature again, all was not lost. This time, he had drawn blood. With a good whiff of the ape's scent, Han Sen would be able to track it and discover where the ape had gone to.

The blue ape traveled through the forest for a good long while, and Han Sen was determined to follow it. As long as the ape's trail didn't lead him to the more nefarious corners of the forest, that was.

Because Han Sen was able to mask his scent and movement, even if there were creatures near him, he would most likely be able to avoid them and not alert them to his presence.

After fifty miles of travel, however, the scent became lighter. Han Sen presumed the wound on the blue ape's arse had probably healed up.

But the blue ape seemed to have a taste for vengeance. Han Sen had inflicted a decent bit of damage, and in an embarrassing spot, too. Given the chance, Han Sen believed it would only be a matter of time before the ape returned for him.

"Dad. Monkey." Bao'er suddenly pointed to a space ahead.

Han Sen peered in the direction she was pointing, and suddenly saw an army of monkeys jumping around.

The monkeys had already spread out to surround them, something which had shockingly escaped Han Sen's realization.

"Ooh-Ooh-Oohaha!" The thieving blue ape made an appearance. And as it revealed itself, so did all the other monkeys that surrounded them. They all chanted in their simian banter, wildly and sharply.

Han Sen observed them all, and counted there to be around one thousand of the creatures. Save for the sole sacred-blood blue ape, which had clearly established itself as king, the rest were all a mixture of primitive and mutant class types.

In unison, all the apes let out a cry and ran towards Han Sen. As cool as ever, though, he did not flinch back from their approach. And as this occurred, Bao'er clapped her hands as if she was applauding grand theatrics.

Han Sen opened his Dongxuan Aura and sealed the seventh sense of every creature there. And like they had just become headless chickens, all the monkeys lost their sense of direction and became aimless.

Han Sen brought out his bow and fired an arrow at the blue monkey king, aiming for the felon's ear.

The arrow drilled neatly into the spot he had selected, but it did not remain there long. Immediately after it had settled, the ape grabbed the arrow, pulled it out, and broke it.

Han Sen was disheartened by the loss of the arrow, so he pulled out Taia and ran towards the king.

The ape king could no longer hear or see, but it looked as if it was able to do just fine with guesses. It turned around and sought to run-off again.

The blue ape's behavior was starting to aggravate Han Sen. The beast was too cowardly, despite its dastardly acts. Han Sen wanted to fight it face to face, but his inability to do so annoyed him.

Han Sen was even angrier at the thought he could never actually catch up with the fiend if it chose to flee.

Still, this area was home to many such monkeys. Wherever the blue ape lived, it had to be near.

“I don’t think so,” Han Sen said, with Bao’er on his back sucking a dum-dum in excitement.