

Chapter 1001 - Waterfall on God Mountain

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

Han Sen chased the ape king, but again, he was unable to keep up. He could have sworn the simian fiend was cheating, and before long, it had completely disappeared from sight.

But with the king gone, the other monkeys still tried to attack Han Sen. After sealing their seventh sense, he went into hiding.

When their sight returned to them, they poked around and looked for Han Sen, but they couldn't find him. Not too concerned with establishing a manhunt, they just went away.

"I'm going to find you now." Believing they were headed home, Han Sen decided to follow the monkeys.

After ten miles of travel, he saw a grand mountain many of the monkeys were scaling.

Han Sen admired the grandeur of the mountain and was in awe at the spectacle. Its peak was nestled above the clouds, and there was a massive waterfall. It was incredibly beautiful.

"If I had to wager a guess, I'd say the monkey king makes its home here," Han Sen said to himself, and then thought, "Now I know where you live. If you ever show your face, and if you ever disturb my people again, I will be back. I'll kill your kids and all your grandkids. We'll see who's laughing then."

Han Sen approached the mountain, and as his sense of scale improved, he got a sense of how truly enormous the mountain really was. He could not even see the peak.

The silver waterfall came from someplace above the clouds, and it looked like a silver dragon descending from the heavens.

“Strange; I wonder where the water comes from?” Han Sen looked around, and noticed it really was just a single mountain surrounded by the woodlands of Thorn Forest. It was not a mountain range.

A lonely mountain, with a spectacular waterfall such as that, was strange in Han Sen’s eyes.

“Does the water come from the sky?” Han Sen thought, but then quickly disregarded the idea as ludicrous.

Han Sen turned his attention back to the monkeys that scaled the mountain. Curiously, they were all headed for that waterfall, and when they reached it, they went beyond it.

Han Sen’s interest was captured by the sight, and he wanted to see exactly what they were doing and how they were disappearing into the waterfall.

After another moment of contemplation, Han Sen decided to check out the waterfall himself. So, he started to scale the mountain, heading there alongside the blue monkeys that still couldn’t notice him.

The monkeys were unable to beat him in a fight, and even if Han Sen had to take on the ape king, he was confident he could beat it. Therefore, he did not need to fear going after them.

Han Sen wished to see what they were doing behind the waterfall.

Upon reaching it, Han Sen found that there was a cave behind the waterfall. He scanned the entrance and could not see a thing. All traces of the monkeys had vanished.

Bao’er herself looked curious, and she asked, “Daddy, where are the monkeys?”

“I’m sure we’ll see them soon enough.” Han Sen walked inside the cave with caution, slightly worried that he was walking into a trap.

But nothing happened. He walked through the caves for three kilometers, and still, he could not find the monkeys.

The cave was getting dark, too. Han Sen could no longer see Bao'er's face, either.

He had his Dongxuan Aura active, and try as he might to find a creature, there was nothing. There was only the black.

Han Sen kept a hand on the cave wall as he went, and he thought to himself, "What are the monkeys doing down here? Is there a treasure of some value, maybe?"

With the thought of treasure running through his mind, Han Sen's excitement for this affair was renewed.

Wherever he was headed, there was only one way. The cave's tunnels were linear, and there were no forks or branching pathways. As such, he did not have to worry about getting lost.

He walked another ten miles in that place, and he started to wonder whether or not he was going to reach the end. Regardless of where he was, the mountain was far too big for its own good, he thought.

He suddenly saw a light ahead of him, which brought him a joy that had long since been vanquished. Holding Bao'er tight, he ran towards the light.

It was an exit, and speeding up, Han Sen ran out. Before him lay a valley.

There were countless monkeys playing in that valley, and across the verdant greens of that expanse, were gorgeous trees.

"Are they geno plants, I wonder?" Han Sen looked at the trees, and after a brief scan, Han Sen could detect the lifeforce of each. They were indeed all geno plants.

Many of the trees were ripe, and there was much fruit growing across their boughs. The monkeys were gorging themselves on the succulent fruits, even now as he looked on.

“Awesome! So many plants with really high lifeforces; I most certainly hit the jackpot today.” Han Sen wanted to rush forward and claim them for himself, and even Bao’er was squirming with hands outstretched, obviously wanting to eat the fruit.

“Don’t be hasty. We’re still not sure if we can even eat them yet.” Han Sen held Bao’er tight, watching the reactions of the monkeys as they ate the fruit.

The geno plants did look strange, admittedly. As such, he was a little hesitant to begin eating the fruit their branches offered.

The geno plants possessed fruit, but that was it. There were no flowers or anything of the sort, which was why Han Sen thought it strange.

Han Sen, with his eyes alone, could see at least a hundred of the geno plants. But none of these plants grew weapons, beast souls, or creatures. Not even spirits.

There was only fruit. The monkeys weren’t selective of which fruit they wanted, either. They just picked up the fruit nearest to them and kept on eating.

Bao’er could not wait any longer, and she escaped Han Sen’s grasp. She crawled to the nearest tree and climbed it. She picked up one of the fruits and ate it.

Chapter 1002 - Mystic Valley

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Bao'er sat upon a branch of the tree with a fruit in her hands. Then, she took a big bite. A lot of juice flowed out of the fruit, and it emitted a pleasant fragrance.

Bao'er ate the fruit whole in a few more bites. Then she licked her lips and immediately went for another.

She climbed further up the tree and collected as many as she could carry. She stuffed her face with the fruit, all the while saying, "Daddy, come and eat the fruit!"

Dismally, Han Sen thought to himself, "If only I could be so carefree. Unfortunately for me, I have monkeys to deal with first."

Han Sen was not currently in the mood to eat, and there were at least a thousand monkeys with their eyes fixed upon Bao'er as she munched their food.

The monkey king made an appearance, and after it noticed her, and it yelled at her in its simian tongue. All the monkeys began hopping and jumping about in excitement.

The monkey king was glowing blue, and it jumped towards Bao'er.

Han Sen immediately grabbed Bao'er away from the tree and activated his Dongxuan Aura. But this time, the monkey king seemed immune to the seventh sense-stifling effects. It came directly towards Han Sen, without pause or confusion.

Needing an extra kick, Han Sen activated Jade-Sun Force and Long Live to speed up and evade the incoming attack.

The monkey king was incredibly powerful, and if Han Sen didn't use his super king spirit mode, he wasn't sure if he'd emerge victorious.

Han Sen was far slower than the ape, as had already been established. But he was fortunate to have the geno trees all around. They were basically sacred to the monkeys, and the last thing the monkey king wanted to do was destroy those trees in a rampage. Acknowledging this, Han Sen was able to use the trees for protection.

Bao'er swallowed the last morsel of fruit she had collected, and she looked bloated. She reclined in Han Sen's arms, satisfied, without concern for the horde of furious monkeys.

Ducking and weaving, Han Sen was getting chased all over the place by the monkey king.

They ran across the valley for a long time, but then, Han Sen stumbled across a wine jug that had been crafted from jade.

Half of the pot was in the soil, and only its rim and lid were exposed above the earth.

The reason it stood out to Han Sen, and why the wine jug was most curious, was the fact that it was ten meters tall. He could not fathom what sort of being would use it to pour wine for themselves.

"Do humans or spirits reside here, I wonder?" If he had to take a guess, Han Sen thought it would most likely belong to a spirit. He didn't think humans could make use of a ten-meter-tall wine jug.

Before he could admire it more, though, the monkey king was closing in. In the nick of time, Han Sen evaded the attack. But when he did so, he took notice of a giant stone bowl in the ground.

This shocked Han Sen, as well. They were curious items, and yet, they were all half-sunk into the ground.

There was a forty-meter-tall cauldron in the area, too. It was all rusted, but there were several dings in the area, also.

It was strange. Everything in the area was significantly larger than they should have been, and even the smallest cup was a few meters tall.

Han Sen wondered how long they had been here, but signs pointed to it being a long time. All the wares there were caked in dust.

The items had also been crafted either out of jade or copper. And whereas the jade items were doing perfectly fine with the advance of time, the copper wasn't faring so well. The copper wares had rusted, and were clearly in a state of decay.

Han Sen ran the length of the valley, from end to end. He could not detect the presence of a single human or spirit there, but now, he had been trapped. He had backed himself into a corner, which proved to be a dead end, and he had no way out.

The monkey king was still in pursuit, and it was drawing near. It came for Han Sen with blistering speed, gleaming with a blue light all the while.

Han Sen jumped into the air, wishing to fly up and above the rabid ape.

But the monkey king jumped and tried to attack Han Sen. Fortunately for Han Sen, he was adept with airborne maneuvers, and he was able to sidestep in the air to evade the monkey's fist. As he did so, he called out to the monkey, "Haha, Chunky Kong! I can fly; I bet you can't do that."

The monkey king did not look angry, though. It looked happy, and a grin formed on its face. It seemed as if it was the monkey was now laughing at Han Sen.

There was clearly something amiss, and Han Sen felt it. But even with his Dongxuan Aura active, he could not sense what had brought on the aura of unease.

Having almost exited the valley in flight, Han Sen felt as if he hit a wall. Brought to a sudden stop, he fell back down with Bao'er.

He reactivated his flight and dodged the monkey king, who had come over for a follow-up attack.

Han Sen maintained his position, but could not see what had brought his earlier flight to a sudden stop.

Looking up, there was no wall or fogged-object that he might have accidentally bumped into.

Han Sen flew up to where he hit something solid, but this time, he went slowly. He felt as if he was coming into contact with an invisible wall, and when he reached out to touch it, it bounced him away.

“What sort of power has created this invisible, skyborne hurdle?” Han Sen tried exiting the valley from another portion of the sky, but he was met with the same results there.

All the while, the monkey king continued attacking while Han Sen dodged. It had been going on for some time now, though, and he knew he could not keep it up much longer.

Han Sen decided to fall back to the tunnel he had entered the valley from, but strangely, it had disappeared.

He punched where he believed the cave had once been, and the power of his strike was deflected back into him. There was a lot of power in that fist, and Han Sen ended up making himself bleed.

“Holy sh*t! Where the h*ll have I ended up? What is this place?!”

Chapter 1003 - The Fruit

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Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

The blue monkey king came swiftly from behind, and Han Sen decided he'd had enough of this ordeal. He stopped dodging and simply activated his super king spirit mode.

Boom!

Han Sen punched the monkey king with tremendous force, which knocked it backwards into a roll. Unexpectedly, it landed perfectly. The strike had hit the monkey's fist, and the only damage the strike did was to cause the creature's hand to bruise and swell.

This was an unpleasant surprise. His super king spirit mode had opened its first gene lock, but his fitness level was much higher than a sacred-blood creature's. For the monkey king to be nearly unfazed by Han Sen's strike, he couldn't imagine how many gene locks of its own it had opened.

Han Sen's super king spirit mode was always on a short fuse. If he stood a chance, he couldn't waste a single second. He had to take his opponent out before the timer expired. But weirdly, the monkey king was starting to run off again, and Han Sen was unable to catch up.

"How many gene locks has this guy opened?" Han Sen deactivated his super king spirit mode.

Han Sen knew he wouldn't be able to catch up with the ape, so he thought it best if he saved some strength.

The monkey king looked scared of Han Sen, surprisingly. It stopped, then simply watched him from afar.

The monkey king commanded the other monkeys to follow it, which made them back away from Han Sen. The worst they did was give a mean stare to the intruders of the valley, as they heeded their king's order.

It was fortunate for Han Sen that the monkey king was somewhat of a wimp. Being unable to beat the monkey king with his ten seconds of super king spirit mode would have left Han Sen in a dire predicament.

With the valley now mostly clear of monkeys, Han Sen decided to explore the area a bit. The only things of note there, aside from the trees, were the oversized dishes and cooking implements. None of them were particularly special or fancy in appearance, and they looked fairly practical and crude. Whatever they were, they were made by hand, that was for sure.

Han Sen didn't want to spare too much time thinking about those items right now, though. After the fight, he noticed he was feeling rather hungry. He ate some of the red fruits Bao'er had consumed, to fill his empty tummy. They tasted sweet and refreshing.

"It's no wonder she loves these things. They taste much better than the seedless fruit you can buy back in the Alliance." Han Sen ate a whole fruit.

"Super King Self Spirit Gene +1."

Han Sen was shocked, learning that a single one of those fruits could provide one self geno point.

Yaksha had only managed to grow one Devil King Tree, the fruit of which also provided one self geno point.

"Is it possible that all these trees can be as bountiful as the Devil King Tree's fruit?" Han Sen, not sparing any time, raced to grab another fruit.

"Super King Self Spirit Gene +1."

After Han Sen ate the next, he heard the same announcement. He had rarely been this happy.

“What about this fruit here? Can they provide the same?” Han Sen picked up a yellow fruit, which he had seen a few monkeys consume earlier.

When Han Sen ate this fruit, he heard the announcement play again. He was giddy like a schoolgirl.

“If I eat them all, how many self geno points might I receive in total? I’d wager a fraction of this valley would be enough to cap off my self geno point needs!” Han Sen, reveling in excitement, began munching all the fruit he could.

Unfortunately for him, he was not a super creature and his belly had a limit. After ten of the fruit, he was stuffed and could eat no more.

What disappointed Han Sen the most, though, was that after eating three of the red fruits, his points did not increase any more. It seemed as if by consuming the same fruit three times, and by receiving a self geno point each time, he couldn’t get any more.

“Still, there’s a wide variety of fruit here in the valley. Even if I took three from each, I could still earn myself a few hundred geno points.” Han Sen was not at all disappointed, as there was still plenty to get.

After Han Sen was full, he decided to look around for a way in which he might exit the area. The sides of the valley were tall and steep, and the sky was blocked by an invisible force. He had been trapped.

The monkey king and the monkeys were still in the region, but they did not dare provoke him. In fact, it seemed as if the monkeys themselves were looking for an exit, as well.

After the monkeys had eaten the fruit, their bodies seemed to morph and become stronger. Even the mangy, lanky monkeys were starting to buff-up and look similar to the king.

Han Sen's face became dire when he noticed this. What's more, it seemed the monkey king had only just found this place instead of living there, as Han Sen had initially suspected. If they did not know how to leave, then he was stuck there with them.

And by further observation of their behavior, his suspicions were confirmed.

The monkeys had gotten bigger. They weren't king-sized yet, but it was clear they had opened a few gene locks.

Han Sen made sure to eat as much fruit as he could, whenever space was reclaimed inside his stomach. Before long, he had reached the third tier of super king spirit mode.

His power had not greatly increased, but there was an improvement to the length of the talent.

Han Sen summoned his Disloyal Knight, Meowth, and Golden Growler, and got them to dine on what they could. Following their consumption of the fruit, they each experienced some changes.

After this, though, Han Sen was determined to find a way out. There had to be a way to escape the valley, he just had to find it. But the mystic force that shielded the place proved to be too formidable, and it protected the land there. Han Sen could not even create a cleft in a rock with a mighty strike.

Han Sen realized time itself was rather stiff in the valley, too. It felt as if time was standing still there.

The trees had stopped growing. The ripe fruit did not fall to the ground, and the unripened fruit stayed as they were.

"This valley is a strange place." Han Sen was a little bewildered by the place he had found himself. But it seemed that, until the cave revealed itself again, he wasn't going anywhere.

He also realized he couldn't get in touch with Moment Queen. It was as if such connections were interrupted by the powers of the valley, isolating him.

Chapter 1004 - Three Years

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Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Stuck there in the valley, with no immediate concerns, Han Sen was bored and had nothing to do. Aside from chatting with Thorn Baron and taking care of Bao'er, he spent all his time practicing the Blood-Pulse Sutra.

Perhaps it was because he had a lot of fruit, the speed in which he could practice had vastly increased, and he unlocked the next gene lock in a few short days.

His Blood-Pulse Sutra was developing very quickly, but the same could not be said for the Dongxuan Sutra.

Han Sen put a stop to his practice of the Dongxuan Sutra to wholly focus on the Blood-Pulse Sutra, for the time being.

And that was all he could do. As boring as it may have been, at least it was beneficial for his personal growth.

When he was a little worn out, though, he'd take the time to investigate the valley and examine the earthenware a little more closely, and perhaps even see if he could unearth a clue or come up with a solution to his dilemma.

But the items that were strewn across the valley lacked markings or telltale signs of their former owners or makers. Without any leads to follow, Han Sen seemed to forever remain at square one.

There was, however, one item he came across that was interesting. It was a broken tablet that had been entirely buried beneath the ground.

He caught sight of a monkey taking a leak nearby. It dug a hole and did its business, and when it was done, Han Sen noticed the corner of the fragmented tablet the monkey had inadvertently dug around to answer the call of nature. Unfazed by the monkey pee, Han Sen went over to uncover the rest and dig it all up.

The tablet was big, just like everything else in the valley. It was ten meters wide and two meters tall. The text on the tablet was written in an ancient human language, one that Han Sen had little knowledge of. The only word he could decipher, was the word knock.

It was fortunate Han Sen had once taken the time to educate himself about ancient languages. If he hadn't, he would have passed the text off as nonsensical scribbles.

“Hmm, this is an ancient human language. Was this thing created by humans?” Han Sen was shocked at the discovery he had made.

On the word knock, Han Sen noticed there was a blood-stain. It was a melancholy sight to see.

He then looked at the craftsmanship of the tablet. He couldn't guess what tools had been used to carve it and etch the ancient characters, but the work was remarkable. It was all very smooth. It was strong, too, and even if Han Sen exhausted all his power on the tablet, it was likely he couldn't break it. He'd probably not even be able to leave a mark.

Aside from this curiosity he had found, no other item he had seen in the valley had words etched upon them.

Han Sen and the monkeys were still stuck there, and with no daytimes or nighttimes, it was impossible to determine how much time had passed.

Han Sen continued his practice, and things came along very well. With his fifteen-hundred fitness level, he managed to open six of his Blood-Pulse Sutra gene locks.

He also made sure to eat a lot of fruit, too. When his self geno point tally reached a sum of nine-hundred, it appeared to become significantly more difficult to increase.

No matter what fruit he ate, he could not increase his self geno points. As far as he could tell, he had maxed it out.

Even Thorn Baron helped herself to the fruit of that valley, and her development came along quite a bit. She managed to open nine gene locks.

The blue monkeys had done well for themselves, also. They all looked like fierce primate warriors; they were terrifying!

But because they had all been in the valley together for the same amount of time, trapped, they had become friendly. All of them were in the same boat, and both parties acknowledged there was no need to make matters worse by maintaining their hostilities.

With no day and night cycle to mark the passage of time, Han Sen had made sure not to lose track of the calendar, though. He counted the hours that passed in his head, and every time the count hit twenty-four, he made a mark.

It might not have been the most accurate calendar, but it had to be fairly close.

They were there for a long time, so long. Han Sen believed they had all been stuck in that valley for three years. His Blood-Pulse Sutra was up to its ninth tier.

There had been no advancement with his super king spirit mode. It was still at nine hundred, and Han Sen was still unable to earn any more points for it.

Unfortunately, his fitness was still stuck at fifteen-hundred. His sacred-blood and super geno points had not increased one tiny bit. Still, the fact he had managed to open so many gene locks with such a low fitness level was a remarkable accomplishment, and one that was extremely rare.

But even at seven gene locks open, Han Sen's body could not support the surge in strength it provided.

Super king spirit mode did not have this negative effect, though. So, Han Sen was able to use that as freely as he could. With all of its gene locks open, Han Sen could use super king spirit mode for at least a whole hour.

If he did use it that long, though, Han Sen required a whole week of rest to recover before he could use it again.

After three years, Bao'er was still the baby she had always been. But Han Sen understood her lifecycle might have been different than a typical human's.

On this day, as he frequently did, Han Sen took a stroll all around the valley. He did this every day, trying to spot even the slightest difference in the place, which seemed to be stuck in time.

And over the course of the three years, there had not been a single change. That is, except for the fruit they had all eaten. The trees were bare and the valley looked glum and dead, following their three year occupation of the place.

If they didn't find a way to leave the valley soon, there was a possibility of a simian uprising, and Han Sen and the apes would end up fighting again.

But on this day, when Han Sen approached where the entrance of the valley had once been, he had his breath taken away.

Han Sen almost cried tears of joy. The flat wall, which had blocked his return once before, now led into a tunnel. It was the exact same one he had traversed to get to the valley three years ago.

"After three long years, we are free! Bao'er come, we can leave this place!" Han Sen ran to Bao'er and picked her up as hastily as he could. He was afraid the cave would disappear.

He returned Thorn Baron to the Sea of Soul and called over to the monkeys, saying, "Come on, let's go! We can leave!"

Han Sen did not know whether they understood or not, and neither did he care to stay and find out. He raced back to the tunnel as fast as he could.

As he ran through the dark tunnel, the roar of a waterfall began to echo around him.

When the literal light at the end of the tunnel greeted Han Sen's eyes, and the sound of that waterfall caressed his ears, Han Sen felt like crying.

Over the past three years, he had become far stronger and had advanced a considerable amount. But still, it felt as if he had spent the time in jail. He had been stripped of all freedom. Now, he had been given that freedom back, and that sensation trumpeted through every cell of his being.

Han Sen ran out through the waterfall and flew into the sky with Bao'er in his hands. He went up and up, shooting through the clouds.

"Han Sen is back! Haha!"

Chapter 1005 - Fleeing Team

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

On the slopes of that mountain, a group of people were traveling. They were a mixture of young and old people, and there were about two hundred people in total. They were sluggish and in disarray, and upon closer inspection, many were wounded. Some had been more grievously injured than others, with many having lost entire limbs. It was a horrifying scene.

“Uncle San, are we going to make it?” a young woman asked an elderly person, as she rode upon a unicorn.

“Yes, we are,” the old man answered her with absolute certainty.

They were surpassers, hailing from Wind God Shelter. They were once incredibly strong, and one of them had even opened eight gene locks. They had conquered royal shelters for years.

But this legacy was brought to its knees upon the arrival of a powerful spirit. Thousands of people had died in the sudden siege, and only two hundred had made it out alive.

The man who had opened eight gene locks, and many other brave warriors, remained behind to stall the spirit that attacked them. They gave their lives so others could escape.

But fleeing to the wilds was not a guarantee of safety for anyone. It was often a crueler fate, and this mountain was not someplace anyone could take refuge. This was a place not even an army of spirits would dare go, and so the small group’s chances of survival were nearly nil.

But these people did not know this. Still, they remained wary, just as much as they were weary. It was a foreign land, and they had to maintain vigilance.

Even if they crossed the mountain successfully, there was no guarantee fonder pastures awaited them on the other side. The area past the mountain was most likely controlled by spirits, as well.

With nowhere specific to run, and with no idea what fate might soon await them, all they could do was give in to the whims of their feet. They traveled with no destination in mind, in a simple escape of the horrors behind them, in a desperate hope that no more would lie ahead.

Lin Weiwei did not ask again. As kind as her uncle's few words were, she had just been hesitant to accept the truth of what was most likely to happen. She wanted at least one comforting thought, but their reserves were empty and there was no comfort to be had. Whether any of them would survive was now in the fickle hands of destiny.

After another two days of harsh passage, they encountered more than a fair share of creatures. Two more people fell in battle with them, and they were still in what could be regarded as the foothills of the mountain. As they went deeper, they knew crueler monstrosities would soon appear.

"Careful; we have movement to the left," someone said, which drew their attention there.

"Prepare for battle!" Uncle San rallied, whose actual name was Lin He. After his command, silence gripped the air again. Then came the sounds of rustling. It drew nearer and nearer.

Sweat and fear choked the hearts of those who waited for whatever foul beast would emerge and waylay them.

A shadow started to form in the foliage, and with their weapons in hand, they prepared to fight.

But when this shadow came closer, the dark figure began to take shape. It was a person, strangely. It was a twenty-year-old man with skin that was smoother than any fair maiden.

If it wasn't for the person's manly face and strong, wide body, he could have very well been mistaken for a woman.

When they saw another human approach, relief captured their hearts. Someone yelled, "What is wrong with you? You should stick with the team!"

"He is not one of us. And how can a baby exist here, in the Third God's Sanctuary?" When Lin He said this, the warmth of relief evaporated in a sudden tug. Their nervousness was amplified once more.

The people realized that they did not recognize this man, and a baby was asleep sucking her finger. The sight unnerved them.

Humans could not enter a sanctuary before they were sixteen years old. Only death would await them, if they tried. If this was true, how could one survive there?

"Kill him! He is not human, and this is a trick." When a person commanded this, bows were raised and aimed at the shadowy figure.

"Don't shoot!" The man with a baby in one arm, raised his other with the plea.

"Renounce that forked-tongue, and spare us any lies you wish to conjure. Attack this wicked fiend!" With these words, arrows were nocked and strings were drawn.

The refugees were on edge, and they had every right to be. With this person appearing from out of nowhere, in possession of a strange baby, they struggled to believe it to be an actual human.

"Stop, he is one of us!" Lin Weiwei leapt off her unicorn and stopped the barrage of arrows that was about to be loosed.

"One of us?! You don't even know him," someone asked.

“I know him. And if you can’t recognize his appearance, then his name is one you must certainly be familiar with,” Lin Weiwei said.

“Are you certain? You know who this man is?” Lin He asked, as no one dared to lower their bows.

“This is President Ji’s son-in-law, Han Sen,” Lin Weiwei said.

Lin Weiwei was Lin Feng’s auntie. They had once met a long time ago, in a conference held by the four families of Lin, Xue, Ji, and Wang.

“He is Han Sen?” Lin He asked, in disbelief.

“Ask him, if you do not believe me,” Lin Weiwei said snidely.

Before Lin He could ask, Han Sen broke the silence. He asked, “Sister Wei, how is Lin Feng?”

A vat of relief washed over Lin He. It was immediately comforting for him to learn this person knew Lin Weiwei and Lin Feng, who was still in the Second God’s Sanctuary.

“Not bad. But now is not the time for idle chit-chat. Do you care to tell me why you are out here, on Ghost Mountain? And where in the sanctuaries did this baby come from?” Lin Weiwei asked.

Everyone was still in a state of alarm, so Han Sen stepped forward to be friendlier and ease some of the tension out of the atmosphere.

“A creature chased me here whilst I was out hunting. Oh, and it’s not an actual baby. It’s a humanoid pet. I’m still growing it.” Han Sen smiled.

Han Sen wished to say something more, but a sudden scream erupted from the front of the team. It was a wretched plea for aid, and when they turned to look, they saw a surpasser burning to cinders.

Chapter 1006 - Three Days, Three Years

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Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

A monster appeared on the slopes ahead, wreathed in fire. A man, who was looking Han Sen's way, was suddenly set ablaze.

Han Sen frowned at the sight, but thought it fortunate he had stumbled across the group right before a crisis befell them. Now, he had an opportunity to prove his worth and removed any shadows of doubt they harbored that he might not have been who he said he was.

But before Han Sen could move, Lin Weiwei tugged at him and said, "Please be careful!"

"I can help," Han Sen replied.

"Protecting yourself is the best thing you can do for now," Lin Weiwei said, before she started running towards the monster.

Han Sen wished to tell her, "I can kill that thing. Get your hands off me!"

But before he could, she and the others in their company had gone forward to run the creature through.

Lin He was a fairly accomplished fighter, and he had opened seven gene locks with a skill that aligned to the wind element.

Nobody looked happy as they felled that beast. They were upset at the realization they had so suddenly lost a teammate and friend, one who had already endured so much.

Han Sen spoke with them for a bit, and when they believe him, they accepted him into their fold.

“Sister Weiwei, what is the date? I was chased for a few days, so I fear I have lost track of the date and time,” Han Sen asked.

When Han Sen exited the cave that led to the valley he had been trapped in, he emerged in a land he had never seen before. As strange as it was, the monkeys did not follow, either.

After taking off in flight above the clouds, when he descended, the mountain was gone.

Try as he might, he could not find the same mountain. And during his search, he had stumbled upon Lin Weiwei and her people.

She told him that her shelter had just been destroyed by a fierce spirit, and they were in search of a new place to stay.

Han Sen asked them if they had heard about Thorn Forest before, but they looked at him blankly. No one knew of such a location!

“Today is the seventh,” Lin Weiwei said. It was common for people not to know the date.

“Which year?” Han Sen asked.

“It is the year twenty-five, the month of March.” Lin Weiwei found it strange he had asked that.

“Are you sure it is the twenty-fifth?” Han Sen asked, with wild eyes.

Although there had been no shift in daylight during his stay in the valley, the constant presence of the sun and blue skies might just have been an illusion. And even if he had miscalculated the time that had elapsed, he wouldn't be as clumsy as to mistake three days for three years.

But Lin Weiwei told him it was the twenty-fifth year, and he had chased the monkey king on the fourth of March. There was no possible way he had only been absent for three days.

“I am not old enough to misremember the year,” Lin Weiwei said.

Han Sen was flabbergasted and not sure what to say. For him to only have been missing three days was quite the shock.

“That valley must have had some control over the flow of time. Time was still there, and the monkey was able to speed up time. There must be some connection there,” Han Sen wondered to himself.

The mystery of what occurred on that mountain puzzled Han Sen a great deal. It was a conundrum he was keen to mull over, and so he wondered who or what was responsible for the shift in time there.

Han Sen had never heard of a power that could have such a radical effect on the flow of time.

Lin He asked Han Sen a few questions. He told them he had come from Thorn Forest, which disappointed everyone.

“We have to keep moving. We need to cross this Ghost Mountain and find someplace new to settle down,” Lin Weiwei said.

Spirits were strong, but so were super creatures. Past the mountain, the lands were divided like kingdoms, domains ruled either by spirits or super creatures.

If they ever reached a place with no spirits, they could possibly take a spirit shelter for themselves.

Han Sen followed them. He had opened nine gene locks, but his fitness was low. If he had to go to war, he'd have no chance of competing against super creatures and king spirits.

They encountered many creatures on the road, ones which Han Sen wished to help fight against. But each time Lin Weiwei pulled him back in the belief she was protecting him.

They only ever encountered mutant creatures, anyway. And those were killed in the blink of an eye.

Lin Weiwei knew Han Sen had just become a surpasser, and so she believed he was weak. Because she regarded him as a friend, she felt compelled to protect him, too.

The further they went across the mountain, the stronger the creatures became.

The team stopped after their fourth day of travel. A green forest lay ahead of them, one that looked like an endless expanse. The trees nearest them seemed to be silverleaf poplars.

The trees there crackled and popped with a green lightning. If you touched them, you'd be painfully electrocuted.

They wondered whether or not they should have ventured beneath the boughs of such a curious location. The lightning trees were spaced a few meters apart, so if they all traveled together, and something bad happened, they'd be in great danger amidst a scramble.

But being unable to return the way they came, it didn't seem as if they had much of a choice. So, they had to keep going.

Everyone ventured beneath the canopy of that forest with care. They dismounted their rides, not wanting to risk touching the trees.

When a stiff wind blew, it tickled the electricity of the trees and produced many snapping sounds.

A few lightning-charged leaves fell from the boughs above, and onto a surpasser who was immobile due to grievous injuries sustained in a previous fight. He screamed as his blood boiled, and smoke arose from his head.

The leaves did not kill him, thankfully. But it made the group doubly wary of the trees on their way.

Chapter 1007 - Life or Death Moment

Chapter 1007: Life or Death Moment

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“If we keep going like this, we are sure to meet our demise. We might as well turn back,” one surpasser said, pleading for them to leave. Another surpasser threw up, and others broke down in tears or screams, afraid of the killing trees that surrounded them.

“Turn back? Turn back and go where?” Lin He asked.

“Back to Wind God Shelter,” the man answered.

Lin Weiwei angrily retorted, “Have you forgotten what occurred there? It was conquered by a spirit—it would be suicide to return!”

“If we sign a contract, perhaps they won’t kill us!” the man said desperately.

Everyone looked to Lin He, thinking the same way.

Whichever way they were headed, their survival was not guaranteed. But amidst the deadly trees that surrounded them, making a groveling return to the shelter to put themselves at the whims of a spirit suddenly seemed like a more attractive option than it had before.

If they knew for sure that there was a place of sanctuary somewhere ahead, they would continue. But only the unknown guided their feet, and that was the nexus of all their fears.

Lin Weiwei had thought of surrendering to the spirits, too. What had occurred to them was not an anomaly; in fact, such conquerings were a frequent occurrence. They had each been lucky enough to spawn in a human shelter, anyway.

“And what do you say?” Lin He looked at each of them now, posing the question. When he did, they each lowered their heads in shame for what they wished to do.

“Uncle San, if there was a human shelter ahead of us, we would go. But we don’t know what awaits us,” a middle-aged man sadly proclaimed.

“Uncle San, can we truly make it across Ghost Mountain? We have barely begun our ascent, and already, a few of us have been killed. If monsters lie in wait, especially here amidst these trees, fighting them would be folly. We assuredly cannot compete.”

People started to argue amongst themselves, laying forth their reasoning, but it did little to change things. People were starting to turn away and return. No one mentioned their desire to surrender to the spirit that had robbed them of their home, but their intent to do so was clear.

“Everyone has control of their own fate. Choosing whether you live or die is not a frequent privilege, but on this day, I believe you have each been given this choice. And this is not something I can decide for you. You may either straddle a thin line between life and death amidst the treacherous unknowns ahead, or return in the belief you will guarantee your survival, albeit as a thrall for a new and cruel master.” Lin He gave another look to each member of his weary, broken-hearted group and continued by saying, “I will not falter in my resolve to keep my fate my own. I will continue to traverse this path, and you are all welcome to join me. I would sooner die due to a bad decision that I made myself than submit to the whims of a callous spirit.”

“You won’t go back?” a few people asked in shock.

“No. I won’t forget the sacrifices made by our fallen allies; they that bravely allowed us to escape from the shelter. I won’t allow their deaths to be in vain,” Lin He proudly stated.

The soldiers each wore a complex expression. No one wanted to be taken as a slave, but they couldn’t see a happy existence ahead. Both options were shrouded in darkness.

“All life is precious. Command your own fate, and you won’t be subject to judgment from me. Do what you think is best with this one life you possess.” Lin He smiled.

“I’m going with you. I’d rather die with pride than whimper softly as some spirit’s toerag,” Lin Weiwei said, as she went over to stand by Lin He’s side.

Han Sen started walking over to Lin Weiwei, too. But she stopped him and said, “You should go back with them. Ji Yanran is waiting for you, and this road is too perilous for one as green as you.”

Han Sen did not honor her wishes this time. He continued walking forward and said, “If I go back, I don’t think the spirit will allow me to use a teleporter.”

Han Sen’s words startled a few of the surpassers, who had not fully realized how miserable and robbed of freedom they would be, with a spirit presiding over them. Some of those who were still on the fence decided to join Lin He after hearing this.

Others, without a word, gave one last look to the foul trees around them, and turned away to exit.

Although Han Sen was strong, he could not promise to lead them all out safely. As such, he did not say a word.

“We will share our resources evenly, and then, we will go our separate ways,” Lin He solemnly said.

“You are a good person.” Lin Weiwei was actually surprised Han Sen had decided to follow them.

Lin Weiwei always thought Han Sen was a decent human being, due to the accolades given by Lin Feng. But seeing his stoic heart in person was something else entirely. She had really grown fond of him.

For many surpassers, this was a difficult decision. Such choices never came easy, even to the strongest of people. And Han Sen, new as he was, made it without flinching.

Han Sen wished to tell her that, with his power, he would survive even if the rest of them died.

But he held his tongue. Now wasn't the best time to hurt their feelings.

Seeing people pack and organize their things before going their separate ways, no one looked confident in the decision they were making.

"Let's go," Lin He said, after taking a deep breath.

Lin He started walking in the front, knowing he was the leader. He had to be firm in his resolve and not show a single sign of regret. He had to be a pillar of support for all those who followed him. After all, a leader could not lead if he did not know where he was going.

The members of his band looked at each other and then moved forward to follow him, beneath the cruel malice that tainted the trees of that forest.

Using his Dongxuan Aura, Han Sen scanned the area. He needed to remain alert, for his own sake as much as theirs.

"Han Sen, when are you going to marry Yanran?" Lin Weiwei asked Han Sen this lighthearted question, upon seeing the glum expressions that were glued to the faces of everyone else in their company.

"After this ordeal is over, I think it will be the right time," Han Sen answered.

Lin Weiwei wanted to say something else, but Han Sen then suddenly said, "Careful. A group of creatures is coming this way."

Everyone was shocked at the sudden announcement, but when they looked carefully, they could see the flickers of a shadow that suggested something was coming for them.

Chapter 1008 - Wolfpack

Chapter 1008: Wolfpack

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Lin Weiwei and her people looked through the darkness in confusion, and Han Sen did not say anything more.

It didn't take long for her face to change and exclaim, "Han Sen is right! Many creatures are fast approaching."

Lin He heard the patter of paws on the forest floor, growing louder as the creatures moved towards them. He was surprised to learn that Han Sen had noticed them a whole ten seconds before he did. Lin He had already opened seven gene locks, and for Han Sen to have better awareness, he must have had a higher number unlocked. How such a thing was possible, he could not guess.

Lin Weiwei looked at Han Sen with shock now, too. She was just as surprised as Lin He was, to learn Han Sen was quicker to notice the incoming threat.

The phantom prowlers were drawing nearer, and the sound of footsteps could now be heard by all of them. Stricken with nervousness, the fighters summoned their beast souls and began to sweat.

They did not know what was coming their way, and they did not know how they'd fare when the battle commenced.

Soon, a green shadow flickered through the nearby underbrush. A pair of emerald eyes gazed at them from out of the black.

More flickering shadows appeared, and their silhouettes outlined by the green cracks and snaps of electricity.

“Daddy, I want to play with the cats,” Bao’er professed, clapping her hands with sudden exuberance.

“They aren’t cats, Bao’er. They’re wolves.” Han Sen had a wry smile, as he determined the shapes to be that of wolves on the prowl. Han Sen attributed Bao’er’s interest in the animal figures to her fondness for bright lights.

The others were not half as relaxed as Han Sen and Bao’er were, though. There were at least three hundred of those green wolves, but fortunately, they did not look too strong.

Still, the environment did not do the humans any favors. In this dangerous forest, the trees themselves could be considered enemies. Once the wolves attacked, they’d have to watch their step, and it’d be too dangerous to take off running. If they ran smack into a tree, they’d be incinerated and killed in a frighteningly painful manner.

Roar!

A lightning wolf cast a bolt of electricity at a person on the team, which was quickly repelled with a fist ablaze with fire.

Pang!

Fire and electricity collided in the air. The block was successful, but the man had to take several steps back to maintain his guard.

Everybody was now very alarmed at the sudden violence.

The man that deflected the lightning bolt was called Chen Hu. He was not the strongest in the party, but he had unlocked five gene locks and his fitness was just over fifteen hundred. Although he managed to repel the attack, it was not a flawless deflection. The wolves were strong, it seemed, and Han Sen wagered they were mutant class creatures.

The wolf that attacked looked identical to the others in its pack, and this told Han Sen one thing; they were all the same strength. They were all mutant class.

The party of humans was a strong collective, but they could hardly face down the three hundred wolves that had shown up to chew them all to pieces.

The wolf in the front howled, and they jumped towards Han Sen.

Han Sen was happy this was going to happen, though, and he thought to himself, “Finally, it’s my time to shine. I’m getting tired of Weiwei making me look like a noob. How can she have the audacity to make me look like a noob?”

Han Sen rolled up his sleeves, ready to fight. But before he could make a move, Lin He brought out a longsword and screamed to the high heavens. One moment later, two of the wolves were dead, and a few were injured.

The swing of that longsword was fast and cruel.

Whimper! Whimper!

The wolves fell back, the injured ones limping away while whimpering.

Lin He was delighted, learning he was powerful enough to kill them. As good as this was for him, he feared his team wouldn’t be up to the task and would fail to repel the invaders.

So he decided to step forward and attack before the wolves could retaliate. He wanted to let the wolves know their passage shouldn’t have been disturbed, and they were not a company of travelers to mess with.

The wolves had most certainly been spooked. Despite their visible fear and trepidation, however, they seemed determined not to leave.

Lin He thought about trying to flee with his people, but all of a sudden, a louder howl sounded. The trees around them shivered with lightning that lit up the sky in response to that announcement.

Everyone looked in the direction the howl came from, and they saw a giant blue wolf perched on a rock. Blue lightning flashed around it as its howl ended.

Everyone's face dropped in misery.

They might have been able to kill the three hundred mutant creatures, and they were confident enough to try. But when the alpha wolf showed up, that confidence evaporated, leaving them to tremble in fear.

"It's a sacred-blood creature!" Han Sen frowned. He was not afraid of doing battle with a sacred-blood creature, but he was unsure what it would be like to deal with an alpha wolf that was sacred-blood.

Many alpha wolves were smart, and if the humans couldn't kill it quickly, they'd have a lot of trouble going forward.

Han Sen had once encountered a sacred-blood fox king in the First God's Sanctuary. It was able to control its entire tribe of foxes, and dealing with it was a monumental task for Han Sen.

When the subordinate wolves heard they were being backed up by their alpha, their fear vanished. With hearts renewed with courage, they leapt forward.

"Fly, you fools! I will draw their attention," Lin He commanded, as he ran towards the wolves with his sword in hand. He was determined to take down that alpha.

Chapter 1009 - Wolfpack Gone Stupid

Chapter 1009: Wolfpack Gone Stupid

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen looked at Lin He with great respect. He knew he would most likely never see the man again, but he admired his willingness to give his life and draw the wolves away so that the rest could escape.

Han Sen did not believe he himself could perform such a courageous and selfless act.

The alpha wolf looked disdainfully down at them. It acknowledged the ploy and howled, commanding the wolves to ignore the old man and go straight for Han Sen.

The alpha wolf looked at Lin He himself, and as it did, the blue light around it increased in intensity.

Lin He knew he would be unable to one-hit kill the alpha wolf. He just wanted to pull the attention of all the wolves onto him, so his people could get away.

He did not expect the alpha wolf king to be so smart, though. The wolf king knew better than to command its pups anywhere near Lin He and his drawn sword.

Lin He wanted to run back now and help his people against the legion of wolves. But before he could, the wolf king leapt off the rock and fired a bolt of blue lightning at him.

Seeing all the mutant wolves headed their way, the faces of the people changed. They knew things had taken a dire turn.

“Kill as many as you can!” Lin Weiwei ordered, before fearlessly running forward to meet the wolves in battle.

Chen Hu and the rest followed without delay, bravely submitting themselves to the grievous combat.

“Give me a chance to perform.” Han Sen opened his Dongxuan Sutra and used it to wipe out all the senses of the wolves in the area.

While Han Sen was in the valley, he had practiced the Blood-Pulse Sutra primarily. When he reached the ninth tier, and there was no more progress to be made, he turned his attention back to the Dongxuan Sutra. With it, he managed to reach the fourth tier.

The fourth tier, unfortunately, did not stifle the eighth sense of others as Han Sen had believed it might. All it did was increase the radius of the other abilities he was already able to perform. It was fairly disappointing.

That wasn't to say Dongxuan Aura was ineffective, though. Upon its casting, Han Sen transformed all the blood-thirsty wolves into canine-like relatives of headless chickens. They started to flail around aimlessly, unsure of what was happening or what they could do.

Unfortunately, while it worked wonderfully on the legion of lesser wolves, it wasn't strong enough to debilitate the wolf king. That meant the wolf king, much like the monkey king, had opened its eighth sense.

Lin Weiwei believed she was running into one last valiant battle, where she'd most likely fall. But all of a sudden, the wolves in front of her lost their focus. They wonkily remained in place, as if they were spaced out.

The humans initially believed this to be a scheme of the wolves, but when they lunged forward with their weaponry, the wolves failed to evade them. They were able to cut down

the wolves with ease, and there seemed to be nothing the wolves could do to protect themselves.

The wolves acted as if they had been robbed of their brains. It seemed as if they did not even feel pain, and they all just stood there, allowing themselves to be killed.

A couple of the wolves were jumpy and spat out lightning. But those bolts only ended up striking their allies and incinerating them.

Han Sen went to join in with the mutant wolf-slaying, but felt it was unnecessary. His mutant point tally had been maxed out, so it was pointless for him to do this.

When all of their senses were blocked, their sight and hearing were blocked as well. Their sense of touch was disabled, too, and that meant they couldn't feel pain.

The wolves were allowing themselves to be killed, or so it seemed. And swiftly, thirty of the blighters had been cut down.

Although the humans on the field were unsure of what was going on, they were delighted, regardless. Lin He was ecstatic.

When the wolf king noticed something was wrong with its subordinates, it howled to rally them.

But the wolves, of course, could not hear a thing. They either stood still, trying to maintain balance, or walked around in circles aimlessly.

Seeing the wolves get mowed down with ease, the wolf king decided to flee the scene despite the grievous loss. Its speed was blisteringly quick, and it managed to disappear from sight in no time at all.

Lin He turned back to rejoin his allies, and side-by-side with Han Sen, got to work on killing all the wolves that had once sought to eat them up. All-in-all, the group managed to

kill just over a hundred of the furry fiends. Fortunately for many of the ones in the back, they managed to wander away and have their lives spared through sheer luck.

“Are those wolves retarded?” Chen Hu said.

Everyone looked happy. After fleeing their home and fearing for their lives for weeks on end, it felt tremendously good to kill their enemies without worry. Their adrenaline was pumping, and their murderous rage had flared.

They had hunted sacred-blood creatures together in the past, but such fights were extremely difficult. They were long and tiring, and one had to exercise caution at all times. To mindlessly hack and slash enemies, to kill carefree, was a joyous experience.

“Uncle San, what happened to those wolves?” Lin Weiwei believed it was Lin He who had done this.

But Lin He shook his head, indicating he didn’t know what had happened, either.

Lin He looked to Han Sen, then. He knew his people well, and he knew of all the abilities they possessed. The only person he didn’t know well was Han Sen. What’s more, Han Sen had somehow managed to detect the presence of the coming wolves before even he could.

“Han Sen, you did this, didn’t you?” Lin He asked.

Han Sen nodded and said, “Yes. I can snuff out six of their senses.”

Han Sen did not dare say he could actually block seven of them. That would have given people quite a shock.

Lin Weiwei was just about to say it couldn’t have been Han Sen, as he had just become a surpasser. But now, she had her breath taken away. She could hardly believe it.

Everyone now looked at Han Sen in a different way.

“It is no wonder President Ji would allow you to marry his daughter. You saved all our lives here.” Lin He gave Han Sen a pat on the shoulder.

“Good job, Brother Han.” Chen Hu gave him two thumbs up.

Lin Weiwei looked at Han Sen as if she did not know him.

“Little Sen-Sen, why didn’t you tell me you could do something like this?” Lin Weiwei asked Han Sen, which made him feel awkward. Fortunately for him, she wasn’t mad, and she didn’t feel as if she had been insulted.

Chapter 1010 - My Time to Shine

Chapter 1010: My Time to Shine

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

The lightning forest was not the sort of place one could hold lengthy discussions. After a brief talk, they heard wolves howling in the distance.

When the sounds subsided, the lightning trees seemed to react as if a message was being relayed, passed from tree to tree.

Chen Hu and the others were unnerved at the sight, and mournfully realized that their trials might not be over.

In the distance, the surviving wolves prowled in the undergrowth and watched the travelers.

“Come and fight us, if you dare! Your howls will accomplish nothing!” Chen Hu was annoyed, and their constant watching made him itch. He couldn’t help but blurt out insults towards them.

“Let’s just hasten our passage and leave this forest as soon as we can,” Lin Weiwei said.

“Don’t be afraid. There’s no need to be. If they come closer, I am sure our friend Han Sen will re-activate their retardation mode,” Chen Hu said.

“Talking will only slow us down. We should hurry; I have only opened my fourth gene lock. And if there are sacred-blood creatures amongst them, my powers won’t be half as effective. It’ll be bad news, if we have to face-off against sacred-blood wolves,” Han Sen said.

“But there’s only one wolf king. And it’s only sacred-blood!” Chen Hu let out a hearty laugh.

They continued walking through the forest, and they espied more and more wolves amassing on the fringes of their sight. There were dozens of sharp, gleaming eyes watching them.

Some followed them from behind, others were up front. Every now and again, they all howled.

“Oh no! There must be at least a thousand of them around us, by now,” Lin He said.

They did not see the wolf king, but the number of subordinate wolves was enough to strike fear into their hearts.

Chen Hu did not say anything now, and Lin Weiwei’s nerves looked wracked. Things did not look good for the band of travelers.

If Lin He had Dongxuan Aura, it would have been far more effective. But he didn’t, and Han Sen’s senses were the best of the group. This meant he was the one who had to remain the most alert. And Han Sen knew the number of wolves around them was greater than Lin He’s estimation. There was, in fact, twenty-three hundred wolves baying for their blood.

Although there were no sacred-blood creatures, it was a terrifying number for even the strongest person to think of competing with.

“Those wolves sure look hungry. Please, remain vigilant.” As Lin He said this, the sacred-blood wolf king revealed itself.

Before they could react, though, four more wolf kings appeared. They each came from a different direction, surrounding them on all sides.

“Me and my big mouth.” Chen Hu wished he could take back what he had said, and did not incite any further ire from the wolves by taunting them.

Even though Han Sen could deal with the legions of mutant wolves, the combined strength of the sacred-blood wolf kings was out of his league.

Hooooowl! The five wolf kings howled in unison, and after that, all the lesser wolves began running towards the group with a ravenous appetite.

Han Sen quickly snuffed out their senses, for a re-enactment of what had occurred earlier.

“Pah! So dumb! Have they not learned a thing?” Chen Hu tried to lighten the mood.

But unlike last time, the wolves did not stop and wander about aimlessly. They seemed to react better to their disability, and they ran forward at a decent pace.

Pang!

A wolf came into contact with a lightning tree, which rattled it. From the boughs above, many leaves began to fall.

“Oh, no!” Lin He screamed.

It was a new tactic. The wolves mindlessly charged forward to bash the trees and make the forest rain those electrifying leaves.

The lightning danced from leaf to leaf in sparkling freefall.

Everyone drew a weapon and tried to cut the leaves before they could touch them.

With every connection of a leaf to a weapon, the leaves exploded in a firework of electricity. It was a frightful sight.

The leaves were like rainfall, and one leaf was enough to injure you so grievously, you could no longer raise a weapon.

“These wolves are smart,” Lin Weiwei said, as her once-hopeful spirit began to sink.

With a wry smile, Han Sen responded, “I underestimated their cunning. I shouldn’t be surprised that they came up with a solution for our initial trick.”

Lin He was shredding the airborne leaves like a madman, and without him there, they wouldn't have been able to survive the leaf-rain as long as they did.

The wolves did not relent in their bashing of the trees. And as more and more leaves departed their harboring branches, many wolves decided to rush to the fighters and do what they could in close-quarter combat.

"It's my time to shine." Han Sen's skin started to turn red, as if he was a being formed of blood.

His black pupils turned red, with many rings emerging within.

Han Sen's pupils soon had seven of these rings, indicating his Blood-Pulse Sutra had seven gene locks active.

He only had a fitness of fifteen hundred. If he activated his eighth gene lock, he wouldn't be able to last very long, and he'd most likely end up damaging his own body.

Han Sen ran the Phoenix hyper geno art, and his body burst into a living brazier of wild flames.

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The fire was no longer black, either. Due to the effect of the Blood-Pulse Sutra, the fire looked demonically red. It was terrifying.

Chapter 1011 - Killing the Wolf King

Chapter 1011: Killing the Wolf King

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

Lightning was tearing the battlefield asunder, and it sapped the fighters of their hope of triumph. But suddenly, from the corner of their eyes, a red flame danced.

Han Sen was standing there, a red flame encompassing his being. He raised his hand and a thousand firebirds shot out, hungry for murder. There were so many of them, they covered the skies like a veil.

At first, the firebirds went for the leaves. Their touch incinerated the leaves effortlessly.

The fire still raged around Han Sen, and he generated more and more firebirds.

When each leaf was destroyed, a blood-bird spawned out of its ashes, as well. Where there was once lightning, now there was fire. The forest had become a raging inferno, all answering to the whims of the one who controlled it: Han Sen.

The fire quickly overwhelmed all it came into contact with, and everything that it touched was turned to ash. From that ash, firebirds arose. It was like the spreading of a violent, parasitic infestation.

The firebirds did not extinguish, either. They went on ceaselessly, incinerating the wolves with a ravenous appetite for the act.

The wolves whimpered and cried out for aid, but nothing could save them. The squeals were like those of tortured souls wailing from the pits of hell. Countless wolves fell in a short amount of time.

Aside from where they were standing, everything around them was ablaze.

Everyone looked at Han Sen, who had become a fire-casting monstrosity.

“Phoenix? But Phoenix is not that powerful!” Lin He struggled to speak. He was too overwhelmed by what he was seeing.

Howl!

The five wolf kings howled to the skies once more as the lesser wolves started to scatter and run away in fear. A hundred wolves and a dozen trees had been burnt to a crisp in a matter of moments.

The wolf kings were not going to flee, though. With an aura of blue light surrounding them, they raced towards the travelers, all from different directions.

Han Sen was not going to waste any time, and he was surely not going to wait for them to close the gap. He transformed himself into a phoenix and flew forward to meet one of the kings.

Hooooowl! Seven bolts of lightning were fired towards Han Sen.

That meant the wolf had opened seven gene locks. It was a scary thing, considering the wolf had a much higher fitness level.

Pang!

Lightning and fire collided into a dizzying array of fireworks that exploded against each other.

Han Sen did not relax his attack. He fearlessly flew towards the wolf king, Taia in hand.

The wolf king bared its fangs to Han Sen in response, and lightning flickered across them. The beast reared its head, ready to sink its teeth into Han Sen’s neck and rip out his throat.

The wolf king's mouth reached its target, and the monster brought its hungry maw down on Han Sen's neck. Strangely, not a single mark was left. The wolf king, however, had been cut.

Boom!

The wolf king twitched as blood gushed from the wound Han Sen had inflicted. It looked ready to collapse and die.

Everyone was shocked, having seen Han Sen kill a sacred-blood wolf king with seven gene locks active with a single hit.

Lin Weiwei thought her eyes were playing tricks on her, and she found it difficult to believe what Han Sen had accomplished in the single year he had been in the Third God's Sanctuary.

"It looks as if he managed to max out his super geno points before choosing to become a surpasser. But still, he has only been here for a year. Where has all this additional power come from?" Lin Weiwei retreated into her mind, as a complicated look consumed her face.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Lightning Wolf killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."

Han Sen heard the announcement and did not relent. He went straight for another wolf king.

The Blood-Pulse Sutra was quite simple. It did not matter how many gene locks it had open, it imbued the power of blood onto every skill its user performed.

The more gene locks that had been opened, the stronger this boon of blood-power would become.

Without this skill, even with Taia, Han Sen would not have been able to take down the wolf king in a single hit.

Everyone was shocked, and even the wolves were taken aback by what had just occurred. Without hesitation, they chose to flee before any more of them became victims of the ruthless man.

Han Sen caught up with one of them, and try as the wolf king might, it was unable to avoid Han Sen's assault.

His phoenix flames annihilated the seven lightning bolts the wolf cast, as Taia was plunged deep into the furry fiend's throat. It was killed in one hit, once again.

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

The rest of the wolves managed to get away. They were terrified of Han Sen, and they scrambled wildly in their attempt to flee.

To be honest, it wasn't only the wolves who were scared. Even Lin He and his people were unnerved. The power they had just witnessed was too shocking for them to comprehend.

Lin He could have fought against one wolf king, but it would have been a lengthy battle. The victor of such a fight would be difficult to determine, as well.

But Han Sen was able to one-hit kill a wolf king. Rarely had he ever been in such a state of speechlessness and shock.

"Oh my God! Brother Han is that strong? Weiwei, didn't you tell us he had only just become a surpasser?" Chen Hu was flabbergasted at the ruthless spectacle he had just witnessed.

(Updated by NovelFull.Com)

"I told you that because it's true..." Weiwei wasn't sure what to say anymore.

But Han Sen did not have time to revel in the glory of victory, because the wolves now stopped running.

Chapter 1012 - Real Wolf King

Chapter 1012: Real Wolf King

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

The wolves and wolf kings stopped their flight. They stood where they were, trembling in fear of something else.

“What’s wrong with them now?” Chen Hu wondered, with a look of confusion.

“Oh, no! Run!” When Lin He discovered the unseen menace, he did not delay a single second.

“It’s too late.” Han Sen shook his head and peered into the darkness of the forest.

“What is too late?” Chen Hu asked.

“It’s the wolf king,” Lin Weiwei said.

“What about them? Wasn’t Han Sen just killing them?” Chen Hu’s mouth had always been a little faster than his brain, and he was content to remain that way. He had never been fond of thinking.

“No, I’m talking about the real king. Have you ever seen a pack with five kings before?” Lin Weiwei said.

“No. A wolf pack should only have one king; the alpha.” Upon finishing his sentence, Chen Hu’s face remained still in thought. A few seconds later, it dropped.

If those wolves weren’t the actual kings, then the real one had to be above sacred-blood class. It might be a super creature.

Having now realized what was going on, Chen Hu’s face looked glum.

A giant wolf emerged from the shadows of the charred trees. It was purple and without lightning; it looked like any ordinary wolf.

The other wolves parted to make a path for it to approach. It was obviously all for show, a way for the wolves to display how the one nearing them was the big cheese.

Han Sen looked at the purple wolf and saw the subdued gleam of purple lightning flickering in its eyes.

Han Sen felt a renewed pressure, watching this wolf come closer.

Everyone sweated in anticipation. If they had to fight again, they didn't think they'd have the morale to go on.

They wished to run, but their legs wouldn't follow their commands. That being said, they believed it was for the best. Attempting to outrun what was most likely a super creature was folly.

Everyone was petrified, and even Lin He was shivering with fear.

The wolf was as strong as the spirit that had destroyed their shelter, and it sent a number of flashbacks coursing through Lin He's mind, those of the atrocities that had led them to where they were standing now.

"Oh, no. The real king is this powerful?" Lin He sighed in his heart.

The wolf walked up to Han Sen and stopped right in front of him.

They both looked at each other, as if they were squaring-off right before a fight.

"It's definitely a super creature. And that means I'll definitely have to become a super king spirit if I'm to stand a chance." Han Sen didn't want to use it because it'd render him weak, but there was little else he could do.

This forest composed only one area of Ghost Mountain, and no one could promise they'd not encounter another, further along their journey. As such, Han Sen really didn't want to use it.

But he was accompanying Lin Weiwei, and Lin He had proven himself to be a good man. He'd feel awful if he left them behind.

"Daddy. Kitty." Bao'er was behind Han Sen, pointing at the wolf while speaking.

"It's not a kitty; it's a wolf." Han Sen's smile was wry, but he did think it was amusing how she thought every furry creature was a cat.

"But Bao'er wants kitty." Bao'er never listened, and she was determined to own everything she deemed cute.

The wolf king's hair stood on its end, and purple lightning flared up to coat its fur. It seemed upset, learning the baby believed it to be a cat.

The group of travelers knew they were weaker, but they still valiantly held up their weapons for the fight that was about to ensue.

Han Sen looked at the wolf king's changing temper and prepared himself to cast his super king spirit mode.

The purple lightning grew brighter across the wolf's body, and it looked powerful enough to destroy an entire planet.

The wolf seemed as if it was going to attack, and the lightning bubbled and boiled like the magma residing in a soon-to-erupt volcano. It made everyone take a step back.

Howl!

Just as Han Sen was preparing to cast his super king spirit mode, something howled in the distance.

It was as if all the wolves stopped breathing. And to the humans, the long howl stood out from all others they had been hearing so far.

It was similar to the howl of a wolf, but it was slightly different.

(Updated by NovelFull.Com)

Strangely, when the howling came to an end, the wolf king looked less aggressive. Its blinding light subsided, and then it turned around and left.

All the wolves turned away from them and left. They disappeared into the darkness, vanishing as if nothing had happened.

Chapter 1013 - Human Elite

Chapter 1013: Human Elite

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

All the wolves had left. Before the group of travelers also continued their journey, they gathered up the carcasses of the slain wolf kings, and a few mutant ones, to take with them.

They traveled with greater care from then on, but met no more resistance from the forest's occupants. Four days later, they found the other end of that place.

When it was time for supper, nobody touched the meat of the wolf kings. They only dined on the mutant flesh.

Han Sen offered for them to eat whatever they desired, but Chen Hu told him, "You saved our hides multiple times back there. These wolf kings were slain by your hands only. How could we ever have the audacity to eat your food, on top of what you have already done for us?"

It was a nice gesture, but Han Sen didn't really care much for the meat. He could now kill sacred-blood creatures whenever he desired. And besides, with the size of those wolves, it'd most likely take him an entire month to eat them. If they didn't want to eat them, though, he wasn't going to push it.

Despite leaving the lightning forest behind, they were still on Ghost Mountain. They reached a valley, eventually, where a rapid river rushed through.

While they held a discussion about which way to proceed, they espied the presence of a turtle riding the stream. On its back was a human.

"Is that a human or a spirit?" Lin He asked Han Sen, who was now regarded as their boss.

Han Sen was able to tell them. The turtle was a sacred-blood creature, and the man atop was indeed human. He could tell that the man had greater strength than the creature he was using as a surfboard.

Seeing a human riding a creature in such a manner was a little strange, Han Sen thought.

“He’s human,” Han Sen said as he watched the man.

“Does that mean there might be a human shelter nearby?” Chen Hu’s excitement flared up.

They had managed to get through the lightning forest unscathed, though not for lack of effort on the part of the wolves. But they still wondered why they had been let go, when the super creature showed up and looked likely to attack.

Whatever had occurred, the timing of the wolves’ withdraw was impeccable. And they did not think such good fortune could arise again.

The man on the turtle saw the collective watching him, and he decided to approach. When he got closer, he said, “Uncle San and Weiwei; long time no see!”

“You know this man?” Chen Hu asked.

Lin Weiwei nodded and said, “Yes, this is Liu Yuxuan from Baojin Mining. He has been in the Third God’s Shelter for only six years, and in that time, he has already opened eight gene locks. He is a genius, and I can’t say I expected him to be here on Ghost Mountain.”

Liu Yuxuan quickly started a discussion with them, while ignoring all the others.

“Tell me, Weiwei; what brings you here? This place is dangerous, even for mighty elites such as myself,” Liu Yuxuan spoke smugly.

Liu Yuxuan was hitting on Lin Weiwei, that much was obvious.

After the question, Lin Weiwei explained to him the events that had transpired and put them on their present course. Then, she asked, “Is there a human shelter in the nearby vicinity?”

Liu Yuxuan shook his head and said, “Humans cannot dream of owning a shelter anywhere near this wretched place. There is a king-class shelter, mind you. But it is owned by a spirit, one with whom I signed a contract.”

“Brother Liu, can you tell us which direction we might be able to go to escape this place?” People did not think poorly of him for being the slave of a spirit. It was far more common for humans to sign contracts with spirits in the Third God’s Shelter, than to have absolute freedom with those of your own kind. Survival was the name of the game, after all.

Liu Yuxuan shook his head and said, “You wish to escape this place? I don’t think that’s possible. I’m surprised to see you haven’t been eaten by the wolf king yet, but that’s not the only super creature you should be worrying about. There are quite a few populating this mountain, and to escape their notice will be quite the task. An impossible one.” Liu Yuxuan paused for a moment, and then went on to say, “Weiwei, why don’t you and your fellows come with me? I’m a valued member of the king spirit shelter, and I can vouch for you all. You will be safe there.”

Lin Weiwei frowned. Going there would only reduce their chances of escaping that mountain.

They had risked everything and lost so much, all in the name of maintaining a hold on their freedom. Going into the service of a spirit would be like throwing in the towel, and it wouldn’t feel right submitting now.

Liu Yuxuan looked at Lin He and made an offer, “Uncle San, I believe you are well aware of the dangers this mountain poses. Even our king spirit master would not lurk in the territories ruled by the super creatures of this place. If you come with me, I can assure you that you will be treated well.”

Lin He turned around and asked, “What do you think, Little Han?”

Liu Yuxuan saw Lin He ask Han Sen, and thought it strange. He looked at the young man a little more closely, as he had initially believed him to be another random nobody.

“This is...?” Liu Yuxuan asked Lin He.

Lin He introduced Han Sen by saying, “This is President Ji’s son-in-law, Han Sen. We joined forces on the slopes of this mountain, after a chance encounter.”

“I have heard of him before, yes. I never expected the name Han Sen to be the label of a young boy such as yourself.” Liu Yuxuan feigned politeness, but the ignorance behind his words was clear to hear.

After smirking at Liu Yuxuan for a second, Han Sen turned to face Lin He and answered his question. “I’m not seeking employment with any spirit. I still want to leave this mountain of my own accord.”

Han Sen would sooner die than submit to slavery under some spirit. If anything, he would be a slave-driver of spirits.

Of course, Han Sen knew his powers weren’t the best they could be. What’s more, the instability and imbalance of his powers could be problematic. He didn’t have what it took to conquer a king spirit shelter just yet.

(Updated by NovelFull.Com)

Liu Yuxuan looked at Han Sen with disdain and said, “Pah! A typical noob outlook on things. I’m afraid you have yet to learn the way things go in this sanctuary, and how powerful the spirits of this place truly are. Without the power and support of many, you aren’t likely to last out there. Folks who fly solo never last, and even a person such as I, with eight gene locks open, knows it’s better to get along with spirits than to fight them.”

Chapter 1014 - Liu Yuxuan's Scheme

Chapter 1014: Liu Yuxuan's Scheme

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“Uncle San and Weiwei, follow me to the shelter,” Liu Yuxuan said, with surprising passion.

He had not lied when he told them he was quite an important figure in the king spirit shelter. But he had opened eight gene locks, not because he was strong, but rather because the king spirit liked him and helped him a great deal. Over the course of a few years, he had been given over eight hundred spirit genes. It was that generosity that allowed him to open the gene locks. He wasn't a genius.

Of course, he had not received any king spirit geno points. And that was because he hadn't signed a contract with the king spirit. He had signed his contract with a subordinate of the king spirit, one that had also opened eight gene locks. But with the spirit itself having only opened eight gene locks, that meant it was the highest Liu Yuxuan could open, as well.

The king spirit wasn't very keen on signing contracts with any random human. This king spirit would get their subordinates to do it, and that was what had occurred for Liu Yuxuan.

“Brother Liu, are you certain there is no safe passage for us to leave the mountain?” Lin He asked.

Lin He wasn't willing to violate his own principles by submitting to Liu Yuxuan's offer, but he felt them waver. When he heard Han Sen speak up for not becoming the slave of a spirit, though, he was firm in his resolve not to go to the king shelter.

“There is no safe route, so don’t throw your life away. Especially on this man’s accord; this guy doesn’t know anything. He’s barely out of his Third God’s Sanctuary nappies!” Liu Yuxuan was staring at Han Sen as he spoke.

It was obvious to Lin Weiwei that he was indeed an influential figure in the shelter, but he just wanted to flex his importance to impress and seduce her.

In his shelter, it was unlikely they’d be able to return to the Alliance, as well.

In the Alliance, he was nothing in the eyes of the Lin family. Here, things were different, and he had a much better chance of wooing her.

He didn’t care for the wellbeing of the others. More than anything, he just wanted to bring her back to the shelter so he could have her sign a contract with the spirit he knew. Then, no matter what, she’d be unable to escape him.

And if he played his cards right, fun with Lin Weiwei wouldn’t be the only thing he could have. He could end up having some of the other humans as subordinates for himself. If they didn’t behave, they’d be killed. Their lives in the Alliance would have already been forfeited, anyway.

“Are you positive there aren’t any safe routes?” Lin Weiwei asked.

“Yes. So, please, don’t do this.” Liu Yuxuan started to act all upset, and went on to say, “The mountain is too dangerous. If you insist on trying to cross its perilous terrain, you really will lose your life. A grizzly death is all that will await you. If you come with me, I can make it so you can get to the Alliance whenever you wish. And if you don’t like the shelter, once you’re in the Alliance, just don’t return.”

Liu Yuxuan was not dumb, and he wouldn’t start an argument with them.

But in his heart, he thought, “Mwahaha! Once you’re in the shelter with me, you’ll never visit the Alliance again!”

Liu Yuxuan did not start a fight because the eight gene locks he had opened were solely from the spirit genes, and as such, he'd most likely be weaker than some of his opponents when it came to actual battle.

Lin He had opened seven gene locks, but they were earned the old-fashioned way. As such, he'd likely wreck the conniving wretch.

That's why he was trying to trick them into coming to the shelter. Once they were there, he could do whatever he wished to them.

Hearing what Liu Yuxuan had told them, Chen Hu was tempted to go with the man. After all, he was told he could visit the Alliance whenever he wished.

Ghost Mountain was a wicked place, and going back to the Alliance with your life was a fair option. And once in the Alliance, the leash of the contract was ineffective. They could just forfeit their lives in the Sanctuary, and live in the Alliance forever.

Not being able to grow stronger was a better choice than being killed.

Chen Hu and a few others showed great interest in going, so they asked Liu Yuxuan for many details.

"You see this sacred-blood turtle? The king spirit gave it to me as a gift. He's a stellar bloke. If he treated humans like thralls, would he have given this to me?" Liu Yuxuan's words were creamy, and his ploy was more than convincing.

Chen Hu then turned to Han Sen and said, "Come on, Brother Han. We should go there together!"

Again, Han Sen reaffirmed his goal with a shake of his head. "I am leaving this place," he said.

"Me, too. I've come too far to turn back now," Lin Weiwei said.

Chen Hu gritted his teeth and said, “Well, if you guys are going, it’d be unkind of me to remain. We’ve been through a lot together, and on this road, there’ll undoubtedly be more hell to endure. And if that’s the case, I’m going to be right by your side and not miss a second of it.”

The offer had been very tempting, but when the time to make a decision came, everyone still decided to remain with Han Sen.

Lin He said, “Brother Liu, I thank you for the offer, but we decline. The kindness you wish to show us is a testament to your good heart. And if your heart is as good as I have been led to believe, then you will point us to the path of least resistance. Tell us which way will let us leave this mountain the easiest, and we’ll owe you—big time.”

Liu Yuxuan did not expect everyone to end up following Han Sen. He had clearly underestimated his influence.

Liu Yuxuan was fuming on the inside, but he still feigned a weak smile, as if his ulterior motive had not just been foiled. He told them, “I truly admire your courage. Unfortunately, I cannot guide you away from this place entirely. But, I can lead you for three hundred miles, and make sure no harm falls upon you. I will guarantee your safety.”

Chapter 1015 - Blood-Wing Beast King

Chapter 1015: Blood-Wing Beast King

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen calmly observed Liu Yuxuan. Han Sen was dexterous in the arts of assassination, and when his Jadeskin had allowed him to open his eighth sense, he gained the ability to detect any hostile feelings towards him.

Although Liu Yuxuan had hid it well, Han Sen could sense he meant to do him harm.

Of course, Han Sen did not say anything just yet. The road they would go along together had to be safe, because schemers and backstabbers like Liu Yuxuan rarely put themselves in dangerous situations.

Everyone followed him, and as he led the way, many creatures came into sight. When they saw the turtle, though, they ran off and posed no threat.

“With me here, nothing for the next three hundred miles will lay a finger on any of you.” Watch the creatures run off, Liu Yuxuan puffed his chest up and spoke with an arrogant tone of voice.

“It’s nice to have you here with us,” Wang Yu said.

“Soon, we’ll be passing through the territory of a super creature. But again, you needn’t worry. I, Liu Yuxuan, am here to safeguard you all.” He continued to speak with the same snobbish mannerisms.

Lin He and Lin Weiwei responded with simple grace, saying, “Thank you for your service.”

“Well, we are friends, aren’t we? I am especially fond of you, my dear Weiwei. This is the least I can do for you,” Liu Yuxuan said.

In his heart, his real emotions were actually like curdled milk. He snickered to himself, saying, “That super creature is a good friend of mine, and I often please his son. He’ll do me a favor, for sure. Once I get him to deal with the rest of this annoying congregation, I can whisk Weiwei home to my bedroom chamber.”

“And I’m not letting Han Sen get off the hook by granting him a swift death. They’d all be on their way to the shelter right now, if it wasn’t for that snotty brat. He’ll die slow.” Thinking of his bestiality fetish, a pleasurable chill ran down Liu Yuxuan’s spine. Then, he looked over to Han Sen.

Han Sen was, much to his surprise, was looking his way as well. He was smiling, but that smile almost felt as if he had been able to read his mind.

“Has he noticed something amiss? Does he know what I’m up to?” Liu Yuxuan was spooked.

He mulled it over a bit, and then comforted himself by saying, “Pah! That is preposterous. He doesn’t know a thing; he’s a noob that’s somehow fumbled his way into the Third God’s Sanctuary. I should ease up a bit.”

Liu Yuxuan presented a smile back and said, “There is no need for you to worry, Brother Han. I can keep you safe.”

“Gee, thanks,” Han Sen said in response.

“Fool. Even if you did max out your super geno points, here you are, waltzing into my trap without a single suspicion. You numbnuts,” Liu Yuxuan thought to himself, cackling on the inside.

Cliffs adorned both sides of the valley, and there were many caves dotted across them. There were many winged beasts in the area, and a few thousand of them populated the skies.

The group was a little nervous and antsy, seeing that many creatures were lingering above them.

“Again, there is no need to worry,” Liu Yuxuan said, then screamed into the skies.

After that, all the beasts returned to the caves as if they were afraid. Then, they just watched from the darkness of their holes.

“You are good,” Wang Yu said.

“Later, I will summon the super creature’s son. He’ll come over and meet us. Under his protection, we can travel further along the valley. Nothing will attack us, then.” Liu Yuxuan’s tone of voice was already changing, as if he had a mouthful of plums.

He had spent a long time studying the language of creatures. After much time, he had learned a fair few words, and this was a talent few people had.

To his credit, he was a smart man. Few humans were ever treated with even a modicum of respect in spirit shelters. Liu Yuxuan had done well for himself, to have gotten to the position he was in. What’s more, his skills of observation were in fine shape.

He let out another scream, to summon the super creature’s son. This scream was different, though, and in the language of creatures, he mentioned he had brought a grand bounty of food with him. Except for Lin Weiwei, everyone else was up for sacrifice.

No one there spoke the language of creatures, so no one had a clue what to expect.

After the scream, an echo of response came from further down the valley. A red beast appeared and came before them.

It had blood-colored wings that were thirty meters wide, and horns decorated the monster’s head like those of a goat.

Chen Hu, upon seeing this, couldn’t help blurting out, “Wow, you really are good!”

Han Sen had fantastic eyesight, and he saw a small beast atop the big beast's back.

Liu Yuxuan's face changed when he saw the big beast appear.

He had only wished to summon the super creature's son. He hadn't expected he'd end up summoning the big one that the son rode upon.

He rarely ever got to see the king, and he was only used to interacting with the son.

Liu Yuxuan would have had some control over what happened if only the son had shown up, as he had planned. With the blood-wing beast king there, as well, he'd be helpless in controlling what might happen.

"Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned the presence of a sacrifice. I think a simple summoning of the son would have been better," Liu Yuxuan thought the beast king had come over upon hearing there'd be much food on offer.

Whatever happened next was entirely up to the hulking, airborne monstrosity. He could only hope it'd leave Lin Weiwei alone.

If the beast wanted to eat Lin Weiwei, as heartbreaking as it'd be, he knew better than to protect her. He only wanted her as a pretty toy, and it wasn't worth risking his life for her.

Chapter 1016 - Unbelievable Kindness

Chapter 1016: Unbelievable Kindness

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

Seeing the Blood-Wing Beast King nearing, Liu Yuxuan quickly kowtowed before it and made a few subservient sounds.

He had only wanted to summon the beast king's son, due to the fact the two shared something of a bond. Now, he had to tarnish his own image of being strong and influential to the creatures of the domain by going down on the ground.

But Liu Yuxuan knew what to prioritize with the beast king's unexpected approach. He'd rather discard his image than his life. If he was disrespectful towards the king, he could provoke its finicky wrath and end up as its teatime meal.

Han Sen didn't care much for the two-faced man, making a fool of himself on the ground. He was a dead man walking, as it was.

Chen Hu, on the other hand, saw things differently. He was touched by what Liu Yuxuan was doing, believing his act wasn't one of self-preservation. He believed he had gone on the ground to kowtow on his behalf and the others that were with him.

Boom!

The beast king landed before them all. Liu Yuxuan did not relent in his feverish kowtowing.

But the king paid no heed to him. It walked towards Han Sen, at which point, the son leapt off its parent's back.

Liu Yuxuan wished to remind the king that, if it was hungry, Lin Weiwei was not one to be eaten. But he was having cold feet about telling the king anything. Seeing how mighty and powerful it looked, he thought it best to shut up completely and not say a word.

Han Sen looked at the beast that was approaching, thinking he'd use Liu Yuxuan as a meat shield if a fight started.

“Eat them. Eat them all up. Just please, save me the delicious Lin Weiwei!” Liu Yuxuan thought to himself.

But what happened next went against all of his expectations.

The beast king, after coming directly in front of Han Sen, performed a friendly gesture of respect.

Neither Liu Yuxuan nor anyone else could understand what was going on, and why the beast king was acting that way towards Han Sen.

“How?” Liu Yuxuan's breath had been yanked from his lungs. Even king spirits were afraid of this creature, so it was difficult for him to fathom why it'd show so much respect towards Han Sen. He thought he must have been having a nightmare.

No one else spoke the language of beasts, but there was no hostility between the two parties. And the tension that once existed, quickly vanished. Chen Hu, hurriedly asked, “Mister Liu, can you translate what it is trying to tell us?”

Liu Yuxuan was so shocked, he didn't hear a word Chen Hu said. But the shock wasn't going to end anytime soon. What happened next made him dizzy.

The beast king's son ran towards Han Sen and leapt into his arms. It placed a red fruit in his hand.

Seeing this, Liu Yuxuan felt blood rush to his head in such volume that it felt like his head was going to explode.

“I must be dreaming. I must be! This must all be a bad dream! Why would he give a blood fruit to a human?” Liu Yuxuan’s eyes almost popped out of their sockets, as he eyed the fruit in Han Sen’s hand with envy.

The king spirit once asked Liu Yuxuan to deliver gifts and treasures to the beast, in the hopes of one day receiving such a fruit in return for the kindness. But the spirit had yet to be given a single one, despite the repeated offerings that were provided. Liu Yuxuan had only glimpsed the beast king once before, too, as he was never allowed in its presence.

This had gone on for quite some time, but the king spirit never thought to stop; the fruit really was that valuable. Constant gifts with an expected return never given.

The king spirit, despite his grand efforts, did not receive a single one. But here, now, Han Sen was handed one oh-so-simply. Liu Yuxuan’s mind was suffering a meltdown.

The beast king’s son licked Han Sen’s cheek in admiration, and its tail wagged with unbridled joy.

Liu Yuxuan’s mind recalled how each of his visits with the son usually went, in that it always used him as a faucet of blood. Every time they were together, he would have to allow it to sink its teeth in him so that could it drink his blood. It always acted superior, as well, vastly different to the puppydog-like behavior it was showing Han Sen.

Han Sen stroked the beast king’s son’s head and asked, “Is this fruit for me?”

The beast king’s son seemed to enjoy the hand was that caressing it softly, and it made a gentle sound. Then, it nodded in confirmation.

Liu Yuxuan’s shock had turned to jealousy, but now, it turned to anger. The creatures never replied to him whenever he spoke the human language. That was the whole reason he taught himself how to communicate in the language of creatures, in the first place.

“D*mn it! D*mn that *sshole.” His face was still on the ground, and he did not dare get up.

He couldn't at all wrap his mind around why the two creatures would show so much love and respect towards a human they had never seen before.

Bao'er, seeing the beast king's son being so friendly, wanted to show it some love, too. She crawled up to it and rubbed her face in its lovely mane.

This did nothing to upset the disposition of the beast king's son or the beast king itself, either. Things were as peaceful as ever, and the son decided to lick Bao'er a little, as well.

Han Sen was surprised by the entire affair, also. He had gotten himself ready for a fight, so the lack of hostilities came as a delightful shock.

The blood fruit he had been given looked immensely powerful. It looked far superior to the ones birthed by Devil King's seeds or any of the ones found in the Valley of Time.

Roar!

The beast king suddenly roared, and after it did, many small creatures flocked to the valley as if they were in celebration of Han Sen's coming.

With the beast king protecting them, the group traveled through the valley for a few hundred miles, entirely unhindered. But when they exited the valley, it was no longer the dominion of the Blood-Wing Beast King. When it was time to say goodbye, the king leapt onto a rock and gave a faint cry of sadness in farewell.

Chapter 1017 - Blood Fruit

Chapter 1017: Blood Fruit

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

“Mister Liu, I thank you. You have greatly opened our eyes,” Chen Hu said.

He believed the beasts were so kind because of Liu Yuxuan’s behavior.

With a forced smile, Liu Yuxuan pretended that had been the case and said, “You are welcome.”

“Brother Liu, when we return to the Alliance, we will send you a reward in return for your kind deeds. But if I may ask, where do we go from here?” Lin He knew it wasn’t actually Liu Yuxuan who had made the beast king so friendly, but he was still oblivious to his evil thoughts and intentions. So, he just went along with his credit-taking and thanked him.

“Well, that’s me. Helpful as always.” Liu Yuxuan smiled and went on to say, “There is a path you’d do well to take, just up ahead. Come, I will lead you there.”

“Ah, in that case, we thank you again,” Chen Hu said.

Liu Yuxuan then turned to ask Han Sen, “Have you seen the Blood-Wing Beast King before?”

“No.” Han Sen shook his head.

Liu Yuxuan had no reason to believe Han Sen was lying.

“Is this guy the luckiest man in existence or what? Why would this brat be given a blood fruit?” Liu Yuxuan did his best to contemplate why.

Liu Yuxuan forced another smile and tried to weasel his way into getting a nibble of it. He said, "That blood fruit is a gift for everyone; why don't you share it?"

Cheekily, having not received it, he tried to lie and say it was something that belonged to everyone.

If Han Sen was willing to share, it meant he'd be given a slice. With a fruit so brilliant as that, even a small nibble would be wondrous.

If Han Sen was not willing to share, others might end up upset. They might even revolt against the man they all seemed to be blindly following.

"I gave it to Bao'er." Han Sen pointed at her.

Liu Yuxuan had only focused on Han Sen the entire time, not noticing Bao'er was munching away at the fruit as its juice stained her cheeks.

"How could you?!" He was unable to hold his tongue and feign kindness at this point, and like a sudden barking, he yelled at Han Sen.

He was infuriated to learn that Han Sen had fed a fruit that was greatly desired by a king spirit to what he deemed a useless pet.

"I shouldn't have done that?" Han Sen smiled.

Han Sen had actually tried having some earlier, but it had no effect.

When Bao'er showed him she really wanted it, he had no problem giving it to her.

"Let her have it. We don't need it, anyway," Chen Hu said.

"The beast king provided it to Han Sen as a gift. It was his to decide who should or who should not receive some," Lin Weiwei spoke out, in defense of his decision.

She could tell Liu Yuxuan hadn't actually helped them, as well. If the king had really been nice to them because of his kowtowing, the fruit would have been given to him.

Seeing that he had lost his temper this way, Lin Weiwei was now positive her hypothesis was correct.

With everyone else also saying they did not mind not having it, Liu Yuxuan was again left struggling to comprehend why everyone was so supportive of Han Sen.

Seeing Lin Weiwei looking at him, Liu Yuxuan tried to swallow his flaring temper and gently explain, "It can merely benefit the human body, that's all. I just thought it was a shame to give it to a pet."

"It's fine. I treat her like a daughter, anyway," Han Sen said.

"Fine. Whatever. Let's keep walking." Liu Yuxuan marched ahead as soon as he finished his sentence.

Liu Yuxuan went with a smile, but inside, he was thinking, "F*ck! That's it; I'm not allowing any of you to live. That *sshole Han Sen must die."

Liu Yuxuan despised Han Sen more than ever, and the fact he had ruined his plans was driving him nuts. He wanted them all dead, especially since they had seen him shamelessly kowtow in front of a super creature.

He hadn't told anyone which shelter he actually came from, fortunately. But regardless, he wasn't going to allow anyone there to walk away and possibly mention the shameless act they had seen from him.

But these thoughts and desires were all manic concoctions of his disturbed mind. No one thought anything ill of his behavior so far. They actually appreciated his willingness to go down on the ground in a subservient manner before the beast king. They might not have known his true intentions, but still, that was besides the fact.

Right now, though, Liu Yuxuan was leading them to a dead end. They were headed to the territory of another super creature. It was another place the king spirit would not dare tread.

Compared to the Blood-Wing Beast King, this super creature was ten times more ferocious, Liu Yuxuan reckoned. It was known to kill and gorge on whatever living thing came near its lair. Not even the bones of its victims would be left uneaten.

When they were almost there, Liu Yuxuan stopped and pointed in the direction, saying, “I can’t lead you any further. Beyond is where you should head, and not soon after, you’ll be led away and off the mountain. Be careful on your way, lest you make your presence known to the king spirit.”

Liu Yuxuan was lying, of course. The super creature was said to lurk directly ahead of the party now. He had no actual clue where the mountain’s exit might have resided, and he had no idea what was past the doom-bringing beast he was leading them to. Not that it mattered to him.

“Mister Liu, wait.” After everyone thanked him for his guidance, and he was ready to turn away and leave, Han Sen stopped him from going.

Chapter 1018 - Crazy

Chapter 1018: Crazy

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“What is it, Brother Han?” Liu Yuxuan asked, looking back at Han Sen.

“There is something I need your help with, before your departure,” Han Sen said.

“I’ll certainly help, if I am able to. What is it?” Liu Yuxuan said.

What happened next would be up to him to decide.

“Take us further,” Han Sen said, looking at Liu Yuxuan sternly.

At this request, his face changed. And he said, “Well, like I said, I would like to help you. Unfortunately, I am not too familiar with these roads. But, should you proceed this way and meet some misfortune, you can come back and seek me out. The offer for you staying at my shelter still stands.”

Lin Yuxuan’s tone of voice bordered one of mocking, as if he was trying to make Han Sen seem as if he was scared.

“I have no problem going further, but you need to come with me,” Han Sen said.

Liu Yuxuan was suddenly angered by the persistence of this request, and he moodily said, “Uncle San and Weiwei, did you hear what he just said? I am not one of you people, but I have helped you get this far out of the kindness of my heart. Haven’t I done enough for you? I even kowtowed on your behalf; what, do you expect me to die for you lot, too?”

Lin He looked at Han Sen and said, “Brother Liu, calm down. I’m sure you have misinterpreted Little Han’s words. Chill for a minute and hear him out, in full.”

“He didn’t misunderstand. He has to come with us,” Han Sen spoke plainly.

“You are crazy! Who do you think you are by telling me what to do!?” At this point Liu Yuxuan was yelling at the top of his voice. He went on to shout, “Uncle San, Weiwei, do you hear what he is saying? This guy is f*cking impossible to please; he wants even more?! Dogs would show a greater appreciation than this boy!”

Han Sen coldly said, “I am crazy. I have been for a long time. Are you only just learning that now?”

“The boy has a death wish. But whatever, I’m done with you!” Liu Yuxuan did his best to speak poorly of Han Sen, trying to discourage the group of travelers from supporting Han Sen any further.

No matter how powerful Han Sen had become, he had been in the Third God’s Sanctuary for a year. Most people would have only suspected him to have opened three gene locks at the most. Although Liu Yuxuan’s gene locks were weak, he still had eight of them. And what’s more, he had a sacred-blood turtle.

Liu Yuxuan’s body was burning with a fire of utter hatred and contempt for Han Sen, and he growled, “You’re so cocky. You think you’re the best, don’t you? Come on, show me what you got!”

Others thought to say something, but before they could, Han Sen swung his fist.

Han Sen knew why Liu Yuxuan was behaving the way he was, and he knew the man had a secret desire to get them all killed.

What’s more, Han Sen was not a fan of negotiation. When he encountered a heated confrontation with someone he deemed evil, a quick fist was Han Sen’s favored method of achieving resolution.

Han Sen’s fist traveled with a fire. Seeing it come, Liu Yuxuan transformed into a flaming snake that lunged at Han Sen.

The snake was ten meters long, and all Han Sen had was a fiery fist. The scene certainly looked unbalanced.

But when the two fiery figures collided, Liu Yuxuan was the one given the most shock.

Boom!

Han Sen hit the flaming snake, and ignited the body with a searing flame of a far crueller power.

Liu Yuxuan dropped to the ground, rolling around on the grass and screaming in agony. He managed to utter a command to his turtle, which then attacked Han Sen.

The turtle's first move was shooting water towards Han Sen.

This attack was rapidly dodged, and in retaliation, Han Sen jumped to the turtle's head with Taia in hand.

Katcha!

The turtle's head was sliced off with ease. Blood squirted from the red, rhythmic pumping of its exposed throat.

“Sacred-Blood Creature Armored Turtle killed. Beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly.”

Liu Yuxuan continued rolling around on the ground, but the fire that was ruining his body refused to be put out.

Han Sen picked him up and got rid of the flames himself, but the man was heavily damaged.

Liu Yuxuan's eight gene locks were nothing compared to Han Sen.

Liu Yuxuan pretended to be a victim in this entire ordeal, crying tears while proclaiming, “Uncle San, Weiwei, Chen Hu... I helped you! What did I do to deserve this treatment?!”

He made himself look so wronged, others actually felt pity for him.

“Maybe there really was a misunderstanding...” Lin He did believe Han Sen had been a little too cruel on him.

But Lin He trusted Han Sen’s judgment, and he knew there had to be a reason Han Sen was so willing to lash out against Liu Yuxuan.

“I will explain later. You guys remain here.” Han Sen continued down the path, dragging Liu Yuxuan along with him.

Liu Yuxuan yelled for help from the others, but he didn’t get any. Eventually, as Han Sen pulled him nearer the place he wished for them to meet their doom, he quieted down.

He was scared now; he was terrified of waking up the super creature that was said to lurk there.

Liu Yuxuan, at this point, knew Han Sen had figured out what he had been up to. It had to be the reason why he had been dragged there like that.

But Liu Yuxuan believed Han Sen’s determined march into that wicked territory was merely a bluff. He thought Han Sen wouldn’t risk going too far forward. If Han Sen could not provide his party an explanation for what he had done, Liu Yuxuan thought there might be a chance to turn them all against each other and possibly crawl away from this entire affair with his life.

Chapter 1019 - This Must be a Nightmare

Chapter 1019: This Must be a Nightmare

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

Seeing Han Sen continue to walk forward, not slowing down for a single second, Liu Yuxuan was moving from afraid to terrified. It didn't help that Han Sen had remained silent the entire time, as well.

Most people that found themselves being suddenly dragged away against their will by an angry man would object quite loudly, but Liu Yuxuan remained as quiet as he could. There was a risk he was trying to avoid, despite thinking Han Sen's bluff was still in play.

Lin He and Lin Weiwei could see the two from where they were, and they watched intently. They were still a little unsure about what had motivated and instigated Han Sen's aggression, but they knew there was more to this than met the eye.

Liu Yuxuan's eyes were wide open now, having realized Han Sen had strolled directly into the area the beast was said to feast on intruders.

"You're crazy! That's it, we have to go! We have to go now or else we die!" Liu Yuxuan finally spoke, and his voice wasn't at normal volume. It was a scream, one driven by an intense fear of imminent death.

Han Sen stopped, looked at the wriggling worm, and said, "Why would we die? I thought you said this is a safe road, and that our exit from the mountain is just beyond here."

"Do it! Just do it! Get out! Leave this place!" Liu Yuxuan was writhing around with what looked like a broken mind. He really didn't want to die, and he was utterly terrified of the concept of waking up the super creature that was said to live there.

“Leave? Leave here? Give me one good reason to.” Han Sen was slowly starting to walk forward again.

“You are crazy! It’s a dead end, not an exit! And only death will await us both if you continue going forward!” Even the deaf could have heard Liu Yuxuan’s hopeless crying, and so pretty swiftly, his scheme was revealed to the party that watched from afar. If it wasn’t for Han Sen, they all would have merrily walked into a trap, still thinking Liu Yuxuan was a decent fellow.

Han Sen turned around and dragged him back to Lin He. Then, he threw him onto the ground.

“*sshole! Why do you want to hurt us?!” Chen Hu was furious at this revelation.

“Run! Run!” Liu Yuxuan believed the creature must have woken up by now.

“It would be best we stay away from this area for now. Come, let’s backtrack a bit,” Han Sen said.

Lin He agreed, saying, “Yes, Chen Hu, everyone, let’s go.”

But suddenly, the sound of a wicked scream and an explosion was heard from far behind them.

“We are dead because of you!” Liu Yuxuan yelled at Han Sen, as if he was a victim.

Han Sen frowned at the emergence of a new threat, but he was not afraid.

The sound was loud, and the noise of something hissing was quickly drawing near. A white snake came into view.

It was like a cross between a white cobra and a dragon. The head possessed a unicorn horn, and ice-like eyes. The scales of its form were like threaded diamonds. The monster was as beautiful as it was scary.

Nobody's legs could move, though, and it felt as if something was keeping them from fleeing.

The creature was infinitely more frightening than the Blood-Wing Beast King they had previously encountered. In the presence of that monster, they could not even think about running.

Even Lin He felt his body stiffen, and all he could do was remain still, watching the snake approach.

The snake looked at the crowd and hissed. Its forked tongue rattled in the open maw. As everyone looked on, they were sapped of their hope of survival.

Liu Yuxuan looked as if he belonged in an asylum. He was crazy, mumbling and dribbling in fear. He repeatedly blubbered, "That's it, man. Game over, man. Game over!"

In the next second, the white dragon moved in front of Han Sen. Everyone thought he would be the first to go, regretfully.

The snake pulled out its tongue and touched his body.

Han Sen was able to move the entire time, but he had chosen not to. He knew the beautiful white snake was not actually going to be hostile at all.

He had, of course, at first prepared to fight. But as the snake drew nearer and nearer, he was able to realize there was no aggressive intent in its approach.

Amidst everyone's mounting shock, a white mushroom fell out of the snake's mouth and into Han Sen's hands. Then, the snake lowered its head in front of him.

"Is this for me?" Han Sen looked at the mushroom with confusion.

The mushroom was very big, and the lifeforce it possessed was no joke. It was incredibly strong. Simply smelling it was enough to bring a person's mind great comfort, and it looked so delicious, Han Sen thought he could hear his cells moaning and groaning for a taste.

It was lucky the super creatures had no intention of harming him, but Han Sen couldn't yet understand why that was. And stranger yet, why were they delivering him gifts?

Having also received the blood fruit earlier, he now thought to himself, "Does Lady Luck simply have a crush on me? Is this her work?"

Liu Yuxuan was frozen for a different reason now. He watched what occurred with immeasurable shock. He exclaimed, "Impossible! Dragon Saliva! Impossible!"

Everyone looked at Han Sen strangely. They now knew for sure that the Blood-Wing Beast King really had only cared for Han Sen.

Suddenly, though, the white snake grabbed Han Sen. They believed it was going to eat him for a second, but that spike of fear was quickly alleviated. It had only grabbed Han Sen by his clothes, and gently, it placed him on its back. It had decided to guide him through the next region of the mountain.

Seeing Han Sen atop the white snake, Liu Yuxuan's broken mind seemed to completely shatter. He muttered, "This must be a nightmare. I have to wake up! This must really be just a bad dream."

Chapter 1020 - Past Life Lover

Chapter 1020: Past Life Lover

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

Han Sen had his people bring the body of the slain turtle and Liu Yuxuan with them. They followed the snake he rode upon through the region the creature presided over.

Bao'er climbed ahead of Han Sen, sitting directly on the snake's head. She held the creature's horn, which worried the others.

If her behavior angered the white snake, no one could imagine what wrath might be brought down upon them.

Liu Yuxuan spoke a lot about how cruel and evil the white snake supposedly was, but from what they were actually seeing, his words couldn't be further from the truth. It didn't mind Bao'er climbing all over it, and it continued leading them in a delightfully tame and kind manner without an ounce of hostility.

It went quickly, though. Lin He and his fellows often had trouble keeping up, but it seemed to acknowledge their existence by slowing down for them, every now and again.

The group traversed this portion of the mountain without a single incident. All was well and all was safe. When had gone as far as it could, it gently allowed Bao'er and Han Sen to disembark. Then, it returned to its domain as swiftly as it had initially left it.

"Brother Han, why do super creatures treat you like this? Were you once a renowned super creature king in a past life?" Chen Hu asked, in equal parts amusement and awe.

Everyone seemed to be a little dazed by what was going on. No one had ever seen or even heard of a human receiving such treatment from creatures before.

“If I told you I didn’t know why they treated me this way, would you believe me?” Han Sen asked.

Lin Weiwei just smiled and said, “I’d believe you. Super creatures are... unpredictable, to say the least. But perhaps there is an item in your possession that attracts them to you.”

“That most certainly sounds like a feasible possibility,” Lin He added.

Their comments reminded Han Sen that he did indeed have something special on him, but it was something he had brought with him from the Second God’s Sanctuary.

The only special item he had acquired recently was the Dragon-Blood Ring. But if his possession of that was why, then neither the wolf nor the monkeys would have attacked him.

Han Sen, unable to understand, shelved those thoughts for the time being.

“Well, Han Sen, is it time we decide what to do with this *sshole? Should we kill him and be done with it?” Wang Yu said, with a tone of utter contempt.

The jig was up for Liu Yuxuan, and it had been revealed to them all how much of a spiteful, twisted, back-stabbing liar he truly was. The region they had crossed with the snake was nothing like he described.

“Don’t kill me! I just don’t like Han Sen, that’s all. I only tried to get rid of him!” Liu Yuxuan was on his knees, sobbing for mercy.

“Little Han, what will you do?” Lin He asked.

“Kill him.” Lin Weiwei, now understanding what he had planned to do, was in great relief she had not decided to follow him to the shelter.

“We’ll take him with us for now. If something seeks to attack or kill us, he’ll make a fine decoy,” Han Sen coldly said.

To Han Sen, he was a dead man already. The only reason Han Sen was going to allow him to live a little longer was so his death could prove at least somewhat useful.

Hearing what Han Sen said, they each thought it to be the best course of action. They did not have any more ideas or opinions to share.

A while later, they all stopped for a rest. Since there were hungry stomachs all around, Han Sen got to preparing a meal from the turtle he had slain.

The turtle was a fairly big creature, so it was going to prove too big for Han Sen to eat all by himself. As such, he offered some of the cooked turtle to the others, and they each accepted a portion.

Bao'er looked excited, eating the turtle. She had developed a great taste for meat.

While everyone ate and dined merrily, though, creatures approached them. A white, sacred-blood deer walked up to Han Sen and placed down a clump of holy grass in front of him. Then, it left.

It wasn't long until other creatures showed up, bringing with them the carcass of a creature they had hunted. They laid it down in front of Han Sen and walked away as well.

Han Sen cooked the creature he had been provided, and he was delighted to learn it was a sacred-blood creature, too.

Liu Yuxuan had no clue why all the creatures of the mountains, those he had once believed to be utterly wretched, wished to please Han Sen.

Everywhere Han Sen went, creatures welcomed him. He received an abundance of gifts over the course of their travel, all beyond their wildest expectations.

"Little San-San, you must have been quite the romantic creature lover in a past life," Lin Weiwei said.

“I must have worked hard, all day and night, to please the number of creatures that seek to reward me.” Han Sen gave her a wry smile.

“Maybe you were just a popular figure, adored by all?” Lin Weiwei suggested.

“Yep, I can believe it. Everyone must love Brother Han!” Chen Hu said, in admiration.

Han Sen replied to them both, saying, “Maybe in a past life, I was their king.”

“King...” Lin Weiwei shook her head. Then, she said, “No, more like a celebrity.”

“Yep, a celebrity,” Chen Hu said.

Han Sen wasn't actually a believer in the concept of reincarnation. He knew there was a reason for the kindness being shown towards him by the creatures, but he just couldn't figure out what it was.

But at least it made for a pleasant journey. Encountering creatures was no longer a problem for them, and the fear that first plagued their journey had vanished. Before Han Sen, every creature was tame and gentle.

They went on in this manner for quite some time. They traveled for an entire month, and they moved at a quick pace. Their lives were better than they had been, even when they were living in a human shelter.

Han Sen had eaten two whole wolf kings, some turtle, and a variety of other meats given to him by creatures. In total, his sacred-blood geno point tally managed to reach fifty-six.

Chapter 1021 - Golden Flying Bug

Chapter 1021: Golden Flying Bug

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

Although Han Sen had received many presents from the creatures of the regions he and his party traversed, none of those gifts had yet surpassed the Blood Fruit and Dragon Saliva in terms of rarity and power. Those gifts, given to him by super creatures, were by far the best.

Upon nearing the exit of Ghost Mountain, they encountered another super creature. It was a giant ape, and it provided Han Sen with a small wine cup.

Han Sen could tell it was actually a geno item. But despite his close examinations of it, he couldn't really tell what purpose it might serve him.

The giant ape also aided them in travel. He grabbed ahold of every member of Han Sen's party and placed them all atop his shoulders. Then, he took off running for four days straight. The craggy slopes of the mountain soon gave way to an emerald, verdant expanse that was home to a number of horses, merrily grazing away the hours of sunshine.

"We are finally off Ghost Mountain!" Everyone was exuberantly happy.

The ape placed them down, roared at Han Sen, and then returned to the mountain.

Looking back to where they had spent so much time traveling, it was almost like a dream.

Everything they had been through seemed unbelievable, even to Han Sen.

Aargh!

Just as everyone was in chirpy spirits, a scream sounded from their midst. Liu Yuxuan was rolling on the ground in pain, shrieking in agony.

A wound had formed on his body, as if something had cut him badly. He was covered in blood, yet no one around him had done a thing.

As Liu Yuxuan screamed, he barely looked human. His body was being skinned by a phantom aggressor, and soon, his flesh started to get carved away in large chunks. Soon, it'd be down to the bone.

The wounds were not fatal, though.

“Kill me, please! I was wrong. I wanted Weiwei, and yet I was willing to harm and kill you to have her!” Liu Yuxuan's face was distorted and covered in blood. But the torture he was now under was so unbearable, he actually wanted to die.

Everyone understood what was happening. The spirit that owned Liu Yuxuan must have detected that he had left Ghost Mountain. Thinking that it was an act of disobedience, the spirit started to torture him.

Lin He grabbed his sword and plunged it deep into Liu Yuxuan's heart. As his lifeforce left his body, his muscles relaxed and his face became softer. He looked free, as if he had been granted a release he had long wanted.

“There was no need for him to suffer. We are still the same kind. He may have deserved death, but not one that was brutally prolonged,” Lin He explained.

Han Sen nodded. Even though he despised Liu Yuxuan and would have killed the man himself, he wouldn't have tortured him.

The others, seeing the way he died, were in shock. They were eternally glad they had not returned to the shelter and submitted themselves to the command of a spirit. One day, they could have ended up just like Liu Yuxuan.

To avoid his body being desecrated by creatures, Han Sen torched it until there was nothing left but dust.

When it was time for them to set out again, they were not too sure where to go. The only thing in front of them was a flat, plain field that went on as far as the eyes could see. So they picked a direction and went straight ahead.

The horse-like creatures were afraid of the passing humans, it seemed. Before they even got close, the horses would run off and maintain a lengthy distance.

After a while of travel, they suddenly heard a buzzing noise. Something gold was coming towards them from across the expanse. At first, it was alone. But later, more of the golden things appeared. After squinting to get a better look, the group saw that the creatures were golden, fist-sized bugs, and their numbers were many.

More and more emerged, until they started to blot out the sun and ink the sky. But since they were gold, they did not darken the field they traversed. Instead, the brightness of the region only increased. The area became almost blindingly bright.

“I wonder what these things will give us?” Chen Hu looked very excited.

Although Chen Hu did not personally receive any gifts or reap any specific benefits, he was excited to see what new thing they would bring.

But Han Sen was not in this mindset. His face changed and he said, “They are not here to bring gifts. Everyone, get ready to fight!”

“No way!” Chen Hu could not believe it.

The golden bugs closed in on them quickly. They swooped down low and tried to bite them in a hungry swarm.

With their gene locks open, the fighters raised their weapons to counter the assault.

Han Sen was ablaze with a red fire, and he commanded a phoenix to incinerate the bugs that were directly in front of him.

But the golden bugs were strange. When the phoenix slew them, it did not respawn and allow Han Sen another usage.

Even stranger, there was no announcement after the bugs died, and his Dongxuan Aura revealed nothing on those bugs. He didn't learn a thing.

The group of travelers unleashed everything they had as they fought back against the tide of insects, but the enemy's numbers were too many.

If a bug landed on one of their bodies, even mutant armor wasn't an effective enough resistance for the subsequent biting. The bugs would tear through their bodies in an instant.

Screams started to erupt from the group. When Han Sen turned to look at those who cried out, he found them soaked in blood.

Han Sen tried his best. He always did, but he knew he could not protect everyone this time.

Han Sen gifted the turtle armor beast soul to Lin Weiwei and said, "Put this on!"

After donning the armor, she was far safer—and she felt that way, too. The golden bugs could no longer nibble their way through that protection.

But it did nothing to alleviate the enormous swarm that assaulted the rest. There were so many, it was almost like a sandstorm of the fiends. And as for how they might get out of this predicament, Han Sen was short on ideas.

Aargh!

The people screamed. Many of the bugs were attached to Wang Yu's legs, which were being ravenously gnawed. Within a few seconds, nothing but the bones remained. He collapsed to the ground.

On the ground, his ability to resist was drastically reduced. Countless more of the bugs swarmed his defenseless body. He was being ravaged, and in a few seconds, ransacked bones were all that would remain.

Chapter 1022 - Meeting Again

Chapter 1022: Meeting Again

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen's body surged with red fire, and the bugs that swarmed around Wang Yu were blackened and burnt. The man had been saved, but only barely. He could not stand up, let alone fight.

Chen Hu was next in line to suffer, though. He screamed, and Han Sen watched as he fell to the ground. A fireball was sent his way, incinerating the hungry bugs that sought to do him harm.

Han Sen was managing for now, but he knew he couldn't save everyone.

"Bao'er get these bugs!" Han Sen pleaded, but the baby did not move. Her eyes seemed fixed on something.

Han Sen knew he could escape and save his own hide, but he knew that would only result in the deaths of the people he had now spent much time with. Chen Hu, Lin He... they'd all die a gruesome death.

Lin Weiwei had been safe in the armor, but that too was now riddled with cracks. It wouldn't be long before that broke, exposing her to the ravenous hordes of insects.

Bao'er continued looking in the same direction, not bothering to summon the gourd.

Han Sen suddenly heard an explosion in the sky above. A shockwave followed, almost knocking the fighters off their feet.

It was a howl, and it was familiar. It was reminiscent of the howling of a wolf, but it wasn't quite the same.

When they were on Ghost Mountain, the purple wolf super creature heard this sound and left Han Sen and his people be.

Han Sen suddenly thought he might receive protection from the creatures, after the howl.

But the howl, as loud as it was, meant whatever made it was close. Han Sen wasn't sure what would happen next.

And yet, nothing did. After a moment of anticipation, the bugs merely continued their onslaught without reprieve. It was disappointing, to say the least.

But in the next second, silver lightning tore the skies asunder. Its presence quickly surprised everyone, knocking them down to the ground.

As their hope had just started to wane, silver lightning descended from the sky like a river.

The bugs in the path of those lethal webs of windborne fire were destroyed.

Needless to say, it was shocking. Huddled together, everywhere outside their small portion of land was being ravaged by what felt like world-ending chaos.

All the bugs that sought to kill them were promptly electrocuted.

“No way...” A thought flashed through Han Sen's mind, but it was so crazy, he wasn't sure whether or not he was a fool to believe it.

There was a small shadow in the direction Bao'er was looking. It was headed towards them, emerging from beyond the streams of lightning.

It was a small, silver fox. It approached them slowly, with grace and elegance.

No lightning touched it; it was as if the curtain of silver fire parted for its entrance.

“No way...” Han Sen was speechless.

Han Sen now understood why the wolf king left them alone, and why the creatures had all started to be nice towards him. It was because something had been watching over him the entire time.

“Little Silver!” Han Sen shouted, running to greet his old friend.

The lightning broke away for Han Sen’s approach. He dropped to his knees before the fox and planted a big kiss on the much-missed creature’s forehead. Then, he ruffled the fur on his head.

The silver fox shoved his muzzle towards him and licked Han Sen’s hands. Then, he buried his head in Han Sen’s chest.

Bao’er squinted her eyes, looking furious at the silver fox. She seemed jealous that something else was obtaining Han Sen’s love.

The bugs had all gone. When the silver fox looked at Bao’er, it looked as if there was friction in both their eyes and an ignition of sparks.

But one second later, they looked away from each other.

Fortunately, Han Sen did not notice this brief stand-off. It was best that nothing spoiled the moment for him. Han Sen had wanted to discard the gourd once before, and had gone so far as to throw it away. But it was the silver fox that picked it up and brought it back, indicating Han Sen should hold onto it.

Strangely, after the occupant of the gourd emerged and met the person who had given it a father, they did not seem friendly.

Han Sen wished to say something to the silver fox, but suddenly, there was another explosion. A giant, golden bug emerged from the ground in a haze of soil.

Its lower body was like that of a snake, whereas its upper body was plated with a carapace that was not unlike a centipede. The creature's head was like a scorpion, and a stinger-tipped tail swung from its back.

It looked evil, like a demon freed from hell itself.

Amidst the golden light that reflected from its shiny plating, the hideous creature roared. Chen Hu was grabbed and pulled across the disheveled field; as he went, soil and grass-stained his clothing.

After a roar, the golden bug's tail started to move. It swayed from left to right, as if it was taking aim at Han Sen.

Boom!

Nine streaks of golden light were cast towards Han Sen, which twisted the very composure of space.

The silver fox leapt in front of Han Sen, amassing a massive vortex of silver power. It transformed back into the fierce lightning fox it could be.

Before the golden beam could reach its target, the silver fox roared as a big beam of silver lightning blazed back to counter it.

Chapter 1023 - Attacking a Shelter

Chapter 1023: Attacking a Shelter

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

Silver lightning burst out of the silver fox and collided with the golden light.

Boom!

The golden light was fractured, and in a second, the atmosphere exploded around them in a blinding flash. A one-mile wide hole formed in the ground, and aside from Han Sen and Bao'er, everyone was blown away.

The streaks of the silver fox's lightning filled the exhibit of destruction, suppressing all the golden bug sought to do. Try as it might to break that oppressive power, the golden bug could not; all it could do was flail around helplessly.

The silver fox's fur gleamed. A silver aura formed around him, and it became brighter and brighter. It culminated in a wretched bullet of silver lightning. His target—the insect aggressor—shrieked wildly in agony.

Lin He was frozen as he watched the scene unfold. Even Han Sen was shocked. The silver fox hadn't been in the Third God's Sanctuary for very long, but he had already amassed a terrifying amount of power. He had managed to alter the minds and desires of the super creatures of Ghost Mountain, and promptly came to Han Sen's aid on the verdant expanse.

Of course, this wealth of power wasn't entirely down to the silver fox's own prowess. (Updated by NovelFull.Com)

The silver fox had opened nine of his gene locks, but he had done so through the help of other super creatures. It was through their aid that he managed to open so many gene locks so quickly, and it was how he had obtained such fierce powers already.

The reason silver fox had received such treatment was his rarity. He had become widely respected throughout the creature kingdom, and that was down to his healing abilities.

Many injured creatures had kindly received the silver fox's healing. He was proficient with this talent, and grievous injuries were healed in no time at all. It was that which earned him this great respect amongst creatures.

Of course, only having nine gene locks open meant he could not even beat the white snake if it came down to a fight between the two.

Han Sen had nine gene locks open, as well, and when bringing fitness into the equation, the two were well-balanced. Just like Han Sen, the silver fox's fitness had not been able to keep up with the number of open gene locks. So, even in the Third God's Shelter, they'd make for a remarkable duo.

Boom!

The golden bug let out a shrill scream. It hastily dug back underground and disappeared, leaving behind stains of gold blood.

The silver fox looked like a simple fox again. It trotted over to Han Sen and started rubbing his head against Han Sen's legs again, just like he used to.

Han Sen picked the silver fox back up in his arms and said to him, "Well done."

Bao'er was sucking her dummy extra hard, upon seeing this. She was most certainly not happy.

No one dared remain in the area. Quickly, Han Sen and his party moved on. They eyed the silver fox with slight wariness because of the power they had seen him wield. He was quite a scary thing.

They looked at Han Sen with such strangeness, too. Han Sen was bringing it along with them, as if it was a pet. It was difficult to imagine what might happen to a man, should they incite the ire of the fox.

Han Sen had raised the silver fox since its birth, though, and there was no possible chance it would attack him. The only downside to the silver fox's presence was its tendency to keep creatures at bay. While this trait had its benefits, it made trying to hunt a touch more difficult.

But, after the golden bug was chased off with its injuries, it did not show up again, thankfully.

After another two weeks of travel, the group stumbled across humans. There were three of them, and they seemed to be collecting grass.

At the sight of them, the group was made extremely happy. If there were humans there, it might mean that there was a human shelter nearby.

When the three people saw Han Sen, they too looked happy. And without delay, both groups met up for a chat.

"This is not a human shelter." Chen Hu was disappointed.

The eldest man amongst the three was a fellow called Zhao Xin. He told them, "There aren't many humans here, but we belong to a royal spirit shelter. It's called the Sword-Furnace Shelter."

Lin He said, "Are there any other human shelters around?"

Zhao Xin regretfully informed them, "No, this area is under the control of spirits. It would be best if you return wherever you came from, lest the spirit become aware of your presence."

Lin He and Lin Weiwei looked at each other. They were saddened, upon hearing they had still not reached a location where they might safely settle down.

Han Sen asked, “Do you know of a place called Thorn Forest?”

Han Sen needed to know where he was, in order to let Moment Queen move the shelter.

They all shook their heads, much to Han Sen’s disappointment.

Immediately, he asked a follow-up question. “Do you know if there is a king class shelter nearby?”

Everyone’s eyes lit up, upon hearing this question. If there was no king class shelter, there was a chance they could claim the royal shelter for themselves. They most certainly had enough power, between Han Sen and his silver fox.

Zhao Xin shook his head and informed them, “I only know this is a royal shelter, and it’s fairly remote. I don’t believe there are any other shelters in the immediate vicinity.”

“Brother Han, let’s do this,” Chen Hu and a few others said.

It had been too long since any of them had gone to the Alliance, and they all wanted the opportunity to see their family and friends again.

“Uncle San and Weiwei, what do you think?” Han Sen asked.

“Go ahead. If this doesn’t work out in the long run, we can retreat to the Alliance forever,” Lin He spoke with hefty gravity.

“If we let this opportunity pass us by, who knows when our next chance at a place of sanctuary will be?” Lin Weiwei said.

Zhao Xin looked at the party in shock, and he asked, “What are you guys talking about?”

“We are talking about becoming the new owners of Sword-Furnace Shelter,” Han Sen answered.

“No! Even if you do take down this shelter, it ultimately belongs to Sword-Palace Shelter. If they send reinforcements here...” Zhao Xin quickly told them.

“Then I’ll deal with them and take Sword-Palace Shelter for myself, as well.” Han Sen spoke calmly, with perfect confidence.

Chapter 1024 - Holy-Sword Emperor

Chapter 1024: Holy-Sword Emperor

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

“Brother Zhao, do you think they can do what they say they can?” Zhao Xin and the others hid amongst some bushes. While they watched Han Sen, the youngest of the three asked Zhao Xin the question.

“They sound confident, so they definitely possess some manner of strength. But even if they can take down this royal shelter, I’m not sure they have the strength to take down Sword-Palace Shelter.” Zhao Xin paused for a minute, and then said, “Still, for now, if they can just manage to break the spirit stone here in Sword-Furnace Shelter, we’ll be free.”

“Then let us hope for the best and pray they are successful!” the young man said, his eyes also resting on Han Sen.

The three of them held their hands and prayed after this. If the group was not successful in liberating the shelter, their betrayal might later be found out. If it was, then the three of them who were under contract would most assuredly be given a torturous death.

After Han Sen and his people entered the shelter, the noise of explosions, clanging weaponry, and the shrieks and warcries of battle sounded from within the walls. The three of them sweated in anticipation.

It didn’t last for very long. And after a short while of audible fighting, the city fell silent.

“Brother Zhao, why is it all quiet? Were they all killed?” the young man asked. (Updated by NovelFull.Com)

“I don’t think so.” Zhao Xin wasn’t entirely sure. It was strange, though; they had only been inside for a short while, so how could the battle have come to an end so soon?

The fear of the group being unsuccessful lingered on the minds of the three, and the idea that Han Sen might have already conquered the shelter in such a short time seemed too silly for them to even consider.

All of a sudden, a swordsman appeared from out of the gate. His build was heavy, and they recognized his figure all too well. It was a spirit of Sword-Furnace Shelter.

“We are done for,” Zhao Xin quietly muttered. He hadn’t expected them to be defeated so soon.

The two young men had hoped, more than anything, to return to the Alliance if they had been freed. But now? They didn’t think that was happening anytime soon.

But then, after watching the spirit with bated breath, the tension in their contorted expressions loosened. They couldn’t believe it.

Another person came out from behind the gates of the shelter, and as he stepped past, the spirit moved aside like a servant.

When Zhao Xin squinted to take a better look, that person was the young man who had told them his people could take the shelter and give them back their freedom.

“The royal spirit is obeying him?” Zhao Xin looked amazed.

“How could he have achieved all that so quickly?” The young man was in awe.

Han Sen bid for the three to emerge from the bushes and enter the shelter. After coming inside, they were able to confirm that Han Sen had indeed conquered the shelter and asserted control.

The bodies of slain creatures were strewn about everywhere. The shelter had been populated with a large sum of mutant creatures, but now they were all dead.

“Who are you people?” Zhao Xin asked in shock. If they possessed the power to oh-so-easily bring down Sword-Furnace Shelter, they couldn’t have been an ordinary bunch of adventurers.

“You aren’t aware of what President Ji’s son-in-law looks like?” Chen Hu smiled.

“You are Han Sen?!” the young person exclaimed with much glee.

Zhao Xin had been in the Third God’s Sanctuary for far too long, though, so the name Han Sen didn’t ring any bells.

But now, they could all use the teleporter. It had been many years since Zhao Xin had been to the Alliance—he had a lot of catching up to do.

Lin He and his group were supposed to stay for a while and protect the shelter, but Han Sen allowed them to return first. With the silver fox and Bao’er there, even if Sword-Palace Shelter came quickly for retribution, there’d be little the other royal shelter could do against the combined might of those two.

Han Sen gave them their places and explained to them what should be done, in the event hostile forces came to the shelter. Then, he too returned to the Alliance. It had been a while since he was last in touch with his mother and Ji Yanran, and so he sought to allay any fears they may have had for his well-being.

Inside a giant city, one that sat in the center of the glorious emerald expanses, many royal spirits had come together for a meeting. The leader amongst them wore green-plated armor, and he spoke to them all.

A swordsman spirit approached another royal spirit and whispered in his ear. When he heard the whispered words, the spirit’s face changed.

“My son, what is wrong?” Holy-Sword Emperor asked.

Ghost-Sword was only just a royal spirit. He hadn't become a king spirit yet, but he was the strongest of Holy-Sword Emperor's sons. With the possibility that, in time, he might be able to become a king spirit, his father loved him dearly.

"Father, a few humans stormed Sword-Furnace Shelter and took it from me. We should send reinforcements to slay them," Ghost-Sword said, then gestured to the swordsman, who promptly left.

"Okay, then." Holy-Sword Emperor did not think this matter was too concerning.

In that place, only super creatures could pose a threat to them. Humans were weaklings, and not a force worth worrying about.

Mostly, though, Holy-Sword Emperor's placid reaction to the news was because he was in a good mood. He had just been the recipient of a treasure. It was given to him by an emperor spirit from Phoenix Desert.

With that treasure, he had a chance of transcending his own class to that of an emperor.

The power of an emperor was not far off that of a berserk super creature, and it was half a tier higher than that of a king spirit.

Spirits that had opened ten gene locks mostly moved on to the Fourth God's Sanctuary.

The treasure he had received was from an emperor spirit that had gone to the Fourth God's Sanctuary. It was a very beneficial gift for spirits such as Holy-Sword Emperor.

He hadn't previously hoped he could achieve ten open gene locks, but now, he did.

A swordsman approached Ghost-Sword and whispered to him again. Upon hearing what the messenger said, his face turned green. He stood up.

Chapter 1025 - Goodbye to Silver Fox

Chapter 1025: Goodbye to Silver Fox

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

After a time spent in the Alliance, Han Sen returned to the sanctuary. As soon as he arrived, Bao'er leapt up to kiss his cheek and say, "Father, I missed you!"

"I missed you, too." Han Sen kissed her and then went off, looking for the silver fox.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura and found the fox lying atop the shelter's ramparts, just above the gate.

Han Sen took Bao'er with him to where the silver fox was and said, "Little Silver, I'm back. There is no need to guard so fiercely anymore."

The silver fox just continued staring in the direction he had been. Han Sen could tell the silver fox was concerned about something, but all that did was make Han Sen worry, too.

Han Sen frowned. Ghost Mountain was in the direction the silver fox faced.

Caringly, Han Sen went to stroke the silver fox's head and ask him, "Do you miss your friends?"

Han Sen believed the silver fox might have missed the fellow creatures back on Ghost Mountain, as they had treated him well for a long time.

Before he could receive a response, though, Han Sen's attention was snatched by the sudden sound of a cry. It came from Ghost Mountain.

The silver fox stood up in alarm, paying extra attention to the cry. He approached Han Sen's legs and rubbed his head against them.

Acknowledging something was wrong, Han Sen stroked the silver fox's face and asked, "What is it?"

Gently, the silver fox crooned as an answer. He jumped up, licked Han Sen's cheek, and then jumped off of the shelter's wall. The silver fox started to run in the direction of Ghost Mountain, but as it went, it repeatedly looked back at Han Sen.

Han Sen did not delay in going after the silver fox, but Little Silver kept on howling back at Han Sen—who sought to give chase—as if he was telling Han Sen to stay back and not follow him back to Ghost Mountain.

"What's wrong, Little Silver? You can tell me!" Han Sen did not heed the silver fox's warnings and continued pursuing him. Bao'er was left behind in the meantime, up on the ramparts of the shelter.

Han Sen thought about why the silver fox might not have come to see him in the very beginning, when he was up on Ghost Mountain. The silver fox had called off the super creature wolf. It was strange how he had only shown up after they exited the mountain.

Howl! The silver fox tried to warn Han Sen off and get him to stop following.

"Little Silver, is someone trying to bully you? Are you being threatened? What is that far-off cry?" Han Sen increased his speed, to catch up with the silver fox.

Although Little Silver was not a human, he was a creature Han Sen had raised since its birth. At one point, the silver fox was his most trusted ally and side-kick. He was family to Han Sen, and he couldn't just let the fox run off into danger.

It was okay if the silver fox wanted to go back there to be with the creatures. Han Sen wouldn't have forced him to stay with him, if that was the concern. But if something was forcing the silver fox to do something against his will, Han Sen wouldn't stand for it.

Little Silver slowed down due to Han Sen's repeated calls, but the crying noise from Ghost Mountain started up again. Little Silver barked at Han Sen, and then, with a bolt of lightning, ran off.

The silver fox was incredibly quick, and Han Sen had no chance of following him. The creature was going to leave his range of vision in no time.

With eight gene locks open, though, Han Sen did his best to try and catch up.

He had fallen behind, yes, but he still continued on his way to Ghost Mountain. That was where the silver fox was headed, after all.

The silver fox heard the upset howling again and stopped in his tracks.

Seeing him stop in the distance put a smile back on Han Sen's face. But as he neared the silver fox again, and was close to catching up, Little Silver electrified him.

The silver fox barked at Han Sen, commanding that he stop following.

Bringing himself back up to his feet, Han Sen was not mad at his behavior. He said, "If you are willingly going back, I won't stop you. But if someone is making you do something against your own will, I'm not leaving your side."

Boom!

The silver fox shot Han Sen with another bolt of lightning, but after, he looked a little remorseful. He seemed to have been touched by Han Sen's words, despite his initial reaction.

Shrugging off the pain, Han Sen continued to approach the silver fox.

Little Silver couldn't bring himself to shock Han Sen the third time, so he just barked, ran, and leapt up into Han Sen's chest.

"Little Silver, I don't want you to leave me." Han Sen stroked the silver fox's head with much love.

Little Silver licked his dear master's cheeks and barked quietly, as if he wished to speak with him in a common language.

But suddenly, the silver fox jumped away from Han Sen and made all his fur stand on end.

Han Sen suddenly felt a terrible presence drawing near. Turning to take a look at where it was coming from, he saw a black shadow approaching them from across the field.

The shadow was very slow, but every step made Han Sen feel as if the very world was under-threat. It was as if the world was shrinking, the nearer it drew.

Han Sen could sense a terrifying power residing within that black shadow.

Now, Han Sen believed he understood the reason why the silver fox had not revealed his presence as soon as he probably wanted to.

It wasn't that the silver fox did not want to be with Han Sen, it was this shadow that was stopping him. He only revealed himself when he did because it had been a life and death moment for Han Sen. The assault of those bugs out on the plains could have ended poorly for all the humans involved.

Staring at the scary shadow, Han Sen thought even the intimidation of the snake paled in comparison to it.

Chapter 1026 - You Deserve It

Chapter 1026: You Deserve It

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

When the shadow arrived, it felt as if the entire expanse had been veiled with a cloak of darkness.

The creature was a fox. It was different than the silver fox, not only in that its coat was black, but it had a look of murder in its eyes. It was evil.

It had nine tails that wagged strangely, and it gave the illusion of a warped dimension.

The nine-tail fox approached like a demon, and its oppressive appearance made Han Sen feel he could drop to the ground at any given moment.

The eyes of the phantom fox were frightening. The sockets were where they should have been, but they were empty. Sunken and empty.

The fox looked at Han Sen, and as it did, he felt a weight of doom press on his shoulders. The tyrannical feelings it exuded were suffocating, so much so, Han Sen felt short of breath.

Han Sen did not have an eighth sense, but he knew all too well that the fox wanted to murder him.

He felt as if he was encountering a twisted, vengeful ghost from the beyond. And it was then that it hit him; perhaps there was a reason the area was called Ghost Mountain.

“Is this why Ghost Mountain is called Ghost Mountain? Is it because of this ghost-like fox?” Han Sen mulled to himself.

Howl! The silver fox cried out at the ghost fox, as if it was begging it to let Han Sen walk away.

But it seemed as if the ghost fox did not care. It looked furious, undoubtedly angry Han Sen had taken the silver fox away from it.

Seeing the ghost fox approach, nearer and nearer, Little Silver straightened his hair with a charge of electricity. He growled at the ghost fox, as if he was telling it to stay away.

The ghost fox was irritated by Little Silver's behavior, and it let out a horrid shriek. After it was over, its tail sprang outwards to attack Han Sen.

The silver fox was shocked, so it unleashed a barrage of silver lightning at the ghost fox in retaliation. Strangely, the lightning flashed through the body of the ghost fox and only scorched the ground behind it. It was as if the ghost fox was truly a ghost.

The silver fox unleashed more and more lightning, each discharge being stronger than the last. Try as he might, though, not a single one impacted or dealt damage to the shape of the foe that opposed them.

Han Sen turned into a phoenix and leapt towards the ghost fox.

But after unleashing a number of attacks, nothing touched the ghost fox. Han Sen felt like cowering in the ghost's intimidating shadow.

Suddenly, Han Sen behaved as if he was possessed. Black smoke rose from his flames, and his eyes turned black as well.

Han Sen's hands rose up of their own accord and placed themselves on his own neck. Then, he vigorously tried to strangle himself.

"You deserve it. Hahaha!" Han Sen squeezed his own neck with tremendous strength, wheezing out a cackle whenever he could. He had gone psychotic.

A tick-tick sound came from the neck, and it sounded as if it was going to snap any second beneath the horrid pressure that was being put upon it.

Han Sen had never had to deal with a power such as this before. Only his consciousness was free; everything else about him was under the control of the ghost fox who had disappeared into him.

The silver fox howled in fright over what had happened to his master. He couldn't do anything to save him, and he could only run around in circles.

The ghost fox had possessed Han Sen, and even though it was vulnerable now, if he attacked, he'd be harming his master.

Little Silver's eyes turned red, and it began kowtowing before the ghost fox.

"I told you; I'd grant him safe passage across Ghost Mountain, only if you remained my slave. You broke your end of the bargain, and now, he has to die." Han Sen's mouth spoke the words that the ghost fox desired, and did so with a spooky, empty tone that was devoid of all emotion.

The silver fox had no idea what to do. He didn't know if there was anything he could do. All he did was beg and beg for the safety of his master.

"Little Silver... don't beg. He isn't worthy enough to be your master." Suddenly, Han Sen had managed to regain some control.

The ghost fox was surprised at the resilience of its host. It had never expected that a possessed human could summon the will to regain command of their voice.

Not even super creatures could resist the powers of the ghost fox, so how a human had managed to do so was unfathomable.

To the ghost fox, the one-thousand-seven-hundred fitness the human possessed was incredibly weak.

Not wanting to risk him regaining any more control, the ghost fox decided to kill him outright.

The ghost fox strengthened its power, but strangely, it could not corrupt any more of Han Sen's body.

A holy light came out from Han Sen, and it seemed to be purifying and negating the effects of the black smoke. This humble light grew, until the darkness that surrounded him was wholly vanquished.

“Impossi—” The ghost fox sought to squeal a few words using Han Sen's mouth, but his attempt was cut short by the severing of the corruption.

Han Sen's black hair became a bright, stunning white gown, and it grew so long that it brushed the emerald grass.

His body was beaming with a holy light.

The nine gene lock super king spirit body was increasing in strength and magnitude.

The dark presence in him was ejected, and the form of the ghost fox returned. It looked at Han Sen in utter shock.

“How dare you make Little Silver cry. You know what? You deserve it!” Han Sen's eyes burned with the brightness of stars. A fist, imbued with the same power, was thrown towards the wretched ghost fox.

Chapter 1027 - Killing Nine-Tail Ghost Fox

Chapter 1027: Killing Nine-Tail Ghost Fox

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

The ghost fox squealed as if it was trying to say, “I am indestructible, you are nothing!”

But in the next second, Han Sen’s mighty fist was burying itself deep into the ghost fox’s face. It annihilated the composure of its shadowy form and sent the beast flying.

The ghost fox wore an expression of complete incomprehension. It couldn’t believe the human had actually managed to punch it.

Han Sen did not hesitate for one second, though. His anger was like the sudden eruption of a volcano, and he moved over to deliver follow-up blows. Approaching the fox, his arms swung wildly.

Pang! Pang!

Han Sen punched the nine-tail fox repeatedly. Blood squirted out with each brutish impact like flowers in the air.

The ghost fox was in shock at how the tables had turned on it. Han Sen was an oppressive tyrant, standing in front of it, beating it senseless. The crazy man’s barrage of punches ruined its body into a sickly, disfigured mess. All it could do in response was scream, shriek, and squeal in agony and fright.

“Die! Die! Die!” Han Sen’s fists were faster than any eye could track.

Katcha!

A fist opened up and grabbed one of the fox's tails. It ripped the tail off and cast it away like some joke.

The nine-tail fox could not hold back its pained cries. It tried to raise its claws in a hopeless defense, thinking it might be able to get away.

But Han Sen's fists of fury were too powerful. The nails and paws were shattered with no additional effort, and then, he teleported in front of the fox's face.

Katcha!

Han Sen grabbed the fox by the neck and reached around for another one of its tails. Effortlessly, another tail was torn from its flesh.

The ghost fox was in shock. It had resided on the mountain for countless years, but it had never been this scared before.

Han Sen was like a demon. Its ghost body was useless against the raging madman. The fox couldn't fathom trying to fight back anymore, and all it wanted to do was run off and retreat to some cave where it could lick its wounds.

Every step it tried to take, Han Sen was there with it. Another tail was ripped off.

Every time a tail was ripped off, it lost its shadowy, phantom-like illusion. When it hit the ground, it was an average, fluffy fox tail.

Han Sen chased the fox for three hundred miles. Over the course of this distance, the ghost fox was beaten until it continuously spilled blood from its mouth, and countless wounds checkered its body. Every now and again, a tail was ripped off and cast away, too.

When Han Sen reached the last tail, the ghost fox no longer looked like it had before. It had lost its translucent look and simply became a frail, beaten, black fox.

With Taia, Han Sen did not show any remorse or mercy. He cut the head of the fox clean off, from a strike that started low. The upward momentum sent it barreling through the air. / update by NovelFull.Com

The ghost fox Han Sen had been savagely beating on was killed then and there. It wasn't in any particularly flashy fashion, just a clean, simple severing of its head.

“Super Creature Nine-Tail Ghost Fox killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly. You may also collect the Life Geno Essence.”

After killing the nine-tail fox, Han Sen exited his super king spirit mode. It was incredibly draining on him, and he had been sapped of all strength. Now, he could barely lift a finger.

His bones felt like glass, as if they were fragile and ready to shatter. His flesh felt stressed, as if the entire composition of his body had been stretched. He was like butter, scraped over too much bread. His lifeforce was weak now.

It took him a whole hour of super king spirit mode to kill the fox. If he hadn't figured out how to kill it by tearing off its tails, he wouldn't have been able to finish it off.

The reason Han Sen was able to make a comeback and kill it, though, was all down to the ghost fox's underestimation of his power. If the fox had not tried to possess and toy with him for a while, he could have been outright killed before being given the opportunity to fight back.

If the fox had tried to kill him properly, it all would have been over for him.

Han Sen had more than a few tricks up his sleeve, and the ghost fox had no idea he was capable of unleashing such vast amounts of power.

The fox had been in charge of that mountain for countless ages. By killing the master of that massive region, it finally made him realize just how powerful and fortuitous he was to possess a super king spirit body.

“This hurts way too much.” Whichever way Han Sen chose to move, it felt as if he was pressing his body against a thousand knives.

The silver fox had done nothing for a while. He had only followed Han Sen, staring at him with his mouth agape.

The ghost fox had been wickedly powerful for many years, and heaven knew how many good things it had eaten over the course of its time as supreme commander of Ghost Mountain. A super creature that had reached its ninth tier would most certainly not have been able to kill it. The fact that it was so far ahead of every other creature there was why it had been in charge. Even the silver fox had been forced to become its slave.

No one could have expected it to have been so simply killed by a human like that.

Han Sen summoned Thorn Baron, asking her to bring the fox’s corpse with her.

Back in the shelter, he rested the following day and night. His body had moderately improved, but he was still very weak, and there’d be a while to go before he could make a full recovery.

Not even the silver fox’s powers of healing were enough to fix him.

Han Sen had tried to use his own holy light to heal himself, but it was futile. It seemed as if only time possessed what it took to recover, this time.

The silver fox brought out the Dragon’s Saliva Han Sen had been gifted. After eating a bit, Han Sen felt much better.

Still, with not much going on, Han Sen thought it’d be a waste to eat it now. Its recovery benefits could prove very useful in the future.

Han Sen dug up the Life Geno Essence. The silver fox circled him as he did so. With the saliva drooling from his mouth, it was obvious Little Silver wanted some.

With a wry smile, Han Sen gave the Life Geno Essence to the silver fox. He barked after accepting it, then ran off to enjoy it.

After trying to eat some of the ghost fox's tail, Han Sen found it to be inedible. So, he summoned the Disloyal Knight and got him to eat it.

The Disloyal Knight gobbled up all the meat it could, and was then sent back to the Sea of Soul. This time, it began to shine with a green light—it was evolving!

Chapter 1028 - Ghost-Sword Comes

Chapter 1028: Ghost-Sword Comes

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Now that the ghost fox had been slain, Han Sen believed he could ransack Ghost Mountain alongside Little Silver.

But the silver fox, after receiving the Life Geno Essence, disappeared for a few days.

Han Sen was still awfully weak, and was in no condition for solo travel. He thought the silver fox might have gone to the ghost fox's den, but Han Sen had no idea where that might have been. Since it was too dangerous for him to venture there in such a weak state of body, he didn't dare leave the shelter.

After a period of rest and recovery, Han Sen found himself nearing full recuperation. But just as he was, he was alerted to the nearby presence of a swathe of angry creatures and spirits.

The leader was clad in black-iron armor, and he wielded a black-iron greatsword. He rode atop a lion, whose fur was also black.

Many powerful creatures and spirits trailed behind him, as a wake.

They had come to the front of the shelter once before, but this was while Han Sen was back in the Alliance. The silver fox had been there at the time, and he managed to ward them off by incinerating a few.

Learning a high number of creatures and spirits had come for them, Lin He and Lin Weiwei returned to the Alliance so they could fetch Han Sen.

After returning to the sanctuary, Han Sen picked up Bao'er and ascended one of the shelter's watchtowers. There, he used his Dongxuan Aura to measure the strength of those that sought to oppose him.

Amongst the collective that had now gathered in front of the shelter, Han Sen espied the presence of a small sacred-blood creature that looked like a pigeon. This pleased him.

Sacred-blood creatures that were small in size were quite a rarity. He could finish that pigeon in one sitting, easy.

There were a few other sacred-blood creatures there as well, but they were too big and none tickled his fancy in particular. The second smallest was the black lion, but a preliminary examination suggested it would be inedible for him.

"Contemptible humans; how dare you assault and claim my shelter for your own? Lay down your arms and submit to slavery and I will spare your lives. This is the only offer for such mercy you will receive," Ghost-Sword Prince coldly proclaimed.

"What do we do? Should we return to the Alliance?" Zhao Xin's face seemed disturbed.

"Don't worry; it's only a royal spirit." After that, Han Sen turned his head to address the spirit below. He said, "Hm, this seems rote. How about we spice things up with a duel? If you defeat me, then by all means, enslave us all."

"Fine," Ghost-Sword Prince agreed.

Han Sen had embarrassed him, directly in front of his father, no less. Killing them all in a crude siege would have been too simple for Ghost-Sword Prince, so a duel for the regaining of the honor he thought he had lost was a concept he rather enjoyed.

Ghost-Sword did not think much of humans. He thought they weren't very powerful, due to most of the human population being mere slaves in the Third God's Sanctuary.

And he wasn't entirely wrong. Humans had become slaves to the overwhelming strength of spirits all across the Third God's Sanctuary, and humans of some renown were in very short supply. / update by NovelFull.Com

Luo Haitang was a human of renown, but his time had come and gone.

Han Sen drew his Taia sword and leapt down to the grassy fields below. He said, "Come on, show me what you've got."

No human could talk to him like that, or so he thought. Being addressed in such a boorish fashion enraged him, so he spared no time in trying to swing his black-iron greatsword down on Han Sen.

It was a geno weapon he wielded. It might not have had the glow or sheen that was typical of such weaponry, but it had a dark and imposing figure. The sword itself looked powerful and unbreakable.

Dong!

Han Sen used his Blood-Pulse Sutra to perform a guard with Taia.

The force that came down on the sword was tremendous, and it knocked Han Sen back about ten feet. Still, Taia was left without a scratch.

"You must have a death wish, to willingly fight one such as I." After Ghost-Sword Prince finished speaking, he lunged forward for another strike.

Han Sen knew his power was weaker than the Prince's, who seemed reliant on the use of raw, physical damage. But since that was only one element of the fight, it didn't concern him.

Han Sen could have used super king spirit mode, but he didn't want to. He thought it'd be a waste of time and strength, using it on a foe he didn't deem worthy enough to be the recipient of its might.

Han Sen used Aero and Double Fly, and attacked like a dive-bombing phoenix.

Sword-Ghost's power was no joke, and each strike could have proven fatal if they met with their target. Fortunately, Han Sen was able to dodge each and every one, using stealth to insert hits of his own.

Ghost-Sword Prince felt as if he was doing battle with the air. Try as he might, he only broke the sky—he couldn't touch Han Sen!

Han Sen was silent the entire time, though. He was focused right now, and he was in the zone, entirely concentrated on honing and improving the skills he employed to fight the spirit.

It was difficult to find an opponent that was of a similar level as him, but here one was. If Han Sen had to take a guess, he'd assume the spirit had managed to unlock eight gene locks. He was nigh the perfect opponent to train and spar with.

“Weiwei, it looks like Han Sen can make use of both Heavenly Go and Seven Twist,” Lin He said, correctly determining what moves Han Sen was making use of.

Lin Weiwei nodded, saying, “He learned Heavenly Go from Queen. As for Seven Twist, I have no idea where he learned that or from whom.”

Lin He, as he continued to watch, said, “Little Han is quite a talented young chap. Even though he has opened one gene lock less than the spirit he battles with, he can keep up just fine and surpass his opponent. Han Sen is clearly winning. He really is the best of the best.”

“Where did that fox go, I wonder?” Lin Weiwei was worried about Ghost-Sword Prince not keeping to his promise if Han Sen won the fight. If the creatures in his command still attacked, she thought the fox would be of great service to them.

“The fox isn't here, and if that spirit does not stay true to his word and attacks us anyway, I'm not entirely sure we can hold this place.” Chen Hu had the same worry.

And just as Chen Hu said this, Ghost-Sword Prince commanded his followers to commence an attack on the shelter.

Chapter 1029 - Striking Ghost-Sword

Chapter 1029: Striking Ghost-Sword

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen wished to spar with Ghost-Sword Prince for a while longer, but the snake had commanded his troops to commence an attack on the shelter.

Han Sen opened his eighth gene lock, which made Taia gleam with a dark purple light and look like calcified blood.

He had managed to collect many sacred-geno points up to this point, so he'd be able to last a while longer.

Taia's blade swung right before Ghost-Sword's face.

And then, with a sudden blaze of additional speed, Han Sen kicked things up a notch. His fierce blade accelerated, forcing Ghost-Sword to raise his greatsword and attempt a block.

Dong!

But the greatsword did nothing to repel Taia. In an instant, the mighty greatsword was broken. Taia continued its forward thrust, directly towards Ghost-Sword's chest.

Taia was an incredibly strong sword, but its strength was determined by its wielder. If Han Sen wasn't half the man he was, the blade's strength would most likely have been similar to z-steel.

If you were a weak person, Taia would have been useless.

The Blood-Pulse Sutra imbued the blade with the power of blood, and it bolstered its strength by a huge degree. It lent it the mighty force that drove the current attack.

Ghost-Sword was too pompous to expect such a thing to occur, and so, it was too late for him to evade it.

Just as this happened, the pigeon on the spirit's shoulder flashed with a green light. It flew down to shield its master's heart.

“Awesome.” Han Sen was made even happier. He had done all this for the sole purpose of killing that creature.

Blood sprayed everywhere as the blade severed the bird's head from its neck.

“Sacred-Blood Creature Green Falcon killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly.”

Ghost-Sword's disposition only curdled after this, though. Enraged, he drew a longsword to replace his now-broken greatsword and attacked Han Sen madly.

Han Sen's body looked red, but he did not dodge the attack. Instead, he allowed the longsword to pierce directly into his chest.

He didn't fall, though. Instead, he looked cold, as if this had all been predicted beforehand. It was as if the entire fight had been calculated already. He dashed forward and brought himself directly in front of Ghost-Sword.

This scared Ghost-Sword. He had expected to be able to cut Han Sen in half, but instead, he felt his own head depart his body. In Han Sen's hand, droplets of a red substance dripped from Taia's blood-soaked blade.

The army that had accompanied Ghost-Sword all fled, as he was zapped back to his spirit stone.

In the manic scramble of creatures that were tripping over themselves to escape, Lin He and a few others ran out to nab a few easy kills. They had never been so happy.

They used to be terrified of fighting, and they had only just escaped the coming of a spirit that sought to conquer them and had, in fact, succeeded. It was a great relief to see victory achieved so easily.

In the past, it took a large amount of planning with a high volume of people to secure a win, but this was swift and only required the help of a few individuals. It was unbelievable.

At midnight, in Holy-Sword Shelter, a man pounded a stone door with one hand, hold a torch in the other.

The door opened, and the man went inside and closed it behind him.

“Brother Seven, why are you here?” a bearded man asked.

Brother Seven set the torch in a wall mount, and with much excitement, said, “Junhao, Holy-Sword Emperor was just yelling at his son.”

“The one he proclaims to love so much?” Qin Junhao asked.

“Yes, that one. He failed in trying to reclaim his own shelter!” Brother Seven said.

“Which spirit was able to beat a spirit that has eight of his gene locks open?” Qin Junhao wondered.

“It’s not even a spirit. It was a human. It was one of us!” Brother Seven couldn’t quell the giddy excitement that drenched his speech.

“Are you serious? How is such a thing possible?” Qin Junhao’s facial expression suggested that he was struggling to believe what he had just been told.

Brother Seven, finally starting to get a grip on his composure, explained, “I don’t know, but this actually happened. I got the story from the horse’s mouth; I heard Ghost-Sword talk about it himself.”

“That is good news, then. Finally, humanity seems to be accomplishing something in this place. I must tell you, though, this sounds like a person I’d very much like to meet,” Qin Junhao said.

“I’m glad you say that, for I would very much like you to go meet with this person,” Brother Seven said.

“How can I even arrange such a meeting?” Qin Junhao was stuck in this shelter, unable to leave.

“I have an idea, but they are probably unaware of Holy-Sword Emperor and what he is capable of. We have to warn this man, and the people that accompany him.” Brother Seven paused, and then went on to say, “Holy-Sword Emperor is on his way to Phoenix Desert. This is our window of opportunity to act. Now is the time we would do best to warn them.”

“But I can’t leave,” Qin Junhao said.

“I have a method, a way in which you can leave. But if you are caught, you will be in grave danger.” Brother Seven now spoke with a tone of dark gravitas.

“Danger means nothing to me, if it enables me to warn others and possibly save them,” Qin Junhao said with pride.

Brother Seven nodded and went on to explain his plan, and then he said, “I must accompany Holy-Sword Emperor. If you make it back to the Alliance, tell my wife I cannot return the favor.”

Qin Junhao looked shocked, and asked, “Is he going to Emperor Mountain?”

“Yes, he can go there now with the gift he was given.” Brother Seven now possessed a wry smile.

Qin Junhao quickly suggested, “Brother Seven, come with me. Perhaps we can return to the Alliance together?”

But Brother Seven shook his head and said, “You have to do this alone. You have a higher chance of making it by flying solo. If I come with you, they’ll immediately come after me, and we’ll both be killed.”

Qin Junhao wished to say something, but Brother Seven interrupted him and said, “When you find these people, tell them to return to the Alliance. Otherwise, they’ll never be given the chance to again.”

Brother Seven provided a map to Qin Junhao and said, “This is a map I have drawn. I have worked on it for many years, and it is done from memory. It includes the location of God Mountain. If humanity ever goes for a full-blown war with spirits one day, this may be of great service.”

Brother Seven spoke as if he’d be dying soon, and he gave many of his secret possessions to Qin Junhao.

Chapter 1030 - Daddy is Popular

Chapter 1030: Daddy is Popular

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen, browsing the aisles of the supermarket, held Bao'er in his arms. He had spent so much time in the sanctuary, returning to the conveniences of civilization made for a nice change of pace. Updated by novelfull.Com

Bao'er and Han Sen each had an ice cream, and they were delicious.

"Teacher Qu, Lanxi?" Han Sen caught sight of two people who were familiar to him.

One of them was a very elegant woman. Her full name was Qu Wange, and she was a lecturer at Saint Paul college. The other woman was Qu Lanxi, who Han Sen had met in the Third God's Sanctuary.

"Han Sen?" They were both quite surprised.

Han Sen was also surprised, especially at seeing them both together. They seemed rather close with each other.

"You two are good friends?" Han Sen guessed, unsure of the exact nature of their relationship.

"Lanxi is my big sister; I didn't realize that you knew her." Qu Wange smiled.

"When I first came to the Third God's Sanctuary, Lanxi helped me out a lot. I just didn't expect you both to be sisters." Han Sen smiled.

Qu Lanxi blushed and said, "Are you sure it was I who helped you? It was thanks to you that Chu Ming and I were able to return here."

Qu Wange chimed in to say, “Didn’t you tell me it was San Mu who helped you?”

“I am San Mu.” Han Sen smiled.

“Come to my home for dinner tonight, then. Our parents would really like to meet, greet, and thank the person who saved my sister,” Qu Wange said.

“There is no need for that,” Han Sen said.

“I have wanted to do this for a long time; so, if you really aren’t busy, I would much appreciate it if we could have a get-together,” Qu Lanxi pleaded.

“All right, then.” They had endured many hardships together, so Han Sen wasn’t entirely against joining her for a night.

“Is that your daughter, by the way? She’s cute,” Qu Wange asked.

“Bao’er? No, she’s just a humanoid pet beast soul. I treat her as if she was my daughter, though.” Han Sen had started to use that as an explanation for what Bao’er was, masking her true, enigmatic identity.

If it became known that Bao’er was a creature of sorts, one that could actually come to the Alliance, people would undoubtedly freak out. A ruckus would ensue, all with Han Sen back in the limelight again.

If there were other creatures that could come to the Alliance, things would be far more dangerous for humans.

And what’s more, he feared Bao’er might be taken away by the government if her nature was exposed. As such, he kept it a secret.

“That must be quite rare.” They looked at Bao’er with much surprise.

Bao’er reached out and said, “Beautiful aunties... hug me.”

Immediately, they were both smitten with Bao'er. They did not mind that it was a pet beast soul, as they had been told, and were keen to treat it like any ordinary baby.

While Bao'er could be sweet and had the naivety of an actual child, after the time he had spent with her in the sanctuary, Han Sen had come to know that Bao'er had an evil streak within her. She wasn't entirely innocent.

Bao'er could even command Moment Queen to do things for her.

After Bao'er's introduction to Qu Lanxi and Qu Wange, the baby was able to obtain many things Han Sen usually forbade. She had put on a front of being as adorable as possible, getting the two she referred to as aunties to buy her many things. Much of this stuff was just junk food.

Han Sen thought it was a waste, buying her such food. He believed it would be useless for her development.

Furthermore, Han Sen didn't like spending too much, either. And with Bao'er's belly being like a black hole, she could eat and eat and never be satisfied. He couldn't risk spoiling her.

But on this day, those two girls greatly enjoyed feeding Bao'er whatever she requested.

"Have you been abusing her? Why is she so hungry?" Qu Wange stared at Han Sen with trepidation.

Han Sen shrugged and thought to himself, "It's all fun, lollipops, and kisses for now. If only you had to take care of her for a few days, you'd understand how difficult she is to take care of."

After their time shopping was over, Qu Wange drove Han Sen and Bao'er to their house.

Their parents greeted Han Sen very passionately. They were so grateful Han Sen had been able to deliver Qu Lanxi back to the Alliance without harm, after her many-year absence.

While Han Sen was in deep discussion with her parents, Qu Lanxi took Bao'er up to her room.

"Bao'er, does this dress look good on me?" Qu Lanxi asked, after placing Bao'er on her bed.

"No. You're too old," Bao'er said, with squinted eyes.

Qu Lanxi froze, utterly dazed from the response she had received from a baby. Her attitude was most certainly different than when she was around Han Sen. It was as if her cuteness had entirely evaporated.

"You are so old. And to wear such old-fashioned clothes, it's no wonder you haven't married yet. You'll never wed anyone if you carry on like this." Bao'er spoke with a deep, serious, and rough tone, all while she sucked her dummy.

Qu Lanxi had not expected a pet baby to insult her this way.

Bao'er placed her little hands below her jaw and said, "Yeah, I don't think you'll ever get married. Of course, if you aren't against the concept, I can get my daddy to be your husband for a temporary period of time. You'll just have to buy me good stuff for the duration."

Qu Lanxi was still frozen, with her wide eyes staring at Bao'er.

Bao'er seemed to be adding something up with her fingers, and eventually, she said, "Daddy is popular, so this is going to cost you at least two hundred ice creams."

When Han Sen was ready to leave, the sisters looked at him strangely. They avoided eye contact and didn't even bid him goodbye.

But before they left, Qu Lanxi gave a lot of food to Bao'er.

"Bao'er, did you do something to offend your two aunties?" Han Sen asked.

"I behaved," Bao'er said, as she munched on jelly.

Han Sen went home to rest for the next two days, but Lin Weiwei sent him a message. It told him that a person had come to the shelter and that he would like to meet Han Sen in the virtual community.

Chapter 1031 - Phoenix-God Mountain

Chapter 1031: Phoenix-God Mountain

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

The reason they were to meet in the virtual community was because Qin Junhao had a contract with a spirit. He escaped from the shelter where he was held, so returning to the sanctuary might have resulted in a painful death.

When Han Sen went there to meet with him, he saw Lin Weiwei, Lin He, Chen Hu, and Zhao Xin standing next to a tall young man.

Lin Weiwei introduced this person to him, and Qin Junhao proceeded to explain the concerning matters to Han Sen.

“Me and Brother Seven thought you may be unaware of the existence of a king spirit. When I learned you had been able to kill a super creature, though, I fear we may have worried too much.” Qin Junhao sighed.

“No, this is important information. I’m glad to have learned this, and while we knew about super creatures and king spirits, we did not know there was a king spirit in the vicinity. If you hadn’t risked life and limb to inform us, we might have been caught with our pants down,” Han Sen said with appreciation.

Qin Junhao then said, “You are welcome. If you have someplace to run, it is best to move now. Else, stay here and never return to the sanctuary.”

Han Sen asked, “Brother Qin, aside from Holy-Sword Emperor, are there any other king spirits or super creatures we’d do well to know about in the region?”

Qin Junhao swiftly answered, “There aren’t any more king spirits. But super creatures? Yes. There are two of them. One belongs to Holy-Sword Emperor through a mutual respect,

earned by him having saved the super creature's life one time. The other super creature is there by contract."

When Han Sen heard that there were two super creatures, he looked dismayed.

If Holy-Sword Emperor was on a journey to some remote desert, he might have had an easier time obtaining its spirit stone. But with news that there were two super creatures still there, guarding the shelter, he doubted he could pull it off.

Furthermore, if there were super creatures, the rest of the shelter had to be packed with sacred-blood and royal spirits. Han Sen could not kill them all at his current level.

He could enable his super king spirit mode, but he'd have one hour to complete the entire conquest. Even if he risked running inside for the sole purpose of obtaining the spirit stone, if it had been hidden, he wouldn't have enough time to eliminate the enemies there and then commit to a search. His body would be practically crippled afterwards, too.

"Brother Qin, can you tell me about the Phoenix Desert and God Mountain?" Han Sen fancied the idea of slaying the king spirit, but he had to collect as much intel as he could.

"Yes, I can tell you what I know." Following this, Qin Junhao told Han Sen everything he knew.

Phoenix Desert was a dominion of creatures now, but one-hundred-thousand years ago, an emperor spirit ruled the area.

This spirit's title was Phoenix, and he was the most powerful spirit to have ever existed in the Third God's Sanctuary.

But then he went to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, leaving no heir behind. Over time, Phoenix's shelter became known as God Mountain.

Many warriors traversed those blistering deserts, all in search of God Mountain and the treasure it contained.

But nothing ever came of such searches. In fact, most never even found the fabled location known as God Mountain.

Holy-Sword Shelter was fairly close to Phoenix Desert, but try as he might, not even Holy-Sword Emperor had been able to locate God Mountain.

When Brother Seven entered the Third God's Sanctuary, he spawned in Holy-Sword Shelter.

Holy-Sword Emperor had just lost a fight, and in his foul mood, he planned on killing Brother Seven in a vain attempt to make himself feel better.

But Brother Seven managed to prove to the spirit that he would be useful. After being spared, he worked tirelessly in his service. Eventually, he helped Holy-Sword Emperor discover the exact location where God Mountain could be found.

"Brother Seven was good. He did something a king spirit could not!" Chen Hu said. Everyone shared this thought.

Qin Junhao said, "He's not a great fighter; the fortitude of his mind is his greatest asset. He is intelligent. He is a geographical professor, who just so happens to be well-versed in the arts of Feng Shui. While he proved to be of some worth, he was still hesitant about wanting to assist a king spirit. So, even though he helped him locate God Mountain, he made sure it would take a long time."

"Brother Seven is a good man," Han Sen said, admiring him.

"But still, it was all in vain," Qin Junhao continued to say. "Holy-Sword Emperor found a geno item. This item allowed him to find the entrance of God Mountain. He has taken Brother Seven with him, but Brother Seven said he would do his best to stop the spirit from obtaining a certain treasure, no matter what it took."

Qin Junhao sighed and spoke with remorse, saying, "Brother Seven is such an honorable man. He shouldn't be forced to die this way. I'm still only breathing because of him; I'd have

died years ago, if it weren't for him. He's the one that bid me to come here and inform you of all this, too."

"You said he left a map that would show where the mountain is?" Han Sen asked.

"Yes," Qin Junhao answered.

"May I have a copy?" Han Sen asked.

"Of course. What do you plan to do with it, though?" Qin Junhao wondered.

"I want to go to Phoenix-God Mountain; maybe there is something I can do to help Brother Seven," Han Sen said, squinting.

Qin Junhao looked as if he was in shock, and he said, "No! You can't. That place is too dangerous, and Holy-Sword Emperor is most mighty and strong. And with Brother Seven's contract, there is no possible way you could save him."

"If there's a will, there's a way." Han Sen did not explain too much about what he was thinking of doing. More than anything, right now, he simply wanted that map.

Chapter 1032 - There is Treasure

Chapter 1032: There is Treasure

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen reached the desert, map in hand.

It was very detailed, and there were many points of interest marked on it. Locating his exact position was not at all difficult.

Due to the silver fox's continued absence, Han Sen traveled there with just Bao'er.

Holy-Sword Emperor had not come alone, though, according to what he was told. Still, provided no super creatures were accompanying him, Han Sen thought he'd do just fine.

What Han Sen most feared was the mountain he was headed towards. It had once belonged to an emperor spirit, after all. He had no idea what to expect or what he might find once he reached it.

Carrying a parasol to deflect the brutal heat of that region, Han Sen traveled. Bao'er, who was in his other arm, had her tongue out like a puppy. It didn't seem as if she was too fond of the weather, either.

But suddenly, Han Sen stumbled across a dune that was littered with the remains of dead scorpions. They were muddy in color and fairly big. Each was about the same size as a small car.

There had to be at least three hundred of them all strewn about. Judging from the wounds they had incurred, each had been killed in a single hit.

Han Sen checked his map again, and it was noted that there would be a vast number of scorpions in a location that looked to be where he was at right now. He was on the right track.

“It looks like Holy-Sword Emperor passed through this way.” Han Sen checked the wounds again, to see if he could estimate when exactly they had died. From what he could tell, they had been slain no later than one day before. He was close.

They were sacred-blood creatures, but Han Sen didn’t bring any with him. They were inedible, according to Brother Seven.

This didn’t just apply to the scorpions, either. Curiously, almost every monster that populated that desert had the strange property of being inedible. Their drop rate for beast souls was awful, too. As such, he couldn’t expect to receive any, on his venture there.

Of course, that was what he had been told and what had been written on the map. Trying to have a nibble himself was the only way he could confirm whether or not it was true.

Brother Seven said, after killing a thousand monsters there, he had only been able to obtain one beast soul.

With the bodies there, at least, Han Sen knew he was headed in the right direction.

After four days of travel, Han Sen found himself almost walking in circles. One would have assumed Brother Seven’s abilities of cartography were very poor, at first glance, but it really was a strange route he had to take.

But after seeing those bodies, Han Sen was confident he would ultimately be led to God Mountain if he stayed on the funny route the map said he had to follow.

And he wasn’t wrong. Before long, a mountain came into view, its peak nestled above misty clouds.

It stood out, and was a striking sight. But it had just snapped into his vision in an instant, fairly close. He should have been able to see such a mountain from a long distance away.

As if it had appeared out of thin air, a massive edifice of stone was now ahead. He took a moment to take in its splendor, but wondered what was at the very top, at the peak that was hidden from sight.

The mountain was massive, though. It was difficult to comprehend its size, and it had to be many hundreds of miles in length.

It was decorated in a vast array of green plants, but the earth that composed it was like sparkling copper that gleamed in the midday sun.

The Phoenix Shelter had sealed up, and had indeed become a mountain like in the legends.

Not even other emperor spirits would be careless when approaching such a place. But the task that stood before him now was locating its entrance, and for such a big place, that wouldn't be easy.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to scan the nearby vicinity. He couldn't see any human or spirit ahead of him.

The map ended here, though. This was most likely because Brother Seven himself had never gone any further.

Regardless, Han Sen hopped to it. He had to find the entrance of that place as soon as he could.

Not daring to fly, Han Sen simply walked.

The mountain wasn't too steep, but the slopes were still wide. After a whole day of traveling, he was still on what could be considered the foothills.

The plants he had seen were all around. They were lovely there, and it was pleasant to know there weren't any nefarious beings lurking beneath their canopies. In fact, there were no creatures at all.

Han Sen grew concerned, though, unsure of how long it would take for him to circle the mountain, if that was what it was going to take to locate the entrance.

“Maybe I should head straight for the peak first?” Han Sen decided to venture straight up instead,

It took him a whole day of careful travel to get there.

Or so he initially thought, after reaching what he believed to be the peak, he saw an even higher one up ahead.

He continued his climb up this new mountaintop, but when he arrived at the top, it was to the realization that there'd be another peak to climb. The mountain seemed endless.

Han Sen decided to look down the way he had come. Even the clouds seemed far-off now.

“This peak isn't leading to a sky palace, is it?” he wondered, despite knowing shelters did not have sky palaces.

All of a sudden, Bao'er leapt out of Han Sen's arms. She kept on running in a direction, beelining there with sudden vigor.

“Bao'er, where are you going?” Han Sen called, chasing the runaway baby.

Something had clearly snared her attention and desire, and she crawled away so fast, she eventually disappeared from Han Sen's sight.

Taking a moment to scan the area, Han Sen found her again. She was climbing a tree.

Strangely, it was just a pine tree. But from its boughs, Bao'er jumped and disappeared again.

“Bao’er?” There was only one pine tree there, so how could she have just disappeared?

“Daddy, come quick! There is treasure.” Han Sen heard her voice, but he could not see where she herself was. So, he followed where the sound came from.

Chapter 1033 - Taking the Treasure

Chapter 1033: Taking the Treasure

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

Han Sen climbed the pine tree, but still couldn't see Bao'er.

"Bao'er, where are you?" Han Sen shouted.

"Here." Bao'er's head popped out from behind a metaphysical wall the tree brushed up against.

Seeing just her head, looking at him from outside what appeared to be a stone wall, he was perplexed, to say the least. He reached over with his arm and tried to touch the same wall Bao'er's head was sticking out from, and much to his surprise, it went right through. It was an illusion.

The wall looked rock-solid, but that was only in appearance. There was nothing physical there, at all.

"Daddy, come!" Bao'er said.

Han Sen pulled his whole body through, and when he looked up, he noticed he was in a large cave. Looking back, he could see the pine tree he had climbed, and the rest of the environment. It was like a one-way mirror of sorts.

The cave didn't seem like anything special, though. So, what might have been hidden there was not immediately apparent. There were plenty of stalactites, but that was it, in terms of decoration.

Bao'er sat upon a rock, gnawing on purple mushrooms.

Han Sen saw there were many other such mushrooms near the rock she sat on, and he thought they looked delicious.

But he knew the more colorful a mushroom was, the more poisonous it could be. Back in the world of the Alliance, he wouldn't have dared to eat one.

Seeing Bao'er happily munching away, though, he knew they couldn't have all been bad. So, he decided to try one.

He picked one up and sunk his teeth into its moist cap. Then, he ate it all. He immediately felt really cool, as a chill ran up and down his body.

“Sacred-Geno Point +1.”

That came as quite the surprise. He was more than happy, discovering the mushrooms there could provide him sacred-blood geno points.

He and Bao'er then stayed there for a while, merrily chomping on as many mushrooms as they could. Over and over, the announcements popped for Han Sen.

But after downing the fifth mushroom, the announcements stopped. He couldn't receive any more sacred geno points off them.

Bao'er continued to eat as many as she could, though. After a while, she sat back and burped. She was done, too.

Han Sen decided to poke about the cave some more. It seemed rather deep, and there could be plenty of spelunking to do before he was done exploring it all.

“Might I be able to enter the shelter from here?” Han Sen wondered to himself.

If the entrance was as well-hidden as this cave was, he imagined he would never find a way in.

He'd probably have to inspect every inch of the mountain to find another not-a-wall wall that may have existed, just like the one that had led him there. Such a task would take years.

The idea of continuing to explore this cave, though, concerned Han Sen. It felt as if he could no longer make use of Dongxuan Aura.

He tried using it and felt its radius shrink down to one meter. Then, nothing. He couldn't use it at all anymore.

That must have been why he could not sense the boons the mushrooms would have provided, and only decided to eat them upon seeing Bao'er enjoy them.

"Bao'er, come on. We should go deeper," Han Sen said, and so off they went.

The cave was fairly straight, without any branching pathways. The duo walked for hours, and still, there was no end in sight.

The only remarkable thing to occur on that long travel was stumbling across another variety of mushrooms.

Bao'er was full, though, so she was not interested in eating them. Han Sen ate one, but found out they did nothing. There was no point increase.

So, he summoned Meowth and Golden Growler and got them to eat the mushrooms. He had continued feeding them waterdrops for quite some time, but it had been a while since the drops had influenced their growth. No longer did the waterdrops make them stronger.

After some more travel, Han Sen saw a light at the end of the tunnel. He was excited to see what might be ahead, but he doubted he'd find the entrance to Phoenix Shelter through that dingy cavern.

When he exited the cave, he was back outside. Strangely, though, there were no more peaks to climb. He had emerged on the absolute mountaintop.

When he looked down, the mountains looked like large lotus flowers. Every petal was one of the peaks. It was no wonder it had taken him a long time to reach the highest point.

Upon this main peak, there was a big tree. It had to be at least a hundred meters tall, but it was dead, dried up like charcoal. It was, however, hollow.

Also of note, the tree appeared to have been chopped in half. It must have been cut by some fearsome weapon.

“I wonder what sort of weapon would be able to cut through this tree?” Han Sen asked himself, as he examined the tree.

After noticing the tree was hollow, Han Sen decided to check it out. The space inside was about as wide as a basketball court.

Looking inside, Han Sen noticed a golden feather inside the trunk. It was there in plain sight.

The two-meter-long feather was shining gold, much like starlight. It was hot, too, even for Han Sen who was exceptionally talented when it came to dealing with fire.

It felt like metal when Han Sen touched it. And he tried lifting the feather by its hard tip.

Unfortunately, despite using all his strength, he could not move it. It was frighteningly heavy.

Chapter 1034 - The Phoenix Descends and the Emperor Dies

Chapter 1034: The Phoenix Descends and the Emperor Dies

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen was shocked. He was a strong man, and he could lift even the heaviest of items. This feather, though, would require a heft far beyond his capabilities. Updated by NovelFull.Com

It was heavier than any metal he had ever known. But not wanting to give up, Han Sen flexed and prepared to give it another go.

“Is this metal? Or is it the actual feather of some bird? Hmm, but if it did belong to a bird, how could such a creature possibly fly with a wing full of them?” As he thought, Han Sen tried dragging it from left to right.

The feather was almost like a hiltless sword. It made for a supremely sharp blade.

Han Sen brought out a z-steel stone and ran it against the feather. With remarkable ease, the z-steel stone was split in two as if it were made of butter.

Even with Taia, he had to use much strength to cut through things.

When Taia was in Han Sen’s hands, it could be used to slay super creatures in the Third God’s Sanctuary.

If Taia had been wielded by a mere evolver, its use would mean a struggle to kill a measly creature of even the First God’s Sanctuary.

But without much effort, weight, or force, the feather effortlessly cut the z-steel stone in two. It was like magic.

Perhaps its weight correlated to its strength, and that was why? Either way, it was remarkable.

Looking at the edge of the feather, Han Sen had a sickly feeling. It looked so thin.

Giving the feather another wiggle, he did so with greater care. It was almost frightening how sharp the feather was. It felt as if it had the power to tear through the fabric of space and time.

“This is quite the prize. Since I found this thing up here, on Phoenix Mountain, I will call it the Phoenix Sword.” Han Sen had never been proficient when it came to naming things.

Han Sen brought out his Taia sword. Their lengths were different, but they would make a fine duo. With them, he could practice Double Fly.

“I need to practice Double Fly. If I don’t, it would be a waste of two good swords,” Han Sen told himself.

If he left the area now, with Phoenix Sword, he’d have been satisfied. He didn’t even care much for finding a way into the shelter, anymore.

But he had initially ventured to this place in the hopes of rescuing Brother Seven from a callous spirit.

Han Sen left the tree with a renewed vigor for finding an entrance into Phoenix Shelter.

All of a sudden, though, he was hit with a strange sensation. It felt as if the mountain had been missing something.

God Mountain’s peaks were like petals, but from where he now stood, he could see that there was something amiss.

He only noticed what was missing because he was at the highest point. Han Sen did not know much about Feng Shui, so if he had been farther down, he never would have noticed it.

Han Sen packaged the Phoenix Sword, picked up Bao'er, and went towards a parcel of the mountain that lacked the distinct features to have it fit in with the lotus-petal-collage.

It was situated at around the halfway point of the mountain. Not needing to fly, he just slid his way down.

He came to a stop on a stone platform, and he turned to look at a copper wall that skirted the back of it.

It had been dressed in a variety of vines, ones which Han Sen promptly removed, in the hopes the copper wall would be another metaphysical doorframe.

Unfortunately, after pressing against the copper in every way he could, nothing was revealed. It was solid.

He was stubborn, though. And he kept on feeling the copper wall, determined to find something. Eventually, his hands ran across a strange indent.

It was like a little slot, and around as thin as Bao'er's arm.

He brushed away more of the vines to reveal it as a written character. Removing more of these vines exposed a number of different words that were written in a language Han Sen was unfamiliar with.

Han Sen summoned Thorn Baron, to ask her if it was a language of the spirits.

Her answer was, "Yes, these are spirits words."

"What do they say?" Han Sen asked.

Thorn Baron had a curious, almost perplexed look on her face, and she said, "The phoenix descended on God Mountain and the emperor died."

Han Sen didn't really understand, and so he asked Thorn Baron if she understood.

She told him, "Well, I can read it, but even I am not sure what it all means."

"Does it say anything else?" There was very little to go on, so he thought there had to be more.

Thorn Baron frowned and just said, "The words are strange. They don't have meaning."

Thorn Baron continued reading the inscribed words, but they made little sense. There was no cohesion or form to what was written. It was all mumbo-jumbo.

Thorn Baron then said, "I know what each word means, but it's all jumbled up like nonsense. There is no meaning to what comes past the first line."

As they discussed this, the platform trembled as if an earthquake had just begun.

Chapter 1035 - The Pilgrimage of a Thousand Birds

Chapter 1035: The Pilgrimage of a Thousand Birds

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

The platform lowered. It descended slowly, until it came to a stop before a stone door.

“Is this the entrance to Phoenix Shelter?” Han Sen was delighted, thinking he might have found it.

He looked at the many vines that draped the doorframe. They looked undisturbed, which told him Holy-Sword Emperor had not yet arrived. Or, if he had, the spirit had not come this way.

Han Sen summoned Sword-Furnace spirit. Treachery and danger might have lurked ahead, so he thought the spirit could make a fine decoy.

At Han Sen’s command, Sword-Furnace pushed the door open. Nothing out-of-the-ordinary occurred, it just opened like any average door might.

Beyond the door rested a stone staircase that descended a very long way down. Eventually, the stairs took a turn. What lurked at the bottom, Han Sen could not yet tell.

Along with Bao’er, Han Sen stepped inside. Sword-Furnace led the way, and after some time venturing down, they arrived before a palace.

Surprisingly, there had been no danger, and nothing inherently peculiar stood out to them. Even the door of the palace seemed normal.

The door was ajar, and from what he could see from where he stood, there were many copper items inside. There was a furnace, a ding, and a number of statues; all wrought from copper.

Going inside, he noticed statues on either side of the entrance hall. They all depicted birds. There was a peacock, a crane, a sparrow, and even one of bees.

The walls had mosaics and plaques, with themes and designs all revolving around birds. Across the ceiling, there was a painting of a grand purple peacock. Across the tiled floor, there were many illustrations of cranes.

It was like a museum, dedicated to birds and birds alone. An image of a bird adorned everywhere that Han Sen looked, and even the pillars of the hall were decorated with pictures or carvings of them.

Han Sen wandered around the palace for some time, but strangely, he did not come across a single image of a phoenix.

“Is it because Phoenix Emperor resembled a phoenix, anyway?” Han Sen guessed.

Aside from the statues and the other bird-based decorations, there did not seem to be anything of value. The only thing of note was the throne.

“Phoenix Emperor must have sat right there. But why do only paintings and statues remain here?” Thinking of this, Han Sen then told Sword-Furnace to examine the throne more closely.

The throne was engraved with a number of bird illustrations, just like everything else in the palace. After Sword-Furnace had finished investigating the seat, Han Sen decided to sit on it.

After Han Sen sat down on the throne, it suddenly seemed as if the statues before him were alive. It seemed as if they were there, ready to obey him.

“This Phoenix Emperor dude had taste,” Han Sen thought.

It was strange, to imagine Phoenix Emperor spending so much time and effort to merely be able to sit there and enjoy the artwork and the feelings they elicited.

It was a unique sensation, but it was only achievable by sitting down on the throne.

With Phoenix Emperor's power, he could have most certainly gathered a flock of genuine birds. It was weird to see such focus and time given to the creation of fake ones.

Han Sen continued sitting on that throne, observing the birds in a new light. Eventually, though, his face turned dim.

Following a tingling sensation, the birds did indeed start to look more and more alive. Eventually, he was stricken with the feeling that the birds were about to fly towards him.

Everything seemed so real. They may have actually been statues, but they were shaped, sculpted, and built in a way that was as convincing as a real bird.

And what's more, no bird looked alike. They each had a personality, despite being constructed objects. Many might have appeared rather similar, but there were minor variations to make even those stand out from their inanimate peers.

"Was this his study room, maybe?" Han Sen felt as if he had learned something, through this idle observation.

Han Sen had once learned Heavenly Go and Seven Twist, which he later combined into Aero. This technique was associated with birds.

After watching the birds for a while longer, he felt as if they were somehow related to the self-taught Aero talent.

By simply watching the birds before him, he felt as if he was given a greater understanding of Aero. He was learning a lot about birds, all by simply watching them. He realized there were many things about birds he had never seen or even considered before, and it was like his mind had breached a veil, and he'd now be operating on a higher plane of existence. He was in a different world now.

“I didn’t know I could do that,” Han Sen thought, considering the new options that were opening before him.

Han Sen then focused his attention and examined every bird individually. They weren’t alive, but every time he looked back to a bird he had previously looked at, it would seem different.

Han Sen stood up to take a better look.

Before Han Sen sat on the throne, he hadn’t noticed anything peculiar about the hall. After sitting on the throne and standing up again, his perception of everything had changed.

It was like a 3D picture. At first, the image of the hall was plain and meaningless.

But now, looking closely, it was as if a lock had been broken. He could see things differently, from a multitude of different angles.

The hall, of course, had been designed better than any 3D image ever could. Its depth was unparalleled, and you’d discover and learn a number of new things, depending on where you stood.

Everyone had a different personality, and everyone saw things differently.

The birds were this way, as well. They all looked unique, and when he looked at them from different angles, he felt differently about them.

Han Sen did not know how others felt, but he felt as if he had just entered a treasury. It was a treasury of knowledge, and what he had learned about Aero there was different than anything he could ever learn from reading a book.

Chapter 1036 - Alu-Alu

Chapter 1036: Alu-Alu

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Somehow, Han Sen's Aero activated. He felt incredibly light, as if he could shoot off into the skies at any given moment.

As Han Sen continued his observation of the birds, he suddenly heard a rumble. He turned around and saw a wall on the left side of the hall rise up. Inside, there was a room.

A three-meter-tall spirit was standing inside, and just a mere glance was all it took to recognize how monstrously powerful he was.

He possessed three eyes, all of which gleamed silver like the spirit's hair. They looked alive and dripped with excitement.

"A hundred-thousand-years. I, Xie Qing, am free once more!" He wasted no time, calling out at the top of his lungs. He was oozing a fever-like excitement.

Han Sen watched the spirit with great surprise.

When he arrived there, his Dongxuan Aura had been unavailable. As such, he had been unable to detect the presence of the spirit.

If the spirit had been trapped there for such a long period of time, there must have been something special about him.

Han Sen wasn't afraid, though. And he wouldn't be, even if the spirit was a king spirit. He could always use his super king spirit mode, after all.

“What are you looking at? Get over here and bow before me!” The spirit, who proclaimed himself to be Xie Qing, commanded.

“Are you talking to me?” Han Sen asked, in shock.

He had mistaken Han Sen, a human, for a spirit. That was quite the error of judgment, not something likely to be done by a king spirit.

Han Sen believed, if he had indeed been trapped down there for a hundred-thousand-years, the spirit would still believe humans to be primitive wildlings. Perhaps such a mistake was warranted, and maybe he didn't even know anything about humanity occupying the shelters at all yet.

“Are you a creature?” Xie Qing frowned. Perhaps he had been trapped in there too long.

“No; I'm a spirit. I'm just special.” Han Sen held his fist as he talked, and he continued, “I am San Mu, my king.”

“You are just a royal spirit, aren't you? What is so special about you, exactly?” Xie Qing eyed Han Sen with suspicion. Still, there was a glimmer of a certain satisfaction, having heard Han Sen refer to him as a king.

“Did you open my cell and free me?” Xie Qing King asked Han Sen.

“I was simply walking around here, admiring the place. The wall opened up of its own volition,” Han Sen explained.

Xie Qing King looked at the room and said, “That cheap turkey! He used me to clear the invaders of this place. He played me like a d*mn fiddle, and I waltzed right into his trap!” Xie Qing King said, as he looked at Han Sen. “You said your name is San Mu? Follow me! When I claim the treasure, left behind by that turkey, I'll give you a small portion as a reward.”

“Thanks.” Han Sen bowed.

Han Sen preferred peace. There was no need for him to create any more enemies if he could avoid it.

Plus, the king spirit had not shown an ounce of hostility. Therefore, there didn't seem to be any particular need to kill him.

"Is that a baby?" Xie Qing King asked, as he looked at Bao'er.

"Yes, it is my daughter. Her name is Bao'er," Han Sen said.

Xie Qing King responded, "You are so weak. Why would you even waste time having a baby?"

Han Sen thought it obnoxious. Powerful people always felt like only they should have babies.

Xie Qing King observed the hall as they went, seemingly lost in thought.

Xie Qing King walked across the hall to its other side and said, "This way. It's high-time we checked out the turkey's treasury."

Han Sen guessed the turkey he was referring to was Phoenix Emperor. Believing that the spirit indeed knew the way there, he saw no problem following him.

But in the next second, Xie Qing King's fist blazed with a silver light. Then, he broke a wall that had been decorated with a number of avian symbols.

"Alu-Alu-Alu!" Xie Qing King shouted, as he continued to punch the wall. He punched through a meter-thick wall of solid stone.

Han Sen was shocked, at what the spirit had just suddenly managed to do.

Earlier, he had tested it himself with his new Phoenix Sword. With a strike, he could only plunge it a single inch into the wall.

Furthermore, Han Sen had been afraid of traps, so he had spent most of his time in the shelter with much care. This spirit seemed to be a little on the reckless side.

“What are you doing over there? Come here and stay close.” Xie Qing King frowned, and then he went on to mumble, “I can’t believe I brought a dumb*ss with me.”

Han Sen did not pay much heed to the insult he had been given, and he just followed as the spirit wanted him to.

After exiting the hall, they came to a branching corridor.

Han Sen wondered which way the spirit might decide to go, but again, he just started to chant “Alu-Alu.” Then he smashed the wall ahead of them with his fist.

In this way, they went on for some time. Han Sen stayed close behind, as Xie Qing King broke down wall after wall. He imagined the spirit would eventually get tired of doing that, but he never seemed to. He just kept on going, wall after wall.

“He’s pretty cool,” Han Sen said to himself.

Chapter 1037 - Petrified

Chapter 1037: Petrified

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

Xie Qing King must have broken down a dozen walls, each one a shortcut through what had to be some manner of maze. There were countless branching pathways, each guided by thick walls that were around one meter tall. It was in this wall-breaking way that they proceeded.

Alu-Alu!

Another wall was smashed through. Beyond it, something new greeted their eyes. It was another palace, just smaller in size than the previous one. It did, however, have a pool at its center and a tree in the middle of that.

The tree was strange. It was two meters tall and it only had two leaves to its name.

Between the leaves was a sole grey fruit. It was hefty-looking—around the same size as a football—but it looked slimy and sickly.

“Holy-Jade Fruit.” Xie Qing King looked at the fruit with much excitement. He reached out and tried to grab it.

But before he could, the fruit broke. From within its sticky interior, a juice oozed out.

Xie Qing King’s face suddenly became ghastly, and so he punched the fruit away.

The ooze of the fruit splashed across the tiled copper floor, and after a moment’s rest, started to violently corrode the copper surface.

Han Sen was well-aware how solid that copper was, so it was frightening to see the potency of that juice. If it touched a human, Han Sen couldn't imagine the pain that would befall its victim.

Xie Qing King's hand suffered a couple drops of that corrosive liquid, and it had damaged his hand a good deal; it gushed blood.

The juice was no joke, if it had also managed to pierce and ravage his hand while it was still ablaze with the powerful silver light.

All Han Sen could think was how thankful he was, to have decided to hang several meters behind Xie Qing King. If he was any closer, he could very well have been sprayed by that horrendous fluid.

"King-Corpse Juice; that d*mned turkey. It is only fortunate I have trained in the ways of combatting evil. A splash of this stuff is all it takes to fell even the most powerful spirit." After explaining, Xie Qing King punched the tree and snapped it in two.

When it broke, a grey mist seeped from the two broken ends. Suddenly, he was petrified and rendered unable to move.

Han Sen was shocked, seeing another trap immediately spring out to get Xie Qing King.

Phoenix Emperor must have known what sort of person he was. Ordinary people wouldn't have punched the tree right after a spoiled harvest, but Xie Qing King did. Knowing he'd react this way, Phoenix Emperor had constructed another surprise trap for when he did.

The King-Corpse Juice was merely a red herring, and it wasn't actually the planned way to stop Xie Qing King. It was not half as efficient as a substance that could petrify. Han Sen had no clue what it was, but it had worked without fault. In an instant, a king spirit was wholly petrified.

As Han Sen inched forward to inspect the tree, Xie Qing King started to shout. “He put Stone-Jade Miasma inside the tree. Pah! Weak. He’ll need to do better than that to petrify me. I’m going to dig his corpse up!”

Xie Qing King had managed to regain control of his eyes and mouth, but his body was still frozen stiff.

“What are you looking at? Are you going to help me or what?!” Xie Qing King yelled.

“How can I help you?” Han Sen asked him. It was no wonder Phoenix Emperor imprisoned him down there.

If he had known about him being locked up, Han Sen would not have helped him out. The spirit may not have been hostile, but he was not the same species and could not 100% be trusted.

Xie Qing King responded, “That sneak knew I’d use my Evil-Breaker Power to smash that tree containing the Stone-Jade Miasma. I have been petrified, yes, but only my exterior has been. Break the stones that encompass me and I will be free.”

“But I am so weak,” Han Sen pretended.

Xie Qing King said, “But you have to try. Typically, only his Undying Flame can break these stones, but it’s worth a shot.”

Han Sen looked at Xie Qing King and thought him to be strangely naive. He wondered why the spirit was so sure Han Sen would both be willing and able to save him from his entrapment.

Han Sen then recalled the time he had spent in the spirit base, and how lower-tier spirits would blindly follow one who was superior and provide them spirit geno points.

A real spirit would attempt to save Xie Qing King, no matter what it took.

But Han Sen was just a human, and he felt no obligation to save or truly follow a spirit who may have been superior to him.

“Hurry! The stone is starting to settle inside my flesh, strengthening. If we co-operate, perhaps the combination of our powers will be enough to break this curse,” Xie Qing King pleaded.

Han Sen wondered whether or not he should reveal who he truly was. But just as he considered doing so, he heard a wall on the side of that chamber begin to rise.

“Someone is here!” Han Sen looked around, checking to see if there was someplace he could hide.

Xie Qing King noticed this, as well, and so he stopped talking.

Han Sen saw two men standing behind that risen wall. It was a human and a spirit, and they were both visibly surprised to see Han Sen there. They had obviously entered expecting the place to be empty and free of others.

“Who are you?” the spirit asked, staring at Han Sen. His power looked crushing, as if he could squish him like a bug.

Han Sen thought to himself, “This must be Holy-Sword Emperor. The human next to him must be Brother Seven.”

Chapter 1038 - The View That Contains a Thousand Birds

Chapter 1038: The View That Contains a Thousand Birds

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“Who are you?” Holy-Sword Emperor asked.

“That is of no concern to you,” Han Sen said.

Holy-Sword Emperor balked and pulled out his sword. Without delay, he thrust forward, taking aim at Han Sen’s forehead.

Han Sen leapt away like a bird, evading the attack with ease.

Holy-Sword Emperor raised his arm and pointed with his fingers. Suddenly, they all took on a life of their own, each one becoming a free-thinking sword. The index finger was thin like a rapier, whereas the middle finger was hefty like a greatsword. The thumb was like a plump dagger.

The five fingers became five different swords, and swiftly, they went after Han Sen.

Holding Bao’er, Han Sen rode the air and dodged every finger that wished to skewer him. Despite the spirit’s grand display of power, none of his attacks found their target

Holy-Sword Emperor was wielding ten swords, one for each finger. Each one weaved between each other, striking with an unbelievable amount of precision and speed. Han Sen did not believe any other spirit he had come across could have managed to achieve such finesse with a weapon.

As Han Sen danced through the air, his mind recalled the birds in the palace.

As the swords launched towards him, his mind flashed back to a movement he had witnessed off one bird. He applied it to Aero and evaded whichever sword came for him, alternating through the vast array of different movements he had learned.

Han Sen was incredibly happy at what he was able to achieve. He had only opened eight gene locks and had eighteen hundred fitness—figures which made him weaker than king spirits—but that did not matter.

Han Sen was able to dodge every single attack that came his way, from a foe that should have been out of his league. What he had learned from the birds was incredible.

Of course, much of what he was doing now was all thanks to Aero. If he didn't have it, even if he was a king spirit without it, he'd have been unable to pull off half the graceful evasions that now came to him effortlessly.

Holy-Sword Emperor's senses had been restricted in this place. Although it did not stifle the power he possessed, it made him unable to determine Han Sen's actual power.

Xie Qing King, on the other hand, had a third eye that enabled him to now see more of who his follower actually was. He could most certainly tell the power Han Sen held. And as he watched with great interest, Holy-Sword Emperor had yet to determine whether the foe he was battling was a human or a spirit.

Han Sen maintained a firm grip on the baby, as he pranced through the air. Continuing to evade with such grace and finesse was a remarkable feat, and a display of fantastic talent. Although he may not have been able to correctly gauge who his enemy was, Holy-Sword Emperor was at least aware Han Sen was a powerful person.

Brother Seven was not aware of who Han Sen was, and he could not determine the level of power he possessed, either. The only thing he could tell was that he was a human. He knew this from the structure of his face and the clothing he wore.

He had heard of humans being able to effectively do battle with royal spirits, but he had never heard of a human being able to compete with a king spirit.

The person was very young, too. It greatly surprised him how brilliant the young man was. Regardless of what was going on or what would happen later, he knew he was witnessing something quite brilliant.

Plus, to top it all off, he was holding a baby. To engage in battle as he was doing, Brother Seven was in immediate adoration.

“Have humans really become this strong?” Brother Seven wondered to himself, in awe.

He knew it was only natural for humans to improve and become stronger and better able to compete with the spirits; it was an inevitability of the passage of time. But this was far beyond his wildest expectations of what was possible, at their current stage in time. Whoever this person battling Holy-Sword Emperor was, he was strangely powerful.

Holy-Sword Emperor, frustrated with his inability to determine who his foe was and how powerful he might have been, decided to up his game. He split his swords into a hundred smaller versions. The stakes had been amped up, and it actually put Han Sen into some degree of danger.

Even though Han Sen was continuing to use Aero, it was difficult and far more trying for him to dodge his aggressor’s attacks now.

Three minutes later, he slipped up. A sword nicked his arm and broke the sacred-blood armor there.

“I was almost expecting a challenge. I see the truth now; you are nothing but a wimp. You are a coward that can only flee to and fro, not daring to face me like a proper opponent,” Holy-Sword Emperor taunted Han Sen, and then fired a greater number of swords in an attempt to finish him off.

Han Sen knew the odds were lop-sided from the get-go. The only reason he was still alive was due to Blood-Pulse Sutra.

But due to the buffs being unable to increase his fitness level, he hadn't been able to open more gene locks.

If Han Sen's Blood-Pulse Sutra could go higher than eight, he'd have a power that was equivalent to two thousand fitness.

But Han Sen's base fitness was still only one thousand eight hundred, and because of this, he could not continue this way forever.

And adding to that, the more Han Sen dodged, the more the callous spirit wanted his blood.

Suddenly, Han Sen had an idea. He dive-bombed down with haste, landing directly behind the still-petrified Xie Qing King.

Holy-Sword Emperor had been fixated on Han Sen the entire time, and had initially believed the calcified Xie Qing King to be an inanimate statue. So, he did not relent and simply decided to blast the statue with all his might.

"My Emperor, the time is now!" Han Sen happily proclaimed.

Boom!

The statue shattered, and a man drenched in blood appeared. A silver light encompassed his body, healing his wounds. In the time that it took Xie Qing King to take two steps, he became fully healed.

"Good job; you were smart to save me." Xie Qing King laughed out loud, having come to really like Han Sen.

"Thank you very much; it was my pleasure." Han Sen feigned happiness, but in his heart he thought, "You'd still be a rock if I was able to kill Holy-Sword Emperor with my super king spirit mode."

Holy-Sword Emperor looked upon Xie Qing King with remarkable shock, and he actually exclaimed, “Xie Qing King!”

Chapter 1039 - Let Them Fight, Grab the Spoils

Chapter 1039: Let Them Fight, Grab the Spoils

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

Han Sen was shocked, to say the least. He had not expected the two to have known each other. He was hoping Xie Qing King would be freed to eliminate Holy-Sword Emperor, but that wasn't looking likely now.

“You remember me?” Xie Qing King asked, with a smirk.

While he was petrified, he had hidden his powers. Now, he did not have to.

Holy-Sword Emperor forced a smile, saying, “I had only just been born during the times you fought in the spirit base. You were a person I greatly admired; I cannot say I expected to see you here.”

Holy-Sword Emperor was lying; he did not mean a word of what he said. One-hundred-thousand years ago, Holy-Sword Emperor was nothing.

But back then, Xie Qing King was not an emperor, just as he wasn't now. With Han Sen referring to him as one, though, he was taken aback and unsure of what to say.

Holy-Sword Emperor had not known of his imprisonment here. Xie Qing King hadn't actually ascended from king to emperor status, it was just Han Sen attempting to mislead Holy-Sword Emperor.

Xie Qing King was made glad, upon hearing that Holy-Sword Emperor knew his name. He did not pay much heed to Han Sen, since he wasn't on the same level as him. This was different than the way he felt about Holy-Sword Emperor, who was.

Xie Qing King's silver eyes rested upon Holy-Sword Emperor, and he asked, "Have you found anything?"

"This is where Phoenix Emperor once lived. There is treasure here, but evidently, it is well-hidden," Holy-Sword Emperor quickly explained.

"Really?" Xie Qing King did not believe him.

Han Sen then chimed in to say, "I am not sure if he has recovered anything from this place, but I have heard he was able to obtain a certain geno item. That is how he was able to enter this place. Everyone knows because he held a big and fanciful celebration for it."

When Han Sen said this, Holy-Sword Emperor found himself wanting to swiftly explain.

But Xie Qing King cut-in before him, saying, "Give me that item or die."

"My Emperor, I..." This was all Holy-Sword Emperor was able to mutter before Xie Qing King swung forward with silver light.

Holy-Sword Emperor was not going to hand over the item he much cherished, so he decided to flee.

"If only running was so easy." Xie Qing King ran after him, and both spirits disappeared.

"Are we the same kind?" Brother Seven mumbled to ask, once the spirits were gone from sight.

"Do you know the Water Pavilion?" Han Sen asked, out of nowhere.

Qin Junhao told Han Sen that, if he saw Brother Seven, he should ask this. It would confirm that he was an ally.

When Brother Seven heard what was said, he happily exclaimed, "Junhao made it to Sword-Furnace Shelter?!"

“Yes, he’s taking a well-earned vacation in the Alliance.” Han Sen smiled, and then went on to ask, “So, you are Brother Seven?”

Brother Seven nodded and said, “I did not expect someone to be here, and neither did I expect that someone so young could ever possess such frightful power. If Holy-Sword Emperor survives this ordeal and decides to attack your shelter with all his might, at least you can return to the Alliance safely.”

Han Sen smiled and said, “Smoke and mirrors; I’m not actually that strong. The info you provided us saved our lives. I have come here to bring you back. Holy-Sword Emperor doesn’t currently know what you’re up to, so he can’t kill you with the contract you have signed. It’s best that we take this opportunity and return to the Alliance while we still can.”

Brother Seven shook his head, though, and said, “It’s not worth the risk. There is treasure here, and if we are able to retrieve it, humanity as a whole will improve. It is of vital importance, and it is imperative that we claim it before they do.”

“But you are under contract. Holy-Sword Emperor can easily take it from you,” Han Sen said.

But Brother Seven said, “I know. But now that I have met you, things have changed. Are you willing to go with me to get the treasure?”

“Treasure? Where do I sign?” Han Sen paused for a brief moment, but then backtracked to say, “But I’m serious, you should return to the Alliance. Tell me where the treasure is, and then go. You can return once I have slain Holy-Sword Emperor.”

Brother Seven admitted with a wry smile, “Well, I actually don’t know where it is.”

He went on to say, “Holy-Sword Emperor’s treasure is a map. It leads to an item, located in the Phoenix Eye. But the location of the Phoenix Eye is ever-changing, so I have no idea where it might be.”

“I’ve been known to risk much for obtaining treasure. But I’m telling you, your life is far more important than what any item can do for you.”

Brother Seven said, “I am not concerned with myself right now. Come, we should find it. Once we claim it, you can ensure it stays out of their hands.”

Brother Seven then brought out a compass. He looked at it with a concentrated expression, as if he was trying to deduce something complex.

After a minute of silence, he said, “Follow me.”

Brother Seven led them in the direction Han Sen had come from. He passed three of the broken walls Xie Qing King had smashed through.

Han Sen followed him with Bao’er still firmly in his arms. It seemed no matter what he pleaded, Brother Seven was determined to stay.

At every turn, Brother Seven consulted his compass. It meant their passage was rather slow. Four hours later, they reached a dead-end; a ten-meter-tall door barred their way. It was a double door, and each side was emblazoned with the painting of a phoenix.

Chapter 1040 - Phoenix Headlight

Chapter 1040: Phoenix Headlight

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

Han Sen wanted to approach the doors and examine them, but Brother Seven stopped him and said, “This place is dangerous. Don’t do anything reckless.”

“Isn’t that where the Phoenix Eye might reside?” Han Sen asked.

Brother Seven turned to look at the images of a phoenix and said, “A phoenix is a bird that has died, and is then reborn from the ashes of its prior form. Typically, dead is dead, and you don’t get to come back from that. But there have been rare instances of resurrection in the past.”

Brother Seven noticed that the claws of each phoenix were painted around the door knockers. Each door had a knocker.

When Brother Seven saw this, he said, “On my signal, we knock on the door three times.”

Han Sen nodded and moved over to the left door’s knocker.

The door was massive. It would have been impossible for one person to use both door knockers at the same time, so the duo had to co-operate.

Brother Seven reminded Han Sen to knock three times, and three times only. He looked nervous.

Han Sen wasn’t really sure what was going on, so he wasn’t feeling any sort of pressure.

Brother Seven gave his command, and then they used the door knockers three times.

Their knocking was perfectly in sync with each other.

“Back!” Brother Seven shouted, which prompted them both to retreat away from the door a little. Then, they watched what might happen.

Bao'er was still there, suckling her milk bottle. She watched with as much curiosity as they did.

The screeching of two phoenix birds sounded. The images came to life, and they left the door to fly around together.

Han Sen had maxed out his fire geno points, but even so, the heat the phoenixes were emitting was incredibly hot even for him.

The doors slowly opened to reveal a large hall. They could see two lanterns there, still lit after all those years.

Brother Seven stepped inside and said, “Quick; when the phoenixes return to the doors, they will close.”

Han Sen walked past both creatures, feeling as if his hair was being singed.

Just as they both entered the hall, the phoenixes returned to their doors, and the doors silently closed.

The hall before them had nine lanterns, each shaped like the head of a phoenix.

But aside from that, there was nothing else of particular interest. There was, however, another room they could enter at the back. No light came from within, so it was pitch-black.

Brother Seven muttered to himself, “Two phoenixes together, and the lanterns split them up. I didn't know spirits practiced Yin Yang.”

“Brother Seven, care to speak up? What does that mean?” Han Sen asked.

Han Sen was a proficient fighter, but that was about it. He wasn't really educated in the subjects that Brother Seven was.

Brother Seven then said, “Phoenix Emperor is not a person.”

“He is a spirit,” Han Sen replied.

Brother Seven then said, “I mean, he is not a sole person. There are two.”

“Are you saying there are two of these emperors?” Han Sen asked with much shock.

Brother Seven responded with a nod. “There is a male and a female phoenix. ‘Phoenix Emperor’ is a title given to a pair of spirits.”

“Or maybe they are together, in a two-for-one way?” Han Sen suggested.

Brother Seven agreed and said, “It is possible, but they would still wield two separate powers.”

Brother Seven looked at a lantern to his left and said, “This is the fire. It represents Yang.”

Brother Seven then looked to the right lantern and said, “This is the blackfire. It represents Yin.”

Han Sen noticed the fires did indeed look different.

“Do they mean different things?” Han Sen asked.

Brother Seven explained, “The living fire is Yang. It guides you to life, survival, and prosperity. The blackfire is Yin, which guides you to hell.”

Brother Seven looked towards the black hallway ahead and said, “That is a path that straddles the line between Yin and Yang. I am not sure what danger, if any, will await us. If we seek to survive, we are going to need a lantern. But...”

“But what?” Han Sen asked.

“The phoenix lanterns are for the living. We have to bring them, if we want to survive. But even so, that doesn’t seem quite right.” Brother Seven paused for a brief moment of contemplation, and then went on to say, “This is a path between life and death.”

“Then which lantern are we to pick?” Han Sen asked.

“I don’t know. Whichever we choose, there is great risk. This is a test of this Phoenix Emperor; and he is smart, whoever he is.” Brother Seven had a wry smile.

“Well, if we aren’t going to get any answers there’s no use debating is there? Let’s give it a go.” Han Sen picked up a lantern without consultation, and went on to say, “I’ll go first and check it out.”

Han Sen didn’t know anything about the matters Brother Seven was talking about, so he was not very concerned with the need to be careful. If Phoenix Emperor was ahead, and he had to fight him, Han Sen was confident he could just use super king spirit mode to defeat him.

“Hang on,” Brother Seven said, as he stopped Han Sen. “Think of a word in your mind. It can be any word. And now tell me what it is. I can predict, from your word, whether your selection of lantern is good or bad.”

Han Sen smiled and said, “Prediction is pointless. We can’t change our destiny; a decision is a decision. Being able to predict things is a waste of time. I’m going; good lantern or bad.”

After that, Han Sen lifted his lantern and walked forward into the dark place.

Chapter 1041 - Phoenix Eye

Chapter 1041: Phoenix Eye

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

Brother Seven looked to where Han Sen had picked up his lamp, and then his face changed.

“The fourth lamp; that was supposed to be a lamp of the living. Now, its light symbolizes death. He is going to die!” Brother Seven ran towards the lanterns and picked up the seventh lantern. Then he followed after Han Sen.

Han Sen had only been inside for ten seconds, but that was already enough for him to have disappeared from Brother Seven’s sight completely. He was gone.

The light cast from his lantern could only illuminate a single meter ahead of him. The darkness there was suffocating, and almost physical.

Brother Seven called out for Han Sen, and walked at a very brisk pace in the hopes he could catch up. His calls garnered no response.

Suddenly, a strange noise sounded. And then, Brother Seven felt as if countless monsters were lurking just beyond his sight, watching him.

He kept on walking, confident in the knowledge he had selected the correct lamp. With it in hand, he knew he’d be able to catch up with Han Sen eventually.

The seventh lantern, the one he had selected, was called “The Lamp of the Returning Soul.” The fact that it expelled the thick mucus of darkness around him was the only comfort available on that black road. But it wouldn’t last. Those who made use of it would perish, eventually.

Brother Seven was on a suicide run.

He knew this, but he didn't care. He had much respect for Han Sen, in the brief time he had known him, and he would gladly lose his life if it meant securing Han Sen's safe return.

As he marched through the black hall, led by the flickering flame, its warmth suddenly depleted. Then, the fire of the lantern turned black. Darkness did not resettle over the hall; instead, it was lit up. But it was lit with a thousand braziers of blackfire. Han Sen was nowhere to be seen, but Brother Seven knew he was not alone. In that hall, staring at him, were countless monsters.

A second later, they were pouncing towards him.

Brother Seven quickly made use of his Purple Light, but it could only extend to a range of about three feet.

He swung his sword and slashed one beast, but another monster used its vile claws to grab the blade as it slowed. The rest of the monsters did not even slow as they came for him.

Brother Seven realized he was going to die, but he did not care for himself in this affair. He only hoped Han Sen would see his light and return safely.

Seeing countless monsters, jaws agape, all aimed for his head, arms, legs, and torso, Brother Seven closed his eyes in acceptance of his fate. But then, the sudden flash of a red light made him reopen them. A flame had appeared, and it incinerated the monsters directly in front of him.

The red flame replaced the black flame of his lantern, as all the monsters around him burst into flames. Soon, they were nothing but sizzling cinders in a mound of ash.

A man appeared in his sight. He was holding a lantern, and the flame upon it resembled a bird.

"Han Sen!" Brother Seven called out.

“Didn’t I tell you to wait? What are you doing here?” Han Sen smiled.

“I...” Brother Seven could hardly speak, shaken from his close call. “You practice fire hyper geno arts? Which one?”

Han Sen nodded and said, “Phoenix Flame, actually.”

Brother Seven then said, “It is no wonder, then. I worry too much, it would seem.”

Han Sen appeared to have been touched by something, and he said, “Thank you, Brother Seven.”

Brother Seven, with a wry smile, said, “For what? I didn’t do anything. But this place is not safe. We should depart it quickly.”

Han Sen nodded, and then led the way forward with Brother Seven close behind.

The red flame of Han Sen’s lantern illuminated far more than Brother Seven’s. But even so, it was of little aid. The murky dark was as stifling and threatening as ever, skirting the fringes of the light’s strength.

Many strange noises could be heard from the darkness around them. But even after a while of walking, no monster revealed itself in their light.

Han Sen smiled and said, “This phoenix lantern is quite the treasure, in itself. It can boost the power of one’s strength when wielding fire. We should take the rest of the lanterns with us when we leave.”

Brother Seven said, “Ordinary fire cannot light the lanterns, but your phoenix fire is a deadfire. It is strange how you managed to light up a lantern of the living with such a flame.”

Han Sen’s Phoenix Flame had been boosted by Blood-Pulse Sutra, which was how he had managed to incite a living fire.

They trudged through that mire of black for a long time.

When they reached the end, it came about as a light in the darkness. Seeing it was a massive relief, and they raced towards the light once it greeted their sight. Neither of them could wait to leave the black path behind them.

But when they moved from the darkness and into the light, they both froze.

It was as if they had exited the entire shelter. Above were the clear skies, all graced and warmed by the radiance of sunlight.

But strangely, everything was black below it. The trees, flowers, soil, and stone; all of it was pitch black.

Nothing was with a rightful color, and it was as if the entire landscape had been subjected to a bitter firestorm of great malevolence that charred it all.

But still, despite the color, everything looked as if it was thriving. There were leaves on the burnt-looking trees, and they grew in abundance.

The entire place was like an ink painting, save for the ordinary sky.

“Brother Seven, what is this place? It looks as if we’ve somehow managed to exit the shelter.” Han Sen was confused.

Brother Seven brought out his compass, and with much joy on his face, said, “We haven’t left Phoenix Shelter. Not at all. This is it, we’ve made it; we’ve reached the Phoenix Eye.”

“This is the Phoenix Eye?” Han Sen asked with shock.

It was difficult to imagine they were still within the confines of a shelter that had been buried by a mountain. They were both almost speechless.

Chapter 1042 - World of Charcoal

Chapter 1042: World of Charcoal

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

“This cannot be incorrect. This is indeed the Phoenix Eye,” Brother Seven reaffirmed.

“Then where’s the treasure?” Han Sen saw a mountain range in the distance, which only told him this place was massive. Locating anything there might be far more difficult than expected.

Brother Seven looked back at his compass. He said, “This is strange. I cannot tell which direction we must go now.”

Brother Seven touched the black grass on the ground, and when he looked at his hand, it was covered in black soot. The ground really was like charcoal. Then, he said, “I have no idea whatsoever what purpose this place serves, in a shelter, but I am certain some power presides over this place. A dangerous presence remains, one that keeps this world like one that was built from charcoal.”

“It’s best we don’t split up,” Han Sen said, as he looked around.

Brother Seven nodded, and he knew Han Sen would protect him.

Han Sen was not very proficient when it came to discovering paths and going in the right direction, so he allowed Brother Seven to lead.

Although Brother Seven was just as clueless about where the treasure might be found, he was good at planning routes.

As they walked, the landscape remained the same. The mountain, trees, and flowers were all still black.

There was great variation in the size and shape of the flowers and trees. There were thick, giant trees, and lots of tiny little flowers. Black as they were, they looked like motionless statues. They looked as if they could never die, and they'd be preserved in this state forever.

Bao'er thought the flowers looked incredibly pretty, and she wanted to hold one. But upon being allowed to touch one, the flower quickly collapsed into a mound of soot.

"What kind of power can incinerate things like this?" Han Sen was quite surprised.

Brother Seven could only say, "I have no idea, but if we encounter whatever has done this, we are sure to meet a swift end. Rather than cooked, I'd wager we'd be vaporized."

Han Sen did not expect Brother Seven to be so light-hearted, and of a mood to actually make half a jest.

But suddenly, they heard a noise coming from a distant black forest.

When they tracked down the noise, they saw a white ram, grazing on the black grass of a meadow.

The contrast between the white ram and black earth was striking.

"There are creatures here?" Han Sen was moderately relieved, upon coming to learn this.

The place had previously felt like a warped, alternate dimension. Seeing something else alive there made the place feel a little more real.

If this was all a hallucination, however, whoever created it had to be a supremely powerful being.

But if it was real, as he hoped, then at least he could use his powers.

Bao'er, seeing the fluffy ram, quickly ran over to it. She leapt onto its back and grabbed its horns—she looked exuberantly happy.

The ram was alarmed by its sudden mounting, and it took off running into the forest.

Han Sen quickly gave chase, as the last thing he wanted right now was to lose Bao'er. If he lost her now, it'd be difficult to find her again.

Han Sen guessed the ram was a mutant creature, and his hypothesis was correct. He and Brother Seven caught up with the ram with ease, and when they did, Han Sen grabbed the creature by its head.

The ram went soft and fell to the ground, with Bao'er clapping.

Brother Seven wished to say something, but his face immediately changed.

"Han Sen, let go of the ram," Brother Seven pleaded with anxiety.

"What is it?" Han Sen picked up Bao'er and turned to look at what had startled Brother Seven.

There were many more rams and sheep approaching. Their numbers had to be in the hundreds, and they all looked displeased and hostile.

The first ram they saw was fairly small in comparison to these others. Their horns were massive and sharp like blades.

The first ram was a mutant creature, but Han Sen guessed the others had to be sacred-blood creatures. With their power, all combined, they'd make for frightening foes.

Han Sen's fitness was only equivalent to that of a sacred-blood creature, so he could easily find himself skewered and trampled to death if he did not use super king spirit mode.

"You guys have cute children! I was just giving this one a hug; I wasn't being rough..." Han Sen started to stroke the mutant ram's head, and helped it get back up to its feet.

He didn't want to incite the ire and fury of the rams. To survive a stampede by those wooly fiends, he'd have to use super king spirit mode. But it was a draining talent, and he

only sought to use it during the times where he absolutely had to. Not knowing what lay further ahead on this journey, too, he favored not making use of it now.

The hundreds of rams and sheep then baa'd with rage.

The rams started to rush towards Han Sen like a legion of superspeed tanks.

Han Sen grabbed Brother Seven and took off into the air in flight.

Han Sen didn't want Brother Seven to get hurt, so he thought it best to take the man to a safer spot before deciding what to do next.

But unfortunately for them, the rams were able to jump fifty meters high.

Han Sen swooped through the air like a bird, effortlessly evading the airborne attacks of the rams. He may have been safe and out of their reach, but the rams followed wherever he flew. And as they went, a chorus of baa'ing constantly sounded.

The rams were very powerful, and they each had to be sacred-blood in class.

Han Sen initially believed losing their pursuit would be easy, but he was quickly proven wrong. And as he tried to escape, he noticed the white rams and sheep were starting to turn black.

The rams and sheep that banded together to assault Han Sen once looked like a cloud that was chasing him, but now, they were all black like an oversized chip of charcoal.

It was clear to see their speed and power had increased, following their change in color. But suddenly, Han Sen heard another sheep bawl.

There was a black male ram that looked different than the others coming. It ran and leapt towards Han Sen.

“Super creature?!” Han Sen's face changed.

Chapter 1043 - Getting a Super Beast Soul

Chapter 1043: Getting a Super Beast Soul

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

Han Sen's Aero did not make him any faster than the black sheep headed his way. When the fluffy fiend reached the peak of its jump, it glided towards him like an aggressive storm cloud.

"It is a super creature!" Han Sen returned Brother Seven to the ground and told him, "Go on ahead first."

Brother Seven said, "Remember the peak that is shaped like a cow? I will meet you there."

Brother Seven took off running, not wanting to slow him down. He knew he was being more of a burden than a boon, by accompanying Han Sen to this place.

Seeing him go, Han Sen started running towards the ground-borne cloud of sheep.

When the black super sheep saw Han Sen run towards the flock, it swiftly returned to the earth. It sought to protect its kin, but Han Sen was dangerously close to them already.

One of the black sheep reared its horns and tried ramming Han Sen with them. Seeing it come, Han Sen easily dodged out of the way and turned to provide a deep cut to its belly with Taia.

When Taia sliced across the black sheep's belly, it was split wide open with the sound of cut metal.

Han Sen did not stop there, though. He resumed his race to the flock.

But another black sheep stepped forward to stop him. In response, Han Sen brought out his Phoenix Sword and hit the sheep, despite it still being wrapped up.

Katcha!

The cloth that packaged the Phoenix Sword did nothing to cushion the blow. When the sword landed on the sheep, the cloth that was neatly wrapped around it was torn to shreds as the sheep was cut in two. The sword, combined with the power given from Blood-Pulse Sutra, was terrifying.

“Berserk Mutant Creature Devilhorn Sheep killed. No beast soul gained. This creature cannot be consumed.”

Han Sen froze a little, upon hearing this strange announcement. It was a berserk mutant, much to his surprise.

Holding two swords, Han Sen continued his sprint to the crowd of rams and sheep. He started to slaughter them, all the while avoiding the attacks of the ram king that had now come near.

After Brother Seven had finished scaling the mountain, he turned to take a look at what was going on with Han Sen. He saw him, butchering the sheep like a madman. Nothing was able to prevent him from doing as he pleased, not even the sheep king.

“How is Han Sen so powerful? We could do with a few more humans like him here,” Brother Seven thought, as he continued running to his proposed rendezvous point.

Han Sen suddenly found himself having a good deal of fun, effortlessly slaying a bunch of sheep. By turning black, it seemed as if the sheep and rams could only bolster their defense—which still wasn’t enough, anyway. Their attempted attacks were pitiful, too.

The sheep king roared at the merciless, raging wolfman, but it was cut off by the other sheep that were scurrying about in fear.

The sheep king commanded them to back off and run away, though, which broke Han Sen's momentary cover. It resumed its hunt of Han Sen, with a blisteringly quick speed.

The horns were like black crystals, sharp enough to cleave and sunder mountains.

Han Sen used his Phoenix Sword to fight back. Suddenly, both the sword and horns collided.

Dong!

The horn was delivered a deep scratch mark, but Han Sen was sent flying back into the forest.

Boom!

Han Sen was knocked through a dozen charcoal trees before coming to a stop. When he came to, the air was choked with soot. The disturbed ash hung in the atmosphere, clogging it like a thick mist.

Blergh! Han Sen coughed out some blood, and he noticed his armor had been heavily damaged. Cracks ran all across it.

Bao'er looked at Han Sen with much worry, but before he could comfort her, he had to return his focus to the sheep king. It was already on its way over, to finish-off the intruding human.

Han Sen's black hair turned white, as his muscles grew in size exponentially.

With the sheep king now directly in front of him, Han Sen slashed.

Dong!

Han Sen was knocked back a few steps, and so was the sheep.

A horn had been severed with the accompaniment of an explosive cracking sound, which quickly frightened the sheep.

Han Sen followed up with his sword, attacking the sheep again.

The king leapt out of the way and tried to counter with its other remaining horn.

But this was expected, and the sword followed its jump. It swung past the other horn, cutting it off. Immediately, the sheep king shelved its plan for revenge and planned to escape.

Using Aero, Han Sen caught up to the sheep king that was trying to escape. He slashed its body, which turned out to be sturdier than the horns. A fair cleft was delivered, but it wasn't enough to draw blood.

The sheep king squealed, wanting to escape with even greater haste.

But Han Sen wasn't feeling merciful. He remained behind the sheep, striking and striking again from behind. No matter how many times he hit it, though, no blood was drawn.

When the other sheep caught sight of their beloved king getting beat up, though, they ran off.

Katcha!

Han Sen finally had success, and it came in the form of a simple beheading. With a mighty strike, the sheep king's head was lopped off.

“Super Creature Devilhorn Sheep King killed. Beast soul gained. Its flesh is inedible and there is no Life Geno Essence for retrieval.”

Han Sen was shocked once again. This was the first super creature he had ever killed that didn't provide him with a Life Geno Essence.

“This is strange, indeed. And even for a super creature, this thing seemed rather weak.” Still, he had managed to obtain its beast soul. And having received it, Han Sen was more than pleased. He had a look in his Sea of Soul, to examine his latest beast soul.

Chapter 1044 - Nirvana Lake

Chapter 1044: Nirvana Lake

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

Devilhorn King: Polluted Beast Soul Weapon Type

Han Sen was taken aback. This was a unique beast soul, and its description was unlike anything he had ever seen before.

Han Sen summoned it, and it was a scimitar. It seemed like a weapon, forged of black crystals not unlike the original creature's horns.

When Han Sen examined the corpse of the dead king, it started to crumble away and disintegrate into soot. It was soon indistinguishable from the ground of that black land.

The black crystal horn remained behind though, like a chip of charcoal.

But when Han Sen touched it, that too crumbled away and scattered like dust.

Suddenly, Han Sen's body felt extremely weak.

He hadn't used the whole hour of super king spirit to defeat the beast, so it wasn't as bad as last time. But just as Han Sen decided to go looking for Brother Seven, his blurred vision saw someone coming towards him. It was Xie Qing King.

"Why is he here?" Han Sen wondered to himself in disappointment.

Xie Qing King was headed right for him, and when he arrived before Han Sen, the spirit asked the very same question, but aloud. "Why are you here?"

"I grabbed the person that accompanied Holy-Sword Emperor. He brought me here, but we got split up when encountering a lot of very nasty sheep. I don't know where he is now."

Han Sen paused for a moment, and then went on to ask, “Did you catch up with Holy-Sword Emperor?”

“No. He ran off, but not without losing his treasure to me.” Xie Qing King held out an item for Han Sen to take a look at.

It was a leather scroll, with a gold phoenix painted on it. It looked very alive; like a bird that was truly above and beyond the strength and comprehension of any other bird that existed.

When Han Sen saw the picture, he felt as if he had been struck. It reminded him of all the birds he had seen, back in the palace.

The phoenix on the painting was stood there, delicate and proud. But at the same time, it appeared as if it was flying.

“This painting is Phoenix Emperor’s treasure; he must have drawn it after seeing all the birds laid out before him in the hall,” Han Sen theorized.

Han Sen thought about the palace, and now, looking at the picture presented, he realized it was the complete set.

“Do you understand?” Xie Qing King asked.

“No, but that human seems to. If you see him, maybe you can ask him?” Han Sen was worried Xie Qing King might mercilessly strike down Brother Seven if he encountered him.

Xie Qing King put the picture away. He then picked up Han Sen and started flying.

Han Sen knew he meant no harm, so he didn’t try to resist the free lift.

Xie Qing King flew at an obscene speed, and it seemed as if they traveled thousands of miles in no time at all. They came to a stop near a lake.

“My Emperor, where is this?” Han Sen asked, as he observed the lake.

“Is this where the treasure resides?” Han Sen wondered.

Xie Qing King did not answer, and instead, chucked Han Sen directly into the water. Then, he himself jumped in. It was as if they were going to have a bath together.

Han Sen believed there to be something strange about the lake, but when Xie Qing King jumped in, he felt safer.

Han Sen felt as if all his dirt was being cleansed and rinsed away. His Dongxuan Aura seemed to be recovering, too.

Bao'er was also there, and she merrily swam and splashed about in the waters of the lake.

“Emperor, this lake is fairly fancy!” Han Sen feigned surprise.

Xie Qing King replied, “Of course it is. This lake is composed of the tears of the fiery phoenix. The water is restorative to one's body.”

“Tears of a phoenix, you say?” Han Sen looked at Xie Qing King in awe.

Xie Qing King, without beating around the bush, said, “Do you know why that turkey called himself Phoenix Emperor? It was because he grew a holy tree. That tree gave birth to a pair of fruit. In each fruit was a phoenix with ten gene locks open. When they went to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, however, the male died. That's why this place was ruined. The tears of the other phoenix, in the loss of its partner, is what formed this lake. By bathing here, we can rinse ourselves of any debilitations we may have incurred.” After a brief moment of silence, Xie Qing King went on to say, “I went to the treasury but there was nothing there. I think the turkey must have hidden his treasure somewhere in this place. We should resume our search later.”

Han Sen thought of the giant tree he had stepped into before entering the shelter, and asked himself, “Was that the holy tree he talked about?” He then went on to think, “Hmm, remember that etching near the entrance? Didn't it say, ‘The phoenix descended on God

Mountain and the emperor died'? By descent, does it mean the phoenix died and fell to the ground? And the emperor died with it? Is the emperor dead someplace here?"

"We'll be here for another seven hours. It looks like you were injured pretty badly, following your wrestling match with the sheep. Stay here and you'll be right as rain before you know it," Xie Qing King said.

He hadn't known when it occurred, but Bao'er had climbed on top of Xie Qing King's head. Needless to say, he was surprised and a little fearful.

But it was unjustified, because Xie Qing King did not mind at all. He was fine with the baby there, and he was not angry or annoyed. He simply allowed Bao'er to pull his hair and squeeze his cheeks.

Han Sen wanted to call her back, in case she made him mad. But all of a sudden, he felt something touch his waist. It gave him quite the shock.

Chapter 1045 - Strange Fish

Chapter 1045: Strange Fish

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen lowered his head and saw a fat goldfish swimming towards him.

The goldfish was around the size of a hand, with a tail that was reminiscent of a butterfly wing. Its head was peculiar, almost like a lionhead goldfish.

As it swam towards Han Sen, its tail wagged and fluttered behind it merrily.

He scanned the creature and could not detect the presence of a strong life force. If he didn't know any better, it could have very well been an average fish.

Han Sen backed away from it, but it followed him across the pool.

Although he was wise to exercise caution, he knew the fish wasn't aggressive. If it had been, it would have bitten him already.

The goldfish swam behind Han Sen and circled the Phoenix Sword he was carrying on his back.

"There is more to this goldfish than meets the eye. It is here, of all places, and in a pool formed by the tears of a phoenix. And what's more, it is showing interest in my Phoenix Sword. The feather of its composition might actually have belonged to one of those phoenix's, too." Han Sen had a lot to think about lately.

The lionhead-like fish continued to swim around and around the sword with keen interest.

Han Sen decided to tap the goldfish with his finger to see how it would respond. His finger prodded the creature, but it didn't pay any mind. It continued to circle the sword, showing no fear at his presence or attention.

Han Sen decided to grab the whole goldfish and see if he could detect a lifeforce by bringing it out the water. He did this, but could not detect anything. Queer behavior aside, it really did seem like an ordinary goldfish.

"Can a run-of-the-mill goldfish really live in a place like this?" Han Sen wondered.

Bao'er decided to jump back into the water and swam over to Han Sen with haste. She had seen the goldfish in Han Sen's hand, and she wanted to touch it herself.

Watching the playful baby approach, the fish wriggled its way out of Han Sen's hand, hopped back into the water, and swam behind him for cover.

Bao'er looked angry after seeing its behavior, and so she tried to swim around and grab it. Fortunately for the fish, Han Sen stopped her.

"Go play someplace else." Han Sen pushed Bao'er away.

The fish was an interesting little thing, and so Han Sen didn't want her to kill it. If there was a benefit or purpose to this fish, he'd rather discover what it was before it died. A needless death would be a waste.

Bao'er gave a stern look to the goldfish and then swam away.

Han Sen scooped the fish back up in his hand to give it another look. He couldn't espy anything special about it, and he didn't think it was a sacred-blood creature in disguise, either.

But appearances were often misleading, so Han Sen's wasn't so quick to believe it was just an average goldfish.

Han Sen placed the fish down just outside the pool. In a weird display, the fish did not simply flop around like he suspected it would. Instead, it transformed into a little red bird.

Han Sen's eyes opened wide, for this was the first time he had seen something like this. It most certainly caught him off-guard.

Han Sen picked up the bird and returned it to the water. When submerged, it transformed into a fish again.

"Wow, that is very weird." Han Sen watched in disbelief as the lionhead goldfish-bird-thing returned to swim around his sword.

Han Sen turned to look at Xie Qing King and noticed his eyes were still closed. It seemed as if he was still unaware of what was going on.

Han Sen decided to take the goldfish back out of the water. Like before, it transformed into a bird. But strangely, it did not fly. He suspected that the bird was too plump for proper flight, as all it did was take a strong hop up onto his shoulder. When there, it pecked the Phoenix Sword on his back.

"This thing must be special. I wonder if I can bring it with me?" A streak of greed flashed across Han Sen's eyes.

The bird seemed resistant this time, as if it did not want to leave the shoulder nearest his sword.

Remaining in the pool for seven hours would take a long time, and while he did not mind waiting, he didn't want Xie Qing King to find out about the goldfish-bird he had discovered.

But suddenly, a sharp cry echoed across the sky.

Han Sen raised his head in response, and when looking up, he saw a raven circling the skies above them.

“So noisy,” Xie Qing King said, before the raven exploded in a messy puff of feathers. A weird spectacle, considering the spirit did not even move.

Han Sen thought that would be it, but more ravens came.

The bodies of these ravens were on fire.

Han Sen’s Dongxuan Aura had mostly recovered by now, and he was able to feel them approach before they actually did.

He could also tell that these ravens were mostly mutant class, but were stronger than the sheep he had encountered earlier. Furthermore, there were at least a thousand of these black, fiery birds.

Xie Qing King looked annoyed by the raucous cawing of the ravens that had suddenly appeared overhead. He stepped out of the lake and flew up into the skies in a rage to begin murdering the murder.

He pummeled them into oblivion, and blood and feathers rained down around him.

The strange situation only became stranger. When the blood and feathers reached the water, an invisible force pushed the mess away, to avoid polluting the place. Nothing spoiled the tears of the lake.

Han Sen donned his armor and flew up as well, to aid Xie Qing King in killing the birds.

As he had expected, the announcement confirmed that they were indeed mutant creatures. Their official name was “Fire Raven,” and like the other creatures he had killed in this weird location, they were inedible.

Han Sen suddenly heard the cry of another raven. This screech was different from the others he had heard, so he looked around to see which bird had made the noise. And when he turned around, the sky was ablaze with a fierce red fire.

Chapter 1046 - Fight It

Chapter 1046: Fight It

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

“Hide in the lake and only come out when I call you,” Xie Qing King commanded, as he saw the red inferno that was consuming the sky.

Han Sen spared no time in agreeing, and so he quickly set about returning to the lake. He could feel a horrible power and presence headed his way, and it was better if he did not have to be the one to face it. That, and the fact he had now come to trust Xie Qing King, made him happy to oblige the request that he return to the restorative waters of the lake.

Xie Qing King was always alone. He never took on spirits, and neither did he ever contract creatures.

He had only recently been released from a hundred-thousand-year imprisonment. This incarceration changed him, and this is what led him to take on Han Sen as a protege. Unfortunately for him, Han Sen hadn't been entirely honest about his identity.

As Han Sen watched the red sky ablaze with a violent firestorm, he suddenly saw a fireball come hurling towards them.

The fireball was then joined by an additional three. And as they came, they toppled trees and relit the already fire-ravaged land. Only the lake was still cool.

“They're not fireballs! That's four super creatures!” Han Sen was worried, and he feared for Xie Qing King's wellbeing. He had no idea if he could deal with such a threat.

But before he could voice any concerns, Xie Qing King had rushed ahead to meet the fiery felons. He re-entered the lake, but not without grave worry. If Xie Qing King fell, or if the

fire-wreathed ravens came for him, Han Sen did not know whether or not he could make it out alive. He was still fairly weak, so he wouldn't be in a prime condition to escape.

Xie Qing King's body gleamed like a beacon of silver light, and he flew to engage the four renegade stars.

As Han Sen watched the violent suns, he could barely see the shape of the ravens inside the burning plasma of their power. But still, they were massive, and their wings had to be at least a hundred meters long. They looked as if they'd be able to incinerate the coldest, most frozen lands.

"These guys are all stronger than that sheep king, for sure." Han Sen gasped in shock.

Xie Qing King was not at all fazed, though. The orbs spewed wretched fire as the birds within cawed callously, but he did not fear them.

The landscape turned from black to red, and Han Sen felt as if he was living inside an active furnace. The fire was so hot, even the rocks of the mountainsides began to melt.

Fortunately for him, the lake remained cool and unaffected by the whirlwind of fire that encompassed it.

Streaks of flame overwhelmed Han Sen's vision of the sky, until there was nothing but a manic red blur above the surface of the lake. In the occasional lapse, he could catch sight of mountains crumbling, but that was it.

Han Sen could now only hope that Xie Qing King would emerge victorious. The spirit was communicative and friendly, but the birds weren't. If the spirit was killed, Han Sen would be unable to talk his way out of that situation, for sure.

The fire that ripped through the sky looked as if it could bring the entire world down.

The atmosphere was burning fiercely, and seemed like even gold could be melted within a few seconds of entry there.

Fortunately, Han Sen had maxed out his fire geno points and practiced Phoenix Flame. If he had not, he would have been cooked alive for just poking his head above water.

Suddenly, Han Sen heard a raven unleash a screech. One of the orbs came hurtling down like a meteorite, crashing into a nearby mountain. Following its descent, the mountain started to crumble and cave in on itself, half-burying the fiery bird-beast.

The bird king's body was crushed by the rubble, as lava streamed out of it like a substitute for blood.

When Han Sen squinted to get a better look of the king, he noticed it was missing a wing. It looked as if it had been ripped off. There was also a deep gash right across its throat.

The bird king was still alive, but it could not get up. It let out the occasional dying screech, but that was all it could do.

Han Sen thought to himself, "That's a super creature. Should I finish it off?"

The temptation was difficult to resist. He knew doing such a thing was reckless, as the tornado of fire was still continuing to tear up the encompassing landscape. He didn't even know if he could withstand a lick of those flames.

The other three bird kings were raging even harder now, too, to pick up the slack left by their fallen companion. The fires lashed the sky even harder, picking up trees and rocks, throwing whatever they could all about.

As the bird died and the flames subsided, the lava that was its blood began to solidify.

"YOLO!" Han Sen placed Bao'er in the water and ran out of the lake. He dashed and danced between the raging fires to reach the dying bird king.

Han Sen had Aero to aid his evasions, but that was about it. He was still too weak to use it for fighting, and he didn't have a bow to shoot it from the safety of the lake, either.

Han Sen just had to get in close and deliver a firm slash with his Phoenix Sword.

As he raced through the blazing fields, he felt as if he had taken a dip in a pool of lava. He activated Phoenix Flame for increased resistance, but the atmosphere around was still blisteringly hot.

“This is frightening, to be honest. If anyone else took a step out here, they’d be burnt to a crisp,” Han Sen thought, as he made his way to the fallen bird.

The fact that there had been four of the birds made the fire so terrifying. Had there been only one, Han Sen thought he might have stood a chance of taking it down.

He possessed Phoenix Flame and maxed out fire genes, and for now, it was enough to keep him safe as he sprinted towards the dying bird king.

Chapter 1047 - Killing the Gold Bird

Chapter 1047: Killing the Gold Bird

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

The fire of the fallen king had been almost wholly extinguished. A few short puffs of fire rose from its beak, but that was the extent of its capabilities. Its lava-like blood had solidified, and the bottom half of its body was ravaged to smoldering cinders.

Han Sen drew his Phoenix Sword and delivered another strike to its exposed throat, making it gargle in pain as it helplessly drowned on its own blood.

Seeing that it was unable to resist, Han Sen delivered another slash. And then another, and another, and another. He kept going until the raven's head was wholly separated from its brutalized body.

“Super Creature Three-Claw Gold Raven killed. No beast soul gained. Its flesh is inedible and there is no Life Geno Essence for retrieval.”

Han Sen was disappointed that he didn't receive another beast soul.

But the other three fiery super creatures were angered even further, noticing that their brother had been picked on like so. They changed target away from Xie Qing King and went directly towards Han Sen instead.

Han Sen had known the risks, but he wasn't quite expecting them to come for him so suddenly. He was in grave danger and he knew it, so he didn't waste a single second before activating Aero and flying away to dodge the birds that were now out for his blood.

Xie Qing King caught two of the birds, but one of them was still free to chase after Han Sen.

It was blisteringly fast as it pursued Han Sen, and it was directly behind him the entire time. Its talons were ablaze and raised, ready to tear into him.

As the talons drew nearer, Han Sen could feel the sweltering heat they emitted growing even hotter.

With a quick roll to the side, Han Sen evaded the talons the exact moment they were to strike him.

The gold raven cawed, and a whirlwind of fire rolled out of its wretched smoking mouth. It looked set to swallow Han Sen.

But in response, Han Sen doubled-down on the powers of Aero and Phoenix Flame to become a fiery bird himself. He soared through the fire and emerged from the other side unscathed.

The gold raven was maddened at its inability to catch up with Han Sen. It screeched repeatedly, as it kept on trying to grab him with its talons. Han Sen was flying at a ridiculously fast pace, but whenever the bird caught up and was ready to grab him, he'd evade to the side and avoid it. It went on like this for some time.

Han Sen then decided to use Aero and Phoenix Flame in conjunction with the phoenix techniques he had learned in the hall earlier, and this imbued him with an incredible feeling. He had never felt so free and so alive, as he weaved a thread through the skies with grace.

He almost felt as if his mind was struggling to keep up with his body, and that his body was the one doing everything for him.

He was reacting to the bird's attacks before his mind even realized what was going on; he was like a passenger in his own body.

This was very different to what he was used to. Generally, Han Sen would have to think on his feet and calculate quickly, gauging what would be best for the situation he was in.

This was particularly necessary for certain skills like Heavenly Go, which required a lot of forward-thinking and solid assessment of an opponent to dodge effectively.

After combing the phoenix techniques with Aero, Han Sen no longer had to spend time thinking. He was like a wild animal, reacting to threats spontaneously.

It was rather strange at first, but he soon got used to it. He ultimately found it better this way. Allowing his body to immediately dictate the responses necessary for combat while he focused on other things was a fabulous improvement.

Even though he was a quick thinker, the time it took to plan an evasion was precious. Things could change in a split-second when fighting a monster this fearsome. Negating that time spent thinking was an incredible boon, and it was one that bolstered Han Sen's confidence and overall abilities a great deal. The firestorm bird, that had nine of its gene locks open, could not inflict a single point of damage to Han Sen, now that he was doing this.

And this was greater than it sounded, for the difference between the eighth and ninth gene lock was massive. And what's more, Han Sen was only using seven of his genes locks. He was shocked at how effective the phoenix techniques were.

Of course, his fire geno points and Phoenix Flame were a great boon to this, as well. If a normal person had attempted to do what Han Sen was doing, they would have been burned to death before leaving the ground.

Han Sen was overwhelmed with confidence, and his abilities were only improving as he went. He felt as if there was no gravity, and that he was free to move in any way he desired.

But then, the gold raven screamed as its black body turned red. It fired a geyser of violent, killer flames unlike anything Han Sen had ever seen. It didn't hit Han Sen, but he immediately felt as if his armor was melting.

Han Sen dodged it with ease, but he couldn't give the geyser of fire a wide enough berth to avoid all its heat. The sacred-blood armor he wore suddenly turned to molten liquid. The

heat had its effect on Han Sen himself, as well, and he quickly felt as if he was slipping into a vat of lava.

Just as Han Sen planned to use his super king spirit mode again, though, he felt that heat blown away. The heat that soaked him disappeared, as a normal temperature returned.

The little bird, that was once a fish, appeared on Han Sen's shoulder, sucking up all the fire in the atmosphere. It looked so pretty.

"It really was special." Han Sen was ecstatic.

With the bird removing the heat all around, Han Sen was no longer afraid of the fiery raven. And without that insufferable temperature, Han Sen was freer than ever, and now there was no way the Three-Claw Gold Raven could catch him.

Han Sen was not able to kill the bird, but at least he could survive its attempted oppression.

Another raven let out a shrill screech from elsewhere, and when Han Sen turned to take a look, he saw Xie Qing King tear one of the birds in two. Scorched feathers and blood formed a cloud around him.

The other bird was flying towards him as this occurred, but Xie Qing King was like a devil. He noticed it come, and he quickly turned to punch it. He punched it repeatedly, all the while proclaiming, "Alu-Alu!"

The bird was twisted and disfigured like a pretzel by the time its pummeling was done. With the final hit, the raven's broken body was sent flying several miles away.

Chapter 1048 - Gold Raven Beast Soul

Chapter 1048: Gold Raven Beast Soul

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

“Good job. Go take a rest,” Xie Qing King said. His silver armor was in bad shape, and he was bleeding from the wounds he had sustained. Still, he had managed to push through and eliminate the three remaining birds.

Han Sen felt great relief following the end of that fight. There was one thing he had learned from this ordeal, though. It was to never mess with Xie Qing King. If Han Sen ever had to fight him, he knew he wouldn't win; not even if he used his super king spirit mode.

While they rested, Han Sen went to check on the bird Xie Qing King had punched away. It was actually still breathing, just barely.

“I'm good at cleaning up people's messes.” Han Sen approached the wounded bird with his Phoenix Sword.

He slashed its neck twenty times, and on the final strike, the spine was broken through and the entire head was severed.

“Super Creature Three-Claw Gold Raven killed. Beast soul gained. Its flesh is inedible and there is no Life Geno Essence for retrieval.”

Han Sen was so delighted, he felt intoxicated. He even thought he was dreaming for a moment, learning he had received another beast soul.

Even if he could not find or obtain the primary treasure of this strange realm for himself, all the trials he endured thus far had been worth it.

Han Sen looked at Xie Qing King and thought to himself, “He’s so nice. He’d be even nicer if he helped me kill more.”

But Han Sen’s wish was unlikely with Xie Qing King. The spirit enjoyed punching, and more often than not, his punches ended up messily exploding of their recipients.

“My Emperor is so powerful! You are the greatest spirit in the sanctuary!” Han Sen complimented Xie Qing King with surprising sincerity, swiftly returning to his side. While he did admire him a great deal, he was hoping the expression of such gratitude would convince the spirit to go a little easier in the next battle, and provide Han Sen with a few easy finisher-kills.

But as Han Sen complimented Xie Qing King, the spirit suddenly collapsed.

Han Sen saw his wounds were oozing silver blood. Many of the wounds were deep enough to reveal the bones inside.

Xie Qing King was strong, that could not be denied. But he was a hulking titan that preferred to withstand hits and power through a battle; he wasn’t one for dodging. Going up against those four birds in that way had been a reckless thing for him to do.

Fortunately, Han Sen was able to draw one of the ravens away. If his greed hadn’t gotten the best of him, and Xie Qing King had to fight all of them himself, he might not have survived.

Seeing Xie Qing King sitting on the floor, bleeding, Han Sen wondered if he should kill the spirit now while he had the chance. And while he may have indeed had the opportunity and capability to do so, he noticed that Xie Qing King’s spirit stone was nowhere in the vicinity. Killing him now would just make him upset, and that would not be good.

Han Sen ran over to Xie Qing King and used his holy light, saying, “My Emperor, are you okay?”

Xie Qing King frowned and said, “Your healing is useless for a body as marvelous as mine. Take me to the lake, if you want to see me healed.”

Han Sen already knew the ability was useless, though. After all, it was an ability he had learned in the Second God’s Sanctuary. He only used it to appear kinder, more faithful and appreciative.

Han Sen then picked up Xie Qing King in his arms and took him over to the lake.

He hoped Xie Qing King could heal. If Holy-Sword Emperor showed up again, he would most certainly be back with a vengeance—especially towards Han Sen.

With Xie Qing King there, though, Han Sen hoped the spirit could protect him and defeat Holy-Sword Emperor once and for all. But for that to happen, he’d have to be healed.

“I don’t think Holy-Sword Emperor knows about this place, though. Does he? Regardless, I just need to get this dude patched up,” Han Sen thought to himself.

But just as Han Sen finished thinking, a shadow flickered over the gentle waters of the lake. It was Holy-Sword Emperor. Speak of the devil.

Han Sen wanted to slap himself in the gob.

“How dare you show yourself in front of me like this,” Xie Qing King coldly said.

Holy-Sword Emperor merely smiled and said, “I know you were born many years before I was, but you’re not an emperor. Our powers are similar, I now realize. And now, with you being injured, you stand no chance. Give me the scroll you stole and I’ll let you live. Either that, or I’ll kill you and take it by force.”

“Did you just threaten me?” Xie Qing King’s eyes looked murderous, as his stare drilled into Holy-Sword Emperor.

“Yes. And I’ll act on my threat if you don’t do as I have just told you.” Holy-Sword Emperor returned his gaze. He had been hidden out of sight for quite some time, spying on him.

“It looks like the spirits of today have changed; they do not acknowledge those who should be their superiors.” Xie Qing King stood up, as lake water dripped from the cuts it was working to fix.

Xie Qing King had been grievously injured, but he still stood up straight and strong. He was a renowned fighter, someone whose strength and power had been greatly admired in the past. The way he stood now resembled the glory of his hey-day, and this struck fear into Holy-Sword Emperor and his smug face.

Injured or not, people who possessed such power were always scary.

“Fine. I won’t kill you, in respect for who you once were. But that scroll was mine, and you stole it. Give it back to me and I’ll walk away,” Holy-Sword Emperor asked, with a softened tone of voice.

Xie Qing King stepped forward; his naked, dripping body that was covered in cuts was quite impressive to Han Sen.

“The scroll now belongs to me, fool. I’ll kill you in a single punch, punk. Who do you think you are, talking trash to an OG like me?” Xie Qing King spoke calmly, but the words were infused with a profound malevolence. It was frightening to hear him talk like that.

The silver blood in his body burned like veins of virgin, mithril ore. His entire body was suddenly set ablaze with silver fire. Seeing power that simmered like that would strike fear into a god.

Chapter 1049 - Holy-Sword Doll

Chapter 1049:

Holy-Sword Doll

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

“Xie Qing King, if you do not know when to relent, then do not blame me for the actions I take.” Holy-Sword Emperor’s fear soured and became anger when he saw how cocky and boisterous the old spirit continued to be.

Holy-Sword Emperor raised his hands as he had before, and his ten fingers quickly became ten lethal swords. But it went above and beyond what Han Sen had previously endured. The ten split up into a hundred. The hundred split up into a thousand. The thousand then split up into ten thousand.

A ten thousand-strong army of swords departed the caster’s hand, flew up high, and hung in the air. They cloaked the entire sky, making the world below look doomed.

Han Sen was shocked, seeing all those swords hovering above the lake with their pointy ends facing down. He grabbed ahold of Bao’er and readied himself to escape.

Xie Qing King was unfazed by this threat, though. The silver that coursed around and across his body burned brighter than ever.

The swords began to drop. But just as this occurred, the light inside Xie Qing King seemed to diminish and look almost wholly extinguished.

Yet he did not retreat or step down. As the color faded away, he just stood there, watching the swords fall like rain.

Boom!

As the Storm of Swords began, the color of the skies changed. The world was about to become a ragged pincushion.

As Xie Qing King witnessed the descent of all those swords, his silver light return brighter than ever before, like a flashbang. As that light encompassed the area, he threw a punch upwards as if to knockout the sky itself.

Boom!

The silver light annihilated the mist of swords as if they were all composed of wafer-thin, brittle copper.

The silver light then moved towards Holy-Sword Emperor. The spirit's face was one of utter shock, but it didn't last. Within the course of the next second, he was vaporized by the fallout of that blinding flash.

When the light subsided and the sky cleared up again, Xie Qing King coldly said, "No one threatens me."

After that, he fell to the ground. All the healing he had received was gone again, and the wounds across his body opened up once more. The lifeforce was now so low, he could pass for an ordinary human.

With Bao'er, Han Sen stepped forward to examine Xie Qing King. When they did, they noticed his lifeforce was in a state that was beyond recovery; he was dying.

Being so injured and casting an attack like that anyway could be ruinous. It was fortunate he did not outright die through some sort of wicked implosion, brought on by the buckling of a weakened body trying to cast such a terrifying attack.

But Han Sen admired him even more now. The bravery he displayed was exemplary.

Han Sen was considering using the silver fox's healing power to try and save him, or at least stop the bleeding, but suddenly, a noise sounded. Holy-Sword Emperor was still alive, crawling to his feet from beneath a mound of broken sword pieces.

“No way! I saw him explode. He was vaporized!” Han Sen looked on in disbelief.

Xie Qing King was in an equal amount of shock. He mumbled, “There is no way you survived that attack of mine.”

Holy-Sword Emperor coldly growled, “You really are good. You broke my Storm of Swords; if it wasn't for my Holy-Sword Doll, I'd have been killed. Using it now was a grand loss, but it will have been worth it, if it has granted me the opportunity to kill someone as prestigious as you.”

When Holy-Sword Emperor said this, he ran towards Xie Qing King in a huff. Then he stepped on his face.

Holy-Sword Emperor made it sound as if he didn't mind the loss of the Holy-Sword Doll, but in truth, it bitterly stung him. It had cost him a fortune to grow it.

But he hated Xie Qing King, and having his scroll of the phoenix stolen drove him mad. He hated his guts.

Xie Qing King looked at Holy-Sword Emperor with eyes that were filled with disdain.

Holy-Sword Emperor hated that look, so he rubbed his foot in his face harder and applied as much pressure as he could.

Suddenly, a golden light appeared and Holy-Sword Emperor felt a strange power approach. It was Han Sen, clutching his Phoenix Sword.

“You are just a human; do you really wish to threaten me with that? I can kill you in the blink of an eye. But unlike this prehistoric fool, you won't respawn.” Holy-Sword Emperor

knew Han Sen was a human, and he thought that Xie Qing King had simply taken Han Sen as an average human slave.

“You’re right; I can’t respawn.” Han Sen smirked, and then went on to say, “Killing someone in battle is fair play, but humiliating someone like him is wrong. You can’t humiliate him.”

Hearing this, Xie Qing King’s eyes jumped a little. What he was now thinking about, though, none could guess.

“Hahaha! You can’t tell me what to do. No one tells me what to do, ever! You are in no position to lick my boots clean, let alone lecture me about humiliating an old fart that’s past his prime.” Holy-Sword Emperor brought his foot down harder, and then barked, “I will break your limbs one by one, boy. And I’ll make you watch how I slowly torture and humiliate this worthless spirit. And once I’m done with him, I’ll skin you alive and wear you for a coat!”

Holy-Sword Emperor summoned a few more swords and fired them towards Han Sen.

Han Sen swung his sword to knock the incoming projectiles away. Then he said, “Don’t embarrass me with such lame attacks. Come on, show me what you’ve really got.”

Han Sen knew Holy-Sword Emperor would come for him eventually, and a fight between them was inevitable. If he wanted to maintain his control of Sword-Furnace Shelter, though, he had to learn how to beat the spirit. Now was the time he could put his strength to the test.

“D*mn you!” Holy-Sword Emperor now felt like the one being humiliated. He couldn’t believe a human was brazen enough to speak to him like that.

Another ten thousand swords were summoned, all propped up in his direction, prepared to skin Han Sen alive.

But Han Sen was still calm, and all of a sudden, the wings of a crow formed upon his back.

Chapter 1050 - Becoming a Gold Raven

Chapter 1050: Becoming a Gold Raven

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

When the crow wings spread, Han Sen transformed into a raven. He had shapeshifted to appear just like the Three-Claw Gold Ravens he and Xie Qing King had just done battle with.

And indeed, that was the beast soul he had just received—it was a shapeshifting beast soul. It made him resemble the fierce creature he had just triumphed over.

The moment he transformed, the swords took flight against him. But before they found their target, Han Sen flapped his wings and was suddenly ablaze with the wild dance of searing flames. Without hesitation, he flew forward to meet with the Storm of Swords.

Katcha!

When the swords came into contact with the ravenous fires that encompassed Han Sen, they smoldered down to the ground like molten jelly.

“Impossible!” Han Sen soared through the wall of swords uninhibited, as each sword melted when it entered the proximity of his malevolent fires. Holy-Sword Emperor’s face could not help but droop.

He could now assess Han Sen’s power, and he could feel the full strength of nine gene locks firing on all cylinders.

Han Sen’s Blood-Pulse Sutra had now unlocked its ninth gene lock. Previously, he had been too weak to do so, due to his fitness being too low.

By using this beast soul, though, it imbued him with the required strength to activate the ninth tier. As a gold bird, he was a raging, avian fiend of nine gene locks.

Han Sen, upon using it now, also noticed his Phoenix Flame and his proficiency with the handling of fire elemental skills were given a buff.

The gold raven was a creature associated with the element of fire, which was not unlike a phoenix. This beast soul and its shapeshifting ability was a good match for Han Sen, who was skilled in its powers already. There was great synergy involved.

Like a phoenix, he'd be able to fly high and see the breadth of the world.

No sword could stop Han Sen in this form.

Holy-Sword Emperor's face changed, and he realized a shift in tactics was required. Quickly, he brought the swords to form a cross-hatch net structure to surround him like a bubble. In this way, he removed his foot from Xie Qing King's face and launched himself towards Han Sen.

The phoenix became semi-transparent, and as if through magic, breached the veil of swords without receiving a single point of damage.

In the eye of that hurricane of swords, Han Sen reached out his talons to strike. Holy-Sword Emperor sought to dodge, but he soon realized he'd be unable to do so. Han Sen's approach was too fast.

Phoenixes were champions of the skies, and there was no possible way for Holy-Sword Emperor to beat such a creature when it came to pure, unbridled speed.

Holy-Sword Emperor only had one thing left he could do, and that was to meet Han Sen's talons with his black sword.

Dong!

The talons collided with the sword. It was Holy-Sword Emperor who was sent flying, with his weapon now enwreathed with a hungry flame. When he landed, he attempted to put out

the fire, but there was nothing he could do against that insatiable fire. He could only watch the metal of the blade burn away.

Han Sen was merciless. He let out an ear-piercing screech and resumed his assault on Holy-Sword Emperor.

As he tried to combat the incoming threat, Holy-Sword Emperor was forced to summon his dual backup-swords.

Like a javelin of wrathful fire, Han Sen accelerated on his approach. Holy-Sword Emperor knew he'd be unable to accurately gauge the correct timing for striking Han Sen with his blistering speed, so he could only flail his swords around like a madman, in the hope he'd get lucky.

In the blink of an eye, Holy-Sword Emperor's weapons were ablaze with more starved flames. As the blades were ravaged, a number of painful scratch marks suddenly formed across his body and face.

Holy-Sword Emperor was delivered another shock. He did his best to avoid the blitzing bird, but he was repeatedly burned and cut.

As this occurred, Han Sen's body was gunning at a speed much faster than his mind could keep up with. He himself was in disbelief over the powers he was wielding, and if he didn't know any better, he'd believe he was teleporting from place to place with the insane pace he was moving around at.

The lagging shadow of a phoenix was the only thing that could be seen attacking Holy-Sword Emperor. Over and over, Han Sen ran him through with his talons raised.

As his weapons became wholly consumed by fire, Holy-Sword Emperor threw them away like a fiery torch that was about to burn his hand. The scratches that accumulated across his body began to itch and burn, and soon after, he himself was set ablaze. With his body on fire, he began crying aloud in agony.

“I’m going to kill you!” Holy-Sword Emperor managed to sputter, but that was the last thing he could say. He exploded and returned to his spirit stone.

Han Sen’s body returned to that of a human. After the battle, he was confident he now had what it took to do battle with any king spirit. With the gold raven beast soul and his ninth gene lock open, he had everything he needed.

Xie Qing King looked at Han Sen with a complicated expression. He didn’t know what a human was.

“My Emperor, allow me to return you to the soothing waters of the lake,” Han Sen said. And then, he proceeded to do just that.

Han Sen was not planning to kill him. He preferred peace to incessant fighting, even with spirits.

“What is a human?” Xie Qing King asked, while he was in the lake.

Han Sen explained what humans were and did not hide a thing. It would only be a matter of time until he found out, possibly through the explanation of another spirit, so there was no need for Han Sen to be misleading.

Xie Qing King sounded very interested in who they were, and he asked, “The teleporters in our shelters take you to the Alliance? But why have I never been able to make use of them?”

“I don’t know, either.” Han Sen did not know why spirits and creatures couldn’t use the teleportation devices in the shelters of the sanctuaries.

After his explanation, Xie Qing King seemed very interested in learning more about the human world and their many cultures. He asked Han Sen many questions.

And to the best of his abilities, Han Sen answered.

“My Emperor, I should go now. It is my hope that, when next we meet, we won’t consider each other enemies.” After bathing together for a few hours, Han Sen said this and prepared to leave.

“Hang on,” Xie Qing King said, to stop Han Sen from leaving for a moment.

Han Sen turned around, wondering what else the spirit might want to know.

“Let me come with you. I would like to see for myself what humans are like. I want to see the things you have told me about,” Xie Qing King requested.

“About that...” Han Sen hesitated for a moment, so he could think about how he could best articulate what he wanted to say. Most human technology could not be used or brought to the sanctuaries, after all.

But if Bao’er was able to enter the world of humans, what was there to say spirits could not?

“You are a good person, and you are a skilled fighter. But when you fought Holy-Sword Emperor, he was already damaged. That is how you killed him. If he assaults your shelter, with his super creatures in tow, there is no guarantee you can withstand and survive such a conquest.” Xie Qing King squinted.

Chapter 1051 - A Card

Chapter 1051: A Card

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen conceded and decided to oblige Xie Qing King's desire. Once they exited there, they would travel to Sword-Furnace Shelter together.

For Han Sen to allow this, though, he had to have something in return. For Xie Qing King to remain at Sword-Furnace Shelter, he would have to aid Han Sen in taking down Holy-Sword Shelter.

After their discussion, Xie Qing King remained in the lake to heal. As he did, Han Sen went off on his own to search for the treasure ahead of him. When he was feeling better, Xie Qing King said he'd follow.

Han Sen was initially concerned about venturing through the strange land alone, but now that he had received his new beast soul, he was more comfortable in doing so.

With his current fitness, he could shapeshift and do battle for a good while before becoming exhausted.

The only problem with using the gold raven beast soul was the fact that he could only make use of one of the skills he frequently used as a human. All he could use was Aero.

When Han Sen transformed, he was essentially a fire super creature. There was a chance he might have even been stronger than Xie Qing King himself.

He was curious about the nature of the gold raven beast soul, though. The beast soul he received from the sheep was polluted, whereas this one wasn't.

Han Sen guessed it might have something to do with the fire element.

Han Sen got back to exploring the strange place from above, airborne. After flying for a while, he caught sight of a few creatures that looked like the sheep. He killed one and discovered that they too were inedible.

It had been a while since he saw Brother Seven, and while he held some worry for his well-being, Han Sen also wanted to find the treasure.

Han Sen spent the next few days flying around, but he could find neither hide nor hair of Brother Seven or the elusive treasure that had led him down there in the first place.

So he decided to return to Cow Mountain that Brother Seven had once mentioned as a potential rendezvous point.

Han Sen could not find anyone there at first, but then a weird figure caught his eye. There was a cave in the distance, and a dirty person emerged from that dark hole.

“Brother Seven!” Han Sen ran over to the man.

“I knew you’d be back!” Brother Seven immediately placed something in Han Sen’s hand. “I found this in the Phoenix Eye. Take it back.”

“What? Are you not coming back with me?” Han Sen asked.

“I need to return to Holy-Sword Emperor. I can only assume some trust has been lost between us, and I should work on restoring some of it. I could die at any second, remember? But I’m going to tell you about a certain place, and you’re going to have to go there. All the intel I have gathered is there.” Brother Seven repeated this statement a few times.

Han Sen looked at him with admiration. Brother Seven was the sort of fellow you would not meet every day. There were many sides to his character, but all of them good.

“I will take down Holy-Sword Shelter, just you watch. I will give you back your freedom,” Han Sen said with assurance.

“I know you will.” Brother Seven nodded with a smile.

Brother Seven was feeling a jittery hope he had not felt in a long time.

“Come on, let’s get out of this place,” Brother Seven said.

But Han Sen shook his head and told him, “I’m waiting for someone. You should go on ahead of me.”

“Who can you possibly be waiting for, in a place like this?” Brother Seven asked, humorously.

“Well, it’s not really a who. It’s not a person, per se.” Han Sen explained the events that had led to him encountering Xie Qing King, and the peculiar alliance they had forged.

Brother Seven did warn him, though. He told Han Sen, “You should still exercise caution around him. If he did, by chance, turn on you, you might be too weak to save yourself. And if you were unable to defeat him, I don’t fancy the chances of others.”

“I understand,” Han Sen replied.

Han Sen might have felt this way himself, but he had become a lot more confident in his abilities. If Xie Qing King did try something, he was sure he could respond to the threat appropriately.

Still, Han Sen kept the precautionary words of Brother Seven in mind. It was only wise to stay on one’s toes.

After all, Han Sen’s power mostly came from external forces. His actual fitness level was far below what he would have liked.

Han Sen waited a few more days, and eventually, Xie Qing King came to meet him at the exit to that place.

“My Emperor, did you find the treasure you sought?” Han Sen asked.

“No, and I give in for now. I have no idea where that blasted turkey kept their belongings.” Xie Qing King then eyed Han Sen suspiciously, before asking, “And what about you? Did you find something?”

Han Sen shook his head and said, “No, but I fear for my shelter.”

Han Sen did not care if Xie Qing King believed him, because technically he had not lied. He didn't find anything; Brother Seven had just given him something.

It was a gold card, shaped like an arrow. There was a phoenix on the front and a woman's face on the back.

Han Sen had never seen Phoenix Emperor before, so the spirit's appearance was always up for debate. While the initial assumption might have been that it was a man, it could very well have been a woman. And now, Han Sen suspected it was, and the image of the woman's face might have actually been a representation of the elusive Phoenix Emperor.

Aside from that, Han Sen had also received another treasure, one that had presented itself to him. It was the weird fish-bird, and it had yet to leave Han Sen alone. It insisted on following him, in continued admiration for his Phoenix Sword.

Either Xie Qing King believed Han Sen or he didn't actually care, but whatever the case may have been, he did not ask again. Currently, he was keen to see Han Sen's shelter and meet the other humans that were said to be there.

Han Sen brought Xie Qing King there, just as he had promised. He also made sure to warn Lin He and his people to be respectful and avoid doing anything that might infuriate the man.

Xie Qing King had promised Han Sen he wouldn't hurt anyone, but who knew what he might do in a fit of wall-punching rage?

Xie Qing King observed the people of the shelter with keen interest, and he was particularly fascinated with their clothing. Over and over, he made requests for Han Sen to show him items that humans frequently made use of.

Chapter 1052 - A Door to a New World

Chapter 1052: A Door to a New World

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen left Xie Qing King in the shelter and returned to the Alliance. Xie Qing King had said that he wanted to read some human books, and while Han Sen was happy to oblige, he didn't have any books he could give the spirit. After all, Han Sen could not risk leaking important human information.

The deal was still in place, too, in which Xie Qing King would help Han Sen eliminate Holy-Sword Emperor and conquer Holy-Sword Shelter. So, by giving Xie Qing King books as requested, Han Sen thought he'd be in a better mood to assist.

Han Sen tuned into a TV show discussing classic books and composed a list from that.

Then, Han Sen purchased a number of the books, in physical format, and placed them in a box to give to Xie Qing King.

“A separation of race does not abolish the concept of friendship between them. We should treat those of a different species or race with a greater respect.” When Han Sen was done on Skynet, he said this as he returned to the shelter.

He had only been gone a day, but when he got back, he discovered Xie Qing King had been impatient while he was gone. And through his inability to wait, he had gotten mad and almost destroyed the place.

People had become scared of him by this point, and now, most people decided to remain in the Alliance until he was no longer around.

Only Bao'er was unafraid of the big lug, and she frequently had fun riding around on his head.

“What are these things?” Xie Qing King asked with wide eyes, upon seeing the boxes.

“You will see, soon enough.” Han Sen gave him a smile, but then went on to ask, “By the way, how do you feel about books? I could bring you some, but I am unsure whether or not you would be able to read them.”

“The human language is simple. Compared to the language of spirits, it is d*mn near babyish.” Xie Qing King sounded passive aggressive, but he returned a smile, all the same.

“Well, that’s good! I brought you some books, many containing illustrations. Perhaps you can learn more about humanity through them. Humans make excellent storytellers.” Han Sen pushed the box to Xie Qing King and said, “And that’s what’s in the box; loads of such books. I can bring you others if you don’t like them, too.”

“Okay.” Xie Qing King was appreciative, and he did like Han Sen quite a bit.

“I am also going to prepare some human food for you. And I’ve actually brought a variety of snacks with me for you try, as well. Snacks are a staple of our culture!” Han Sen then presented a number of snacks and laid them out for Xie Qing King.

Xie Qing King thought there was much to like about the human race, and they were composed of good people. Or at least, even if the others seemed weak, Han Sen was decent.

Han Sen had also requested the delivery of a sofa so Xie Qing King could be more comfortable. And while the spirit relaxed, Han Sen got to cooking up a storm. Compared to spirits, he was a master chef. His cooking skills were near-enough divine.

Of course, the primary reason for spirits’ lack of interest in food was the fact that they did not have to eat. All they ever ate were fruits that proved beneficial to their development.

“You don’t have to cook. I don’t eat. Just bring me more books,” Xie Qing King said, after finishing all the books that he had just been given.

“But I have to cook you something. Fine dining is a cornerstone of human tradition. Cooking for others, or relishing the cooking of others, is incredibly important. So, you must try the food I am preparing,” Han Sen explained.

“Hmm, all right then.” After agreeing, Xie Qing King watched Bao’er open a bag of chips. Curious, he did the same.

As Han Sen continued to cook, Xie Qing King developed a fondness for the chips he had just consumed.

A door to a new world had opened before Xie Qing King.

Han Sen, in the meantime, occupied his mind with a plan of attack for how he’d deal with Holy-Sword Shelter. For as long as that place remained active and controlled by Holy-Sword Emperor, he would not feel safe.

Suddenly, Ji Yanran called Han Sen.

“When are you coming back?” Han Sen asked her.

And to this, Ji Yanran said, “I don’t think I can. Not for a long while, leastways. Our discussions with the shura are still ongoing, and we’ve just been talking about investigating a bunch of new crystallizer ruins that have been discovered.”

“You’re co-operating with the shura?” Han Sen was quite shocked to hear this. The truce was still active, but he had thought that the tensions were still quite high. He never would have thought that relations with the shura would have advanced enough to allow a joint archaeology project with them.

But Ji Yanran explained, “In some places, the aid of the shura is imperative. We need them.”

“But you are only just an evolver; why are you leading?” Han Sen frowned.

“They picked me.” Ji Yanran smiled and then went on to say, “To them, I’m pretty much a princess. They sent a royal shura prince to escort me, so it’s not as if I could have declined their request.”

“There’s a royal shura with you?” Han Sen’s face became dour.

“Don’t worry. Human surpassers are also coming with me,” Ji Yanran said, to alleviate his concerns.

“I’m coming with you,” Han Sen swiftly said.

But Ji Yanran responded, “The people going with me have opened eight of their gene locks. And that aside, only sixteen people can go. There’ll be eight humans and eight shuras.”

“I don’t care. I’m coming with you.”

Ji Yanran wished to continue their talk, but Han Sen hung up. He then went to contact Ji Ruozen.

“Why are you letting your daughter go to a place so dangerous?!” Han Sen said, his voice clearly upset.

“This is an important matter of the Alliance, and it is a privilege for my daughter to do this,” Ji Ruozen explained.

“She is my wife, too, remember? Shouldn’t I have a say in this?” Han Sen did not wait for a response, and immediately went on to say, “If you want her to go so badly, I’m going with her.”

“Eight people is the max. I’m sorry, but we already have the best available people going,” Ji Ruozen said with a frown.

“You can either let me go, or I take her away from there.” Han Sen was firm in his stance on the matter.

Chapter 1053 - Battling Shura Again

Chapter 1053: Battling Shura Again

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

The shura agreed that Han Sen could take the place of one other human member on one condition: he would have to defeat the shura leader to prove himself.

“We can pick whoever we want to go, so why should we require their permission now?” Han Sen frowned, upon hearing the terms for his acceptance.

“We are co-operating with the shura. We need to take their views into consideration and deal with the entire matter responsibly. Things were settled, but it was you who wanted to change what we had already established. It is only fair for them to make a request, in exchange,” Ji Ruozhen explained.

“Fair enough,” Han Sen said.

Han Sen knew there was a limit to the number of people who could go, and there was a certain requirement of strength needed to be shown for going.

Only surpassers were able to go. Only they possessed the minimum requirement of strength, and the maximum, also. Demi-gods were considered too powerful, and were forbidden from entry.

For the shura, only fighters of the third rank could go. Any higher than the third rank would also be deemed too powerful. At the third rank, they would have a fitness of around the two thousand mark on the human scale.

This was actually a little higher than the humans who were going though, where the average sat at around one thousand eight hundred.

But with that being said, humans had advantages elsewhere, which helped level the playing field. Unlike the shura, humans could open gene locks and wield elements and hyper geno arts. The shura had to rely on raw physical strength.

Han Sen took a spaceship to Tans for the fight that would determine whether or not he could accompany the expedition. He knew full well who his opponent was going to be, as Ji Ruozhen made sure to give Han Sen all the details. While he wasn't fond of the way Han Sen was forcing his way in, he didn't want him to get hurt or go in without a clue of what he was going up against.

His opponent's name was Yu Tuoshan. He was the seventh son of the current shura queen. On the human metric, his fitness had been calculated to be two-thousand-one-hundred-and-forty-three.

The other seven shura were bound to be of similar strength, as they were all regarded as elites.

As Han Sen journeyed to his fight, the shura held a meeting for themselves.

"My Prince, you can allow Lou Lan to fight in your stead," the chief of the shura team said.

"He beat my brother, Yu Qielan! This is my fight; vengeance is needed!" Yu Tuoshan implored.

"Do not worry; he is merely a human surpasser. And he has only just become one. He is probably still suckling at the surpasser teat. You can beat him with ease, My Prince," Lou Lan said.

"Indeed I can, all without hassle. His power is nowhere near the strength of a third rank fighter of ours."

No one believed Han Sen could beat Yu Tuoshan.

The chief wished to say something, but Yu Tuoshan interrupted him and said, “It is time for the pride of that Han Sen to crumble like a castle to the ground. I am the one who will beat him, end of story.”

The chief tried to say nothing more, as he pretty much agreed with Yu Tuoshan. Han Sen hadn’t been a surpasser for very long, so it was likely his strength wasn’t comparable to them or even the other humans that sought to go with them.

Only the most elite of the surpassers were able to fight against the third rank shura. For the humans that hadn’t reached their stage, their fitness would be too low to compete.

When Han Sen arrived, the preparations for a fight had already all been established. There was no need to visit the base, and instead, he was able to go straight to the arena.

If Han Sen failed, he couldn’t join the operation. Therefore, there was no need for him to go, anyway.

Inside the training room, an audience of humans and shura had already assembled. They were excited to see the fight.

“This is crazy! Being the president’s son-in-law means squat. Hierarchical status means nothing when it comes to doing battle. I mean, how many gene locks could this kid have unlocked in the little amount of time he has actually been in the Third God’s Sanctuary?” An old man frowned.

Not even the humans sounded pleased with the circumstances that brought about this fight and the possibilities of what might happen during it.

“Teacher Zhao, you shouldn’t say something like that. Age and time spent somewhere do not always correlate to strength. If that was true, you should be the strongest man here, you old geezer! You’re a hundred years old, aren’t you?” a middle-aged man said.

“Ji Hailan, Professor Bai is the strongest. But Han Sen has only been there for a year. How many gene locks can you realistically expect him to have been able to open? If he makes it onto the team, he’ll just be someone else you’ll have to babysit,” Zhao Yongbo said.

Ji Hailan laughed in response, saying, “Keep any opinions and questions of your own to yourself, where they belong. We can take care of ourselves, so just mind your own business. If Han Sen can’t beat the shura down there, he’ll most likely be killed. He’ll be dead before we ever even have to babysit him.”

Professor Bai then stopped them and said, “Stop it, you two. These aren’t matters for you to concern yourselves with. Keep your attention on your own missions.”

The shura looked more excited than the humans did, this time. They leveled up quickly, and they could achieve their third rank before the age of forty. Compared to the humans, they were quite young.

“Lian Chan, what are you doing?” Lou Lan asked, watching another shura woman use her communicator.

“I am streaming the fight,” Lian Chan responded.

“Put it away. If the chief sees you, it’ll be bad,” Lou Lan said.

“The Prince is going to win, that much is obvious. It’s only fair that the rest of our people get the opportunity to see how cool he is,” Lian Chan said as she continued to adjust her camera’s position to capture the entire arena.

Lian Chan was from a big royal family of the shura, and she was of a lineage that had many shura kings in the past. Even though the Yu family was in charge now, she and her family still possessed a great deal of influence.

Lou Lan didn't think there was a need to stream, but he wasn't too concerned about her desire to. Allowing the shura to watch a guaranteed victory would be an excellent morale-boost that the people of the shura sorely needed.

Chapter 1054 - Shura Punch

Chapter 1054: Shura Punch

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“Lian Chan is streaming! Hmm, but that place doesn’t look remotely shura. There are human artifacts everywhere.”

“That’s because it is a human place. I wonder what My Goddess is doing there?”

“Say something, My Goddess! What is this place you have gone to?”

“It looks like a fighting arena. Are humans going to fight us again?”

“Whoa, is that Yu Tuoshan? Who is his opponent, I wonder?”

“Really? Yu Tuoshan is there?”

“Who is stupid enough to challenge him?”

“Look! A human has gone up as his opponent. He looks a bit young, though, doesn’t he?”

“Why are they putting some kid up against Yu Tuoshan? I hope they don’t get mad when this child gets beaten to death.”

“Hahaha!”

Everyone believed Han Sen was too young to stand a chance. After all the years spent fighting humans, they had learned a lot.

Due to the advent of sanctuaries, humans became stronger the older they got. Someone who was that young was typically quite weak.

Lian Chan did not want the chief to find out she was streaming, so she stayed silent with the camera positioned just right.

Han Sen, who was now on stage, looked at Yu Tuoshan. Just as the intel stated, he had a muscular body that was complimented by purple eyes that glared wildly.

The purple horns protruding from his forehead were another confirmation that he was royal.

Shura dictated royalty differently than humans did. The shura monarchy was not based on lineage, and the heirs of a king would not always ascend the throne following their passing. It was possible for any shura to become king, but they had to prove themselves as the most powerful of their kind, bar none.

The shura were so strong because of their culture, which revolved around fighting.

Han Sen and Yu Tuoshan eyed each other from opposite ends of the arena.

The shura disdained humans, and it was no different for Yu Tuoshan. Unlike many of the others, however, he would not underestimate an opponent.

Yu Tuoshan observed Han Sen carefully, placing much faith in what his eyes and gut instincts were telling him. It was very much the same way for Han Sen.

After giving him a good look, Yu Tuoshan could detect an aura of some power in his rival. His caution was appropriate.

Han Sen's eyes were calm and full of confidence. It was a common look for him, but the shura believed there were generally only two reasons why an opponent would appear this way.

First, Han Sen could be a reckless character, uncaring for who he fought against.

Or secondly, Han Sen was confident in his own power after a careful examination of Yu Tuoshan himself.

Yu Tuoshan did not think the president of the Alliance would allow his daughter to marry someone so reckless, so Han Sen had to possess some amount of power.

Still, he wasn't afraid. Yu Tuoshan was firm in the belief he'd win, and that hadn't changed. But his excitement had increased, learning his opponent wasn't going to be a total wimp.

"I am Han Sen. Please go easy on me," Han Sen said.

If Han Sen won, they'd have to go exploring the crystallizer ruins together. Having an enemy for a companion on such a venture would be pointless.

The shura were still lacking an understanding for the subtleties and undertones of human emotions, though. They simply believed Han Sen was afraid. The fact he was just being polite never crossed their minds.

"Humans are so lame! Is that kid scared already?"

"Has he peed himself yet?"

"Haha, can you blame him? Our prince is far too powerful."

"Humans can be tricky, you know. Perhaps the boy is trying to lull the prince into a false sense of security, by presenting himself as a weak child?"

...

Whatever their opinion of Han Sen was, it was in some capacity bad.

"Humans have been known to fake things before," Lian Chan said.

The beliefs and traditions of the shura and humanity could not be more different, so right now, it really was difficult for the shura to believe Han Sen was just being polite.

“I know what you’re doing, but I’m not going to hold back,” Yu Tuoshan said, staring at Han Sen with his bloodthirsty eyes.

In response, Han Sen spread his arms and said, “Please do.”

Yu Tuoshan’s muscles were like steel pistons, immediately launching Han Sen’s way.

The fist made the air ripple with shockwaves. It traveled at a blistering pace, in a bid to finish Han Sen in a single opening move.

“Shura Punch.” Many of the shura were shocked to see this skill used.

It was a punch every shura knew of, as it was a basic starter skill.

That being said, it made for a great canvas. Countless shura had modified it, using it as a template for new skills of their own.

It was nothing entirely special, but it was solid. It couldn’t be knocked, really.

Its simplicity was reflected in its appearance, but that’s not to say it looked fragile or weak in any way.

Han Sen hit back with Sonic-Thunder Punch.

Yu Tuoshan’s flesh and bone trembled with the simmering power that carried his strike, and effortlessly, it destroyed Han Sen’s attempt.

Boom!

When their fists collided, Han Sen was knocked back a few meters, with skids marks tracing his knockback.

“This shura really is strong. Maybe I am a little out of my league here,” Han Sen calmly thought to himself.

Chapter 1055 - Unbelievable

Chapter 1055: Unbelievable

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“Haha! Fighting with a shura? The lad is out of his mind!”

“A human with that measly level of fitness chose to fight with our prince? How stupid is he?”

“Human bro, let me teach you a skill. It involves spinning your body repeatedly. If you do that, you might last a few seconds longer.”

“He should make use of the Toyama theory, and use the landscape and geography of the arena to his advantage. Oh, wait a minute... the arena is flat. May God have mercy on his soul.”

The shura thought Han Sen’s decision to engage in this fight was so far beyond dumb, it was unwittingly hilarious. They mockingly devised methods how the human on stage might last a little longer. The stream was a meme-field.

Lou Lan laughed and said, “Are we positive this kid didn’t just come here to waste our time just to have a laugh?”

Lian Chan commented, “He’s only just become a surpasser, hasn’t he? What other kind of performance can we expect?”

“Don’t underestimate him. This human is strong,” an elderly shura dourly said from beside Lou Lan.

The two looked at the old shura and said, “Uncle Gu Na? Isn’t he far weaker than the prince, though?”

Gu Na shook his head and said nothing more. He kept his eyes fixed on Han Sen, watching him with keen interest.

Without a reply, an unease settled on the minds of the two shura ladies. They did not say anything more, either.

Gu Na was the only one there who was not a royal shura, but he was two hundred years old. For the white-horned shura that he was, the third rank was the highest rank that could be achieved.

So, while Gu Na was merely an elite soldier, it was something that had not denied him a valiant history. He had participated in numerous battles over the years, and he had received a number of medals for the incredible service and heroics deeds he had performed.

He had been chosen for the expedition into the crystallizer ruins because he was very powerful, in a capacity that did not exceed the maximum allowed ballpark of strength for the people who went. He also had extensive experience and had seen much, over the course of his long lifetime.

Still, due to his lower hierarchical prestige and age, the younger sorts like Lou Lan and Lian Chan didn't often care for the words he spoke.

Yu Tuoshan threw a punch in Han Sen's direction again. It came fast and hard.

Han Sen didn't seem keen to dodge, however, and decided to meet his opponent's fist with his own.

The humans believed Han Sen was being stupid, trying to push in such a manner. They believed he was foolish in trying to match the shura's strength directly.

"I fear we already know who has won, as if it wasn't obvious beforehand," Zhao Yongbo said dismally.

Ji Hailan said nothing, but Han Sen's behavior was strange.

Only Bai Yishan looked at Han Sen with a modicum of happiness.

Others may not have recognized the punch Han Sen was using, but he did. And that was because he was the one who had created Yin Yang Blast.

It was a dangerous talent. As such, its learning was forbidden, and it seemed likely that ruling would stand for a long time to come.

Bai Yishan felt a great sense of pride and accomplishment whenever he saw someone use a technique he had created. This was especially true for Yin Yang Blast.

Still, he didn't understand exactly how Han Sen proposed to block or deflect the shura's punch with this strike.

Yin Yang Blast was only effective against enemies that were of the same tier as the caster. Everyone thought Han Sen was considerably weaker, and as such, he thought the power of the skill would be squandered.

But Bai Yishan also knew something else, and that was about Han Sen's character. He knew Han Sen was a highly proficient fighter, and his head was always screwed on correctly. Han Sen wouldn't do anything that might result in his loss, so he put the doubts out of his mind out and waited for what was to unfold. He wanted to see how far the skill could go.

When the moment of collision came, Han Sen's fist opened up to reveal his palm. In a split-second, he changed his method of attack to grab Yu Tuoshan's fist.

To the onlookers, it seemed like a pointless change. The general assumption was that fists were always stronger than palms.

Yu Tuoshan believed Han Sen had underestimated him snidely, so he resolved to hit his opponent even harder.

But when the fist came into contact with the palm, everyone was shocked.

There was no noise; it was as if the force of Yu Tuoshan's incoming fist had simply refused to exist and had canceled itself. There Han Sen stood, with his fingers wrapped around the shura's fist firmly.

And then, with a slight movement, Yu Tuoshan's entire body was cast away like a doll.

Boom!

Yu Tuoshan's body was thrown through the reinforced glass that separated the stage from the audience and crashed into a few chairs.

Everyone was shocked, unable to believe what had just happened. The way the shura had been tossed away seemed so very easy and light, as if he was no heavier than a crumpled piece of paper to Han Sen.

Lian Chan's eyes were wide open in bewilderment.

The viewers of the stream had all gone quiet, and an unsettling silence began to choke the viewers both online and offline. Their all-powerful prince had been chucked away by a human. In the aftermath of such a shock, not one word was spoken or typed.

"Awesome!" Bai Yishan was the one to break the gripping quiet, and he sounded far happier now than he did whenever he won fights of his own.

But Bai Yishan wasn't just happy over Han Sen's victory, he was overjoyed in seeing that the skill he had developed could be dexterous enough to overcome and defeat a shura.

Chapter 1056 - Giving Up Victory

Chapter 1056: Giving Up Victory

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

What Han Sen had just performed was not exactly like Bai Yishan's Yin Yang Blast. It was a modified variant which employed twists Han Sen had decided to incorporate himself. One new component was a simulation of Bao'er's energy flow.

Yu Tuoshan's punch was supposed to hold the power of a bulldozer, which should have annihilated his opponent. And in essence, it was. Through a simulation of Bao'er's energy, Han Sen was able to absorb all of the strength the shura had put into his strike and reverse it. It was very promptly returned to the sender.

Still, this should have come as no surprise; after all, the skill was based on Yin Yang Blast.

The royal shura was strong, and he hadn't been wholly defeated yet. After crashing into the audience, he stopped for a moment to get a sense of what had happened, and then immediately hopped back into the arena.

"Since I was thrown off the stage, does that result in an immediate victory for you?" Yu Tuoshan asked, with surprising decency.

Yu Tuoshan did not believe he had lost. And he believed he had somehow been tricked by Han Sen, and the window for this to occur was through his own recklessness and underestimation of his opponent.

Being a prince of the shura, there were certain behavioral standards he had to uphold. So, before striking again and resuming the fight he did not believe he had lost, he had to ask Han Sen's permission first.

Everyone then looked at Han Sen, to see what response he'd give. The judge wished to declare that leaving the arena should have made the shura forfeit, but these circumstances were more than unexpected, and so he hesitated.

"Of course not," Han Sen answered.

The shura all felt relieved. It would have been far too embarrassing for them, if Yu Tuoshan was to lose in such a way.

"At the very least, this Han Sen fellow is quite honorable," Lou Lan said.

"Yes, but our prince needs to be more careful henceforth. Even if that doesn't count as losing, it was still an ugly and embarrassing thing to witness," Lian Chan said.

In the stream, others were feeling relieved, as well. But their confidence in victory had most certainly been sapped by some degree.

"This guy is strange. The prince needs to be careful."

"He has some balls, though. I'm surprised they're not weighing him down."

"Tricks and nothing more. The prince, being wise to them now, should have no problem defeating that human."

"Beat him, My Prince!"

...

Many of the shura watched intently, as did a number of humans who had tuned into the same stream. Everywhere, there was a sudden surge of excitement for this battle.

Also tuning into the stream were peacekeepers of the planet, who had previously been stationed there to ensure nothing ill came from any flared tempers between visiting humans and the shura that originally inhabited the place.

Zhou Ping had been on the planet for many years, and in that time, he had dealt with a tally of negotiations higher than he could count. He had also been the victim of constant bullying and disrespect by the shura.

The planet was shura territory, after all. As such, he knew he should have expected less-than-favorable treatment.

The only thing that ever brought a smile to his face was seeing a shura lose to a human in some capacity. Needless to say, the stream was quite thrilling to watch.

Humans always had to appear intimidating to be successful in negotiations.

But now, with the truce in play, their days on the planet had actually become more difficult.

When Zhou Ping had nothing to do, he'd often watch the streams of beautiful shura women.

Lian Chan was a beautiful and powerful royal, and the source of many men's fantasies.

On this day, when she began streaming, Zhou Ping tuned in to watch. There, he saw Yu Tuoshan engaged in a fight with a human.

Immediately, he recognized the human on-screen was Han Sen, and so he called for all his workmates to gather and watch the fight alongside him.

When Yu Tuoshan was thrown away, the boisterous shura all fell silent and the stream was dead. Zhou Ping and his crowd, though, were the complete opposite; they felt immeasurable excitement.

“Awesome!” Zhou Ping exclaimed.

Although they were not formally acquainted with one another, they felt a great pride in watching Han Sen do what he did.

Overall, what they felt was strange, and it was a feeling that only came from circumstances in which a triumph was achievable against all odds or if you were hopelessly outnumbered.

“Wait a minute; why is he giving up his chance of a guaranteed victory?” An officer did not understand Han Sen’s decision to give the shura prince another chance.

“If he stops fighting now, he will have just won the match. The shura would not believe it to have been a fair fight, or a victory for Han Sen brought on through actual battle,” a white-haired officer explained. Then, he went on to say, “If Han Sen carries on fighting and can keep up a similar performance, he will be admired all the more.”

“But if...” A younger officer tried to speak, but his words immediately dropped into miserable silence. His meaning was clear to all there, however.

They were worried Han Sen might not be able to engineer another win.

Han Sen was too young, they thought. Many humans could beat high-level shura, but they were all far older than he was.

At the same age, it was far more difficult for a human to triumph in such fights. For someone as young as Han Sen, it was nigh impossible.

If Han Sen gave up his chance of victory now, could he do it again?

The elderly officer said, “If a victory was achieved through luck, and it was perceived that way, it’d reflect worse on the person than if they were to simply lose.”

Understanding his actions more, the officers all looked at Han Sen with greater admiration. In unison, they said, “What a lad! We need more humans like him.”

Chapter 1057 - Bullying the Shura Prince

Chapter 1057: Bullying the Shura Prince

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

Zhou Ping looked at Han Sen. He and the others agreed with what the old officer had told them, but they really did not want the human competitor to lose.

Yu Tuoshan looked at his opponent and said, "I must say I never expected to encounter a human as honorable as you."

"Our culture is richer than you might think; we're not all composed of heartless rabble. Maybe when this is through, you can consider trying to learn more about us?" Han Sen was not fond of this compliment, as it suggested something quite sour.

"Let's strike." Yu Tuoshan's muscles suddenly rippled and exploded with a number of green, pulsating veins.

The muscles now looked like steel cannons, and the shura's once-pretty face looked hideous and demonic.

"If he's transforming now, he must only now be preparing to fight for real. This time, he means business," Ji Hailan said, with a frown.

"Desperate times call for desperate measures," Zhao Yongbo said.

Ji Hailan replied, "Of course, that's what Angel Gene specializes in."

“You...” Zhao Yongbo’s face looked like he had been delivered a very personal insult.

“Stop arguing,” Bai Yishan said, to quell any possible bickering that may have arisen.

Back in the arena, Han Sen watched Yu Tuoshan transform but remained unfazed. He stayed motionless.

After the transformation, he noticed Yu Tuoshan’s lifeforce had increased considerably. The prince was now of much greater strength than Han Sen.

And again, he was unfazed. Raw strength was not absolute, and it was only one component of the art of combat. Han Sen had more than a few tricks up his sleeve, ready to deal with this simple, brutish threat.

Yu Tuoshan was not as strong as a king spirit of the Third God’s Sanctuary.

When it came to fitness, Han Sen was lacking against king spirits, too. But his skills and abilities were, for all intents and purposes, just as strong.

Yu Tuoshan believed Han Sen was weak, but the truth was the opposite, and Han Sen knew it.

Raw power wasn’t the end-all.

Han Sen had been fortunate, though. His experiences during his time in the sanctuaries had led to him having nine open gene locks at a fitness level that was believed to be almost impossible. No one had ever achieved what he had done before.

Yu Tuoshan noticed Han Sen wasn’t moving an inch, so he took the opportunity to strike. As if his arm was a blade, he swung it towards his despised opponent.

He was using Shura Slash this time, wanting to ensure he ended the fight now and avoided allowing any more unfortunate mishaps to occur.

Yu Tuoshan's hands were like metal cannonballs, nearing Han Sen at a frightening pace with the plain desire to break him.

“Ah, that is the prince we all know and love. Witness the power, people! If Han Sen even thinks of blocking those fists, he can say goodbye to his hands.” Lian Chan's smug attitude had returned.

This was partially true for all the shura now. Excitement and fervor had returned to them in spades, which made Zhou Ping worry quite a bit.

Shura Slash was devastating against most humans who were unfortunate enough to be at the receiving end of it.

While it appeared fairly ordinary, the power it delivered was more frightening than any weapon.

Yu Tuoshan had reached the zenith of what was possible with this skill. He had mastered it, well and truly, and it would bring ruin to any human that sought to withstand it—or so it was believed.

Everyone thought Han Sen would dodge the strike, but just like before, Han Sen reached out his hand and attempted to grab his opponent's fist.

“Fool!” Lou Lan said.

The shura who watched the stream yelled in delight.

But Han Sen was successful. He grabbed Yu Tuoshan's hand, and the metallic cannonballs were brought to an abrupt stop.

His hands were like pythons, and following the stop, Han Sen lifted Yu Tuoshan into the air and threw him down on the ground.

Boom!

Han Sen walked forward and grabbed the shura by the waist, piledriving him into the ruined floor of the arena.

Roar! Yu Tuoshan raged like a monster. He leapt to his feet and ran towards Han Sen.

Boom!

Han Sen side-stepped, grabbed the shura's arm, and suplexed him into the ground.

The third-rank shura prince's nose snapped.

Given a breath, Yu Tuoshan got back to his feet and tried to madly attack Han Sen once again. But it was like they were stuck in a loop because the same thing started to happen over and over. The prince would be thrown to the ground by Han Sen's mountain-strong muscles, before leaping up to try again and falling prey to the same parry.

Everyone was quiet. There was no booing, and neither was there any thunderous applause. There was just silence. It was incredibly difficult to fathom what their eyes were relaying to them; they were now actually witnessing Han Sen bully a shura prince.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Despite the countless times he was thrown to the ground, Yu Tuoshan refused to concede. And eventually, he was spending more time on the ground than on his feet.

Yu Tuoshan's hard body was as flimsy as an old dishcloth now.

It was a horrifying scene, one that nearly petrified all those who watched.

Chapter 1058 - The Strongest Genius in History

Chapter 1058: The Strongest Genius in History

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

“Turn off the stream,” Lou Lan quickly said.

Lian Chan agreed. She hastily turned it off, with her face drained of all color.

She had planned to allow everyone to watch a shura prince destroy a petty human to raise morale, but clearly, her plan had backfired.

With the stream turned off, the people who had tuned in to watch now wondered whether or not what they had seen was real.

They couldn't believe a shura prince could have been bullied so cruelly by a young human like that.

Zhou Ping and his people could hardly contain their excitement, though, as it had been a long time since they felt such pride in their human brethren.

“I'll beat you next time,” Yu Tuoshan wheezed, as he was carried out of the arena by paramedics. He was looking poorly, drenched in green blood.

“Power is not everything. You should work on the finesse of your skills. Just so you know, you lost to Yin Yang Blast,” Han Sen said.

“Yin Yang Blast? I’ll remember that.” Yu Tuoshan coughed. He was determined to remember the name of that skill, in case the shura were ever able to learn it.

When Bai Yishan heard Han Sen say this, he was happier than ever.

“Teacher Zhao, take care of Han Sen,” Ji Hailan ordered.

“Hmph.” Zhao Yongo scoffed.

Ji Hailan was utterly delighted, following what they had just witnessed. He quickly brought Han Sen over, for personal introductions with the other members of the expedition.

Ji Hailan introduced Bai Yishan, who was the strongest of the team and a professor.

Bai Yishan said, “There is no need for an introduction with me. I’m closer with Han Sen than any of you lot are.”

Everyone looked at Han Sen and Bai Yishan, and Ji Hailan was prompted to ask, “Really?”

Han Sen nodded and explained, “The skill I used was devised by Professor Bai. He just never took me as a formal student.”

Professor Bai had tricked Han Sen into learning Yin Yang Blast, but he still took his time with Han Sen seriously. He taught him many things, and although it wasn’t an official teacher-student relationship, it felt like one.

Bai Yishan, with a wry smile, said, “I can’t accept you as a student. Whenever we meet, something bad tends to follow. Many of my Saint Hall licenses were taken by you, after all.”

Ji Yanran was the official team leader, but Bai Yishan was the authoritative figure amongst them.

Ji Hailan was more than glad their relationship was this good.

When the introductions were over, someone came over to ask about Yin Yang Blast.

They were shocked, learning Han Sen was able to defeat the shura prince by using it.

If Han Sen had created it, they wouldn't have asked him to learn it, out of respect.

But they had now learned that Professor Bai had invented it, and as such, they were keen to ask about it. They all believed it should have been on sale in the Saint Hall.

Who wouldn't want a hyper geno art that powerful, right? But Bai Yishan explained that it had been banned. Han Sen was just fortunate enough to learn the skill before it was forbidden.

This disappointed everyone. While it was good to learn more about Han Sen's technique in beating the shura prince, it was pointless if there was no chance of them ever being able to do the same.

Someone then started to wonder what it might take for the skill to get unbanned.

Bai Yishan had helped out Han Sen a good deal, so if there was anything Han Sen could do to return the favor, he would have jumped at the chance. And if there was indeed a way to get Yin Yang Blast unbanned, Han Sen would have relished the chance of making this happen.

With Bai Yishan there, though, there was no need for him to explain to the crowd why the skill was as powerful as it was.

If anyone asked, Han Sen could just tell them, "You want to know why? Unban the skill and you can find out."

With Bai Yishan there to explain the skill's intricacies, everyone's desire to learn this skill only continued to increase.

Still, Han Sen was being misleading. The reason Yin Yang Blast had been so useful in defeating the shura prince was due to Han Sen's simulation of Bao'er's energy flow. Without that, even Yin Yang Blast wouldn't have stood against the might of Yu Tuoshan.

The close-quarter combat skills of the shura were incredible. Using Yin Yang Blast the way Han Sen had would fail for all the others.

After Yu Tuoshan was healed, they all went off to the crystallizer ruins as planned.

But the word of their battle spread quickly throughout the Alliance.

Zhou Ping had made sure to record the stream, and he distributed the highlights of the fight to his close friends in the Alliance.

He hadn't wished for it to be widely distributed, but the fight was so amazing, his friends couldn't help but share it as much as they could. It didn't take long at all for it to go viral. And what made it even more sensational was the fact that it had originally been recorded by a shura and had leaked from a stream in shura territory.

Because of confidentiality agreements, humans weren't supposed to leak this.

But someone had the balls to, and once it was uploaded to Skynet, there was no chance of recovering it. Needless to say, everyone in the Alliance was shocked.

The two fighters in the video were recognizable, too; the human, in particular. That was Han Sen, and most people were familiar with him.

What made the video so shocking was Han Sen's age, not just his already-prestigious identity.

A young human had beaten a third-rank shura. It was all so very glorious.

Han Sen's reputation was now even higher than a number of demi-gods. He was given a new nickname: The Strongest Genius in the Alliance.

Chapter 1059 - Unicorn Beetle Mutation

Chapter 1059: Unicorn Beetle Mutation

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Asleep on the spaceship, with Ji Yanran in his arms, rested The Strongest Genius in the Alliance.

Ji Yanran had avoided watching the fight against the shura prince. She had been unable to cope with the thought of Han Sen being savagely beaten or even killed, all in the desire to accompany her on an expedition. She waited outside until news of what had occurred was known. A wave of relief unlike any other washed over her, upon hearing about Han Sen's victory.

He had to have been tired, though. It was now morning, but Han Sen was still fast asleep.

Still, in space, there was no day or night cycle; therefore, it did not matter what time he chose to wake up.

All of a sudden, though, Han Sen felt an itch. He scratched it away, but it returned to plague his nose. Han Sen's sneeze woke him from his slumber.

He discovered a green unicorn beetle had climbed onto his face and had almost scrambled up into his nostrils.

Han Sen pulled it away and put the familiar beetle down on the bed.

Han Sen had received this beetle from a crystallizer ruin long ago.

He'd had it for a very long time, but there was nothing special about it he could tell. It was a strange creature, though. In the years Han Sen had kept it, it hadn't had to drink or eat at

all. It had remained the exact same as it was the first day Han Sen came into ownership of the insect.

There was one other curious aspect to the beetle. Han Sen had discovered that, if left alone without interaction for a long time, the beetle would begin to appear lazy and lifeless. And it was during this state that the creature's colors would also begin to fade or at least lessen and dim.

If Han Sen ever wished to reverse this status, all he would have to do was pick it up, interact with it, and take it around with him for a few days.

These peculiar aspects aside, for all intents and purposes, the beetle was a lame creature that provided no obvious benefit. Or at least that was how it appeared, as Han Sen was still of the belief it was special and it had a purpose. Whatever that purpose was, he just hadn't been made privy to it yet, he thought. The expedition he was about to embark on would be dangerous, though, so he made sure to bring it with him, hoping it'd prove useful somehow.

Ji Yanran was still sleeping while this occurred, so Han Sen removed himself from the bed with great care, as not to disturb her.

Suddenly, the green plating of the beetle looked strange. The creature became translucent, revealing the presence of gears and cogs inside it, all in delicate motion. It was not unlike the inner-workings of an old watch.

Han Sen was surprised, to say the least. Over the course of the last few years in which he had owned the beetle, he had yet to see anything remotely similar to this occur.

Just as Han Sen approached the little creature to examine it, there was an announcement from the ship's speakers.

"We will be arriving at APX-706 shortly. Please convene at the meeting room before arrival."

The announcement startled Ji Yanran from her sleep, so she quickly removed the blanket. With the slender curves and succulent portions of her divine body now on full display, Han Sen was suddenly overcome with the desire to return to bed—with her.

Unfortunately, now was not the time for that. They both got changed and went to the meeting room, as instructed.

Han Sen took the beetle with him, placing it in his pocket. He was going to check it out once the meeting was over.

The shura and humans gathered in the meeting room. Once there, they were shown an image of the planet on a projector screen.

The ruins they were going to examine were quite different from the ones Han Sen had seen before. The entire planet was crystallized, but it wasn't obvious at first glance.

On the surface of the planet, it looked like any other lush planet would. The geography was wild and inviting, cloaked in thick and unspoiled greenery.

The planet's atmosphere was primarily comprised of nitrogen and oxygen, making it an ideal candidate for future human colonization, as well.

Eventually, the spaceship touched down with a rumble.

After they discussed what needed to be done on their mission, they separated again. They were going to start their investigation in three hours.

Due to the injuries Yu Tuoshan had incurred, they were already two days late in beginning the operation.

When the time to embark on the expedition came, the crew left the ship inside their warframes. While the atmospheric conditions had been revealed to be fine, the use of warframes was just protocol for the initial exploration of an unexplored planet. It was a precaution.

As Han Sen guided his warframe, he examined the unicorn beetle he had brought with him.

After arriving at the planet, the cogs inside the beetle had been running faster than ever.

Han Sen wasn't sure what it meant, but it interested him enough to spend most of his time examining it.

Aside from those movements, though, there was nothing different about the creature. Even the beetle's lifeforce had remained the exact same.

Eventually, they arrived at their desired location. Swiftly, they established a base of operation and proceeded to the entrance of the ruins.

Surprisingly, at the entrance of these ruins, there weren't many indicators of past crystallizer habitation. The presence of crystallizer technology was quite low, actually.

One thing Han Sen did find, though, half-hidden beneath the dense undergrowth, was a twenty-meter wide black crystal roulette board.

On that board, you could espy the presence of many lines and symbols that were commonly associated with the crystallizer civilization.

There were also markings on the board that extended all the way across. They were like partitions, or the slices of a cake that resulted in twenty portions.

Four of the slots possessed a warning sign of sorts, but Han Sen wasn't exactly sure what they meant or what they might have been indicating. No one else did either, just as no one knew what might be found deeper inside the ruins.

When Han Sen first saw the roulette board, though, he was shocked.

The symbols were identical to the ones on the beetle. They were ones he was very familiar with. He didn't even have to take another look at the beetle to confirm this.

“Are these two things connected, by some chance?” Han Sen wondered, as he placed his hand inside his pocket.

He was going to touch the beetle, but he felt something else instead. He brought his hand back out of his pocket and noticed his fingers were bleeding from a newly-formed wound.

Chapter 1060 - Wrong Delivery

Chapter 1060: Wrong Delivery

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen frowned. He had been stung by something. On his hand, there was a red dot that oozed a droplet of blood.

Han Sen scanned the wound and was relieved to learn he had not been poisoned or infected by the stinger, whatever it was.

Han Sen's fitness was high, too, so the wound healed almost instantaneously. There was no lasting pain, either.

He pulled open his pocket to get a look at what was going on with the beetle, and determine why the docile creature had seemingly attacked him, all of a sudden.

The beetle had never been aggressive before, and it was the slowest little thing Han Sen had ever seen in his life. It was a genuine slowpoke.

As such, he was both surprised and concerned to realize he had been stung by it.

But now, with the pocket open, Han Sen was shocked after taking a look—the beetle was gone!

Han Sen patted his body all over and spun around in search of it. No matter where he looked, he couldn't find it. It really did seem as if it had vanished.

Unfortunately, now was not the time to go off hunting for his missing beetle. Everyone was currently lined up beside the roulette board, as General Reg explained the objectives of the operation in detail.

The roulette board was the entrance to the ruins, and each block was one point of entry that provided enough space for only one person. There was also a power check enabled, barring anyone who was too strong from entering.

The rules of entry were quite strict, as only one lifeforce could enter a square at a time. If you had even a renegade ant on you, it would be detected and you wouldn't be allowed to enter.

Demigods were prohibited from entering, as they were too strong. Therefore, only surpassers of a certain tier and third rank shura met the correct requirements.

Strangely, four warning signs were active. They were next to the entry points, indicating they had previously been used. Each entry point could only be used once, and the way you went in was the only way you could come back.

The researchers who had come before them had tried to drill beneath the roulette to avoid this, but after reaching a depth of about ten thousand meters, they ran into a crystal wall that extended to the core of the planet. There was no end, and so they had to stop.

It was after reaching this wall that many curious events started to happen.

They had conducted four test expeditions of their own into that place, but few of the researchers ever returned. Not much had been explored, so there was little information they could provide, and it was mostly useless.

Han Sen and his team's ultimate goal on the expedition, though, was to retrieve purple crystal cores.

Neither the Alliance nor the shura had explained to them what the purpose of these items was, but that did not matter. This was the task given, and it had to be done.

Furthermore, when they entered, they'd be going in without warframes or guns. If they brought such equipment in with them, they'd be attacked for certain.

Eight shura and eight humans now took their positions, one standing on each block. Support researchers pushed the button to begin the operation, and after a low hum, all sixteen of them suddenly disappeared from thin air. They were in.

Han Sen felt as if something was amiss. He was wary, and perplexed by the similarities between the symbols on the beetle and the ones outside the roulette. Still, he knew it best not to dwell on the matter. For now, the beetle was gone, so if it could have been a help, it was too late.

Han Sen blinked and took notice of his location inside the ruins. There were no buildings or structures around him. He was standing in a field, as if he was out in the countryside, except, strangely, the place had been ruined by some sort of catastrophe like an earthquake.

In the distance, Han Sen did make out the presence of buildings. But they were in a state of decay, with many having fallen. Furthermore, judging from their architecture, they had clearly not been built by the crystallizers.

When Han Sen turned to take a look in the other direction, his face completely dropped. He expected to see Ji Yanran, his people, and the shura—but they were all gone! Han Sen was all alone.

“Did they not make it through? We teleported inside together, though. Where are they? They should be here! Hmm, what is this? Items belonging to only a few of the researchers who were last inside?” Han Sen stood there for a while with an ill feeling in his stomach, acknowledging they hadn’t all teleported to the same location.

Han Sen looked around. The researchers had given him an idea of what to expect once inside, and some vague details for the environment he’d be in, but it was all bogus. Wherever he was now was not the location the surviving researchers had gone to. The landscape was entirely different from what had been described to him.

“What is going on?” Han Sen was primarily concerned about Ji Yanran, and he was deeply worried about her well-being; particularly so, if she was stranded somewhere else all alone.

Gritting his teeth, Han Sen took off flying into the sky. Before searching for the rest of his crew, he had to get a better grasp on the lay of the land around him.

With his Dongxuan Aura active, Han Sen looked all around. But try as he might, he could not espy the presence of a single lifeforce. There was only rubble and a land in disarray.

No matter where he flew, the landscape looked the same. There was nowhere unique, and no landmarks to keep track of where he was. The lands were all plain and in various states of ruin.

Han Sen frowned, not even sure which direction he should be going in.

As Han Sen wondered, he suddenly heard a strange noise sound from an old ruin nearby.

It was very weird, similar to the sound one would make when using fingers to break an egg.

Han Sen looked in the direction of the noise and saw some green water leaking from the ruin.

Looking closer, though, Han Sen noticed that it was not water. It was a stream of green beetles. There were countless numbers of them, all coming for Han Sen.

“What is this?” Han Sen watched them with interest. They were practically the same as his beetle, just smaller.

But there was another difference. They didn’t have any symbols on their backs.

In Han Sen’s daze of wonder, the beetles drew nearer and nearer. When they were right before him, they parted and went around Han Sen. Fortunately, he was not a target of any ire they might have possessed.

Han Sen was not sure what they were after, but the beetles continued to gather around him, forming a path that led to the old city ruins.

The unicorn beetles then assumed a posture to suggest they were kowtowing before him.

Chapter 1061 - Sunset

Chapter 1061: Sunset

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

Han Sen was taken aback by the gesture. He looked down at the bugs all around him and asked, "Can you guys hear me?"

There was no response. And while Han Sen looked at them all in confusion, a beetle leaped into flight and hovered before him. It made a queer noise before turning around and flying off towards the old, decayed city.

Han Sen continued to stand still, unsure of what was going on. After a while, that same beetle returned and started to fly around him. From what he could tell, this was the beetle's way of telling him to hurry up.

Han Sen nibbled his lips and decided to follow it.

Since he was there, he thought he might as well poke about the old city and see what he could find. If the beetles sought to do harm, surely they would have attacked him by now.

And judging from their current posture of praise or worship, Han Sen was positive that wouldn't change anytime soon.

After Han Sen started moving, the other beetles paced behind him diligently. They followed his every footstep, like the coming and going of a tide.

Before long, Han Sen had made his way into the city center. Everything there was in crumbling ruin, all except for one thing: a temple. This peculiar temple was immaculate and untouched.

The flying beetle landed on the temple's stairs and made a noise to Han Sen, indicating he should continue following it and go inside.

Han Sen scaled the stairs, but the beetles did not follow. They all knelt as he ascended, and looked exuberantly happy.

Han Sen summoned beast soul armor, pushed open the door to the temple, and stepped inside. The place was old, and dust caked each and every surface.

The temple was devoid of statues, but there were a few dings about. Curiously, they were all empty.

As Han Sen looked into a corner of the temple, he was shocked to find a crystal vase there.

Han Sen could tell that the vase was not built from ordinary crystal. It had instead been forged from a unique variety of crystal, laden with symbols that looked like machine parts or cogs.

Finding curious items and artifacts inside a crystallizer ruin was par for the course, but this vase particularly surprised Han Sen.

It was completely transparent, but its shape and form were stark and unmissable.

Han Sen went to look inside the vase and was even more surprised to see a woman inside it.

The girl was sitting at the bottom, hugging her knees. She had blonde hair, but Han Sen could not see her face.

There were no shura horns to be seen, and she had human ears, but she was naked.

The long blonde hair helped to dress some of her exposed parts, though.

“Human? Is she one of the missing researchers?” Han Sen looked at the woman in the vase and wondered who she might be. Instinct told him that she was very young, though, and she couldn’t have been a researcher if that was true.

Han Sen knew that two humans and two shura had gone inside the ruins to explore before their arrival, but only one of each had come back.

If the girl was one of those researchers, he wasn’t going to just ignore her.

Han Sen then noticed the vase was sealed, and not with a lid. The whole thing was complete.

The crystallizers had strange technology, and their creations were always unique. This had always been true, so this vase’s structure was not exactly a surprise.

Han Sen spoke with a soft voice, gently asking, “Can you hear me?”

He received no response, so he asked with a louder voice. Again, he received no response. He asked several times, with a voice that became louder each time. It seemed as if she couldn’t hear him.

Han Sen touched the vase with care, unsure of what might happen. Fortunately, nothing out of the ordinary occurred.

When he felt safer in its presence, Han Sen started to knock against it.

The girl seemed to hear that, and showed a reaction. After seeing her move slightly, Han Sen knocked again.

She woke up and looked around for the knocking noise, and that was also when Han Sen saw what she looked like in full. She seemed to be around eighteen years old, and she was ravishingly pretty. Curiously, her eyes were the same golden color as her hair.

Judging from her appearance, she seemed to be a human girl.

Han Sen again thought she might indeed be the human researcher. Her appearance did not betray this notion, as even forty-year-olds could maintain the same beauty and grace as an eighteen-year-old in that day and age.

When the girl saw Han Sen there, her eyes blinked to get a clearer view, as if she had indeed just woken up.

She stood up and beat against the vase. Her mouth moved, as if she were saying something, but Han Sen couldn't hear a thing.

All Han Sen could do was read her lips, and from what he could tell, she was saying, "Save me."

He brought out a paper and pen and wrote down a few words he could show her.

"Who are you?" He wrote, wanting to learn about her identity.

Han Sen had to be wary and maintain vigilance at all times. You could never guess what tricks or traps might be waiting for a person inside crystallizer ruins.

The lady blew air onto the cold crystal of the vase and wrote, "Sunset, of Blue Blood Special Forces. Rank: Colonel."

This confirmed to Han Sen that she must have been one of the researchers, and now it looked as if she had been trapped there.

"Stand back; I'll break the crystal," Han Sen replied.

Acknowledging what he wrote, Sunset took a step back.

Chapter 1062 - Best Lead

Chapter 1062: Best Lead

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

Han Sen's fist blazed with the power of Phoenix Flame. With his seventh gene lock open, he punched the vase.

He felt as if he had almost broken his knuckles. When the fire dissipated, the vase stood still as if it was untouched.

The punch was the strongest he could give, barring any buffs. But with the vase standing still, not having moved even an inch, Han Sen knew he'd need a lot more strength. He frowned in contemplation.

Han Sen unsheathed Taia and used it to strike the glass. Even that proved useless, as all that was drawn upon the crystal was a white mark similar to if you had just scratched your arm.

Han Sen was surprised, to say the least. The weight and hardness of the vase far exceeded his unluckiest estimations. This was not at all what he was expecting.

All he could think of now was of how much of a shame it was that Phoenix Sword could not be used outside the sanctuaries. It might've proved more useful.

Han Sen tried a few different skills to test their effectiveness. Unfortunately for them both, nothing seemed to work.

Sunset's initial glee seemed to wane. She looked disappointed, but that just gave Han Sen even more of a reason to try. Not wanting to let her down, Han Sen tried summoning his Devilhorn Sheep sword. With it in one hand, and Taia in the other, he repeatedly slashed the vase in the hopes it'd break.

Han Sen wasn't willing to sit back and watch, or even walk away from her, while she was trapped in there. He'd do whatever it took to get her out.

But unfortunately, Taia and the Devilhorn Sheep sword were not enough to break through. They did, however, leave marks. It could obviously be damaged, and if that was true, Han Sen's determination would only increase. There had never before been something unmanageable for him. He had always overcome every foe, so he wasn't going to let an inanimate vase be the object of his defeat.

Han Sen then thought he could try his super king spirit mode, or at the very least use the gold raven beast soul. He'd do anything he could to save her.

Still, he continued to try with the swords he had been using, but it was all to no avail.

"Just go. It won't break," Sunset wrote.

Han Sen paid no heed to the message and continued to hit the vase until his hands bled and his muscles quivered. Stubbornness was what kept him from giving up, but he knew if he kept going, his hands would break before the vase ever did.

He didn't have enough power, and even with remarkable weaponry, he couldn't deliver the force needed.

Han Sen bit down on his teeth and transformed into a gold raven. The gold talons turned red, and they furiously attacked the crystal surface of the vase.

Pang!

He had nine gene locks open on his Blood-Pulse Sutra which powered his gold raven beast soul, and this actually got him somewhere. Cracks were now beginning to form on the vase.

Han Sen did not relent. He continued to strike the vase with a wretched speed and power, until the artifact began to tremble.

Sunset held her fists up in excitement, watching the cracks begin to grow and web their way across the surface.

Han Sen could barely believe how strong the vase was. Although cracks were starting to form, after a long time, it still didn't look ready to shatter.

Eventually, even Han Sen's talons began to bleed with the repeated strikes.

But he thought success was close, and he thought right. So, he didn't give in or relent for one second. He went on and on, battering the vase with every ounce of strength he could muster.

Boom!

He did it. Eventually, the cracks gave in and the composure of the vase shattered like rain.

Sunset was in disbelief. She was incredibly happy at first, but then she started to cry.

"Are you okay?" Han Sen returned to his human form and offered her a hand that was drenched in blood.

He removed his coat and then gave it to her, so she had something to wear.

He would have given her a beast soul set of armor if he had been able to transfer beast souls outside the Alliance. Alas, he could not, so this had to do for now.

Sunset accepted the coat and put it on, covering her naked body. She was rather petite, so the coat was more like a long dress that reached below her bum. Although he wouldn't tell her, Han Sen couldn't help but think about how sexy she was.

Han Sen could do little but ask, “Why were you trapped here?”

But Sunset did not respond. She stood where she was, simply staring at him.

Han Sen believed she might have been in shock, following her ordeal. He comforted her by saying, “Let’s get out of here first, then. I entered this place alongside a few others, but I have been unable to locate them.”

When he turned to leave, Sunset remained where she was. She continued standing there, simply staring at him.

“What are you waiting for?” Han Sen frowned.

Sunset had a surprisingly rough voice, and she said, “My time is up. Remember what I tell you now and do not forget a single word.”

“What time? What are you talking about?” Han Sen frowned again.

Sunset said, “My name is Sunset. I am a Colonel of the Blue Blood Special Forces. I am Han Jingzhi’s adjutant and an investigator for the Secret Service’s Seventh Team.”

“What?” Han Sen looked at her as if he was seeing a ghost. His lips quivered.

“You are Han Jingzhi’s adjutant? You are an investigator of the Secret Service’s Seventh Team?” Han Sen’s voice trembled, and his muscles twitched.

He did not know whether or not this was some cruel joke, but this was the best lead he had found so far.

Chapter 1063 - Blasphemy

Chapter 1063: Blasphemy

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

“It’s good that you know about Instructor Han and the Seventh Team.” Sunset nodded as she spoke, and she proceeded to say, “Now, again; listen to every word I tell you.”

Sunset told Han Sen, “Our team accepted an order that commanded us to breach another dimension. Things went wrong upon going there.”

“What happened?” Han Sen asked.

“I don’t know.” Sunset shook her head.

“What? How can you not know? Have you not been to the sanctuaries?” Han Sen’s eyes were wild with a desire to know. If she was truly a member, she would know what had happened, surely.

“The sanctuaries? Is that the other dimension?” Sunset asked, almost as if she was speaking to herself.

“How can you not know about the sanctuaries? Upon first spawning in the First God’s Sanctuary, you are given the basics and need-to-knows right away.” Han Sen was starting to believe she was pulling his leg.

Sunset looked at Han Sen and asked, “First God’s Sanctuary? The first? Were more discovered?”

Han Sen looked at Sunset in disbelief, finding it difficult to determine whether or not she was joking.

“Just tell me about this other dimension, this ‘sanctuary,’ as you put it. Explain to me as plainly and as concisely as you can,” Sunset asked.

Han Sen noticed her face was quite serious and that this was a genuine question. So, he spared no time in explaining to her what the sanctuaries were.

He told her how they had been constructed and what the creatures and spirits were like, having adapted to their presence. He explained what he could in a few minutes.

When Sunset heard what he had to say, a strange look fell across her face. She then said, “If what you are saying is true, then this is not the place we found. The Seventh Team did not breach this sanctuary.”

“Are you saying you found another dimension, separate from the sanctuaries?” Her words were challenging Han Sen’s ability to believe her, and he was starting to think she was a liar.

Humanity came to know about the existence of sanctuaries through the Seventh Team; they were the ones who discovered them. In the years that followed, humanity started to evolve at an alarming rate.

Sunset stroked her hair and said, “Where we went was not the sanctuary you have described. Or at least, it may have been a sanctuary... just not one that is known to you. When we breached this new dimension, we spawned someplace together.”

“Where did you spawn?” Han Sen harbored many doubts about whatever she was going to tell him, but he still wanted to hear what she had to say.

Sunset wore a confused look, and she explained, “Where we went to, it was like God’s Kingdom.”

“God’s Kingdom?” Han Sen again thought she was referring to the sanctuaries. The sanctuaries could, after all, be referred to as a place of miracles and could believably be described as God’s Kingdom. Han Sen told her, “Yes, the sanctuaries are amazing. I wouldn’t be against referring to them as God’s Kingdom.”

Sunset shook her head and explained, “You misunderstand me. I’m talking about God’s Kingdom. I’m talking about the actual Kingdom of God.”

“Okay, then what does God’s Kingdom look like?” Han Sen’s curiosity had not lessened, despite the pinch of salt he was carrying.

“I cannot describe it,” Sunset said.

“That’s convenient. Then just tell me about the environment there. What did you see?” Han Sen asked.

“If I was able to describe this place and encapsulate it in mortal words, it wouldn’t be a kingdom that belonged to God. The beauty of this place cannot be aptly put into words,” Sunset told him.

“All right. Well, what did you want to tell me earlier?” Han Sen wasn’t really sure how to deal with this entire situation anymore.

“If you find Han Jingzhi, you must kill him.” Her words made Han Sen’s blood run cold, and he was unable to lax the instant stiffening of his muscles.

Han Sen recalled his encounter with Qin Huaizhen, and how he had been told to be wary of Han Jingzhi. He had died before he was able to learn more, but now he had met Sunset, who seemed to be on the same level. What she had just plainly told him was in-line with what he had previously learned, too.

As to why the Ning family said Han Jingzhi had saved their family, he did not know.

And the Qin family as a whole respected him. If Han Jingzhi really was not the likable, respected person Han Sen had previously believed him to be, wouldn’t Qin Huaizhen have warned his family?

Han Sen couldn’t wrap his head around what was going on, so he asked, “Why should I kill Han Jingzhi?”

Sunset looked strange, as if she was not expecting this response. Her words in return were simple, but perplexing. She said, “Do you believe in God?”

“I believe in something, for sure. I’m not an atheist, but I don’t follow the teachings of any religion in a devout manner,” Han Sen explained.

Sunset then asked Han Sen, “Would you believe me if I told you we saw the face of God?”

“Oh, really? What does he look like? I haven’t seen God before, so I’m curious.” Han Sen wasn’t sure if she should be taken seriously.

“Again, if I could explain it, it would not be God.” Sunset paused briefly, and then went on to say, “Bring this news to the rest of the Qin family; ‘Qin Huaizhen must be told to kill Han Jingzhi.’”

“Do you know who I am?” Han Sen asked.

“I see that you possess what is left of Taia, so I can only assume you are from the Qin family. Are you?” Sunset asked.

Han Sen shook his head and said, “No. I was given Taia as a gift, more or less. But you should know my surname is Han and that my great-grandfather is Han Jingzhi.”

Sunset looked at Han Sen in shock, and she exclaimed, “What? But he didn’t have an heir! Even if your great-grandfather is called Han Jingzhi, it has nothing to do with him. Them both having the same name is a coincidence, nothing more.”

“Couldn’t he have had a bastard son?” Han Sen frowned.

“Of course not,” Sunset said, with assurance.

“Then at least tell me why he must be killed.” Han Sen felt as if the conversation was going around in circles.

“He must die because he is blasphemous,” Sunset said.

Chapter 1064 - Stone Ding

Chapter 1064: Stone Ding

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

Han Sen now knew why Sunset asked him if he believed in God.

But Han Sen still thought he was missing a piece of the puzzle. After all, why would she want to kill Han Jingzhi, if he had only said something blasphemous or comical towards God?

“It does not matter if you believe he should be killed or not, just deliver this message to Qin Huaizhen. Han Jingzhi must die,” Sunset said.

Han Sen, with a wry smile, said, “Qin Huaizhen is dead. He has been for a while.”

“What? Qin Huaizhen is dead?” She suddenly looked angry. She grabbed Han Sen and shouted, “You’re a liar! He can’t have died. I thought he used...”

Sunset’s dialogue trailed off, but her now-psychotic look remained fixed on Han Sen.

“Why are you sure he cannot be dead? He really is.” Han Sen then went on to tell her about Qin Xuan’s story.

“No, that’s wrong. He’s immortal. You’re lying!” Sunset became hysterical.

Han Sen frowned, but he knew he had stumbled into something rather big. Something profound and complex was going on, and this was the biggest thread to its unraveling he had yet found.

Han Sen then told her, “If Qin Huaizhen really did not die, then there is one other possibility.”

“And what possibility might that be?” Sunset asked.

Han Sen then proceeded to tell her of his encounter with Qin Huaizhen beneath the Black Desert, and what had occurred there.

“Qin Haizhen... why would he have gone there?” Suddenly, Sunset’s face went all pale. She carried on to say, “We were wrong. We were tricked!”

“What’s wrong?” Han Sen asked, knowing the truth was so close, at long last.

Sunset seemed a little mad now, as if she had blown a fuse. She repeatedly mumbled how something had gone awfully wrong, and about how she and the others had been tricked in some way.

When Han Sen wanted to ask again, he noticed something amiss with her face. It didn’t look as pretty as it had earlier. It seemed aged.

She looked older and older, as wrinkles crept across her face. Her soft skin started to hang like a leather sack, and her hair turned grey and thinned. She was drying out.

“Your body!” Han Sen shouted.

Sunset looked at her hands, and she herself looked shocked. She tried to compose herself, and when she did, she looked at Han Sen and said, “Find Han Jingzhi, and tell him about me and Qin Huaizhen. If he didn’t die, then maybe... maybe...”

Before she could finish, her lifeforce was switched off. Her body had withered to become an old skeletal husk. The moment before she died, she collapsed into Han Sen’s arms and said one last word.

“Wrong.”

After that, there was nothing more. She was gone. In a few seconds, she had died of old age.

When her eyes closed for the final time, Han Sen saw the fading flicker of hatred and regrets going with her.

“Where did they go and what did they do?” Han Sen’s mind was in disarray over what he had learned and what he had not.

It made him sad to see such a beautiful woman grow old and die right before him.

Han Sen stood there for a while in thought, but when he decided it was time to move on, he first chose to dig a grave for her inside the temple.

Han Sen wouldn’t have been able to take her back home, and neither could he explain who she was or why she was there.

Han Sen had heard many things, and while some questions were answered, the answers themselves just brought more questions with them.

Han Sen left the temple. When he exited, he saw the green beetles were still there waiting for his return. Just as he wished to leave, though, the green beetles built a wall to prevent his passage.

“What else do you guys want from me?” Han Sen frowned.

He initially believed the beetles had brought him there in order to save Sunset, but seeing as she was human, perhaps her being there was all circumstance. Perhaps they wanted something else.

Perhaps it was indeed a coincidence, and Sunset really didn’t have anything to do with the beetles.

Han Sen tried to walk around the wall of beetles, but they scurried over to prohibit his passage.

He took a few steps back, as if he was returning to the interior of the temple, and watched the beetles disassemble their wall.

Thinking it best to oblige their desire, he walked back inside to see if he could find any particular item they might have wanted.

Aside from the now-broken crystal vase, though, there was nothing. There were only the stone dings left in there.

There were three of them in total. Each was one meter in height.

“Do they want me to move these things outside for them?” Han Sen wondered.

He approached one of them, and with his power, managed to lift it up and bring it outside.

When Han Sen brought one of them out, the beetles looked happier. Then, they quickly parted to form a path that Han Sen should follow.

Han Sen looked to the end of this new trail and noticed that it led to another building. But that one was not exquisite like the temple was. It was like the rest of the area’s buildings; half-collapsed and in decay. There was only one room left that was intact.

Han Sen walked there, stone ding in hand. He was quite interested in seeing what the beetles were ultimately up to.

Chapter 1065 - Black Unicorn Beetle

Chapter 1065: Black Unicorn Beetle

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Approaching the ruin, Han Sen spotted a well inside. Upon going closer for a look, he noticed it was filled to the brim with water.

Aside from that well, which was in fairly good condition, everything else inside the house was a mess. The place had been in decay for a long time, it appeared.

After putting the ding down, Han Sen watched the beetles gather to pick it back up to carry it themselves. Interested in what they sought to do with the ding, he stood back to observe them.

Splash!

The beetles, after lifting up the ding, chucked it into the well.

Han Sen was not sure what their goal was. Had they gone to all this effort, just so they could throw a ding into a well?

After they did this, though, the beetles formed another path for Han Sen. This time, it led all the way back to the temple. It seemed as if they wanted Han Sen to collect the other two dings.

They were obviously capable of carrying the dings themselves, so it was likely that they were scared of the temple for some reason. And because they were scared, they needed Han Sen to go inside and fetch the dings on their behalf.

Han Sen went into the temple and brought both dings out with him.

The beetles picked them up and led Han Sen back to the house. When they arrived, they lobbed those dings into the well, as well. After that, they all circled the well and kowtowed before it. Han Sen thought it was rather amusing.

Not long after, a noise emerged from the well. The water inside it began to bubble and boil, as steam started to rise.

Han Sen took a step back, surprised by the sight. He used his Dongxuan Aura, but could not discern any lifeforce.

The water of the well suddenly quelled, and silence returned. But then, just as Han Sen thought it was over, something emerged from the water with a big splash.

Something that looked like a black crystal zipped out of the water into flight.

It turned out to be another unicorn beetle, but it was black and not green. It was also larger than the others, and they seemed to worship it. There were symbols etched across its plating, and images of gears. It was actually very similar to the one Han Sen had.

When the black beetle shot out of the water, Han Sen was taken aback. He immediately readied himself for a fight.

But the black unicorn beetle didn't seem to be aggressive. It slowed down and merely hovered in front of Han Sen.

Han Sen then felt a pain surge from his hand. He noticed the symbol of a green unicorn beetle was etched into his hand, which was rapidly starting to crystallize.

"Maybe it wasn't missing, after all? Did the beetle combine and merge with my hand?" Han Sen was shocked, to say the least.

As his hand lit up, the gears on the inside of the black beetle began to spin.

Suddenly, it transformed. Previously, the bug had only been the size of a fist in front of him, but now, it was the size of a truck.

Han Sen was dazed by the spectacle, and all of a sudden, the green light of his hand began to pulsate brightly like a beacon. The black beetle approached slowly and put out its tongue.

Han Sen then noticed its tongue was like a cockpit.

“Is this supposed to be some sort of control room?” Han Sen was rather shocked. The green light flashed continuously.

Han Sen was very curious right now, so he approached the control platform that had emerged from the creature’s mouth.

There was a seat there, and when he sat down, the tongue-platform was pulled back inside the beetle. Near his hand, Han Sen noticed a handle of sorts. He pulled it with his hand, and then everything lit up.

He suddenly felt as if the black beetle was becoming a part of his body.

Han Sen wanted to move forward, and when he thought of this, the beetle’s legs started to move.

When Han Sen thought of flying, the beetle did just that. It spread its buzzing wings and became airborne.

“Mind control? Nifty.” Han Sen was delighted.

Mankind had spent much time trying to develop purely mind-controlled devices, but the technology was still a long way off. Machinery still had to be guided mostly by hand.

But this beetle responded to the directions of his mind. The technology on display here far exceeded the capabilities of humanity.

“This must be an aircraft belonging to the crystallizers. Do they have sensors and weapons, I wonder?” And as Han Sen thought of this, a holographic map was displayed right before his eyes.

“Ah, now this beats radar!” To say Han Sen was pleased would be an understatement. This technology was far more advanced than what humans had. Even the sensor alone was a technological marvel, as he could zoom in on any part of the local geography with incredible precision—all with the power of his mind.

Han Sen scanned the nearby vicinity, and he discovered the presence of another lifeform, a few thousand miles away. It was Bai Yishan.

He was alone, though. With Ji Yanran still missing, he was quite worried.

Han Sen looked elsewhere and found a band of humans and shura together. Further away, he found Ji Yanran. Unfortunately, she was being chased by a few robots.

“I have to get there quick!” Han Sen thought to himself.

Boom!

The black beetle’s bum started to spit lasers, and without hesitation, took off flying at an insane speed. It was heading for Ji Yanran.

Han Sen’s socks almost left his feet at the blistering speed he was going. The machine was far quicker than any warframe or aircraft mankind had developed.

Chapter 1066 - Big Plunder

Chapter 1066: Big Plunder

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Ji Yanran's situation was bad. She had not teleported with the others as expected, and she had been left all alone.

She set out in search of Han Sen but had an unfortunate encounter with crystallizer robots.

Ji Yanran was weak, and only an evolver. For her, dealing with the crystallizer robots would have been nearly impossible. Therefore, all she could do was run.

Eventually, her pace slowed down as she became exhausted. It was at this moment that the robots were able to catch-up and surround her.

Seeing the robots surround her, Ji Yanran's hope for survival was depleted.

The robots raised their hands, each preparing to fire their lasers at Ji Yanran to eliminate her.

But just as she closed her eyes in acceptance of the death she was now to suffer, something big and heavy appeared to crush the robots.

The hulking robots were all shattered in an array of sparks and electrical fires. It was a shocking twist of fate.

But any happiness she may have felt over her salvation soon vanished. Seeing the titan that now stood in front of her, it didn't take long for hope to take its leave once more.

She was unable to deal with the robots, so taking on a giant black beetle was sure to be even more difficult.

Pang! Pang!

A few more robots took to the field. With their arms raised, they fired laser beams at the beetle.

But it was like water spraying the steel hull of a ship. Not a single mark or scrape was left on the shell of the beetle.

Boom!

A horrible light shot out of the beetle's eyes, cutting down the robots in less than a second.

Ji Yanran did not know why the crystallizer machine was attacking its own, but it did not matter. She had accepted the fact she was likely to die there, all alone.

Then, when one leg of the giant beetle pierced the ground directly in front of her, she closed her eyes and thought to herself, "This is all my fault. I pray he can escape this place alive."

Ji Yanran closed her eyes, but the death she expected did not come. After a while, she opened her eyes again.

Ji Yanran believed she might have been dreaming for a second, as Han Sen was there, standing in front of her with a smile.

"Am I dreaming? Or have I died and gone to heaven? Did you not make it out, either?" Ji Yanran lifted her fingers to brush his cheeks.

"Nope. This is just my new aircraft. Want to go for a ride?" Han Sen invited her inside with a cheeky grin.

"Wait a minute; this is your...?" Ji Yanran stared at the giant beetle in utter disbelief.

Han Sen picked her up and took her inside the control room with him.

Boom!

The beetle shot up into the sky, faster than any aircraft they had ever been on.

Han Sen flew around like a jet, blasting any crystallizer robots he came across along the way. As they went, Ji Yanran had to ask, “What is this machine?”

“I found it in a ruin. I can only suspect it was a crystallizer warframe.” Han Sen then went on to ask, “Is that a purple crystal core?”

“Yes.” Ji Yanran looked happy.

Han Sen fired a light to a purple core down on the grasslands below. In an instant, it was sucked into the beetle.

“Baby, hold on tight. This is going to get a little wild,” Han Sen warned her.

Then, the beetle started flying even faster. It spun around and eliminated a few crystallizer guards that were ahead. He zipped left, right, and center, collecting a multitude of purple crystal cores.

When he was done, Han Sen used his holographic map to survey the entire region and track the location of his teammates. Fortunately, none of the others were in any danger.

But they were each traveling at a very slow pace, not wishing to be hasty.

It was most likely due to the fact they had all been split up, and they were each exercising caution by moving slowly but cautiously.

Han Sen paid little mind to this, though. He continued flying on his own, out in search of the purple crystal cores that were their objective.

Unless the beetle attacked first, the guards would not respond to the aircraft. He blended in. So, with no threat, there'd be nothing to slow him down.

He did not want his teammates to see him operate the machine, either. If they did, it'd cause a lot of trouble for him, and the machine would end up being confiscated by the Alliance. Since this all had something to do with his hand, too, there'd be nothing but trouble for Han Sen.

He wouldn't mind Bai Yishan seeing it, but if the others did, the Alliance would most certainly take it away.

As far as the operation was concerned, the only thing Han Sen was unsure about was the purpose of the purple crystal cores. He had no clue what they could be used for.

Before he managed to obtain the black beetle, he'd had no way of hiding some for his own examination. Attempting to swallow a core and smuggle it out that way would've been impossible. He would've been scanned.

But now that he had this beetle, he could collect as many as he wanted and smuggle them out by shrinking down the beetle.

"I'm not greedy, but without this black beetle, I doubt the others will be able to obtain many themselves. It's only fair that I get to keep a few for myself, if it means the bigwigs who ordered this operation also receive far more than they expected to." Han Sen gave himself an excuse that worked.

"Once I've got all the purple cores, I think I'll kill all those shura," Han Sen thought.

"We are cooperating, but we are still enemies. This truce is a farce, and we all know it." Han Sen believed the more he could kill for the Alliance now, the fewer enemies they would have to deal with in the future.

Han Sen would be able to pin their deaths on the crystallizers with ease, and killing them would be swift and painless with the beetle, anyway.

Chapter 1067 - Really Rich

Chapter 1067: Really Rich

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Before he did anything else, Han Sen wanted to collect as many purple crystal cores as he could. When the operation's timer ran out, it'd draw suspicion if he was to remain and not leave.

But he had plenty of time, and for the next four days, he stayed in his beetle and went around collecting as many purple crystal cores as he could find. On this fourth day, he discovered quite the staggering landmark: it was a giant hole in the ground, or rather, a crater left by some meteorite.

It was fifty miles in length, and after a preliminary scan, Han Sen was able to detect the presence of more architectural ruins at its center. This must have been the heart of the entire crystallizer region they had come to examine.

Save for that one temple Han Sen found, there was nothing complete there anymore. Everything around was in various states of decay.

"It looks like something horrible befell this place. And judging from the crater, that might be literal," Ji Yanran said, as she stared at the monitors.

"What could cause something like this?" Han Sen thought the crater was rather ominous, and it was teetering on the brink of being absolutely frightening.

The crystallizers weren't known for cheap construction. They built their civilizations to last, and their structures were incredibly hardy. Average buildings of theirs had been known to withstand atomic bombs.

But the city there was in absolute ruin, and the landscapes all around were ravaged and desolate.

“There must be a trace or lead we can follow up on. We should go out in search for it,” Ji Yanran said.

Han Sen scanned the ruins with the gizmos in his beetle, but he couldn't find anything to indicate what had caused the devastation.

What Han Sen was able to detect, though, was the presence of more purple crystal cores. There were lots of them, and Han Sen hypothesized the region they were in now had to be some sort of warehouse for them.

Han Sen used the beetle to dig them up, and with the abundance that were there, it took a few hours to collect them all.

“We are going to be rich! There's over a thousand of them.” Han Sen was very enthusiastic over the result.

Han Sen poked about some more, but couldn't find a lode that contained as many as the one he had just unearthed.

When Han Sen returned from that place, though, everyone had left already. It was supposed to be a ten-day operation and now, with the timer expired, people were happy to leave.

“D*mn. I was going to kill those punk shuras.” While that was disappointing, he didn't let it weigh on him. The riches he had found more than made up for the lack of shura-killing.

“We have to go now. If we remain any longer, it might draw suspicion.” Ji Yanran looked at the vast number of cores they had collected, and went on to say, “What are you planning to do with them?”

Ji Yanran knew Han Sen wasn't the sort of person to so willingly hand out what he had collected.

"I'll think of something. But you should take a few of them with you." Han Sen then took Ji Yanran back to her spawn point.

After that, he rode his beetle back to where he had spawned in.

He put away the black beetle, which reverted to the size of a small green beetle, and gave it a scan. Nothing could be detected, and certainly not the massive amount of purple crystal cores that were still inside it.

After pocketing the beetle, he teleported back. Everyone was there, waiting.

Han Sen handed in eleven of the crystals, and after a scan, he was free to go.

The researchers did frisk and find the little beetle, but it released no energy. Therefore, they did not care.

Feeling relief, Han Sen was happy he was able to get away with the motherlode, scot-free.

"You and Ji Yanran are our best soldiers, no doubt," General Reg complimented Han Sen, following the hearty load he had delivered.

Looking over towards the shura, their faces seemed glum. He wondered what had happened to them.

Back on the aircraft, Bai Yishan told Han Sen that they had not managed to collect many at all.

They claimed it was because there was something wrong with their teleporter, and so everything they had prepared had been rendered useless. As such, they were only able to bring back one or two each.

One of the shura had managed to collect three, but there were none with a higher amount than that. The name of the shura who had collected these was Gu Na.

The shura were initially happy with the amount they retrieved, but their faces quickly turned sour when they saw Ji Yanran return with eight. Their faces practically curdled when they later saw Han Sen come back with eleven.

“I shouldn’t have handed in that many. It may seem a bit suspicious,” Han Sen thought to himself.

For a dozen cores to make the shura incredibly jealous, Han Sen realized the items were more precious and valuable than he initially thought them to be.

When his thoughts returned to the fact that he had collected well over a thousand, though, his heart started to pound with an uber amount of excitement.

“First off, I need to find out what exactly these purple crystal cores are.” Han Sen made that his primary objective.

But before Han Sen went off to find out what they were, Ji Yanran approached him with the knowledge already secured. And she was well aware he had kept the rest of the purple crystal cores they had collected.

The roulette no longer worked now, and it prevented anyone else from entering. That, combined with the shura already knowing, meant the Alliance had no reason to withhold the information from Ji Yanran.

When Han Sen heard what she had to say, he started to cackle like a madman.

“A thousand? I’m going to be rich! I’m going to be really rich!”

Chapter 1068 - Scary Weapon

Chapter 1068: Scary Weapon

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen could not wait to sleep on a bed of those purple crystal cores. Doing so would be better than rolling on a bed of cash.

Ji Yanran and Han Sen were not professional scientists, so the correct terminology escaped them. What they did know was that the purple crystal cores were anti-material weapons. They were explosive devices that released obliterating energy upon detonation.

The Alliance had similar weaponry, but nothing that came close to the sheer devastation the purple crystal cores could unleash. If they were ever to be used, though, they'd need a detonator.

It took only one core to blow up an entire battleship.

Scanners could not detect their presence, and no known weapon could work as a deterrent. They were always primed for use, so they couldn't be disarmed or disassembled, either.

As for the previously mentioned need for a detonator, that was where the humans and shura now turned their focus. They had to find a way to use the crystal cores, because no one in either government had figured out a way in which they could be triggered to explode.

Han Sen, however, had.

The beetle he had come into possession of could load up the purple crystal cores as a manner of artillery. They could be fired from the machine with ease.

The beams Han Sen had fired before also used an energy that was not too different from that of the purple crystal cores. Put simply, the cores contained something very similar, but condensed.

The beetle could either fire the purple crystal cores in one shot, or refill the energy lasers for a more controlled and precise method of annihilation. With the lasers, you could use as much or as little of the energy as you wanted and make it last.

If the energy of the core was unleashed all at once, the explosion was enough to destroy a Star-Class Super Battleship.

The thought of such destruction, all residing at his fingertips, made Han Sen shiver. It was no wonder why the humans and shura worked so hard to obtain these purple crystal cores. Which species would shy away from the greatest weapons of mass destruction they had ever seen?

Han Sen, having obtained a thousand of the weapons, figured he could dominate the galaxy.

Not that he wanted to. He wasn't interested in controlling many people, or later having to focus his attention on suppressing rebellions. It'd all be too much hassle.

Still, with the beetle, Han Sen was a force to be reckoned with. He could go up against any faction in the Alliance and come out on top—no sweat.

If Angel Gene sought to provoke him once again, he could promptly blow them all into smithereens.

Unfortunately, the beetle could not be used in the sanctuaries.

But that was the only downside. It was a shame, though, considering he spent so much time there. Opportunities to make use of the beetle would be extremely rare, if they showed up at all. For this reason, Han Sen was secretly hoping a band of Alliance brigands and

cutthroats, or corporate bigwigs, would suddenly try to kill him. It'd give him a nice reason to make use of the beetle.

Since this was unlikely, though—considering his prestige and everything—he felt the weapon would go to waste.

Back in the Alliance, their efforts in the crystallizer ruins were worthy of medals. The humans obtained a tally of cores that was far greater than what the shuras were able to.

And back in the sanctuary, when Han Sen saw Xie Qing King, he was so shocked he felt his socks slip off his feet.

The spirit was wearing a well-ironed white shirt. On his face was a nice pair of sunglasses. He wore long boots and was decked out with various accessories and jewelry. For all intents and purposes, he was blinged out. The coup de grace for his fashion was the presence of an obnoxious, gold skull necklace that was hanging across his chest. When Han Sen saw him, he had a beer in one hand and a comic in the other. All the while, sausages were sizzling on a barbecue.

“What’s up, my brother?” Xie Qing King made a crazy gesture with his hands. Han Sen had no idea what it meant, but it did look rather gangster.

Han Sen’s eyes twitched. He wondered what on earth the spirit had been up to in his absence, and whether or not the books and comics he had brought him were a bad influence.

“Where did all this stuff come from?” Han Sen sat down and asked him. He had not bought most of the stuff that was there now.

“Lin He bought them for me. He seemed willing to buy whatever I mentioned. I must tell you, humans are cool. I like you guys a lot, yo.” Xie Qing King performed another gesture. Han Sen assumed it was one in praise of humans, but he couldn’t be entirely sure.

Han Sen then thought to himself, “Is it any surprise, with your crazy fists? What idiot would deny your requests, eh?”

“Listen up, bruh. I need to go to the human world, you hear me? I gotta’ go, you know? I want to fly an aircraft, pilot a warframe, and start shooting rockets out of cannons, fool!” Han Sen had never seen Xie Qing King so enthusiastic before.

“Holy crap; what have we done? I only gave him romance comics.” Han Sen looked at the comic he was holding, and he was surprised.

It was the latest issue of Guts, Guns, and Warframes. Much of it was about war and heroes making use of high-explosive devices. Han Sen would have never bought a comic like that for him.

When Xie Qing King finished the material Han Sen had given him, others must have brought him the rest. And in Han Sen’s absence, Xie Qing King became this... monstrosity that was now before him.

Fortunately, the comics of the Alliance were all about heroic humans committing deeds of good. The heroes usually triumphed over evil, even if they did use a variety of high-tech weaponry along the way. The last thing Han Sen wanted was for Xie Qing King to be influenced into becoming some cackling, cliché villain.

Still, his new style was embarrassing. Han Sen had no idea where such a clash of styles could come from, and all Han Sen could do was shake his head and cringe.

“My Emperor, is it time we exact our revenge on Holy-Sword Emperor?” Han Sen encouraged him.

“H*ll yeah. We need to go f*ck that punk up, yo. Those who diss me gon’ get their lids peeled, bruh.” Xie Qing King flipped a bird to the high heavens.

Han Sen was cringing until his teeth ground, but he couldn’t help be a little interested in what Xie Qing King had read, to prompt such a large change in dress style and dialogue.

“Oh, and one more thing, kid. Don’t you be calling me an emperor anymore, you feel me? The word ‘emperor’ is too high-class, and we be needing something from the streets. Call me

Brother King, you got it?” Xie Qing King put on a baseball cap and turned it back, then he slinked his way over towards the exit of the shelter.

“Sure... whatever you want...” Han Sen’s lips twitched.

Although Xie Qing King was strange, at least he still wanted his revenge on Holy-Sword Emperor. With his power still there, and his friendliness towards humans still intact, that’s all that really mattered.

Thankfully, he hadn’t been inspired by reading material that would prompt a desire for world peace. The last thing he wanted was Xie Qing King reading about the virtues of Gandhi.

“I need to talk with Lin Weiwei about the do’s and don’ts of what to give this guy,” Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen and Xie Qing King set off towards Holy-Sword Shelter. There was not much need to prepare, as there would only be two super creatures and one king spirit there. It would be an easy fight.

Chapter 1069 - The Conquest of Holy-Sword Shelter

Chapter 1069: The Conquest of Holy-Sword Shelter

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Inside Holy-Sword Shelter, Holy-Sword Emperor's face was green. The other spirits there were all in fear.

Han Sen and Xie Qing King were not sneaky in their approach of the shelter. Fearlessly, they waltzed before its gate. Before they had come, though, they had made stops at twelve of Holy-Sword Emperor's other shelters, including Sword-Palace Shelter. They were each claimed, resulting in the destruction of Holy-Sword Emperor's son's spirit stone, too.

Holy-Sword Emperor knew they were a force to be reckoned with, so his first idea was to run. But with his spirit stone embedded in his shelter, he knew fleeing would be futile.

"Xie Qing King, I won't forgive you for this!" Holy-Sword Emperor exclaimed, before running towards his treasury.

He opened the vault, and with great care, opened a certain metal box that was within. He picked something up, his expression emotional and complex.

Han Sen was a little disheartened. Initially, he had only wanted to come straight to this shelter, so he could slay Holy-Sword Emperor and be done with the primary local threat.

But Xie Qing King had told him that to preserve their honor, Han Sen would have to take down all of Holy-Sword Emperor's lesser shelters before tackling the big one.

"Why is he just destroying all the spirit stones? Can't he save some for me?" Han Sen wondered to himself.

Xie Qing King was nabbing all the glory, leaving only the bones for Han Sen to pick through. All he was able to get was the flesh of sacred-blood creatures, and that was only because Xie Qing King did not need or want any himself.

Han Sen swore to never fight with him again, unless it was an emergency. He was too arrogant and selfish, he thought.

If Han Sen was strong enough, he might even have tried to kill him.

As disappointing as all this was, though, he couldn't deny how good it felt. There he was, in the Third God's Sanctuary, steamrolling through a multitude of shelters as if it were no more difficult than a Sunday drive. With no force able to oppose the duo, it felt pretty good.

Bao'er had also accompanied Han Sen, and she was sitting upon his shoulder. In her hands, she played with the bird-fish thing.

Now, they were marching directly before Holy-Sword Shelter. Standing before its gates, Xie Qing King yelled, "Hey, yo! I am the Super Emperor, and I am the one who knocks... because I'm polite. Of course, if you keep this gate shut, I'll just have to tear the gate down. It's in the way of me killing you. That being said, if you'd like to concede, you may."

If there was anyone else around, Han Sen would pretend he did not know him.

Xie Qing King was obviously having fun, though. He made another strange gesture and said, "I'm-a give you fifteen minutes to decide, punk. If you want mercy, you better get out here."

Han Sen spent that time observing the shelter that was before him. He couldn't help but admire the grandeur of the place. It was a massive walled city. But it was disturbingly quiet. There was no noise coming from beyond the gate, and there seemed to be no creatures manning the ramparts or watchtowers.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to scan the area, and that was when he saw Holy-Sword Emperor, standing above the gate.

A hundred-meter-tall creature stood behind the king spirit.

In the sky, there was an ape flying around with bat wings. It was like a creature risen from the pits of hell. Or Oz.

“Xie Qing King, we are both king spirits here. There is no need to take things to such extremes,” Holy-Sword Emperor began a speech.

Although Han Sen’s golden raven was strong, he wasn’t entirely sure it’d be enough to take on Holy-Sword Emperor or his pets.

He couldn’t kill a fully-healed Xie Qing King, either.

In response to Holy-Sword Emperor, Xie Qing King immediately said, “Cut the crap, fool! You either fight me like a man or get down on your knees.”

“Fine. But let it be on your head.” Holy-Sword Emperor started his signature move. A thousand swords rose from his hands, and he sent them all flying down towards Xie Qing King.

Xie Qing King then said, “That old chestnut? Oh, please!”

Xie Qing King threw a punch and generated a shockwave that knocked all the swords away. The entire skill was canceled by that single throw of a fist.

Roar! The hundred-meter-tall beast leaped down towards Xie Qing King and Han Sen.

In that creature’s mouth, Han Sen saw something swirl. It was like a blood-red sea. If he was sucked into that vortex, he didn’t fancy his chances of survival very much.

Han Sen received Brother Seven’s information, so he already knew what to expect from the two super creatures of the shelter.

“Then we fight to our deaths, I take it?” Xie Qing King leaped into the sky with a silver light and threw a punch towards the super creature before him.

The hit landed, and it sent the super creature reeling backwards in agony. As it suffered the power of that blow, it screamed in pain. Still, it tried to use its talons to grab Xie Qing King's head.

Xie Qing King threw an uppercut towards the incoming talons, eliminating its advance and giving the monster very sore fingers. The punch was stronger than the monster's attack had been, and the additional force sent the creature flying away.

The other super creature swooped down with its bat wings to attack Xie Qing King, but it was a futile attack. Xie Qing King was so fast, he even had the time to reapply gel on his hair.

Seeing this, Han Sen felt another stabbing cringe. Xie Qing King was now like a slut, reapplying makeup and pushing up her boobs before meeting new clientele.

Xie Qing King knocked away the airborne monkey, and with the coast clear, Han Sen took off running to get Holy-Sword Emperor's spirit stone.

Holy-Sword Emperor saw this, and so he quickly fired his swords Han Sen's way.

Han Sen transformed into a black raven. He was enveloped in a raging fire, which accelerated his pace. He effortlessly evaded the barrage of swords that were coming for him.

All the swords were broken and burnt. They smoldered and melted inside the ruthless flames that were left in Han Sen's wake.

"You took advantage of my injuries the last time we met, human. Do you think you can defeat me this time?" Holy-Sword Emperor looked enraged, and he drew out a single, menacing greatsword.

Chapter 1070 - Copper Statue

Chapter 1070: Copper Statue

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

The sword lit up, and red flames burst out to color the sky.

Han Sen combined his phoenix techniques with Aero, which put him at an advantage. The greatsword's power was almost as strong as Han Sen, it just fell a touch short.

Han Sen used his gold raven for the pursuit and evasion. Nothing else compared to its advantages there, but it did prevent him from using a multitude of other skills. The abilities he frequently used in battle were off-limits, so using the gold raven for actual combat was fairly pointless.

“Humanoid Shapeshifter beast souls are better; I'd do well to find one of those,” Han Sen thought to himself.

But for now, Han Sen blazed through the streets like a phoenix. When choosing to engage with Holy-Sword Emperor, he struck from a dizzying array of different angles.

With the speed at which Han Sen came for Holy-Sword Emperor, the spirit could do little to fight back, and so he was forced onto the defensive, using his greatsword to block each attack.

When the time for him to attack did come, though, each hit was like a wave against Han Sen. Fortunately, he was able to slice and deflect each attack with his wings.

He then used Dongxuan Aura to scan the shelter. Aside from Holy-Sword Emperor and the two super creatures, there really was nothing else living there.

“Where has everything gone? Has he evacuated the shelter of its inhabitants, in the knowledge he was going to die?” Han Sen frowned.

With his fight against Holy-Sword Emperor starting to look like a stalemate, Han Sen decided to fly off in search of the spirit hall.

The shelter was very large, but at the speed his transformation allowed him to travel, locating it would not take long at all.

Han Sen’s blood-wings burnt everything in their path, and if he wished to look inside buildings, he simply sliced the roofs of houses off.

Han Sen’s gleeful destruction of the shelter infuriated Holy-Sword Emperor all the more, and while the spirit tried to pursue his feathery nemesis, he could never catch up.

After a few miles of flying, Han Sen found a hall which contained a peculiar statue. In its chest was a sword-shaped spirit stone—undoubtedly Holy-Sword Emperor’s, Han Sen thought.

Delighted with his quick discovery of it, Han Sen made his way over.

A look of shock came over Holy-Sword Emperor’s face, and realizing he had no other option, he brought out the item he had taken from the treasury vault. He said, “If you won’t allow me to live, then we can die together.”

Han Sen paid no heed to what was spoken. With the spirit stone directly in front of him, he wasn’t willing to give it up now.

Holy-Sword Emperor, seeing no change in Han Sen’s course of action, destroyed the item in his hands.

The item was black, and it was shaped like an egg. Upon breaking it, something came out.

It was like a black liquid, and it gushed out from the remains of the impossibly small, egg-shaped item. Quickly, it began to dye the entire hall black.

“The spirit stone is mine!” Han Sen suddenly saw black, as if something had turned off every light in the world.

This was unexpected. Even in the darkest of nights, Han Sen could see fairly well. He tried scanning the vicinity but found nothing. Strangely, he then began to feel something pulling his body.

When Han Sen regained control, he was able to see clearly again. He was still in front of the statue, as if nothing had changed.

But when Han Sen raised his head, he was frozen.

Han Sen saw a giant face in front of him that was bigger than the palace itself. It smiled as if it were a Buddha.

But its facial features most certainly weren't like that of a Buddha. It was a woman's face, curtained by long, delicate strands of hair. The woman's face looked as if it could swallow Han Sen whole at any second.

Strangely, though, it wasn't alive. It was just a statue, one that had been made from copper.

Han Sen tried not to think too much of its sudden appearance, so he leaped back up and grabbed the spirit stone before doing anything else.

Holy-Sword Emperor, seeing his stone taken, stood there saying, “I was going to try and grab Xie Qing King, too. But you have been a thorn in my backside for as long as he has. You will do. See you in h*ll, squirt.”

After that, Holy-Sword Emperor's sword gleamed before his body exploded in a haze of light.

The moment he exploded, the spirit stone shattered in Han Sen's hands.

All Han Sen could present was a wry smile, as it had been a while since he had last seen a spirit kill itself.

All of a sudden, Han Sen's figure returned to that of a human again. He floated upwards to get a look at his surroundings. Judging from what Holy-Sword Emperor had told him, nothing good looked set to happen.

When Han Sen reached the sky, his face became glum at what he saw.

A large portion of the shelter had been torn away, as another part of the shelter was lifted into the sky by the statue's hand. The statue was unbelievably massive.

And now, Han Sen could see what this statue of a woman looked like in full. She was clad in armor, and she possessed wings. A strange light glowed around the statue, with a skirt of black mist around that.

Chapter 1071 - Devil's Realm

Chapter 1071: Devil's Realm

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

Han Sen was shocked. The black mist grew to swallow the entire area. Inside, his Dongxuan Aura had been throttled, and its effective radius had been brought down to a mere ten meters.

“What the h*ll is going on? Where am I?” Han Sen examined the area and stumbled towards the first building he could see.

Han Sen could not make out anything in that mist, but he could see this one building as clear as day. It was visible, and yet it must have been at least one hundred meters away.

Han Sen poked around his current vicinity, but he could not find anything worthwhile in the midst of that black fog.

“I should have waited for Xie Qing King and allowed him to take the spirit stone.” Han Sen had gone for the spirit stone first to see whether or not Holy-Sword Emperor would obey him. The spirit had gleefully opted to kill himself, which unnerved Han Sen.

Suddenly, the sound of a baby crying emanated across the black-choked cobbles around him. It was spooky, and it immediately made both him and Bao'er alert.

The red bird was disturbed, too. It tucked its head into Bao'er's clothing, prompting her to say, “It's okay. Don't be afraid.”

Suddenly, a monkey with wings appeared before them through the darkness. It was veiled in a shroud of deeper black, and it did not look too different from the super creature they had encountered in Holy-Sword Shelter.

As it came closer, Han Sen was able to sense that it was different, though. This one was only a sacred-blood creature.

Han Sen pulled out his Phoenix Sword and spared no time in swiping it against the monkey's claws. Effortlessly, they were sliced off, squirting inky blood.

The monkey was aggressive right off the bat, so Han Sen had to react accordingly. Following its bloody nail-cutting, the monkey then tried to lunge forward and capture Han Sen in its fanged mouth.

Katcha!

Han Sen swung his sword again and lopped its head off.

“Sacred-Blood Creature Ghost Fang killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly.”

“This must be the same type of monster I saw back in Holy-Sword Shelter. I've unwittingly stepped into another realm of sorts, but I can only suspect it to be a place Holy-Sword Emperor himself has been in before. And if he was able to come here and later leave, I should be able to do the same.” Han Sen mulled his current predicament in his head.

Brother Seven once told Han Sen that one of the creatures of Holy-Sword Shelter swore allegiance to Holy-Sword Emperor because it had been saved, once upon a time.

Now that Han Sen thought about it, he guessed it might have been that monkey.

Han Sen returned his attention to the statue before him. He reevaluated it, and came to the conclusion that it wasn't a jolly woman as he had initially guessed it to be.

The ears of the humanoid statue were pointy, and she had wings and a tail that ended like an arrowhead. It looked like the common depiction of a devil or succubus.

Han Sen tried to contact Moment Queen for assistance, but he was unable to. This told him that this location was not ordinary and getting out would be a trial.

He fingered the Dragon Blood ring and summoned Dragon King. Dragon King was weak, and when he spawned, he appeared as nothing more than a scrawny little dragon that hovered in circles.

“My power fades every time you summon me,” Dragon King said, but then said nothing more. His attention had been immediately snagged by the statue in front of them.

Dragon King exclaimed to Han Sen, “Dmn it! Why are you here?”

“I’m interested in knowing where here is, first and foremost.” Dragon King seemed to be familiar with the location, which was good news for Han Sen.

“Get out of here. You must go at once!” Dragon King pleaded with worry.

“How? I don’t know how to leave,” Han Sen explained.

“What do you mean you don’t know how?” Dragon King was visibly panicked, and he swiftly moved on to ask, “Then, how did you get here in the first place?”

Han Sen explained the events that had transpired in Holy-Sword Shelter, and what had led him up to this point. When he was done with his story, Dragon King looked surprised.

Dragon King was no longer able to speak in hushed tones, it appeared. Again, he shouted, saying, “That *sshole is cruel. He used a Devil Orb to send you here. Oh well, I guess we better get comfy and await our inevitable deaths.”

“He used a Devil Orb? To send me here to this... what would you call it? Devil Realm? What is so special or unique about this place, exactly?” Han Sen asked.

“Special?” Dragon King shook his head and prepared himself to explain. “Back in the day...”

Dragon King’s speech was abruptly cut short by some unknown force.

“Back in the day, what?” Han Sen asked.

“Look, you just need to know the danger you’re in. This place harbors countless creatures, ones that are all hungry. There are also cracks in this dimension,” Dragon King explained more succinctly.

Han Sen smiled in response, saying, “You do know we are both in the same boat here, yes? By helping me, you’re helping yourself get out of this mess. If you’re hiding something from me...”

Dragon King seemed to ponder something for a moment. When he was ready to talk again, he said, “This is Ancient Devil Emperor’s Shelter. There was once a war, and one consequence of it was a shattering of the dimension. For some reason, the creatures in this place grew stronger and leveled up. Even in my prime, I would not dare venture here.”

“Someone fought this Ancient Devil Emperor so hard that this was the aftermath?” Han Sen asked in shock.

Dragon King eyed the surroundings and said, “This is the entrance of the shelter. Scale this statue that’s in the image of a devil-woman, and after a hundred-thousand stairs, you will be inside the shelter in full. Unfortunately for you, the stairs have been destroyed.”

Chapter 1072 - Devil Fang

Chapter 1072: Devil Fang

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

“What was the Devil Orb you spoke of?” Han Sen asked.

“Ancient Devil Shelter possessed a tree, cultivated by an emperor. The tree itself was simply named ‘Devil.’ If it bore fruit, it would have been able to create demonic dimensions. Unfortunately for Ancient Devil Emperor, he was unable to find success in this venture.”

Dragon King paused briefly before resuming his speech. He took a deep breath and explained, “This Devil tree was destroyed during the war, but the wood of the tree splintered to form little Devil Orbs. When destroyed, these Devil Orbs contain the power to transport others to this Devil’s Realm.”

Han Sen was disappointed, learning the orbs were a one-way ticket.

Again, though, he heard the distant sound of a baby crying. It was exactly the same as what he had heard earlier.

Dragon King also heard the noise, and he told Han Sen, “Devil Fangs have found us. They remain in a constant shift of mutations. They could be super creatures; we should go!”

Han Sen asked, “Go where? Can we reach the shelter that is high above?”

“Of course not; that is where the super creatures reside. Who knows how strong they have become?” Dragon King preached.

“Then where in the sanctuaries can I go?” Han Sen asked.

Dragon King did not know where they could go, either. There were cracks everywhere in the fabric of this dimension. They couldn't just flee senselessly.

When a dimension gets distorted or twisted or broken, going in one direction could leave you going in another.

Dragon King caught sight of a Devil Fang racing out from the black mist, but much to Han Sen's relief, he was able to gauge its strength as being only sacred-blood in class.

Suddenly, a dozen more raced out of the black. Their ravenous, hungry maws snapped towards Han Sen.

Dragon King swiftly returned to his ring, but he couldn't be faulted for this. He really was in a state of weakness, and he'd have been unable to deal with a single one of the fiends, most likely.

Han Sen drew Taia and Phoenix Sword and remained as fearless as ever. With Bao'er and the bird atop his shoulders, he ran forward to greet the monsters.

When a sword cleaved its way through a Devil Fang, green blood gushed from the fleshy crevices. Using Double Fly, Han Sen was able to effortlessly slay four of them. The rest weren't waiting around, though—they were still coming.

Even when Han Sen hewed the limbs of the creatures off, they still wriggled their way forward for a taste of his fresh meat.

Green blood started to form a pool around Han Sen, and the level rose the more he killed.

After killing a dozen of the Devil Fangs, their numbers were replenished with a greater sum that lurked in the darkness out of sight. Now, another fifty sought a taste of the human.

But Han Sen was unfazed. He carried on fighting as his clothes became drenched with the green blood. Even Bao'er's face had been splashed with the stuff, which made her quite angry.

Not happy with the constant soaking, Bao'er brought out her mini-gourd and pointed it towards the monsters.

The group of Devil Fangs that remained were immediately frightened by its power of suction, and they tried their best to scramble away to safety.

But it was useless, and they were each and all sucked into the gourd.

A few dozen Devil Fangs were sucked into the gourd in nearly an instant. Others that were thinking of taking their fallen brethren's places now had second thoughts, and they elected to stay away.

Han Sen was delighted, as it had been a while since he had received Bao'er's support. He kissed her and said, "Good job! You make daddy proud."

"I am good," Bao'er said, with a smug grin.

"You are the best." Han Sen looked to the Devil Fangs he himself killed. Then, he got a fire going so he could cook them.

Han Sen was starving after all the fighting, so now was a good time to cook and eat. While he ate, he could also mull his predicament and figure out how he might leave the realm.

Devil Fangs were ugly, but the meat appeared similar to beef. So, they at least looked tasty. Han Sen cooked it to the accompaniment of a mouth-watering sizzle.

Bao'er sat down near the fire, watching as the meat slowly roasted.

"It'll be done in a sec." Han Sen wielded his makeshift cookery like an artisan. He seared the meat perfectly, and a tantalizing aroma rose under his expert hands.

He brought out a crate of salts and spices. With a sprinkle here and there, the energizing scent deepened, and it got their tongues wagging for a taste.

"Devil Fang meat consumed. Sacred Geno Points +1."

After Han Sen took a bite, he heard the announcement and was happy. He looked over to Bao'er and the bird, and saw them nibbling and pecking with delight at a portion of the meat.

After eating a slab of the meat, Han Sen was full. But Bao'er and the bird were able to consume five slabs.

Devil Fangs continued to howl, out somewhere in the darkness. They were too afraid to come any closer, but still, Han Sen thought it was rather strange for him and his companions to dine comfortably with danger not too far away.

He had managed to get four sacred geno points from the meal, which placed him at the number seventy. Soon, he believed, he'd max out the tally in full.

“This might end up working out, after all. I'd say it's a lucky thing, for me to end up here. This realm is full of easy kills, and if my good fortune holds out, I might even be able to slay a super creature, too. Heaven knows I need more of those geno points,” Han Sen thought to himself.

The sounds of howling grew closer over time, though. Eventually, Han Sen was able to catch a glimpse or two of the creatures, lurking in the darkness.

But suddenly, that was the least of their concerns. A giant, red Devil Fang came storming out of the black. It raised its blood wings and stared down at the fireside trio.

Chapter 1073 - Disloyal Knight's Coming

Chapter 1073: Disloyal Knight's Coming

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

“A super creature?” Han Sen stood up and set himself ablaze with red fire. He spread his black raven wings and transformed into a gold raven. Then, he immediately flew towards the red Devil Fang.

Pang!

The raven firebird's talons collided with the red Devil Fang's claws to create a sound like clashing metal. The impact of both forces formed a tear in the dimension they occupied.

Han Sen frowned, unable to believe nothing came of his strike. Their strengths were similar, it seemed.

Then, they both went at each other with manic ferocity. Buildings and structures were toppled and destroyed in the midst of their fight, as Han Sen's fire incinerated the realm and fought back the heart-chilling terror the ape sought to inflict.

The Devil Fang bled green and Han Sen bled red, but both were painting the environment in an unholy mixture. Who would win was still up for debate.

The Devil Fang here was certainly stronger than the one they had encountered back in Holy-Sword Shelter. Its mere presence was sickening, and its intimidating behavior was corrosive to one's resoluteness and confidence. Han Sen's gold raven and Blood-Pulse Sutra worked overtime in a bid to fight it back.

Unfortunately, Han Sen wouldn't be able to remain in his shapeshifted form forever, and with the rate he was losing energy, it was only a matter of time before he lost.

Han Sen readied himself to use his super king spirit and slay the beast before anything worse occurred, but suddenly, he heard a wicked noise coming from within his Sea of Soul.

He looked inside and saw that his Disloyal Knight, which had been in the process of evolving for quite some time now, was ready. It was ready to engage battle mode.

“Huh, that’s some good timing.” Han Sen summoned his Disloyal Knight.

The Disloyal Knight was summoned, and like a stoic hero plated in copper armor, it promptly appeared before Han Sen.

The Devil Fang was not swayed by the presence of another fighter, though. It let out another shrill, baby-like cry and ran forward to engage Disloyal Knight.

Disloyal Knight looked cold as it leaped into the air, its black hair waving. Beneath its feet, a halo appeared. It was expanding.

The halo stretched like an arrow, until its farthest end struck the Devil Fang.

No damage was dealt directly, but that touch had a debilitating effect on the Devil Fang. The devilish, intimidating presence that worked like an actual debuff was lessened, and the creature moved at a slower pace.

Boom!

Disloyal Knight’s fists collided against the Devil Fang’s claws, and the winner of that clash was clear: the Devil Fang went flying back a dozen meters.

In the next second, Disloyal Knight teleported beside the fallen Devil Fang and punched the beast repeatedly.

Disloyal Knight’s focus on pounding the Devil Fang’s face was unnerving, and it drove punch after punch of wretched force into the writhing beast that struggled to strike back with its claws.

Han Sen was shocked, to say the least. Disloyal Knight was suffering multiple lesions from the claws that cut against it, but it was unaffected. It maintained its position, driving its fist into the pinned Devil Fang's face over and over again. Eventually, the ape's flesh had been pulverized and beaten away, exposing bone to the fierce new barrage of punches.

It wasn't long until the bones were snapped like twigs. Green blood gushed out of the wounds and coursed over the ruined flesh that had been smashed like fruit pulp.

Seeing the powerful Disloyal Knight put on such a cruel display, Han Sen could not help but feel disappointed. He thought to himself, "Why was Disloyal Knight not a shapeshifting beast soul? That would be amazing. Particularly so, since I could make use of Taia and Phoenix Sword. I'd kill that thug-monster effortlessly."

Now, Han Sen realized why Disloyal Knight chose not to avoid the scratches it was given. The halo had sapped the Devil Fang of much of its power, and so the attacks delivered upon Disloyal Knight were fairly minor. And the attacks only got weaker, too, the more injured the Devil Fang became.

The Devil Fang writhed and screamed. It got free and attempted to fly off and return to the depths of the black mists. Not keen to let it go, Han Sen flew after it.

The Devil Fang was much slower now, though.

Han Sen struck with his sword and lopped off a whole region of the fleeing beast's flesh to expose the skeleton inside.

"Even its hide was weakened. Disloyal Knight is frighteningly strong." Han Sen was exuberantly happy following Disloyal Knight's performance. Now, he no longer had to fear super creatures.

Devil Fang then came under the brutal oppression of Han Sen's and Disloyal Knight's combined attacks.

The final blow came from Han Sen, who ripped out the monster's heart. He grabbed, squeezed, and pulled it directly out of the creature's chest.

“Super Creature Devil Fang King killed. Beast soul gained. The flesh of this creature is edible, and you may harvest its Life Geno Essence. Consume its Life Geno Essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly.”

Han Sen was delighted. He would have been happy just to receive the flesh and Life Geno Essence, but he had also managed to obtain the beast soul.

“I hope it's a flying beast soul. With wings, even if I wasn't a bird, I could still make use of my phoenix techniques and Aero,” Han Sen prayed.

The gold raven beast soul was good, but he wasn't entirely used to it yet. It was difficult getting the knack of it, and he always preferred maintaining his human appearance, anyway.

Han Sen checked his Sea of Soul. When he saw what was written, he was... surprised.

Super Beast Soul Devil Fang King: Badge Type

“What is a badge type beast soul?” This was the first time Han Sen had received such a thing, so he had no clue what it was.

Han Sen summoned the beast soul, and a red devilish badge appeared in the palm of his hand. It wasn't remarkable to look at, but it exuded a certain aura of evil.

Chapter 1074 - Golden Growler's Evolution

Chapter 1074: Golden Growler's Evolution

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

Han Sen cradled the Devil Fang badge in the palm of his hand, wondering what use it could serve. It did seem powerful, but there was no apparent utility. It could not be used as a weapon, and it was certainly too small to be used as a shield.

He wanted to spend some time researching it, but the red bird was hungry again. It had already flown over to the corpse of the Devil Fang King and begun pecking away at it. Within seconds, it had managed to gobble up an entire arm—bone included.

Quickly, Han Sen ran up to the bird and pulled it away. He was afraid it would eat the Life Geno Essence.

With his Phoenix Sword, Han Sen dug up the black orb from its inside. He was quite excited about this, as it had been a long time since he had last received one.

He cooked some of the flesh, but found it impossible to eat. Humans were unable to consume the flesh of super creatures, but Han Sen always thought it was worth a shot.

Affirming his inability to eat it, Han Sen offered it to Bao'er and the red bird. Bao'er's reaction was similar to Han Sen's; upon having a taste, she threw it up.

The red bird was strangely ravenous. Within moments of being given a leg, it had munched it all and swallowed it.

He didn't want the bird to eat it all, though. Han Sen summoned Golden Growler and Meowth, and bid that they have some to eat, as well.

They really seemed to enjoy it. Meowth paced the bites and ate slowly, whereas Golden Growler stuck his nose in the food and ate like a wild, hungry animal.

It wasn't long before no scrap or morsel of the Devil Fang remained. The red bird ate the most, Golden Growler had a fair share, and Meowth ate the least.

Han Sen wanted to put Golden Growler and Meowth back inside the Sea of Soul after that, but all of a sudden, Golden Growler began to shine like a torch of light. Before Han Sen could do anything, it returned itself to the Sea of Soul.

“Is Golden Growler evolving?” Han Sen was more than surprised.

Han Sen believed Golden Growler was quite a special creature. After Little Angel ate Golden Growler, she grew and evolved quickly. The beast soul Han Sen received was a mountable one.

Mount beast souls could not eat like pet beast souls could, but Golden Growler strangely could. Mount beast souls weren't ones to attack, either; yet Golden Growler did.

Han Sen had been feeding it some good stuff, like the waterdrops, and had witnessed a few changes to its body over time. But they weren't extravagant or immediately noticeable transformations.

After eating Devil Fang King, though, it was as if something had been unlocked. And with this lock having been broken, it was like the creature could now evolve.

Han Sen did not know what to expect from its evolution, or what it would become, but regardless, it was a good thing. He was eager to see the results.

It did not really matter, though. As with Meowth, Han Sen treated Golden Growler like little more than a mascot.

For now, Han Sen chose to leave Golden Growler alone. He simulated the Devil Fang King's energy flow and absorbed the Life Geno Essence.

Han Sen's mood had been repeatedly caught on a snag lately. His Dongxuan Sutra's open gene lock amount was too low, he believed, and this was truer than ever right now, as he was unable to simulate Devil Fang King's energy flow well. This was because Devil Fang King had nine open gene locks, and as a result, the refinement process was very slow.

After an hour passed, Han Sen had only managed to absorb the outermost layer of the orb. He hadn't even been able to receive a single geno point yet.

He guessed it would take an entire month to refine the Life Geno Essence, and that was only if he focused on absorbing it 24/7.

"Well, it's better than nothing." Han Sen was still moderately satisfied.

After packing, Han Sen picked up Bao'er and allowed Disloyal Knight to lead the way. It was high time they got out of there, Han Sen thought, so that was their aim right now.

With Disloyal Knight, Han Sen was no longer afraid of super creatures. If one thought to try its luck against them, he believed they could wipe it out without any trouble.

The black mist was as thick as ever, and it hung in the air like mucus. It stifled Han Sen's Dongxuan Aura, and only allowed him to see ten meters ahead. Every now and again, a Devil Fang would show itself.

Sacred-blood Devil Fangs were supremely easy to defeat, and that was down to the power and precision of his Phoenix Sword.

After eliminating one, Han Sen felt the Devil Fang King go crazy inside the Sea of Soul.

Han Sen summoned it, and immediately, it flew over to the body of the slain Devil Fang.

A black mist then drifted out of the Devil Fang's body and into the badge. Then, it was gone.

Han Sen retrieved the badge and noticed something different about it this time. Inscribed upon it was the number "one."

He checked its information out again and saw there were some changes.

Super Beast Soul Devil Fang King: Badge Type. Devil Presence +1. Collect ten thousand to trade with Devil King.

“What is Devil King? And trade? Trade what?” Han Sen had no idea what he was reading.

Regardless of what it meant, Han Sen now knew the badge had to be useful. He had killed one Devil Fang to obtain one Devil Presence. If the ratio was truly 1:1, then that meant Han Sen had to kill ten thousand of the blighters.

“That’s a crazy grind, but if I keep killing what I see along the way, perhaps I’ll have slain enough.” Han Sen only said this to comfort himself, though. Killing ten thousand of anything was too difficult, not to mention boring.

The Devil Fangs were sacred-blood creatures at the very least, and if they were keen to remain hidden inside the black mist, there was nothing Han Sen could do, anyway.

Han Sen now decided to pin the badge to his chest. Whenever the chance to kill one arose, he would do it. And just like before, the Devil Presence would appear as some sort of dark mist and drift towards the badge to be absorbed.

Han Sen decided to fly around, and after eight hours of doing that, he was able to kill another twenty Devil Fangs. Unfortunately, he had not been able to obtain a single other beast soul.

This got Han Sen thinking: if the Devil Fang King badge absorbed the Devil Presence, perhaps there’d be no beast soul for him to get.

While this was rather lame, he was glad he was still able to eat the corpses. While he couldn’t eat much at a time, he stuffed his face with what he could and moved on from each kill. The bird made sure to grab a mouthful every time one was killed, too.

All of a sudden, though, Han Sen's face changed. He saw the copper devil-woman statue ahead of him again, and he wondered whether or not he had ended up walking in a circle. But this time, a black shadow stood atop the statue's head. The presence's lifeforce looked like a raging bonfire of power, and its magnitude was not too far off of Xie Qing King's.

Chapter 1075 - Ancient Devil Bell

Chapter 1075: Ancient Devil Bell

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

It was difficult to tell what creature sought to confront them this time. It was grey like steel, and its back had a shield that was similar to that of a turtle's shell. It reached down to its tail, which was shaped like a drill.

The head of the creature possessed a curved horn. The claws were sharp, and they lined up like a vanguard of spears.

Whatever it was, it was sitting upon the head of the devil-woman statue. It looked at Han Sen and Disloyal Knight, presenting a creepy smile.

Boom!

The creature jumped and appeared directly before Han Sen. With its fingers raised, it tried to penetrate Han Sen's chest and seize his heart.

Disloyal Knight ran up with its halo active and delivered a punch to the creature.

Dong!

When Disloyal Knight's fist came into contact with the creature's armor, his fist was knocked back. It started to bleed with the force of his proposed punch.

The creature on the receiving end had not suffered any pain from the powerful blow.

Han Sen turned into a golden raven once again, but this did not faze their latest foe. It didn't attempt to dodge any attack Han Sen brought against it, and instead, it just continued its attempts to slice and dice him.

The gold raven's talons were incredibly sharp, but they did nothing to the creature. And upon delivering a powerful strike to the creature, he was the one who ended up bleeding, just like Disloyal Knight.

Han Sen was surprised to see that the bulk of the super creature's strength resided in the defense provided by its armor.

He tried to burn the metal of its armor, but the flames had no more effect than a water splash.

The body of the creature was like a hedgehog, and already, they were having trouble touching it.

Although its speed and power were weak, that meant nothing if neither Han Sen nor Disloyal Knight was able to take advantage of this fact and damage it.

If Han Sen was in his human form, he could use his Taia and Phoenix Sword. But even then, Han Sen wagered he'd still be too weak to deal damage. Not even that weaponry would even the odds.

Disloyal Knight, on the other hand, had no weapons. Beast souls were not like spirits, and so they could not make use of beast souls. As a result, Disloyal Knight had to use its fists.

Still, Han Sen decided to return to his human form. He landed atop the head of the statue and watched from above as the two duked it out.

Because the creature had been weakened by Disloyal Knight's halo, the damage it could deliver was not substantial.

Han Sen frowned and observed the creature. He repeatedly scanned it, trying to determine if there was a weakspot he could exploit.

But if there was one, it was hidden well. The armor had multiple layers, all of which were wound tightly around each other. No weapon could manage to fit through the gaps.

Aside from its lack of ranged attacks, the creature was perfect, Han Sen thought. It was a born killer he'd very much fancy.

If Disloyal Knight hadn't deployed its debuff on the creature, one punch from that fiend would be enough to end anyone or anything, Han Sen believed.

It was like a one-man phalanx. The claws were like a wall of lances, whereas the tail was one that lashed from the rear. No shield or armor could withstand strikes from such a front.

While Han Sen was lost in thought, the sound of a bell rung from Ancient Devil Shelter. It startled Han Sen back to reality.

It was not a sharp noise, but it traveled softly and solemnly through the black to reach his ears. He liked the sound, and its ringing made him think of an old monk ringing a bell in some faraway monastery.

When the super creature heard the noise, it gave up the fight and darted back towards Ancient Devil Shelter.

Han Sen was surprised by this sudden shift in behavior, so he summoned Dragon King and asked him, "Dragon King, what is that bell?"

Dragon King remained silent for a moment, with his ears to the sky. When he heard the bell, his silence was shattered by a horrified scream. He shouted, "Impossible! How is it ringing!?"

Han Sen, seeing the spirit behave like this, frowned. He asked, "Just tell me; what is this Ancient Devil bell that's ringing?"

Dragon King stared up towards the shelter and pleaded to Han Sen, "Go to the shelter and be quick about it!"

“Care to tell me what’s going on exactly?” Han Sen did not budge. He wasn’t going to risk life or limb, acting on Dragon King’s empty words. He wasn’t the most truthful fellow, after all.

They had just had trouble dealing with a single creature, and Han Sen could not be sure how many more of that power level may have resided in the shelter.

Dragon King himself told Han Sen there were many wretched things residing in that place. Before he acted on his sudden change of mind, Han Sen wanted to know why.

Dragon King said, “Quick! When the bell stops, we will no longer be able to enter. Get moving and I’ll explain on the way, but trust me, please. I really don’t want to hurt you.”

Han Sen didn’t entirely believe him, as he used to work for Ancient Devil Emperor. He probably knew a lot more than he was letting on, and there was always the chance he could make use of this knowledge to manipulate Han Sen into being forced to relinquish control of him.

Dragon King was clearly in a rush, though. He said, “It will only ring seventy-two times. Once it has rung that many times, the shelter will close. Once it has closed, we will be unable to enter.”

“Then you better explain to me what’s up there. Tell me, so I can decide my next course of action,” Han Sen said.

Dragon King looked ready to explain, but suddenly, a large group of Devil Fangs flew towards them.

Han Sen’s face changed, and so he drew his sword and prepared for another fight. But strangely, they did not stop near him. They flew overhead and went towards Ancient Devil Shelter.

“The Ancient Devil bell is for the Emperor to go to Qi Ling. The bell is a geno treasure. When it rings, it provides a window in which the creatures will not seek to harm any living thing. Trust me on this, now is the time to go. Go before it is too late,” Dragon King explained.

Chapter 1076 - Creature Meet

Chapter 1076: Creature Meet

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen was wary about the idea of going, but he ended up deciding to do as Dragon King pleaded. He decided to go to Ancient Devil Shelter. He didn't entirely believe Dragon King, but the creatures were indeed behaving strangely at the sound of that bell, and they were all headed in the same direction.

Aside from the Devil Fangs, Han Sen noticed many more creatures heading that way, too. They looked possessed, mindlessly going there.

Han Sen was stuck inside that realm, so he thought he might as well go with them to see what was going on and test his luck.

Besides, Han Sen still had firm control of Dragon King, and he did not believe the spirit could do anything to change that fact.

Han Sen flew towards the buildings, far beyond the black mist, and as he was going, asked, "What is that Qi Ling you mentioned?"

"Unless you were born powerful, most spirits and creatures share the same fate as humans in this sanctuary. They have to practice, train, fight, and learn in order to grow and open their gene locks. Once you have reached your seventh gene lock, though, things become much harder."

Dragon King went on to say, "The Ancient Devil Bell can rinse their souls. While the emperor is present, each time it rings, creatures and spirits benefit immensely. If they have not unlocked seven of their gene locks, hearing the seventy-two bell tolls can result in the

learning and opening of an additional two. Above seven? Well, that just depends on your luck.”

“That sounds too good to be true. And maybe it is. Why has it not worked on me?” Han Sen scoffed at the thought.

“You are already so strong, and with the distance of the bell, it is no wonder why it has not worked,” Dragon King said.

“If it’s useless for me, then why must you implore that I go there?” Han Sen still did not believe Dragon King.

But Dragon King said, “While Ancient Devil Emperor still occupied that place, the ringing of the bell signified he was going to test the genes of others.”

“Gene testing?” Han Sen wasn’t quite sure what he meant.

Humans had technology to gauge the strength and level of people’s genes, but he had never heard of spirits and creatures being able to do the same.

Han Sen then conjured the image of a creepy uncle spirit, bringing a pretty, young spirit to a dark house, saying, “Come, let me examine your jeans.”

“Holy sh*t! Is Ancient Devil Emperor some sort of pervert!?” Han Sen couldn’t help but speak this out loud.

Dragon King looked confused, and he asked, “Pervert? Who’s a pervert? What are you talking about?!”

“Oh, nothing. Um, keep going. Tell me about all this gene testing...” Han Sen had no idea why he started thinking of the things he just had.

Dragon King then went on to say, “Through an examination, he was able to determine the flaws of someone’s genes. He then provided advice on how to fix any discovered problems and how they might gain greater strength. What’s perverted about that?”

“Nothing. That all sounds good.” Han Sen coughed twice to hide his embarrassment over the outburst. Then, he shuffled the conversation along by saying, “Now that he’s gone, there’s nobody there to run the tests anymore. Isn’t that correct? Why do the creatures still go there?”

“The bell is a treasure. If it wasn’t destroyed in the war, it should have been taken. But it is still there, ringing loudly.” Dragon King was in deep thought.

The bell, by now, had rung almost fifty times. Han Sen was getting close, though, and he could make out the structure and buildings that composed the shelter. It was like a grand palace built atop the peak of a mountain.

There were supposed to be stairs leading up to the shelter, but they had been broken. Only fifty steps of the staircase remained, down near the bottom.

The palace was in poor condition, too. But despite its ravaged exterior, Han Sen could determine how grand and luxurious it must have been, once upon a time.

Many creatures flew past Han Sen, not displaying a single ounce of hostility towards him.

All along the palace walls, and assembled on the palace grounds, were legions of creatures. They all stood still, not making a single noise.

“The Ancient Devil Bell is a treasure of that emperor. Its ringing requires something special. It is not operated via a rope, so it’s not something any person can do. And since all the creatures came here, just maybe...” Dragon King said.

“Maybe what?” Han Sen asked.

Dragon King did not respond, so Han Sen flew high above the shelter. Looking down, he saw a hundred-thousand creatures inside the shelter.

The weakest creatures could only claim a spot on the rooftops, or were relegated to the shelter’s walls. The strongest creatures were the ones closest to the palace.

Creatures like Devil Fangs were situated atop the wall that circled the palace, as they weren't very strong.

Inside the palace, Han Sen saw six creatures. He saw the armored creature amongst them.

These six were inside the palace and seemed to possess some manner of authority. There was a distance separating them from the other creatures, who all had to remain outside.

Han Sen checked out the other five creatures. One had a mostly humanoid shape, save for its tiger-head, four legs, and wings.

Its body was mostly black, like obsidian, but glyph-like creeks of lava ran across its joints. This monster was holding a greataxe, which was as big as a house.

To the left of this creature, there was a red dog with two heads. The heads possessed horns. One head had one horn, whereas the other head had two.

The dog with two horns breathed ice, whereas the dog with one horn breathed fire.

Chapter 1077 - Cheating Bao'er

Chapter 1077: Cheating Bao'er

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

To the right of the tiger-humanoid monster stood a hydra. It was a hundred meters tall, and it possessed four wings. Each serpent head had a horn.

Next to the hydra was a white sheep, whose wool was fluffy like the clouds of the sky.

Back on the left, besides the red dog, there was a man. He was sitting, and there were devil-like wings on his back. He was clad in purple armor, but the wings wrapped him up like a blanket, obscuring most of the details of his form. Han Sen could not see his face, but he already knew the man was not human.

Han Sen did not know this because of the strange lifeforce this figure possessed, nor the wings he owned, but because he had four arms. The additional two came from under his armpits.

It was a humanoid creature with four arms, and each hand held a black sword.

Those creatures, along with the steel armor-clad creature Han Sen had engaged earlier, comprised the line of six inside the palace. There was plenty of space around them, but none of the creatures outside dared get closer.

Han Sen saw a red Devil Fang sitting upon the tiled rooftop of a building, and noted how it looked exactly like the Devil Fang King he had slain earlier. It was most certainly a super creature.

Even it, a super creature of remarkable strength, was afraid to go near the palace. The fact that it kept its distance spoke volumes for how fearsome those inside might have been.

Han Sen landed on the ramparts of the shelter and observed the palace.

There was a stone platform in the middle of the palace. A black bell stood atop it. This was the bell that was tolling, drawing all creatures to the shelter.

Han Sen examined it from where he was, surprised to see how crude and unrefined the bell was. Its making looked coarse, as if it were hastily forged from basic steel. Had he not seen it now, in this setting, Han Sen would not have guessed it was a prized geno treasure left behind by an emperor spirit.

Were it an antique that he had just come into possession of, he'd have tossed it into the trash without a second thought.

Many more creatures were still on their way to the shelter, and when they arrived, placed themselves in a position according to their power. And of course, like before, none tried to join the six inside the palace.

The bell finally stopped tolling, and when it did, the mist that cloaked the area became much darker and much thicker. Han Sen could no longer see the statue they had left behind.

“Dragon King, what is this?” Han Sen asked, after seeing the creatures remain still and unchanged, following the end of the bell's ringing.

“Hang on; do not make a sound,” Dragon King whispered harshly.

Han Sen then looked around and noticed many creatures were staring at him.

He immediately stopped talking. He didn't want to risk invoking their ire, for if he were attacked now, survival would be nothing more than a fool's hope.

Bao'er seemed annoyed by something. She leaped down from Han Sen's clutch and used the creatures below as stepping stones she could hop along. She was going directly to the center of the palace.

“Are you trying to get me killed?” Han Sen ran after Bao'er, hoping he could stop her.

“Don’t go!” Dragon King’s call rung with the sound of shock and desperation.

Han Sen ignored the plight, though. He forced Dragon King to come with him and continued his pursuit of Bao’er.

But Bao’er was too fast for him, as usual. She had successfully hopped across the heads of each creature and entered the palace before Han Sen could catch up.

The six super creatures all looked at Bao’er strangely, and as Han Sen saw all their eyes drift towards her, he couldn’t help but think, “Bao’er, you’re going to get us killed!”

Bao’er was not afraid in the least, though, and she just waddled towards the white fluffy sheep. When she reached it, she jumped up onto the perplexed creature’s back and began to roll and bounce in its fluffy wool.

Dragon King was trembling as Han Sen approached them. He was not terrified; instead, he was utterly infuriated with Bao’er’s behavior.

Han Sen had a cold sweat as he entered the palace, and when he was in, he tip-toed over to Bao’er to pick her up,

“I’m sorry. She is a naughty girl, I know. I will teach her better after this!” Han Sen smiled as he chirped an apology before the line of mighty creatures.

Just as Han Sen started to walk back out, Bao’er escaped his grasp again. She swiftly returned to the white sheep’s back and said, “Daddy, this is fun!”

His heart began to pound like a hammer on stone. He felt as if he was going to suffer a heart attack before any super creature even had the chance to maul him to death, with Bao’er’s insufferable behavior.

Dragon King merely looked depressed, believing it was only a matter of time before the super creatures were angered and decided to murder them.

Then the super creatures who were staring at Bao’er averted their gazes.

Even though the white sheep was being used as a baby trampoline, it only glanced at them briefly.

Han Sen and Dragon King could hardly believe what they were seeing.

Dragon King in particular, who had a far better idea of what such creatures might be capable of, was stunned to see them only look and turn away. Their lack of action confused him.

He had no clue why Bao'er was given such treatment, when even a once-renowned spirit such as himself never had been.

Han Sen was starting to get used to it by now, however. Bao'er was strange, and despite her meddling, she never seemed to invoke the anger of creatures or spirits.

Han Sen wasn't willing to jump on the sheep's back like Bao'er, but he was satisfied enough to learn he could remain inside the palace without being attacked. Eventually, Dragon King's nerves calmed down, and Bao'er went to sleep atop the sheep.

"Is she really your daughter?" Dragon King asked in a strained whisper, not daring to alert the super creatures.

Han Sen was going to answer, but before he could, the platform in the center of the palace began to shine. It shone so brightly, he struggled to keep his eyes open. And then, a strange presence emerged.

Chapter 1078 - This Is Not My Road

Chapter 1078: This Is Not My Road

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

After a minute of blinding brilliance, the light started to fade to a more bearable level. And as Han Sen looked its way, a demonic voice began to boom from within the glow.

Within the light, Han Sen saw the faint outline of a strong man. He was sitting and speaking.

The demonic voice was surreal to hear. It was of a language Han Sen could not recognize, and although that meant he should not have been able to understand what was spoken, he somehow could.

When this light appeared, the attentiveness of all the creatures stiffened. They turned to look at the luminance keenly. They were all like well-disciplined and obedient students at school, and while the scene was a serious one, the sight was not without a measurement of grin-bearing silliness.

Dragon King was in too much shock to speak, and he looked absolutely mortified. Seeing spirits of the dead come to attack would not warrant such fright, Han Sen believed.

He wished to ask what was happening, but Han Sen refrained from doing so. He imagined the consequences could be dire, if he dared disturb the creatures now.

Han Sen then chose to try and satiate his curiosity himself. He perked his ears and tried to listen to what the demonic voice was saying.

The six super creatures, and all the other creatures present, were in a trance-like state as they listened.

The language was a strange one. When Han Sen tried to analyze the form of the words deeply, he could not understand a thing. But when he listened to it lightly, as if it were background music, he could understand it clearly. Every word and its meaning were as clear as a bell.

Han Sen looked towards the light and kept on listening. He was surprised by his own attentiveness.

As he heard the words spoken, he felt a new strength course through his body. If the powers in his veins were like the babbling brooks of a mountainside, they were now comparable to roaring rapids.

Han Sen's energy combined with this power, becoming one.

Boom!

The Dongxuan Sutra suddenly opened a new gene lock, much to his utter shock.

And that power resided there without lessening. It marched towards the next gene lock.

Han Sen felt two different powers overwhelm him. The light itself was one aspect of this, and it made him feel grossly incandescent. It glowed around him, but it did not enter his body.

The other power came from the demonic language. This penetrated him deeply, and it was like a Qi Gong that drew the exterior power—which was borne on the light—inside.

This strange strength combined with the strength that already resided within Han Sen, and the might of both forces were swift to break down another gene lock.

Han Sen had no clue who was inside that light, who could impart so much power with the glow and a few words, but he was immeasurably thankful. He had oh-so-easily improved his Dongxuan Sutra by a large amount.

Han Sen turned to look at all the other creatures behind him and noticed they too were wrapped in the same glow that caressed him. The creatures behind him were also having their gene locks opened.

With that holy light around them, heaven knew how many gene locks they were opening.

There was no need for more geno fruits or geno flesh, and there was no need for practice, either. Basking in that warming glow and hearing the words spoken was enough to knock down gene locks with ease.

But Han Sen felt something wrong or amiss with this. While the light had been able to open his gene locks, it wasn't in a manner he wished for them to be unlocked.

More and more of that power penetrated Han Sen, and it began to overwhelm his own strength. He was helpless, feeling the demonic influence usurp his own inner-power.

"This isn't right!" Han Sen wanted to stop the power from penetrating him and disconnect himself from it.

But Han Sen could not stop it, and it was within him, dictating his own energy flow.

Katcha!

Another gene lock was opened, and the power was incredibly strong.

Han Sen could feel the power getting stronger and stronger, and while he could still feel the gene locks breaking, he wasn't happy.

Han Sen wasn't the smartest man alive, but at least he was honest. He wasn't one to deny help, but he wanted to command his ascension and progression of power. What was happening right now did not sit right with him.

And it wasn't just that. It was how this demonic power penetrated him without permission that offended him the most. It had come inside and replaced his own power, making his own little more than an add-on. He was not entirely himself.

The power from that light was taking over, and there was nothing he could do to prevent its intrusion.

It was like he had been forced to learn a mathematical equation or formula, and the demonic language in his head taught him how. It was a way to become stronger, and it had indeed worked.

But if he did not learn the core of the formula, his mind would be trapped.

Han Sen no idea how he had become so much stronger in such a short amount of time, but it had happened, whether he liked it or not.

But he still felt it was wrong, and that he would be worse-off by improving his power this way. He had not commanded this ascension and neither had he learned the inner-workings of every gene lock. He mastered his own skills and perfected each step of his progression; that was how he always did things. This could put him in danger.

He was walking along a path someone else had told him to go on, without knowing where he was going and for what purpose.

With the promise of an increase in strength, many would gladly oblige and follow the path.

But Han Sen was different, if not a little stubborn. He wanted to learn the workings of the world himself, and he wanted to understand the core of his strength through his own means. He liked to command his being and his purpose, not have someone else guide and hold his hand.

“This is not what I wanted.” Han Sen cast Blood-Pulse Sutra, and with the Dongxuan Sutra, tried to fight back against the power.

Chapter 1079 - Battling Evil

Chapter 1079: Battling Evil

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

With the powers of the Blood-Pulse Sutra and the Dongxuan Sutra, Han Sen tried to suppress and push back the energies that sought to empower him.

Had he continued to accept the light and chant of strength, his powers would have grown and developed even further—but Han Sen did not want to cheat. He did not want things to be accomplished this way.

When the power had almost been pushed out, the person bathed in light on the stone platform turned his attention to Han Sen.

And then, all of a sudden, Han Sen's brain felt as if it had been thunderstruck. The demonic language he had been hearing increased in volume, and it boomed inside his head.

The light broke through his attempts of defense, penetrating the Dongxuan Sutra and the Blood-Pulse Sutra.

It wasn't only Han Sen's Qi Gong and energy that were being warped by this intrusive power, it was his very genes. They were morphing to the will of the light.

Boom!

Han Sen became a gold raven, and in this form, he activated nine of his gene locks. He wanted to leave this area at once.

But even then, Han Sen could not move. He felt physically incapable. He couldn't flap his wings or move his legs.

The light was forcing its way into his blood and bones, wanting to become a part of his very being.

“D*mn it!” Han Sen was unsure whether this entire offering was a good or bad thing; all that mattered were his principles—the same principles that compelled him not to cheat.

Han Sen had to kick things up a notch, he now acknowledged. With the ignition of all his energy, his hair grew silver and long.

His eyes turned white and his body glowed.

His holy light merged with the intrusive force. In this form, Han Sen could fight back the attempted invasion, but there were still remnant cascades of light rattling around inside him. And yet, try as he might, he could not extinguish or remove these renegade volumes of light.

This was the first time he had encountered a power he could not wholly defeat with super king spirit mode.

A power had to be supremely wretched in strength to defeat Han Sen's super king spirit mode.

Han Sen thought he was now encountering a super creature that had unlocked ten gene locks, and that was why his power was proving insufficient.

He wanted to leave more than anything. But the eyes of that light-bathed figure were still fixed on him, and the gaze felt physical. The eyes were pinning him in place.

The demonic language was deafening, and it began to occupy Han Sen's every thought. The light inside him became thicker, like an abhorrent mucus that wanted to drown him.

The closer one got to the light, the stronger it would be. But now, Han Sen noticed that the overall brightness that surrounded the creature was lesser in volume than his own light.

Han Sen's white light did not cease its battle with the other light, and eventually, it became the more dominant force.

But whatever lack of strength the opposing force might have now had, it made up it with persistence and volume. Whenever Han Sen was able to break a part of the encroaching light, more would simply take its place. It was exhausting work, and Han Sen knew it was something he could not keep up for very long.

Han Sen might have been able to make a run for it in this form, but he feared he'd be attacked if he left now.

It was like he was encountering a hungry wolf. If you fought it, it might end up not biting you; but if you turned tail to flee, it might take advantage of your fear and strike with a deadly attack from behind.

If he was attacked by the monster that did this, Han Sen reckoned he could not survive it. But he also knew he'd most likely die by remaining there.

The power of the evil light felt unlimited in its reserves, and yet, Han Sen's super king spirit mode could only last one hour. And if he did end up remaining in this form, fighting back with such effort for the entire duration, he'd be so weak when it was over, he might not even be able to move.

Han Sen was sweating bullets. He was in quite the predicament, knowing he might not survive whether he chose to fight or flee.

The shattered shards of holy light were mounting, and they were now building up inside Han Sen. Eventually, they would clog his veins.

But Han Sen was determined not to give in. He gritted his teeth and focused even harder.

The creatures all around were uncaring, and they received the light happily. They were addicted, enjoying the light like they were getting their next fix after a long time jonesing. And what's more, this would only end up with them becoming stronger.

With the gene locks of all the creatures behind opening, and the bursts of light that accompanied them, the shelter was obscenely bright right now.

Meanwhile, Bao'er was still asleep on the back of the sheep, holding her red bird.

Dragon King was very much like the other creatures in the area, in that he was merrily accepting the bounty of light. He had more of a reason to, though, as his body had been in an awful state for quite some time. Now, Han Sen noticed, the spirit had recovered a bit.

Han Sen was starting to realize there was nothing he could do, and neither was there anyone else he could rely on for aid. Even summoning Disloyal Knight would have been useless.

The clock was ticking, and Han Sen knew he'd have to decide on a course of action before he ended up dying right there.

But just as Han Sen was about to summon Disloyal Knight, anyway, a black mist flashed in front of his eyes. It was so fast, Han Sen initially believed it to be a trick of his vision.

But after the flash, the light was shut-off and the demonic language silenced.

Han Sen felt the pressure release, and with the accompanying relief, almost collapsed to the ground.

"Let's go! When they wake up, they will not be happy," Dragon King said.

Han Sen picked up Bao'er and took off running. He used his white light to try to exhaust the remaining light inside. Unfortunately, the active time remaining on his super king spirit

mode depleted, and he was unable to flush it all out of his system. What's worse, the gross volume of light had ended up crystallized inside him.

Han Sen's face went pale. He was no longer just weak; the crystallized light was actively hurting him and making his situation all the more dire.

Chapter 1080 - Crystallized Body

Chapter 1080: Crystallized Body

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen was too injured to fly, so he summoned Disloyal Knight and commanded that he pick Han Sen up and fly him to safety instead.

Han Sen had not been physically damaged, but the light had crystallized his organs, veins, muscles, and bones.

Without the demonic language, the light could not assimilate with Han Sen's body or leave. It was there to stew and go hard, leaving him in a frightening condition.

Han Sen had not been paralyzed, just made extremely stiff. But what was worse, with his body clogged—something which prohibited the traversal of his energies—he could no longer open any gene locks.

Disloyal Knight delivered Han Sen back to the statue. There, Han Sen frowned and said, "Now that I'm injured, how will you get us out of here?"

Dragon King responded, "I couldn't, previously. But now that I have absorbed the Ancient Devil light, that has changed."

"I thought you were one of Ancient Devil's generals. If so, how did he not recognize you in the palace?" Han Sen was perplexed. Amidst all that he had endured, Dragon King had not disobeyed or betrayed him.

Dragon King said, "If that was truly Ancient Devil Emperor, I can assure you, you would not be breathing. I have already told you once: he has gone to the Fourth God's Sanctuary. He's been gone a long time."

"Then who was that, inside the light?" Han Sen asked.

Dragon King explained, "It must be Big Mara, left behind by Ancient Devil Emperor."

"Big Mara?" Han Sen asked.

Dragon King said, "Using his own genes, he created a doppelganger. A tulpa of himself, born from a geno seed. The doppelganger is not as smart, but the power is fairly comparable. I am unsure why it is still here, though, having taken the emperor's place all this time. To think it is still conducting these geno tests..."

Dragon King then looked at Han Sen and said, "It may only be a doppelganger, but the light was as real as it gets. Why did you not accept it and become stronger? Instead, you let yourself end up in quite the condition."

"That's personal, and it doesn't matter anymore. You said you could get us out of here. Can we go yet?" Han Sen didn't want to talk about it.

No matter how beneficial the light might have been, it was not something Han Sen wanted. To him, it might as well have been poison.

Dragon King spat out some light, similar to what Big Mara had done.

He took that light, which was thick and creamy, and wiped it on his eyeballs. Then, with bright gleaming eyes, Dragon King said, "By using this Ancient Devil light, I can guide us through the black mist that traps us here. If we avoid the dimensional tears, we can make our way out of Devil's Realm. This squirt of light is the only one I have, so we need to get out now. If this runs out, we won't have another chance."

Disloyal Knight continued carrying Han Sen, and they both followed behind Dragon King. Unfortunately, Dragon King was very slow, so to increase their pace, he hopped onto Disloyal Knight for a ride, too.

The creatures had yet to leave the shelter that was high above, so their journey was not plagued or hindered by any monstrous intrusions.

Disloyal Knight continued at a hasty pace, allowing itself to be guided by Dragon King's directions. Just as his light grew dim, though, they saw a different light up ahead. It was the light of the exit, and so they hurried towards it, relieved to be free of that place.

The sun was bright, and ahead of them was a large, sprawling forest. Looking behind them, all they saw was a black mist.

"That was lucky." Dragon King then sighed. If he had a body, he'd have been sweating all over.

Han Sen asked, "If you were one of those generals, you should have been familiar with those creatures. Why were you so afraid, then?"

Dragon King said, "Afraid? Me? No. Your imagination surely goes places."

Han Sen did not push the matter, as Dragon King clearly did not want to tell him.

They picked a random direction to travel in the hopes of reaching a shelter. If they discovered a shelter, they could find out which region they were in.

Dragon King was one of the eight generals, and now, he was swiftly guiding Han Sen to a shelter.

When they came across one, it was a knight-shelter that looked abandoned.

"I hope the teleporter is still functional," Han Sen said.

“If it isn’t, that’s okay. We can always go and find another shelter. Following the war, all the shelters in a fifty-thousand-mile radius of us should be abandoned,” Dragon King said.

“What happened in this war?” Han Sen asked.

“Um, let’s go and see if the teleporter still works, shall we?” Dragon King obviously didn’t want to talk about it.

Han Sen dismounted Disloyal Knight and staggered inside the shelter.

He was able to walk, and his powers were still there inside him, he just couldn’t make use of them.

Fortunately, the teleporter was in fine condition. Han Sen left Disloyal Knight behind and returned to the Alliance.

Han Sen was unable to use the Blood-Pulse Sutra or the Dongxuan Sutra, so he had to return to the Alliance and heal.

When he checked himself into the hospital, the results of his condition were dire.

Some of his organs, veins, muscles, and bones had been wholly crystallized, and even some of his blood had suffered the same result.

The professional surgeons that examined him said there was nothing they could do for him, and that removal of the crystals was impossible.

If the crystallization had only affected a few of his organs, they could have easily been swapped out, but ninety percent of his body was crystallized. Even his brain had crystallized. If they replaced all the organs, they might as well have built a brand-new person.

Chapter 1081 - Marriage

Chapter 1081: Marriage

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Ji Ruozen brought in a few demi-gods to check out Han Sen and evaluate whether or not there was something they could do for him, but nothing worthwhile came from their observations. The crystals were firmly lodged in his body and had become a part of him. The demi-gods were strong, and even though they could have broken the crystals, destroying them would mean destroying the organs. And destroying the organs would mean killing Han Sen.

A few days later, a middle-aged man came to see Han Sen with Ji Yanwu.

Ji Yanwu, from what Han Sen could immediately see, respected the man he had brought with him a great deal. And although he didn't say a word, Han Sen could tell who this person was.

It was Luo Haitang, the Godslayer.

After Luo Haitang examined Han Sen, all he did was sigh and leave. He never returned after that.

Many people came to know about Han Sen's poor condition. Although the specifics weren't widespread, it was common to hear people whisper about Han Sen having suffered an unfortunate accident. The wounds Han Sen had incurred were so grievous, not even the legendary Godslayer could fix them.

Han Sen wasn't in any danger of dying, and his condition wouldn't have been a big deal had he been an ordinary person, but Han Sen was Han Sen. And without his powers, Han Sen was useless. He felt useless.

Many people came to visit. Some came kindheartedly, to see if they could do anything or, at the very least, express their condolences. Others just came to see if what they had heard was true: the great Han Sen had fallen.

No matter what they thought though, Han Sen did not give in to sadness. He wasn't going to abandon hope of recovery because he had a solution of his own.

He might not have been able to open his gene locks, but he could still make use of his super king spirit mode. With that, he himself could remove the crystals slowly over time.

Because the crystals were a part of Han Sen, they had to be removed bit-by-bit, slowly. It would take a long time for this crystallization process to be reversed; a very long time.

Han Sen actually had another method of fixing himself, and that was to use the demon language he had learned while in Devil's Realm. If he spoke it, he could heal and improve his body quickly.

But of course, Han Sen still preferred to get rid of it the slow way. He wasn't going to immediately fix himself, if doing so allowed the light to change him.

"What a shame." The Zhao family feigned sadness over the entire affair. But obviously, behind the scenes, they mocked Han Sen.

The Zhao family and Han Sen had much bad blood between them, so it was only natural for them to feel this way. Their history was an ugly one, after all.

The people who were genuinely close to Han Sen, though, who believed he could not recover, were incredibly upset over what had occurred.

"Handsome." Wang Mengmeng and Wang Yuhang came to visit Han Sen one day, and when they looked at Han Sen, they did so with red eyes. Evidently, they had been crying their eyes out upon learning of his condition.

Qin Lan, Yang Manli, Tang Zhenliu, Lin Feng, Lin Beifeng, Su Xiaoqiao, Liu Meng, and Huangfu Pingqing all came to visit him, over time. Even Ning Yue came to visit.

Ning Yue did not say much, given the circumstances, but before he left, he said, “Recover soon, yes? Without an opponent as formidable as you up and about, this world seems rather dull already.”

Han Sen smiled and responded, “You can always buy me a drink sometime.”

Queen also came to visit Han Sen. She didn’t stay long, though. All she did was slap Han Sen’s forehead and swiftly leave.

Even Han Sen was confused by this behavior, and after she left, he nursed his forehead and mulled why she had acted that way.

Many more people came to visit Han Sen, and it warmed his heart far more than he thought it would. He was delighted to learn he had so many friends who genuinely cared for his wellbeing.

Han Sen’s mother, Luo Lan, did not sound worried at all, though, upon learning of his affliction. She even had the gall to say, “Perhaps this means you can stay at home and make some babies for me. I’ve been waiting a long time for a grandson.”

Han Sen could only present her a wry smile after this, not fancying himself as a baby-making machine.

“Don’t you need to work?” Han Sen asked Ji Yanran, who came to visit and was peeling an apple for him.

Ever since what happened, Ji Yanran had practically moved into the Han household to look after him.

“I retired,” Ji Yanran said.

Han Sen was shocked to hear this, and said, “I thought you wanted to be a captain! There’s no need for you to worry about me.”

Ji Yanran looked at him and said, “You owe me a wedding. You still owe me a proper proposal. Have you forgotten about how terrible your first was?”

“No...” Han Sen answered.

“Give it to me now.” Ji Yanran demanded.

“But now I...” Han Sen wanted to say he was planning to give her a better one, once he was healed.

“You need someone beside you 24/7, and I want that person to be me.” Ji Yanran was firm in this stance.

“But I...” Han Sen didn’t want Ji Yanran to waste her life and career by nursing him.

“You owe me. And besides, the psychic said if I don’t marry this year, it’s best I wait another ten years. And I don’t want to wait ten years before I get married!” Ji Yanran pleaded.

“Yanran...” Han Sen held her, thinking her kindness to be immeasurable. He was so touched, he felt he’d have to spend his entire life trying to repay her sacrifices just to be with him.

Han Sen proposed and they got married. The wedding ceremony was simple, held between close family members and friends. Once it was done, they became husband and wife.

After their wedding, Ji Yanran opened an aircraft company on Planet Roca. Han Sen spent his time researching hyper geno arts.

He could not practice hyper geno arts at this time, so all he could do was research them. Bai Yishan taught him much, but he also spent time studying ancient languages to help him practice the Dongxuan Sutra in the future, amongst other things.

Han Sen confirmed what he wished to research, opting not to learn about the more famous hyper geno arts or the hyper geno arts that were applied to the use of weapons.

He researched the powers of the Coin Toad. He wanted to make it a hyper geno art.

Han Sen didn't want to just make it any hyper geno art, as it currently was. He wanted to make the low tier coins even more powerful, so they could match with high tier gene locks.

Chapter 1082 - Reaper

Chapter 1082: Reaper

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Every once in a while, Han Sen activated his super king spirit mode to purge what little of the crystals he could.

The process was painful, in addition to being slow. He could only chisel it away bit-by-bit, and removing it all seemed like it was going to take a few years.

But Han Sen did not waste all this time in the Alliance. He still visited the sanctuary to consume food Disloyal Knight collected on his behalf, so he could improve his sacred geno point tally.

Disloyal Knight hunted in the forest, but primarily did so inside the Devil's Realm, where there were sacred-blood creatures in abundance. By doing this, the Devil Fang badge was able to gather many Devil Presences.

Han Sen was unable to fight, but his weapons were not wasted.

The hardest part of this entire period of his life was not removing the crystals. It was the part where he had to make babies. He and Ji Yanran worked hard at this, but still no pregnancy came. In the meantime, they used Bao'er as a way of practicing being parents.

One year after this entire misfortune befell Han Sen, a scientist called Fulie announced he had discovered a way in which Life Geno Essences could be refined.

After much testing, it was deemed safe and was widely used. And following this discovery, humanity officially entered the super gene era.

It was only a matter of time before they figured out a method, but still, they had done so a little faster than Han Sen had expected.

Humans who wished to refine a Life Geno Essence had to use a geno fluid that was attuned to the same element. Although it was not half as simple as what Han Sen had been doing all this time, it was good progress.

People in the First and Second God's Sanctuaries were now able to make use of Life Geno Essences, but killing super creatures in the Third and Fourth God's Sanctuaries was still proving too difficult.

It was a good thing for humanity on the whole, however, as this new avenue of ascension would make killing super creatures and super spirits a more accessible feat.

Han Sen was not just looking for super geno points, though. That was basic knowledge now, as far as he was concerned.

Although Han Sen had not accepted the powers given to him by the Ancient Devil light, he had been victim to a being that possessed ten gene locks. That level of power was what he had been fighting to achieve for all the years he had been in the sanctuaries.

With enough time and fitness, ordinary king spirits could open nine gene locks. But opening ten was a rare feat, and the difference between a ninth and tenth gene lock was incredibly large.

Not many king spirits and super creatures could achieve this, and for humans, the chances were practically zero. Still, humans could become demi-gods and reach the Fourth God's Sanctuary through the Evolution Pool. They didn't have to break through the sanctuary or be invited in, like spirits or creatures were.

While getting there may have been quite achievable, surviving in the Fourth God's Sanctuary was another matter entirely. Very few humans were able to eke out an existence there.

As time went by, the name Han Sen began to fade. People only recalled he was once a person who was considered the most powerful young man in the Alliance.

Even the Luo family had now come to terms with the fact Han Sen was not willing to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra, and cared little about whether he did or did not.

A few years passed, and Han Sen and Ji Yanran had carved out a good life for themselves. Not much work was involved, due to their amassed fortunes, and so they spent much of their time shopping or traveling—oftentimes both.

Han Yan had now reached the age where she was able to enter the First God's Sanctuary, a place that humans had quickly become the rulers of. With their influence and domination of the realm, she was able to grow up and scale the ranks swiftly.

Perhaps it was because of her genes, or the fact Luo Lan had taught her very well, but she was practically a copy of Han Sen.

In a mere two years, she had become the reigning goddess of the First God's Sanctuary. She had even performed well enough to reach the top ten of Divinity's Bout.

People used to refer to Han Sen as a genius or the son-in-law of the president, but now they called him Han Yan's big brother.

Han Sen was incredibly proud of what his little sister had achieved, too.

But soon after, not even that name was widely known. His existence faded from the memory of those in the Alliance.

He had gone into obscurity, returning to nothing but a whisper of an old glory. He and his legacy had become a forgotten relic. One day, though, he thought, he'd return and shock everyone.

On this day now, Han Sen was in the backyard, holding Ji Yanran. There, he watched Han Yan practicing her hyper geno arts.

Han Sen had taught her many things and frequently stepped in to instruct her, but today, something bothered him. His soured face was plain to see, so he stood up.

Ever since what happened, Han Sen had been unable to use Dongxuan Aura. And because of this, he had been unable to get a true sense for Han Yan's power and observe what she had learned.

But his abilities were now finally starting to return, as the remainder of the crystals were almost fully purged from his body. Today, he could see her clearly.

"Why are you practicing the Falsified-Sky Sutra?" Han Sen knew the Asura Sutra and the Falsified-Sky Sutra were practically the same, and he understood why his mother had not wanted him to learn it.

It seemed as if, after the Luo family's failure in converting Han Sen, they were back to their old tricks but with a different target: Han Yan.

"No! This is the big Luo skill from Saint Hall. It's not the Falsified-Sky Sutra. I can't believe you could make such a mistake." Han Yan laughed.

Han Sen was shocked. He understood now, and thought, "The Luo family don't give in, do they. I can't believe they're dirty enough to resort to such tricks."

Chapter 1083 - The Origins of the Falsified-Sky Sutra

Chapter 1083: The Origins of the Falsified-Sky Sutra

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

That night, Han Sen spoke to Luo Lan alone.

She seemed to know already, and she said, “It’s too late now. When the Luo family started learning the Falsified-Sky Sutra, I knew it’d never stop.”

Luo Lan sighed and went on to say, “I thought by hiding, and obscuring your lineage, I could provide my children with a better life. A good one. I never wanted you to suffer or be burdened with things you should never have had to. I was foolish to expect the Luo family would drop this matter after you refused to learn; foolish to believe they weren’t so desperate, that they were even willing to get a woman, who didn’t even possess the same surname, to learn it.”

“But I don’t understand, Mom. Why are they so insistent on us learning it? And if Little Yan learns it, will she be in danger of any kind?” Han Sen asked.

If the concern of the Falsified-Sky Sutra only applied to him, Han Sen wouldn’t inquire about it. But if it was going to affect his sister, he wanted to know as much as he could.

It concerned Han Yan’s safety, and that was of the utmost importance to Han Sen.

Luo Lan looked at Han Sen, and Han Sen met her gaze. He had to know what danger could potentially face his sister. He was not going to let her deal with something so scummy and sly without knowing all the facts.

“If you are not willing to explain, then I’ll ask the Luo family myself,” Han Sen said.

Luo Lan then told him, “That would be pointless. Since you are now unable to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra, they won’t tell you a thing.”

“Then I’ll destroy their family; how does that sound?” Han Sen proclaimed.

Luo Lan merely sighed in response, saying, “That would be pointless, too. Nothing can be done for your sister right now, as she has already learned the skill. This is all my fault, though, and I accept that. It was stupid of me to not anticipate their desperation, and expect such an arrogant man to go so far as to teach an outsider. All by a trick, too.”

“How did this even happen?” Han Sen’s blood was boiling, but he did not want his mother to learn how angry he was.

Luo Lan looked at her son for a while, and then she said, “The Falsified-Sky Sutra didn’t always belong to the Luo family, you know.”

Han Sen was shocked to hear this. Everyone in the Alliance believed the Falsified-Sky Sutra belonged to them, and them alone. For Luo Lan to confess it was not theirs was big.

But then, Han Sen recalled the Asura Sutra. If his mother was willing to elaborate, he hoped she would.

“Our ancestry dates back to a time when we were little more than interstellar thieves and space pirates.” Luo Lan continued to speak without Han Sen having to prompt her. He was as surprised as he was glad.

“Interstellar thieves?” Han Sen did not expect the origins of a now-high class family in the Alliance to rest in such a sordid history; one that revolved around theft and piracy, as his mother was suggesting.

“Humanity has existed in the universe for a long time, but the Alliance has not always been here. And in the early days of space travel, humanity had to rely on the shura for space-faring,” Luo Lan explained.

“What? Are you suggesting that the Falsified-Sky Sutra was stolen from a shura king’s tomb?” Han Sen was shocked.

“Yes. It was a skill that was originally developed by the shura, but for some reason, it was hidden inside a tomb. No other shura has learned it, as far as I know. And remember, shura kings can only visit the tombs as a final pilgrimage unto a place of rest. They only go there when they are on the precipice of death. Even if they learn the secret there, inside the tomb, it’s not as if they can leave and inform the others. There is no return for a dying shura king,” Luo Lan was not holding back.

“Why would it even be there?” Han Sen asked.

“The person who stole the Falsified-Sky Sutra did not know, either. But he did, after having learned it.”

Han Sen did not say anything more, and just allowed her to speak.

Luo Lan said, “That Luo family member was so very smart. His intelligence was what allowed him to sneak inside that tomb in the first place. We were weak during that time, and on a whim, if they so fancied, the shura could have destroyed humanity with ease. Regardless, after taking the sutra, they translated the shura text with the aid of a few captured shura and forced them to learn it. These kidnapped shura ended up dying. And upon their deaths, they immediately withered into skeletal husks.”

“Soon after, they tried getting humans to learn it. The shura may have died, but no ill fate befell the humans who learned it. We could learn it, but they could not, it seemed. That

being said, the powers the translated text suggested we could wield were not at all like the real skill. We were weak and the skill's powers were low. That was, until a person..."

"Who?" Han Sen asked.

"It was an eight-year-old girl." Luo Lan paused for a while. When her desire to speak returned, she said, "The little girl came across the Falsified-Sky Sutra mistakenly, when it was originally meant to have been given to her father. She tried learning it herself, and was successful. She was able to wield the Falsified-Sky powers with alarming proficiency."

Han Sen's heart leaped in his chest, and so he had to ask, "What was this girl's name?"

For a moment, Han Sen had thought it might have been Zero. But the timeline didn't add up, so he dropped that consideration.

"Her name was Yu Mushuang, and she became the initial thief's wife." Luo Lan's face looked strange, and she went on to say, "She was a mix. Her father was human and her mother was shura. Perhaps it was the mixed shura bloodline that allowed her to learn it."

"Only descendants of her blood were able to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra in its truest form and purity, with its entire power. Unfortunately for the disciples of that sutra, we no longer interbreed with the shura. The blood has thinned, and the powers lessened as a consequence. If it wasn't for the Sanctuaries, amplifying our powers, the sutra would be a forgotten memory and nothing more."

"Humans can't achieve the heights of what the skill is possible of, and shura die when trying to learn it. Only a mix can perfect it. Why?" Han Sen asked.

"I don't know, and it has been a subject of much discussion within the ranks of the Luo family. No one has been able to yield an answer thus far. They have since tried to capture more shura and force them to learn it, but the shura continue to die."

Chapter 1084 - Luo Family's Secret

Chapter 1084: Luo Family's Secret

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

Luo Lan had spoken a lot, all to explain to Han Sen where the Falsified-Sky Sutra had come from. He still had many lingering questions, however, and one of those was why the family was so insistent on them learning it.

Luo Lan continued to explain. "It is because the blood of the shura has thinned a lot since then. There was an argument in the Luo family, suggesting they interbreed with the shura again and revitalize their blood. Others were, of course, against the idea. We are humans, and that's what they believed we should remain. Hybrids were not necessary. It split the family in two. Those who wished to keep the family as purely human remained in the Alliance. The others went off to live with the shura."

"Really? Who has gone there?" Han Sen asked.

Luo Lan then spoke dimly, saying, "This is the Luo family's greatest secret, one that cannot be shared. If I told you, the Luo family—you and Han Yan included—would be doomed. We still possess the blood of shura in our veins. It may be light, but it's still there, and others may not take the volume into consideration were this to become known. It's why I have never told you anything about this before."

"And in regards to the names of those that went to the shura, and who leads them, that is classified even for me. I have no idea. Your great-grandfather was once drunk and did

mention their leader being incredibly handsome and let slip the name or title of someone called Yu Shura.”

“That’s weird. Isn’t that the same name as the current queen of the shura?” Han Sen had a wry smile.

Luo Lan said, “The Luo family does not want the Falsified-Sky Sutra to fall back into the hands of the shura. If it did, it could be used against humanity. So, when Yu Shura left, he only learned the first half of the Falsified-Sky Sutra: the half you have. The second half is another secret, mind you. After your great-grandfather, there was no other heir for its learning. That was why they believed it was imperative for you to learn this sutra.”

Han Sen was starting to understand quite a bit, and he thought these elucidations were brilliant. These revelations also explained to him why the Asura Sutra was longer than the Falsified-Sky Sutra—it was the complete version.

“Yu Shura’s mixed heirs were far stronger than those who decided to remain in the Alliance. It wasn’t until we found the sanctuaries that we could grow and accelerate our development by collecting geno points, and later reclaim a position of greater strength than those who left. And if you’re worried the mixed ones can enter the sanctuaries, you needn’t be. Just like the genuine shura themselves, the mixed cannot enter.”

Luo Lan further went on to say, “The Luo family members that left to be with the shura, though? Don’t concern yourself with them. They cannot be considered relatives anymore, and beyond that, they don’t even look like humans. The Luo family will never provide them the second half of the Falsified-Sky Sutra.”

“As for the secret I mentioned, it is not to be mentioned to any outside the Luo family. Something occurred, and both the Yu Shura and Luo families agreed on not allowing anyone else to know. But, every ten years, the Luo family will send their strongest to battle against the strongest champion of Yu Shura’s family. If the Luo family ever loses, they will be forced to hand over the second half of the Falsified-Sky Sutra. Your great-grandfather is the only one who has learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra in its entirety, so if anything ever happened to

him, it'd be best if they had a replacement. If he died, the Yu Shura would get it. That's why the family wanted you for the longest time."

"Aside from me and Little Yan, aren't there any other viable candidates for them to teach?" Han Sen asked.

Luo Lan said, "Your grandfather always desired strength. It consumed him, and he pushed and pushed until he fell in the sanctuaries. When I left the family, there weren't any geniuses like him left."

"Why don't I just destroy it?" Han Sen said.

"I have always thought that would be the best solution, so this entire matter could be just dealt with. But your great-grandfather is too arrogant to dare do such a thing." Luo Lan paused, before continuing to say, "But now that your sister has learned it, the Yu Shura will find her if something happens to your great-grandfather."

"So, it is because of his foolish pride that my sister has to fight the Yu Shura every ten years? Does he have no consideration for others? Is this the cost of his pride?" Han Sen was appalled.

"It does not matter now. It is too late." Luo Lan looked regretful.

"Let me go to the Luo family and destroy this skill. Let pride be d*mned and the fighting adjourned," Han Sen proclaimed.

Luo Lan believed Han Sen to be kidding, at first, but she said, "She has already learned it. Doing that won't turn back the clock. Let's just hope she can become a demi-god before your great-grandfather dies."

"I'm not waiting around, twiddling my thumbs and hoping for the best. I'll handle this. I won't let her get hurt on the account of some foolish old man." When Han Sen said this, he thought to himself, "Nothing is more important than my family. I'd rather give the Asura Sutra directly to Yu Shura, before letting my sister fight them needlessly."

Han Sen returned to the sanctuary for the first time in years. But this time, he was not Han Sen. Now, he was Dollar. For his time there, he couldn't risk others finding out he was no longer crippled. Dragon King knew the location where they left off, and with Disloyal Knight there, there would be no need for him to fight much, anyway.

Han Sen met up with some humans who had entered that place a couple of years ago. He saved them as Dollar. In return, they gave him information regarding where they were.

Han Sen then took off towards a human shelter that had developed outside of that realm. For a ride, he summoned Golden Growler.

Golden Growler had only just finished evolving a few months prior, and it was as strong as any super creature of the Third God's Sanctuary could be. As good as this was, however, it hadn't opened any gene locks.

Over the next few months, Han Sen had managed to get the Golden Growler to open three gene locks. It'd still need to open another six to reach nine, if it wanted to really compete, though.

Fortunately, Han Sen only wanted to use it for a ride right now. It was incredibly fast.

When he reached the outskirts of that empty, forested land, he was not far off from the shelter he was headed towards. But all of a sudden, he started to hear screaming. Then, he saw a strange light.

Han Sen frowned. That area was not unlike where the shelter was supposed to reside, according to those humans.

Chapter 1085 - Dollar Falls from the Sky

Chapter 1085: Dollar Falls from the Sky

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

Su Xiaoqiao was feeling down in the dumps that day. He had managed to max out his sacred geno points in the Second God's Sanctuary and was sent to a royal human shelter in the Third God's Sanctuary. While this may have been fortunate, it was a pleasure that was short-lived. In less than a year after his arrival, creatures had come to conquer the place.

Outside of the gate, a ten-meter-tall monster stood. It had two heads and six legs, and its body was like a grossly inflated marble. When he first saw it, and the accompanying wretches, he felt terrified.

He had only been in that sanctuary for less than a year, and in that time, he had only been able to consume ordinary and primitive flesh. To face creatures such as that, at his level, the chance of survival was slim.

Needless to say, Trench Shelter was doing poorly. The monsters attacking had been dubbed "Raging Beasts," and the one in the lead was a sacred-blood class creature. The others it commanded were not as strong but were still fairly powerful. The weakest of the footsoldiers were primitive, whereas none exceeded mutant class.

With its gene locks open, the supreme Raging Beast clobbered the walls of the shelter. With each thud, the bricks of the shelter's composure shook. Each quake was more violent

than the last, and all the humans inside mournfully accepted it was only a matter of time before the entire ramparts were brought down.

And once those walls came down, there'd be nothing separating the humans inside from the ravenous maws of the hungry creatures baying for their blood.

A few elites had leaped down to meet the assaulting creatures and battle them there on the plains, but it wasn't long before the shelter-anchored, non-fighters were forced to listen to a chorus of moans and screams. It hadn't gone well for the elites, that was for sure.

The bodies of the creatures had proven too tough for the weaponry the elites wielded. They had quickly discovered they would have to aim for the eyes of the creatures if they wished to deal them harm. If a strike landed elsewhere, nothing would come of it.

In the heat of battle, though, aiming for the blinking eyes of a horde of tall beasts was incredibly difficult. And as such, they did not fare well. With their armaments and magical abilities not being able to deal damage to the very bodies of the creature, things were dire for the fighters, right off the bat.

Pang!

The Raging Beast brought its raging fists down against the walls again, but this time, it successfully penetrated the stone. Brick and mortar were sent flying in a dizzying plume of dust.

"F*ck!" Su Xiaoqiao was on the wall as that occurred, and he fell all the way down to the ground. A brick had whacked his face during the tumble, and blood poured from his nose.

Realizing there'd be no time for a visit to the infirmary, he knew he'd have to stay strong. So, he did his best to disregard the searing pain and instead raise his bow back up. He took aim and began firing arrows, just as he had been.

Dong!

The arrow hit a Raging Beast's face, but it pinged off the thick hide—he had failed to strike the eye.

Su Xiaoqiao fired another arrow, and this second effort was actually a success. The arrow found its target and plugged itself deep into the eye of the rampaging monster. The leading creature reeled back in pain, letting out an earth-trembling groan as it unwittingly fell back onto the army behind it.

That was Su Xiaoqiao's final arrow, though. And upon noticing his empty quiver, all he could cry aloud was, "Why must these giants have eyes no bigger than beans?!"

Su Xiaoqiao threw the bow aside and summoned a spear, hoping he could leap up and spike the eyes of the monsters in melee combat.

And thus, he went into battle. The screams of agony, from both humans and monsters, was his soundtrack. With the clatter of steel and the tearing of flesh, with the lashing of blood and the breaking of bones, a symphony of war played in accompaniment to his charge.

But the valiance of his charge was cut short by more tremors. The ground shook violently, and the volume increased rapidly. It got worse and worse.

Another Raging Beast was approaching the battlefield. But this one was thirty meters tall, and its body was entirely black like hard obsidian.

"Berserk sacred-blood Raging Beast is on-approach!" Zhao Long's face turned grim, as he made the call-out. He was the leader of the shelter.

Trench Shelter had barely been able to hold strong against a mere few of the Raging Beasts. While the battle had been arduous, and the many lives had been lost, the hope of victory had never departed them. But now, with a berserk sacred-blood beast on the way, things had never seemed so hopeless.

The berserk sacred-blood Raging Beast did not heed the attack of any human, and it walked directly up to the gate of the shelter like a battering ram.

Zhao Long flew up towards it, and with a spear imbued with the airborne-fire of a thousand lightning bolts, threw it towards the advancing wretch.

Like a bolt of lightning itself, the flight of the spear was instant.

But the berserk sacred-beast creature was not as lumbering as its appearance suggested, and it hastily managed to duck and avoid the spear striking its eye. It pinged off the monster's forehead and went spinning a few hundred meters away like a ricocheting bullet.

Zhao Long's face turned ugly. Even had he missed the eye of the beast, he had hoped he could still deal damage to it. That was his strongest skill, but it had yielded nothing. Unhindered, the berserk sacred-blood Raging Beast continued its approach towards the shelter's gate. Giant footprints on the ground were left in its wake.

The humans who were still along the crumbling ramparts fired arrows as fast and as furiously as they could. And while the barrage of arrows came in like rain, they seemed to be as damaging as raindrops to the monsters, too.

Any hope of salvation was now lost to the humans, and they watched in fear as the Raging Beasts pounded the shelter. The gate would be broken into splinters any second now.

That gate was a floodgate, and once it was down, it really would lead to a flood of countless hungry monsters. But their concern did not just lie there. The entire structure of the shelter had taken a significant wallop, and it was weakened. Soon, many spots on the walls would come falling down.

With their morale hitting rock bottom, they could no longer even muster the courage to fight.

The monsters were extremely excited in comparison, and the spirits of the filthy beasts were clearly raised with the approach of imminent victory. They pounded against the walls and gates harder, stomped their feet, gnashed their teeth, and licked their lips. There were so many tremors, it felt as if the entire earth would be torn asunder.

The humans knew they had been too weak to withstand such an assault. They knew their efforts to maintain control over Trench Shelter against such a horde of beasts had been a foolish endeavor.

“Everyone! Return to the Alliance!” Zhao Long gave the order to return, as he alone remained fighting. He hoped to buy the rest of his people time so they could escape.

The surviving elites fell back but did not leave. They wished for as many others to evacuate before they themselves did, as well.

Su Xiaoqiao felt terrible. He saw the horror and despair in his compatriots, but he knew nothing could be done to help save the day.

And if they left, he knew it was extremely unlikely they’d ever return.

“Coins!” someone shouted. When Su Xiaoqiao heard this, the extinguished fire in his heart was relit. He asked, “Coins? Is Dollar here?!”

Su Xiaoqiao did not see the enigmatic figure himself, but he did see a number of coins raining down from the sky.

Chapter 1086 - That Really Is Dollar

Chapter 1086: That Really Is Dollar

Translator: Nyoibo Studio **Editor:** Nyoibo Studio

“That really is Dollar!” Su Xiaoqiao exclaimed in shock. He had no idea what had just happened, but the landscape of battle had immediately morphed.

Coins scattered across all the Raging Beasts, peppering them.

No one knew why the coins were there, though, or what they would do.

But in the next second, silence filled the shelter as everyone stared across the battlefield with eyes wide and mouths agape.

Boom!

When those coins landed on the monsters, they all toppled and fell to the ground as if they had been crushed under an immense weight.

It happened to every single Raging Beast, even the sacred-blood class variant. They all fell down and squealed, under a phantom distress and inability to rise.

“What is this? What’s happening?” Zhao Long wasn’t sure what to think right now, but the sudden turn of events had definitely left him surprised.

The same could be said for all who witnessed what was occurring. They all looked at the toppled creatures in disbelief.

The berserk sacred-blood beast was the only that hadn't collapsed. It screamed to the heavens, defying the weight that sought to bring him down.

But suddenly, a bright white light in the sky appeared. It was a humanoid figure with long white hair. Inside that warm glow, this person looked like an actual god.

He was clad in armor, and as he drifted down towards the monster, a coin was wedged between two of his fingers. Then he fired it out at the monster.

Everyone watched the coin plant itself on the beast's forehead.

Immediately after this occurred, the giant crumpled and fell.

At the same moment, the beast's body began to crack like an egg. As if it was suffering immense pressure, it began to break apart. From the web of cracks, blood began to ooze.

Boom!

The berserk sacred-beast was entirely crushed by an invisible force. It was crushed down into a lumpy mound of bloody, sloppy jelly-meat.

For a single coin to utterly annihilate a creature in such a manner was insane, and the people of the shelter believed it to be the work of a god.

"You are Dollar!" Su Xiaoqiao exclaimed to the white shadow that had appeared and saved them.

He could not see his face, but he had a feeling that it was him.

"Su Xiaoqiao, ah! It is nice to see that you are here, as well." Han Sen was happy to see a friend of his had reached the Third God's Sanctuary.

Su Xiaoqiao was delighted at the response he received, and he said, "You remember me? I've been here almost a year! It is so good to see you again."

Everyone looked at Su Xiaoqiao differently, following this.

It was an incredible glory, to have yourself personally recognized by someone like Dollar.

“I thank you for saving us. I am Zhao Long from Angel Gene,” Zhao Long interrupted the two, speaking proudly.

“Dollar.” Han Sen’s response was short, but he then went on to say, “The rest of these creatures will remain pinned to the ground for another twelve hours. I suggest you get rid of them soon.”

After that, the white light that surrounded Han Sen amplified, and in a blinding flash, he disappeared again.

The longer he used super king spirit mode, the longer it would take for him to recover. Because of this, he did not wish to linger too long.

He was only there to check out the shelter. He had not expected to arrive in the midst of a massive battle and be forced to save the humans there, who were on the verge of failure. With the need for haste, he transformed and decided to make use of the coin skill he had researched and developed during his time away from the sanctuaries.

Han Sen was incredibly satisfied with the performance. It wasn’t as effective when he cast multiple coins at once, but it could only improve from its already-stellar performance. Han Sen knew he was his own toughest critic.

But he put all his strength into the final coin and came away surprised. He knew it’d be powerful, but he never expected it to be that effective.

Han Sen wasn’t too worn out after his return, since he didn’t spend much time in super king spirit mode.

He couldn’t return to Trench Shelter right now, so Han Sen turned around and returned to the barren lands.

Dollar's appearance at Trench Shelter was a hot topic, and news of the escapade quickly became viral. His glorious return was a water-cooler news item for people all around the Alliance. The news spread even quicker, when it was learned a number of prestigious characters were saved by Dollar's appearance, like Zhao Long from Angel Gene.

For a single coin to crush a berserk sacred-blood creature, everyone was ravenous to guess how powerful he might have become.

A lot of people had believed Han Sen was the enigmatic Dollar.

But now that he was a cripple, as it was believed, they did not think him to be Dollar anymore.

It was not too uncommon for people to max out their super geno points now, but the first person to do this was Ji Qing.

In the First God's Sanctuary, slaying super creatures wasn't all that difficult. So it didn't come as much of a surprise to learn she was the first to do this.

The Ji family, as proud as ever, made sure to announce this to the Alliance. They were more than happy to add another notch to their already-prestigious belt of accomplishments.

Everybody knew about super bodies, and Ji Qing's was called Sword-Soul. It increased the owner's skills with a sword.

After Ji Qing's achievement, everybody put a heightened focus on training their super body. With Angel Gene Fluid and pet pills, many super bodies were created. Everyone's was different, too.

The super body received depended on their bodies and genes. If they practiced with the fire element, they'd receive a fire super body, for example.

Chapter 1087 - Crazy

Chapter 1087: Crazy

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

Killing super creatures in the Second God's Sanctuary was a far more difficult task than killing super creatures in the First God's Sanctuary. Very few humans were able to max out their super geno points there, before proceeding to the Third God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen hoped more humans would come into possession of a super body. If humans wanted to conquer the Third God's Sanctuary and become more than free-range slaves, they'd need this strength.

Han Sen had been fortunate his Dongxuan Sutra was able to refine Life Geno Essences. That was how he had been able to max out his super geno points, but because he wished to keep its existence a secret, he had been unable to announce the fact he had already maxed out his super geno points long before anyone else did.

He wondered whether a super body was based more on genes or fitness.

Han Sen had practiced the Dongxuan Sutra, the Blood-Pulse Sutra, and Jadeskin. They were his holy trinity, and the super body he had was a super king spirit body.

What he didn't know was whether it was the skills in his possession or his fitness that had influenced this.

Bao'er was currently asleep on Han Sen's belly while he read the news. Ji Yanran was at the nearby table, working.

Suddenly, Han Sen's communicator rang.

"I'll take this out there," Han Sen said. He placed Bao'er on the sofa, and then he stepped out into the yard with his communicator.

He answered the call and was greeted with Lin Feng's face.

"Long time, no see." Han Sen said hello.

Lin Feng was the formal sort, so he got right to the point. "In four days, the four families are having a meet and greet again. This time, the focus is on surpassers. I hope you will be able to find the time to join us there."

"What is the point of me going to a shindig like that?" Han Sen was not interested in meeting any more Xue, Wang, Ji, and Lin family members than he had to.

In particular, he was not keen on those of the Xue family. And if he went there, and they picked a fight, he didn't want to engage.

"It will be held on the grounds owned by the Xue family. There is a problem." Lin Feng wished to explain more to Han Sen before he dismissed the entire notion.

"What problem might that be?" Han Sen asked with meandering curiosity.

"Someone in the Xue family has gone mad," Lin Feng said.

"Aren't they all just a bunch of nutjobs?" Han Sen snidely remarked.

Lin Feng ignored this and continued to explain, saying, "If any-old commoner goes mad, it's no big deal. But this is a demi-god we're talking about here. His name is Xue Yi Qing, and he almost destroyed his family."

Han Sen was not expecting this, and his eyes immediately widened. He asked, “Really?”

Han Sen thought there really had to be a problem with the Xue family. For one of them to go on a rampage and kill others of his own family, that really was bonkers.

Lin Feng said, “Fortunately, when it occurred, the Lin, Ji, and Wang families were there to stop him.”

“What happened?” Han Sen asked.

“Well, it seemed as if he himself knew he was going to go insane. Concerned, our elders went to talk to him. But by that point, he had already snapped. He was stopped, but only after killing a few people.”

Lin Feng paused for a moment, and then went on to say, “Then, we discovered his journal. It made mention of there being a problem with Jadeskin, and it had the potential to drive them all crazy. It already does, a little. He said he had to figure it out before the entire family was driven insane. According to him, the higher the tier that is learned, the higher the potential for turning into a lunatic.”

Han Sen was shocked to hear this, as he had learned Jadeskin, too.

“Did they find out what was wrong with Jadeskin?” Han Sen asked.

“Not yet. It is known that Jadeskin is a hyper geno art stemming from the Frost Sutra, something that belongs to the Xue family. We all want to bang our heads together and figure out what the problem is. It’ll be a big meeting, with this bout of lunacy at its center,” Lin Feng said.

Lin Feng knew Han Sen had been researching hyper geno arts with Bai Yishan in recent times. There was a potential that Han Sen had learned something useful.

The Frost Sutra was a secret to most, so only important people were able to go to this meeting.

“In that case, I’ll definitely come,” Han Sen said.

Han Sen did not use Jadeskin anymore, but he was still concerned. He feared it might have been some ticking timebomb, and if it was, he’d like to have it disarmed as soon as he could.

The Frost Sutra was undoubtedly the best Qi Gong in the four families, but it was owned by the Xue family. And only they were able to learn it.

If he was able to get a deeper understanding of its inner-workings, he wasn’t going to miss that, either.

Han Sen had learned many Qi Gongs over the years, and he had spent much time learning and studying hyper geno arts. There really was a fair chance he could elucidate or at least figure stuff out for those attending the meeting.

The Frost Sutra was able to unlock ten gene locks, but Jadeskin could only go as high as nine.

After the conversation between Lin Feng and Han Sen was over, Ji Yanran approached. She knew about the upcoming meet but believed it had nothing to do with them.

Regardless, Han Sen asked Ji Yanran to ask her family to reserve a spot for him. They quickly approved a position for him there.

The Xue family wasn’t hiding anything anymore. Something grave was potentially plaguing every member of the family, so they needed to figure out the issue before things became any worse.

Their position in the family foursome had weakened considerably after their demi-god lost his sense and started mercilessly killing people. So, they needed outside help. They could now see that they couldn’t manage Jadeskin or the Frost Sutra alone, and they desperately wanted the help of the other families.

Ji Yanran was uninterested in the meet, but she was going to be too busy to attend, anyway. Han Sen met up with her relatives alone and went to the meet with the Xue family.

“I always knew something was wrong with them. I’m surprised to see it really was Jadeskin. Still, I’m just happy I didn’t end up like Xue Longyan,” Han Sen thought to himself as he traveled in the spacecraft.

“It seems I might find out what the issue is, once I get to see the actual Frost Sutra,” Han Sen thought.

Chapter 1088 - Simple Version of the Frost Sutra

Chapter 1088: Simple Version of the Frost Sutra

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

After meeting with the Ji family, they went to the planet where the Xue family resided.

The planet was snow-white, unsurprisingly. It was covered in ice, and the only season was winter. The temperature never left the negative end of the thermometer, and it was considered a hot day whenever it reached the heights—or lows, if preferred—of minus ten degrees.

“Ugh, weird. Why in the sanctuaries do they choose to live out here?” Han Sen looked around.

Ji Hailan responded, saying, “Their hyper geno art requires frosty air. This place is perfect for them.”

Han Sen was comfortable with the Ji family and was still in their good books. No one ever said anything mean or spiteful regarding the condition of his body.

Eventually, the surpassers of the three other families arrived. They had all gathered there to research hyper geno arts, as they were all strong.

The Xue family’s position had weakened. They were the best, once upon a time, with the strongest elites amongst them.

But with things crumbling, they had been somewhat humbled. Their arrogance had actually receded a little, but still, there was always a certain unpleasantness that surrounded them like a bad smell. People of the Xue family were never, and seemingly would never, be the sort that were easy to get along with.

They all gathered inside a modern building, but unfortunately, there were no radiators. No one complained about it being too cold, though, as most surpassers had resistance to that sort of temperature.

Han Sen sat in the room he was provided, and soon after, a knock sounded on his door. It was Lin Feng.

“Come in!” Han Sen swiftly welcomed him inside.

Lin Feng said, “If you aren’t too tired, let’s go to the training room.”

“Can we?” Han Sen asked.

“Everywhere has been opened up for us. We can go wherever we please. The training room has a simplified version of the Frost Sutra, too. We still need to wait until later, when everyone has arrived, to hear the complete version, though.”

“Let’s go, then.” Han Sen grabbed his coat.

Lin Feng had been to this place once before. Han Sen hadn’t, so he didn’t know what to expect of the training room, and he wasn’t sure if he should have been surprised to find out it was an ice cave.

It was minus one hundred degrees in that cave, and Han Sen found it difficult to imagine how the newbies trained there.

After following down a hallway that skirted the training room, they reached a room. In there, it was even colder. There were many platforms for training.

In the middle stood a stone carving, and etched into the rock was a simplified version of the Frost Sutra. This was Jadeskin.

A dozen people were there, looking at it. They were comprised of people from the Lin and Wang family. There were Xue family guards around, too, protecting the place.

Han Sen read it a few times, and acknowledged it was the same one he had learned from Xue Longyan.

“If this has caused them issues, then I should expect the same,” Han Sen worriedly thought to himself.

Han Sen asked Lin Feng, “Might it be their geno fluid that brings about the problems?”

Han Sen did not use geno fluid when he learned this. So, there was a difference.

Lin Feng answered, “Good thinking, but a few professors have already researched the geno fluid used. Apparently, it isn’t a harmful substance.”

Han Sen frowned, not being able to think of any other reasons why it could cause an issue.

“If you don’t know anything, then keep your mouth shut and don’t talk crap. We wanted to bring in elites to sort this out for us, not some useless cripple,” a Xue family member arrogantly commented.

Everyone there knew Han Sen was disabled, so when they heard him suggest it might have been the geno fluid, one of them just had to say something.

“I can’t fight, but I do research alongside Bai Yishan. I have researched Qi Gongs and hyper geno arts intensively; it’s my profession. You guys wanted the Frost Sutra to be researched, did you not?” Han Sen calmly responded.

Han Sen knew the people of that family were all a bit loco and volatile, so he did not wish to spur the comments into a catalyst for an argument or fight. He allowed the Xue family member to speak what he wished to.

The Xue family member did not reply, though.

“Have you found anything out yet?” Lin Feng asked Han Sen.

Han Sen answered, “From this thing? I don’t see an issue. Perhaps I will learn what the issue is upon seeing the complete version.”

“In that case, we’ll be stuck in this icehole for another two days.” Everyone took the matter seriously. And if they couldn’t sort out what the issue was, there’d no point in any of the families learning it.

They wanted to sort it out almost as badly as the Xue family. The skill was very beneficial, so they didn’t want something like that to go to waste.

Back in his room, Han Sen asked, “Can you provide me a sample of their geno fluid?”

“That shouldn’t be difficult. If they are to reveal the skill itself, I’m not sure this would be something they’d mind, either,” Lin Feng said.

Han Sen returned to his room and contacted the Xue family. Not long after, they delivered what he had asked for.

Han Sen opened the door and saw an ice-cold woman standing outside. She looked so pretty, but also so severe.

Chapter 1089 - Why Would It React?

Chapter 1089: Why Would It React?

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

The woman looked at Han Sen with eyes that were sharp like stabbing stilettos.

Han Sen was not a person who was easily intimidated, so despite her heart-chilling presence, he was able to smile and ask her, “Are you here to deliver the geno fluid?”

The woman did not answer Han Sen. She only stood there silently. But just as Han Sen was going to repeat his question, she spoke. What she said surprised him.

“You have learned Jadeskin, have you not?” The woman asked.

Han Sen was taken aback by this, but he maintained his cool and feigned cluelessness. He told her, “Me? How could I have learned Jadeskin?”

The woman replied to this, saying, “Where you learned it does not matter to me, but if you can solve this problem that plagues our family, you will be handsomely rewarded.”

“I haven’t learned it, but that’s why I’m here. I’m here to help.” Han Sen would never admit it.

The woman then provided Han Sen with a bottle and a few documents, telling him, “This is Jadeskin’s geno fluid and formula. If you have any problems, feel free to give me a call.”

“What’s your name?” Han Sen asked.

“My name is Xue Feiyan,” she answered. Then she walked away.

Xue Feiyan believed Han Sen had learned Jadeskin, which made him feel uneasy. He had no idea how she had managed to find this out.

Before Han Sen could shut the door and retreat to the studies he wished to compose, Ji Hailan appeared. He immediately blurted, “Oh! Have you been cheating on Yanran? You naughty-devil you. Hitting on Xue Feiyan, are you? You must have a thing for ice caves. Tell me how you were able to seduce that woman’s icy heart or the next thing I do, I’m calling Yanran!”

Han Sen merely gave a wry smile, answering, “I didn’t even know her name, and neither did I know she was a lady of the Xue family. She was here delivering the geno fluid and formula.”

Han Sen then showed Ji Hailan the items he had just received.

“D*mn! The Xue family’s got their ladies running around like postmen? Well, if she’s the one making the rounds, I’m going to go call for some, too!” Ji Hailan looked disturbingly excited.

“Uncle Hailan, is she a person of much renown?” Han Sen asked.

He was still reeling from the fact she knew he had learned Jadeskin.

“What? You have no idea who she is? She’s the prettiest person on this ice-ridden rock. Sometimes, I find myself questioning whether or not you’re actually a man!” Ji Hailan had a genuine suspicion Han Sen was gay.

Han Sen loved beautiful women, but he was faithful. He had a firm control of what was in his pants, and he would not dare love other women while he was with Ji Yanran. Besides, Xue Feiyan had just exposed his ownership of Jadeskin.

Han Sen’s knowledge of her only covered a few shallow grounds. She was pretty, and was twenty years of age. She was the daughter of the demi-god who lost his marbles, and she was a talented fighter.

Xue Feiyan, however, was still in the First God's Sanctuary; she wasn't an evolver yet. Even so, this just added to Han Sen's perplexion. If she was that low in her sanctuary-career, how was she able to tell Han Sen had learned Jadeskin?

Back inside his room, Han Sen no longer felt safe. If the rest of the Xue family came to know that he had learned Jadeskin, things might quickly go awry.

"Running off now would be suspicious, though. I'll just have to keep denying it, no matter how many accusations there are," Han Sen told himself.

Because he hadn't practiced Jadeskin for a long time, and the crazy demi-god was locked up, he thought that none should have been able to tell he had learned it. Evidently, he was incorrect.

Fortunately for him, though, the Xue family was in bad shape and might not lash out. They didn't have as much influence or room for maneuverability with their strained relationships. If the Xue family of today was the Xue family of a few years ago, and Han Sen would have been on the next flight off that planet.

Han Sen then remembered he owned the black beetle. If he had to, he could use that to escape.

He put his hand in his pocket to touch the insect. As he stroked the beetle, it brought him comfort. With that thing, it'd be impossible for him to lose a fight in the Alliance.

With his fears allayed, Han Sen got to work researching. He had no tools, so he simply looked at the ingredient list. He was now well-educated in the crafts of geno fluid, so he knew what he was looking at. This geno fluid was primarily comprised of Yin Force and concentrated elemental ice ingredients.

By all means, from what he could tell, consuming the geno fluid would be good for you. He saw no reason why it would damage or drive individuals insane with rage.

And a single consumption was all that was needed. There was nothing in it to make people addicted to repeated dosages.

The next morning, Han Sen decided to have breakfast with Ji Hailan. The Xue family members that were around the cafeteria seemed oblivious to Han Sen's learning of Jadeskin, as no further mention was made of it.

While Han Sen looked around in suspicion, Ji Hailan went on and on about how it wasn't Xue Feiyan who delivered the items to him, and it was just some crotchety butler.

After they finished their meals, they went to the ice cave. The Jadeskin carving was simple enough for Han Sen to read, not that he had to.

"Was she messing with me? Was she only just guessing?" Han Sen thought to himself.

But the way she had looked at him with those cold eyes made him feel otherwise. She didn't seem like the sort to joke around like that.

Xue Feiyan kicked out everyone who was in the monitoring room and turned her attention to Han Sen.

In her hands, there was a jade stone that looked like ice. Many words had been carved into the relic.

Xue Feiyan rubbed it gently, staring at Han Sen through the camera feed.

"No way. He doesn't look as if he has practiced Jadeskin. Aside from his skin being supremely smooth, I don't see why anything would suggest he has learned it. But then, why would the frost jade have a reaction to him?" Xue Feiyan was confused.

Chapter 1090 - Frost Jade

Chapter 1090: Frost Jade

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

When the faction was originally split into four families, the Xue family was given the Frost Sutra. The primary reason for this was how well it suited them.

The Frost Sutra relied on yin power and the ice element. Members of the Xue family had a body-type that was comprised of both traits, which made them the best candidates to learn it.

That being said, the Xue family always knew there'd be a problem if they were to learn it. Before the sanctuaries were discovered, humans were weak. And for the Xue family, that meant they could only learn a portion of the Frost Sutra.

Rarely was someone's emotions affected by its learning back then.

And furthermore, Iceheart was designed to erase the negative emotions that arose from its learning.

But through the sanctuaries, as it was for every other family, they became stronger. And as a result, the effectiveness of the Frost Sutra increased.

But for this sutra, there wasn't a vertical ascension of power. Something changed with the Frost Sutra, and now, by the time the Xue family themselves were able to notice, it was too late.

Xue Yiqing became aware of this first, but his efforts were insufficient. He failed and went insane before he could discover the cause. It was currently thought that this was because he had reached the highest tier possible of Jadeskin.

Xue Yiqing gave Xue Feiyan the ice jade before he snapped. That stone possessed the original version of the Frost Sutra. The strangest thing about it was that it could react and determine other individuals in the environment that had also learned the Frost Sutra.

This was displayed through a shift in temperature. It reacted by growing colder when in proximity to someone who had learned the Frost Sutra.

Tier was not accounted for in this reaction, though. The drop in temperature was not related to whether it was close to someone with a high-level version of the Frost Sutra or a low-level version. The shifts in temperature just seemed random.

When the ice jade was near Xue Yiqing, it was not as cold as it was near Xue Feiyan, for example.

Xue Feiyan was the one who could make the jade the coldest it could be.

The Xue family did not know what this suggested, and neither did they know the benefits one could receive by clutching the jade.

When Lin Feng and Han Sen visited the ice cave, Xue Feiyan was only twenty meters away from them. This provoked a reaction from the jade, with instigated her confusion regarding its behavior.

The jade only started to react after Lin Feng and Han Sen entered. Keen to find out if it was Han Sen who had caused the reaction, she decided to deliver the items he had ordered to him herself.

The results were quite shocking, in that the reaction was far stronger than she expected.

She had never received such a reaction from anyone else in the Xue family. There would have been no reaction at all if someone had not practiced Jadeskin.

This was how she figured Han Sen had learned the Frost Sutra, despite him not giving any indication.

Aside from his smooth skin, there was no frosted air surrounding his being. Those who had learned Jadeskin, typically possessed eyes tinted by a blueish hue.

Because of this, Xue Feiyan was rather confused. Han Sen looked ordinary to her own eyes, but the jade was telling her otherwise.

Han Sen must have at least learned the first stage of Jadeskin, something which prompted the initial reaction. It remained to be seen how far he had developed, and that was why she came to watch the security feed. She wanted to study Han Sen and learn as much about him as possible, and see if she could discern whether or not he possessed any visible traits of Jadeskin.

“Maybe this jade is simply broken.” Xue Feiyan wondered if the ice jade had simply been mistaken and malfunctioned in some way.

She exited the monitoring room none the wiser, but she still harbored a great deal of suspicion towards Han Sen.

If Han Sen practiced Jadeskin, and he had done so without any of the problems she and her family were suffering from, he could end up resolving the issue. He might have the potential to save the Xue family.

To prevent any further tragedies, she wasn't going to let this go. She herself was determined to find a way in which this entire ordeal could be resolved.

“I have to fight him. If I fight him, maybe I can find out the truth,” Xue Feiyan thought to herself.

She was aware of Han Sen's condition, however. Like everyone else there, she believed he could no longer fight or make use of his energy flows. But even if this was true, that did not mean he had lost his abilities completely. So, through battle, she thought she could discover the truth.

Xue Feiyan had to find a way, and if she was to do this, she'd have to be careful. She couldn't boldly request a match and risk inciting the ire and spite of the other three families. Wanting to battle a crippled person was not in good taste, after all.

She had to devise a clever way in which she could fight him.

Han Sen had no idea what manner of thoughts were running through Xue Feiyan's mind at that point. His mind was currently concerned with only one thing, and that was Jadeskin.

Long ago, when he first learned Jadeskin, he had noticed a problem with it. Back then, though, he had no idea whether or not it was a problem of his own or a problem of Xue Yikuang.

He recalled the time he was robbed of all emotion, and his temper was spiteful towards the silver fox. To calm himself and restore his emotions, he had to use the Dongxuan Sutra to regain control and flush the negative energy of Jadeskin out of his body.

Now that he thought about it, though, he wasn't sure how it began. It had just occurred.

"Whatever it was, I'm sure the Dongxuan Sutra helped sort it out for me. But it's not like I can teach that sutra to the entire Xue family." Han Sen was not charitable, especially when it came to the people that had repeatedly tried to kill him.

After two days had passed, the main event began. The meeting started in the hall where all the families convened. There, the Xue family presented the original version of the Frost Sutra and used a projector so everyone could see it. With that, all saw it clearly.

Chapter 1091 - The Original Frost Sutra

Chapter 1091: The Original Frost Sutra

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen observed the Frost Sutra and tried to burn it into his memory. The rest of the onlookers examined the revealed Frost Sutra with fascination as well, but despite its grand unveiling, none were allowed to jot down the text on paper or make any form of recording.

Han Sen believed the other families wouldn't want the Frost Sutra to go public, either. So this was fair.

The text of the Frost Sutra was in an ancient language, something Han Sen had acquired some dexterity with in his time away from the sanctuaries. He could now read most of it.

The Frost Sutra was still not as good as the Dongxuan Sutra, despite the fact they could both unlock ten gene locks. It was immediately apparent how much further in-depth the Dongxuan Sutra was.

After forging a mental replication of what was displayed on the projector, Han Sen then started comparing it with Jadeskin.

Jadeskin was developed from the Frost Sutra. It was simplified, so members of the family could learn it with greater ease. That's not to say Jadeskin itself was shallow or basic, not at all. One would still require much talent and time to become proficient with it.

All members of the Xue family had learned it, and they all did very well. The family was almost wholly dedicated to the sutra, and they were bona fide masters of it.

While they had developed it well over the years, their work was nothing compared to what things would have been like if Bai Yishan or other top dogs had dedicated research to it.

They always could have done this, but it was a part of their pride and stubbornness to keep the Frost Sutra to themselves. They could not even dream of giving it to an outsider.

From what Han Sen could see now, though, there should have been no negative side-effects from its learning.

Han Sen focused his attention on the gene lock part, wondering if the Frost Sutra could indeed allow for ten gene locks to be opened.

It was previously established that while the Frost Sutra provided ten, Jadeskin only provided nine.

“Achieving the tenth tier is extremely difficult, but I do wonder why they only kept nine for Jadeskin and did not push for a tenth,” Han Sen wondered to himself.

An elder from the Wang family echoed Han Sen’s thoughts, as he asked the host of this event, Xue Yufeng, “Why does the original skin have ten gene locks, while its modified variant only has nine?”

Xue Yufeng explained, “It is because the person that did the modifications died. Before he passed away, he had only crafted the ninth tier. No one has been able to reach the ninth thus far anyway, so continuing its development has not been necessary.”

In the past, there were no super geno points, and so it was practically impossible for humans in the Third God’s Sanctuary to reach the tenth gene lock.

When you reached the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, gene locks went into a form of stasis. They calcified and solidified, rendering further advancements impossible. Once you reached the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, you could not develop gene locks any further.

The Xue family’s explanation, therefore, made sense.

So Han Sen paid extra heed to what was written of the tenth gene lock. He wanted to remember the contents of that particular text even more than the rest.

The Xue family members could suffer the negative, loony side-effects immediately upon learning the techniques, though. Whatever the problem was, it had no connection to the ninth or tenth gene locks.

Many people asked a number of questions, but none seemed to concern themselves with the heart of what this entire event was about: the Xue family's problem.

Other researchers that had come had been stumped and perplexed by the entire issue, and they hadn't made a lick of progress in figuring out why the Frost Sutra caused the problems it did.

After an entire day of such discussions, nothing came of it. Han Sen wanted to modify the Frost Sutra himself, and see if there were any differences between what he was able to achieve and what had already been achieved.

Of course, that would involve a lot of work. So, as soon as he finished his dinner, he returned to his room immediately. There, he was planning to get started right away.

When he opened the door, though, he frowned. He was alerted to the sound of running water in the bathroom.

Unsure why someone else would be in his room, he double checked the room number. After confirming it to be his, he grimaced in confusion.

"Uncle Hailan?" Han Sen shut the door behind him and continued talking. "Hey, you have your own en suite bathroom to make use of. What are you doing in mine?"

Han Sen had no idea why he would be there in his bathroom. He could have used his Dongxuan Aura, but he chose not to, in fear of catching him in the midst of something disgusting.

The sound of running water stopped. And then, someone began walking through the bathroom door.

Han Sen frowned, acknowledging the footsteps as not belonging to Ji Hailan.

It was a woman who opened the door. It was a beautiful woman with no clothes on.

“Xue Feiyan!” Han Sen exclaimed, in utter shock.

Her skin was smooth like the polished marble of an art exhibit, the natural result of one who had studied Jadeskin.

Any woman could look pretty with skin as smooth as that, but this woman had all the right features, too. She was stunning.

Her long legs ran up to meet with her juicy, bubble butt. Decorating her chest were two heaving boobs of succulent proportions. With her cold eyes looking straight at him, she looked beyond seductive.

Surrounded by the steam of the bathroom, she was like a hot ice cream in the sun. Without reprieve, Han Sen would have liked to pounce upon her and eat her alive.

Xue Feiyan, while naked, still wore a white towel. With her pose, she looked unbelievably sexy.

Her boobs were almost fully exposed, with the nipples hiding just out of sight. Droplets of water ecstatically ran the length of her.

“Does my room have the best shower in the house or something?” Han Sen said, smirking as he admired her fine body.

Han Sen had seen many beautiful women in his time, naked or otherwise. Still, he wasn't going to lose his cool by the woman's clear attempt of seduction.

Chapter 1092 - Almost Got Ruined

Chapter 1092: Almost Got Ruined

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

When she saw Han Sen look at her like a hungry black eel, as if she was a whore, she was quickly infuriated.

If she did not need to find out whether or not Han Sen had indeed learned Jadeskin, she would have slapped him already.

She never expected him to admire her like so, after only having had a shower.

No one could reasonably talk with a person suffering from a mental illness, and neither could anyone reasonably talk with a woman that was half-naked in front of them. Right now, both had been combined, though.

She resisted her desire to strike him where he stood, and just pushed him down onto the sofa. She climbed on top of him and tried to smother him with a good tongue-lashing.

But before her lips could connect with Han Sen's lips, he stopped her.

Han Sen smiled and mockingly told her, "Wow, you are stiff! You can't attract men like that. If you pay me, I can give you a proper lesson on how to seduce men."

Xue Feiyan's face was red, thinking her natural beauty would have been enough.

Now she was embarrassed. Seeing Han Sen's horrible face, she pushed his hands away and tried to force her lips against his once more.

"Help! Rape! Help!" As Han Sen called out, his lips were quickly sealed by Xue Feiyan's hungry tongue.

Xue Feiyan was going to spit frosty air into his mouth, once they had firmly connected, but before she could, someone barged through the door.

Ji Hailan entered in a hurry and said, “Who would rape you!? If a man is to be raped around here, it should be me! I’m the handsome one! I’m the one worthy of a woman’s criminal conviction!”

Ji Hailan’s alarm soon subsided, and then his eyes settled on the exact scene that was before him. There, she was; Xue Feiyan, on top of Han Sen with nothing but a towel. Her lips were planted against Han Sen’s lips.

“Let him go! If you want to bully someone with those wicked kisses, I’ll be the one to suffer them!” Ji Hailan tore his shirt open as he heroically spoke.

But Xue Feiyan did not even spare a single second in looking his way. She kept her eyes fixed on Han Sen, and then grabbed her coat and ran out of his room.

“Don’t go! Please! Bully me. I’ll take your man-riding, mouth-munching fury!” Ji Hailan hopelessly shouted.

Han Sen saw him wanting to take off after her, but he quickly put a stop to his behavior. Then he shut the door.

“Try and explain this one, then. What trick have you played on her mind?” Ji Hailan had no idea what was so good about Han Sen, for him to receive so much female attraction.

“I just came home. She came out of the bathroom with nothing but a robe on, pushed me onto the couch, and started smearing my face with saliva in a brutish display of what the Xue family might call kissing! They really are lunatics. Thanks for saving me, though.” Han Sen looked frightened following the ordeal.

“No problem. We’re family, after all.” On the inside, Ji Hailan wanted to slap Han Sen.

He really wanted Xue Feiyan to consider him as the object of her desire. He more than had a crush on her, and it made him mad to hear Han Sen say what he had.

With a righteous face, Ji Hailan said, “In case she returns, I will stay here with you. For, you know... protection. If she comes back, I’ll be your shield.”

“Thank you very much, Uncle Hailan,” Han Sen said.

“Yep, that’s what uncles do,” Ji Hailan responded.

Ji Hailan wanted her to come back all night, but she didn’t show after that.

Han Sen had the TV on. He was perched on the sofa in front of it, but he didn’t pay much heed to it.

“I think she knows I have learned Jadeskin. All she wants is to confirm it.” Han Sen had a clear idea of what she was after.

Han Sen used had Dongxuan Aura to shout and call for help earlier. The rooms were noise-canceling, so his ordinary voice wouldn’t have been heard, otherwise. By using Dongxuan Aura, his voice could breach the room’s audio-negating properties.

That was also how the frosty air did not get Han Sen. Had he not been saved, she would have confirmed the truth she believed she already knew.

Han Sen did find it strange, though. He didn’t believe she herself could recognize it, given her level. And his Jadeskin was different than hers, anyway.

His Jadeskin could not produce frosty air, so that in itself was a big difference.

Han Sen stood up and went to the bathroom, wanting a shower. As he walked, though, he felt his feet kick something. Looking down, he noticed it was some sort of jade stone.

Han Sen picked it up, and he was surprised to feel how cool it was. He also noticed the Frost Sutra text that was written all over it.

Xue Feiyan was naked, so Han Sen wasn't sure where she could have kept it hidden.

He thought she might have used this to see if Han Sen had learned Jadeskin or not, and had previously kept it in the pocket of the jacket she ran off with.

Maybe in the giant rush to leave, it slipped out.

Chapter 1093 - The Practice Is Wrong

Chapter 1093: The Practice Is Wrong

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

Han Sen held it, but not for too long. Before he knew it, Xue Feiyan had barged back into his room. She tried grabbing it, so she could take off hurriedly once more.

She noticed the ice jade had disappeared when she returned home to get changed, and wasting no time at all, she had to return and get it back. She couldn't risk losing the artifact.

“What is this?” Han Sen pulled back his hands before she could reclaim it.

“That's none of your business!” Xue Feiyan lunged forward for it again.

Han Sen kept dodging, all the while Xue Feiyan tried to grab the item. He knew she wouldn't harm him, as that would form an even greater divide between the Xue family and the others.

Even if she tried, she wouldn't have stood a chance of beating Han Sen. Even without using half a morsel of his strength, he'd still be able to defeat her, as she hadn't even reached evolver status yet.

Xue Feiyan hopped onto Han Sen, doing her best to recover the item.

Fortunately, Han Sen's arms were both longer and faster. No matter what she did, she could not get it back.

Ji Hailan returned from the bathroom after having had his shower. What he saw mortified him.

Han Sen was on the sofa, and once more, Xue Feiyan was atop him. She appeared to be riding him hard this time, as Han Sen's face was smothered within the embrace of her boobs. Her hands were clutching his arms in great distress.

"I can't believe it. This is the final straw! Why must you only want Han Sen? Why have you chosen him and not me?!" Ji Hailan could not believe their behavior, and what had elapsed in the time he had only just gone for a shower. There they were, crudely on the sofa.

Noticing Ji Hailan's presence, Han Sen froze. This momentary pause was all that was needed for Xue Feiyan to unleash one final burst of effort to grab the stone and run out of the room again.

Ji Hailan looked at Han Sen before turning to the mirror and saying, "Why? I am so much more handsome. I am a god amongst men, clearly. Girls these days must have no taste!"

Han Sen ignored him and his tears. His mind was scrambling over what had just occurred with the ice jade. Something strange had happened, when Han Sen held it.

While Han Sen was holding it, he felt incredibly refreshed. Whatever the effect it imbued was, it was not one that was at all harming.

When the jade became cold in his hand, he noticed new text form on the stone.

He wanted to read what was written, but the text became blurry.

He noticed it become blurry when she approached him. The closer she got, the blurrier the text appeared. And when she managed to grab the stone entirely, the text disappeared completely.

"They have been practicing the wrong skill. It is no wonder they have been having these problems!" Han Sen thought, as he reviewed the words he had managed to read.

The ice jade was some sort of testing apparatus. When the Frost Sutra was practiced, a person's energy influenced the appearance of the stone. It showed their tier, but it only seemed to be attuned with the Frost Sutra.

That meant Han Sen had practiced the correct Jadeskin. When Xue Feiyan touched it, though, the text either warped or disappeared completely. That had to mean she had learned the incorrect technique.

"No, that's too far-fetched. It has to be! There is no way no one has noticed this, after all these years." Han Sen thought the idea to be ridiculous, despite the clear indications.

But that was the truth, and he knew it. Xue Feiyan could not incite a reaction from the ice jade like Han Sen could.

"I wonder if others are available to activate it and summon a similar reaction? If no one can do what I did... that means the entire family has practiced the incorrect technique!" Han Sen thought this entire revelation was bonkers.

The original Frost Sutra did not say you needed three yin pulses to practice it, yet the Frost Sutra was a yin Qi Gong. Furthermore, the original text made no mention of needing icy powers.

Han Sen thought the Xue family's issues stemmed from a fundamental problem. The error stemmed at the very construct of the family's identity. It was so far beneath their own noses, it was no wonder they hadn't been able to notice where the issue lay.

Without shelters, humans were weak. It was difficult for them to learn high-class Qi Gong's such as this.

The Xue family had three yin pulses, so their frost elemental power was much stronger than that of other people. As a result, learning the Frost Sutra was far easier for them. But they thought frost was what amplified the skill, despite it mainly being yin based.

Their geno fluid was used to increase one's yin and frost, when only yin was needed.

They focused on yin and frost, and over time, the amount of frost became too much. It began to affect the family.

When Han Sen practiced, his body temperature only lowered two degrees. That was the way in which it should have been learned.

When he absorbed the frosty air from Xue Yikuang, that was where the problem for him began. Fortunately, the Dongxuan Sutra was able to save him.

The Xue family had started off on the wrong foot all those years ago. They'd been going about this entire thing the wrong way, and if they wanted to fix the issue, it would mean starting again from square one.

It was fast to learn Jadeskin in the beginning, so the issues were not immediately apparent.

Ordinary people, without three yin pulses, would be fine learning it. Having it would be a lot worse.

Han Sen believed this had to be it. The theory fit the puzzle, but he struggled to believe the Xue family would entertain what he would end up suggesting.

Chapter 1094 - New Jadeskin

Chapter 1094: New Jadeskin

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

Han Sen felt a great relief wash over him, having figured out the problem of the Xue family. It also meant that the Frost Sutra was safe, and there was no problem if he was to learn it.

The Frost Sutra was not as good as Dongxuan Sutra, of course, but it could still open ten gene locks.

The Dongxuan Sutra focused on opportunity, whereas the Frost Sutra was based on the senses. It also strengthened one's bones. When Dong Xuanzi broke the vacuum, if his body was stronger, he wouldn't have died in the First God's Sanctuary.

The Blood-Pulse Sutra was able to strengthen a person's body, but it focused on your genes and what really lay beneath the hood. Han Sen would have liked to bring Jadeskin up to a similar level, and see what strength benefits he could receive.

The Dongxuan Sutra was already strong, but it wasn't perfect. Jadeskin could only make it better. Han Sen was excited over these prospects, so he got to designing a new Jadeskin.

The meeting continued the following day, but no one was yet to come up with a solution.

Han Sen didn't care much for this. He just went along with the proceedings, and when free, modified his own version of Jadeskin.

Han Sen kept comparing it to the original when he went to the hall. It was nice to get a refresher, but it was also good for him to keep up appearances. He didn't say much during the events, he just studied the Frost Sutra intently each day.

Xue Feiyan, since the manic events of that day, had not come looking for him again. But that didn't mean she had given up on him completely. In the latest meeting, she found a way to drag Han Sen into the limelight.

"Mister Han is a very famous person, no? And he is a student of the renowned Bai Yishan. Perhaps he can elucidate the issue and save our family while doing so?" she proclaimed loudly, with a tone of voice imbued with fake pity.

While she mainly wanted to embarrass Han Sen, half of what she said was true. She did want the issue to be resolved and her family saved, after all. Her family was heading down a long and dreary path; one that would end in their ruin. None could earnestly wish that upon their family.

Although she wasn't a powerful person, her appearance spoke volumes. She was a stunning figure, and many men had made her the object of their desire.

But she was, of course, a typical Xue. She held herself on a pedestal, believing herself to be superior to everyone else. Now, she was speaking as if Han Sen was the only person who could save them. This made others feel fairly bad.

Ji Hailan was, of course, infuriated with jealousy. But Han Sen was his family. Others who felt this way weren't.

"Han Sen is smart, yes. But he is injured and cannot make use of his powers anymore. Your request is too much for the poor sod," a member of the Wang family spoke.

He spoke softly, but the words were callous. It was a polite way of telling everyone Han Sen was a cripple that could no longer do anything.

Aside from Wang Mengmeng and Wang Yuhang, Han Sen was not familiar with others from the Wang family.

They were not surpassers, though, so they could not join in the discussions. As such, Han Sen did not know this person and could not be spared his cruel spite.

“Wang Lin, don’t say that! He is injured, but he is still talented. I am sure he can help us.” Xue Feiyan spoke again.

Han Sen knew he had to speak up for himself. He was going to tell them about his discoveries and plans, anyway, in time. Even with the grudge he harbored against the family.

Han Sen wanted to prevent a lot of people becoming psychotic, as that could be catastrophic. A lot of innocents could die or get caught in the crossfire. He just wasn’t sure if he could convince them to take his suggestions seriously.

“I have a solution, but it is likely you won’t believe me,” Han Sen finally said.

“Oh, you do? Please tell us!” Wang Lin scoffed.

Wang Lin wanted Xue Feiyan, but that was not why he was picking on Han Sen.

Wang Lin was a hyper geno art modifier himself, and his teacher was a famous professor of a different faction than Bai Yishan. His mentor was an enemy of Bai Yishan, and thus, he held animosity towards Han Sen.

Hating Bai Yishan’s student was fairly petty, and he believed himself to be far better due to having a better teacher. He was convinced that Han Sen would just end up wasting everybody’s time. If he couldn’t come up with a solution, how could Han Sen?

Han Sen had only been in this field for a few years, whereas Wang Lin had been doing this his entire life.

All the families had their own modifiers, as it helped prevent their core Qi Gongs from getting leaked.

“Mister Han, please tell us.” Only Han Sen could snare Xue Feiyan’s interest, as he was the only person that could get her jade to react.

“I think the Xue family modified the Frost Sutra poorly,” Han Sen said, swift and simple. Cut as clean and cold as the ice of their shivering planet.

Everyone was shocked, hearing this. They believed him to be crazy.

“You believe mistakes were made? You know that the Xue family has demi-gods in their ranks, right? How could they not notice a mistake? Or are you implying they are stupid? Or are you going so far as to imply an amateur modifier such as yourself is the only person in this hall, full of experienced modifiers, that is able to notice the mistake?” Wang Lin looked at Han Sen with disdain.

He himself had studied the Frost Sutra and Jadeskin, and while the modifications could have been better, he did not believe there to be anything inherently wrong with it.

Wang Lin thought Han Sen was spouting bullsh*t, because the young man just wanted Xue Feiyan to like him.

Chapter 1095 - Standing on a Different Level

Chapter 1095: Standing on a Different Level

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

Han Sen understood what Wang Lin was getting at. From the perspective of an average modifier, Jadeskin was correct.

It was as if translating; the general meaning of something could be translated, but much of the context and nuances of a sentence could still be lost. Their views on Jadeskin weren't flat out wrong, just lacking substance.

Han Sen wished to say this as an example, but he'd most likely be laughed out of the room.

If Han Sen had not practiced Jadeskin himself, he would most likely have shared the same opinion as the others. He discovered what he had due to his own practice with the subject of their research.

What Han Sen had discovered was a profound error with the base traits of the entire sutra's makeup, or at least, in the Xue's command of it. The modifications were fine, but the issues were at the core, where no further modifications could reach to correct.

It was like in the past, when humans used to believe it was the sun that orbited the earth. It was wrong, and all the theories that were spun from this belief and ideology were then also proved wrong.

Of course, until it could be proven without a shadow of a doubt, people struggled to believe it was true.

It was a similar situation to what Han Sen was dealing with now, except they were stuck in the belief that the Frost Sutra was established and dictated by the powers of frost. Its modifications and enhancements were all built on the foundation of a profound error.

It wasn't as if Wang Lin was not good enough to see the error, it was just that he saw things differently. Han Sen had an entirely different perspective due to his experiences.

This was also why Wang Lin detested what Han Sen had spoken. He would have been much more patient and willing to listen, if Han Sen had just said the Frost Sutra itself was where the problem lay.

But Han Sen wasn't willing to argue with the snide remarks he had uttered. There was far more at stake than a petty squabble with a snobby modifier. Thousands of people, those of the Xue family, were at risk of becoming psychotic. He had to fix this issue before anything worse happened.

“Li Xinghua is your teacher, yes?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes, he is my teacher.” Wang Lin sounded proud, answering this.

Li Xinghua was a demi-god, and as such, held a higher reputation than Bai Yishan.

Their achievements and abilities were rather similar, but the mere status of Li Xinghua being a demi-god made others hold him in higher esteem. On a purely intellectual basis, though, it made no difference.

“Professor Bai has spoken about him a lot. He is the smartest in the Saint Hall, apparently,” Han Sen said.

“Of course he is. Everyone knows about his grand achievements in the formulation of hyper geno arts.” Wang Lin's pride had turned to stuffy arrogance.

“Indeed. Professor Li’s achievements, in the realm of hyper geno art creation, has no equal,” Han Sen said.

Wang Lin was supremely cocky and smug now. And as Han Sen continued to compliment his teacher, it was making Han Sen himself seem weak.

Lin Feng looked at Han Sen, knowing something was up, though. Han Sen wasn’t the sort of person to speak highly of others so randomly. There was an ulterior motive to his praises, for sure.

Wang Lin, feeling much better, now said, “It’s good that you know of your peers, and know your place. And me? I am a professional. I would know if there was a mistake. It is better to not talk at all and make yourself look like a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt. Okay? Just shut your trap and stop ruining your own teacher’s reputation.”

Han Sen was not angered upon hearing this. And he answered, “You are right.”

Wang Lin believed Han Sen had just conceded and was going to stop.

But suddenly, Han Sen said, “You really are not as good as your teacher. Not even half as good. I can’t blame him, though. He must be too focused on his own research. How else could he end up with such a sh*t student like you?”

“You...” All that built up pride and arrogance was brought to a sudden stop. His mind couldn’t catch up, and with such a quick turnaround, he felt like he had suffered whiplash.

Han Sen was quick to add, “The mistake is clear to see, and yet, you were unable to catch it? Oh, my. You are embarrassing Professor Li, don’t you think?”

“Fine. If you can point out the mistake you claim we have all missed, and we all agree upon your theory, I’ll happily apologize. If you are wrong, don’t blame me for a triage of insults later.” Wang Lin’s face was turning green.

“You know ancient languages, don’t you? Tell me; can you read this?” Han Sen pointed towards the Frost Sutra on the projector.

“Of course. I can even translate it,” Wang Lin said.

Han Sen smiled and said, “Oh, really? I fail to believe that.”

Wang Lin then read it all out, adding his opinion as he went.

Everyone thought his hypothesis was great. Every professor was in agreement with what he spoke, and thought he couldn’t be wrong.

After his translation, most of the audience felt as if they understood far more themselves.

“Master Han, tell me; did I misspeak?” Wang Lin added upon finishing.

Han Sen sighed and said, “It looks like I was wrong. Professor Li has not neglected his students. It cannot be helped when his students are naturally dumb. I feel sorry for the fact he accepted such a stupid student.”

Han Sen considered Wang Lin an enemy now, so he wasn’t going to show any mercy with his insults. Furthermore, he wanted to earn Bai Yishan a greater reputation.

“Explain it, then! Otherwise, don’t blame me for bullying such a stuck-up cripple!” Wang Lin was infuriated by Han Sen’s latest comments.

To this, Han Sen calmly said, “If you can read this all, as well as you say you can, can you point out where it says this is a frost Qi Gong?”

Wang Lin laughed and said, “The Frost Sutra is based on yin and frost.”

“I agree with the yin, but tell me where it mentions frost,” Han Sen said.

Chapter 1096 - The Xue Family's Guest

Chapter 1096: The Xue Family's Guest

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

“Piece of cake!” Wang Lin turned to look at the Frost Sutra again.

But as Wang Lin read, his face began to soften and change. There was indeed a mention of frost, but there was no inherent focus on the element.

“No way!” Squinting his eyes to observe with greater focus, he noticed that the words were phrased in a way that did not support frost as a primary element.

He would have been able to mention the inclusion of frost air in the text, but with so many professionals watching, they'd have been able to tell he was just trying to cover up his own mistake.

Everyone was now aghast at this revelation, and they peered at the sutra in a new light. They noticed the Frost Sutra never explicitly mentioned it was a frost technique.

They always believed it was based on frost due to the Xue family being who they were, and their experience in casting frosty and icy elemental powers. Frost was even included in the sutra's title.

“There's no need to continue. There is no mention of frost being a core component of the sutra, and yet, the beginning of Jadeskin explicitly refers to a combination of yin and frost. It's an easy mistake to make,” Han Sen said with a grin.

The Xue family looked at Wang Lin in shock.

Xue Feiyan then asked Han Sen, “So, what is the problem exactly?”

Han Sen told her. “The Frost Sutra is a yin and soft Qi Gong. The actual presence of frost has nothing to do with an expertise with the sutra. The Xue family possesses frosty powers and three yin pulses. Your frosty talents made the Frost Sutra produce a frost energy. This is what led to a misunderstanding in the first place, and this is what has affected your bodies negatively.”

“The geno fluid increases your yin and frost element. That, combined with your cold place of habitat... Well, problems would have always been difficult to avoid, given the circumstances,” Han Sen explained.

The professionals glanced over the Frost Sutra and Jadeskin again, and they too were now able to acknowledge the error.

“Mister Han, how do we fix this issue?” Xue Yufeng saw Wang Lin robbed of his ability to speak, so he asked Han Sen.

Han Sen said, “You have to remove the frost element. If you practice it profoundly, you must ingest something warm to nurse your body. You should also improve Iceheart. And ideally, it would be best if you didn’t live somewhere this cold.”

Han Sen provided the Xue family a solution to their woes, but he did not care if they actually listened and adhered to what they were told.

Everyone was now inching closer towards Han Sen in admiration of his intelligence. Wang Lin had already snuck away from the hall in shame, but no one noticed.

The Xue family treated Han Sen like an honored guest now, too. They asked him to help personally modify Jadeskin and the geno fluid again. They also wanted him to help them improve Iceheart.

The three other families were happy, too. If this worked, then it meant everyone could practice the Frost Sutra.

Han Sen did not think it would benefit them, though. Without the three yin pulses the Xue family had, it would be extremely slow for them to learn.

It would most likely take members of the other families twenty years to reach a mere beginner status.

Han Sen stayed on their planet for a while, and he noticed a gradual change in the Xue family. He was given genuine respect from everyone there.

Aside from modifying the Frost Sutra and Iceheart, Han Sen spent some time indulging in a number of rare books that were secret to the other families.

He stayed there for a month to establish the basics on their behalf and left the remainder of the work to be completed by the family's own professionals.

The professionals were not much worse than Han Sen in talent, so there was no need for him to worry about them messing up.

The Xue family, in the meantime, also made plans to leave the planet and make their home in someplace warmer.

Xue Feiyan took care of Han Sen for the duration of his stay there, and she made sure to ask him many questions.

Han Sen answered diligently, and she cherished each answer. The relationship they developed was not too different from one formed by a teacher and a disciple.

When Han Sen left them, he continued modifying his own new Jadeskin. The Frost Sutra was used as a base, but he knew it had to be more than that.

Han Sen needed it to be much better than what it was, so it could provide support for his Dongxuan Sutra. For the cons his signature sutra may have harbored, he hoped his modifications of Jadeskin could rectify them.

But unfortunately, Han Sen could not modify it in the way he did for the Xue family. This would take a lot of time.

Back in the sanctuary, Han Sen brought Disloyal Knight to the Devil's Realm so they could continue hunting creatures. His badge had almost collected ten thousand Devil Presences, and he was excited to find out what he might be able to trade with the Devil King.

This was the reason why Han Sen had not left the area for a few years.

Han Sen was depressed seeing Little Angel, though. He still had no clue how long it would take for her to evolve.

But the egg of the dinosaur had finally started to show some movement, and just as it did, the shell began to crack. It was hatching.

Han Sen hoped to see how much it had evolved, and what manner of powers it possessed.

Without a doubt, it was going to be a massive help for Han Sen's future adventures.

Han Sen just hoped it wouldn't run off the moment it was born.

Chapter 1097 - The Third Divinity's Bout Starts

Chapter 1097: The Third Divinity's Bout Starts

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

Han Sen's body had not fully recovered yet, so he didn't venture too deep into the Devil's Realm. He mainly killed the monsters that were on the outskirts, teetering on the borders of that black pit. With their endless numbers, he was still able to harvest vast amounts of Devil Presences.

"One day, I will go to Ancient Devil Shelter and kill that Mara. And I'll take that bell of hers," Han Sen thought to himself as he peered towards the shelter.

But the Mara had opened ten of its gene locks, and with countless super creatures there, it was not likely he could accomplish such a task even if he had fully recovered.

But his mind recalled the frightening turn of events that had led to him being able to escape. Something strange had scared the Mara, throwing it off focus.

"Is Big Mara a spirit or creature? Would I get a beast soul for killing it?" Han Sen thought to himself.

There was nothing he could do, even with such thoughts. He couldn't go up and kill it, anyway. So, all he did was spend his time riding around on Golden Growler while Disloyal Knight cut-down as many creatures as it could.

Suddenly, the badge in front of Disloyal Knight began to blaze with a black light. As this occurred, he heard an announcement play in his head.

“Devil-Fang King Badge has accumulated ten thousand Devil Presences. Would you like to trade with Devil King?”

Han Sen had no clue what the trade would consist of or how it would go about. If it was a one-time thing, he believed it might have been a waste to make use of it now.

Regardless, Han Sen accepted the trade request.

The badge started to emit a black smoke, and a devil that looked like Devil-Fang King appeared.

Devil-Fang King spewed some devil air, and it floated in the space between them.

“Ten thousand Devil Presences in exchange for one item. Choose now,” Devil King said.

“Choose what? I don’t see anything!” Han Sen looked at the murky cloud of air that had been spat out. It had split into ten different frames, but he couldn’t see anything inside them.

Devil King did not respond.

“This is like a lottery. Can I get a feel for the items first?” After Han Sen spoke, he touched one of the murky clouds.

But immediately after he touched it, the other nine went straight back to Devil King. And then, the Devil King returned to the badge.

“This concludes the trade. Devil Presence tally has returned to zero.”

“What? That’s it?!” Han Sen was a little confused about what had just happened.

The Devil Presence had all disappeared in return for a single item.

It was a black pill. Its color was darker than ink.

Devil Pill: Devil King Weapon

“Eh? That’s a weapon?” It was merely a black pill, roughly the same size as an egg. It most certainly didn’t look like a weapon.

Han Sen put some energy into the pill but discovered he was still too weak. It’d take a while for him to recover, yet.

When the energy entered the pill, though, the pill released a puff of smoke that enveloped Han Sen in a murky, foggy embrace.

“What was that for?! It’s not like it can kill something.” Han Sen was well and truly perplexed.

But just as these thoughts came, the smoke began to shrink and manifest in the shape of a dagger.

“Wait a minute... can it become a sword?” Han Sen then wondered.

The dagger turned into smoke again, before re-assembling itself as a sword.

Han Sen was delighted. The smoke could turn into any weapon he desired.

But weapons were the extent of what it could shape itself as. It could not embody the shape of armor or a shield.

Unfortunately, it was not as tough as Taia nor as sharp as the Phoenix Sword, but the versatility was great. The fact that it could take on any shape was remarkable.

“With this Devil Pill, I don’t need to swap weapons when I wish to change my moveset.” Han Sen liked this a lot.

He imagined his enemies trying to deflect the gentle swings of a sword, and then suddenly going up against a huge hammer. He thought that'd be pretty sweet.

More importantly, though, Han Sen could have it manifest as a bow. He had always wanted a super-class bow.

It could also turn into an arrow, but he could not have it form the bow and arrow at the same time.

Han Sen tried to flex its powers, and he believed it to be no worse than any other super beast soul he could have received. The only real downside to it, though, was the lack of any elemental powers.

Also, you'd need a good deal of energy to support the Devil Pill.

The pros and cons were obvious and plain to see, so Han Sen figured it must have been a geno treasure.

The badge could still be used if he collected another ten thousand Devil Presences. If he did that, he could do another trade.

What's more, if he went into the Devil's Realm even deeper, the collection would be much faster.

Seeing the numbers turn to zero, Han Sen decided to return to the shelter for the day.

There were many abandoned shelters in those barren lands, and Han Sen had decided to make his temporary residence inside the confines of a derelict royal shelter. If any creatures sought to infiltrate them, Disloyal Knight always remained vigilant in defending him.

Han Sen figured he should return to the Alliance for a bit, too. But just as he was about to, he suddenly heard a sound.

"The Divinity's Bout has started! The Martial Monument has opened." Han Sen was shocked, not expecting the third sanctuary's Divinity's Bout to have already started. He was

still injured, so there was not much he could do there. Even if he was in tip-top shape, he doubted he could do much versus the emperor spirits there.

“Ah well, I might as well join.” Han Sen signed up. He was the only person living in that shelter, so he was the first and only contestant there. He was accepted into the tournament by default.

Chapter 1098 - I'll Take Care of You for the Rest of My Life

Chapter 1098: I'll Take Care of You for the Rest of My Life

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio **Editor:** Nyoui-Bo Studio

When Han Sen signed up in the Martial Hall, he used the name Dollar.

If you were in a populated shelter, everyone would have to compete against each other to secure a position in the tournament. Only the best of each shelter could join Divinity's Bout.

The real Divinity's Bout, therefore, wouldn't start for another month. Now was just the time for signups, pretty much.

Han Sen got his hands on a good sun-bathing chair, and as he reclined there in bliss to soak up the sun, he studied more about ancient languages.

Bao'er was playing games with the bird. She had fun throwing it up into the sky, at which point it frantically tried to course-correct with its wings and fly away. But before it could, Bao'er would always catch it.

Han Sen felt sorry for subjecting the bird to such a fate, but if he stopped her from tormenting it, she would only end up annoying Han Sen.

Han Sen missed the white bear and the rabbit king he kept in the underground shelter. At least with those, there'd be a wider variety of creatures for Bao'er to torture and treat like toys. The pain would at least be shared.

But Han Sen still had no clue where Thorn Forest was, and thus, he could not reach the underground shelter and bring them to her.

While he sunbathed, Han Sen heard some noise. He stood up and looked around.

He saw a human was running his way, as a group of fiery dogs gave chase. They were nipping at the person's backside with hungry mouths.

The person kept weaving, ducking, diving, and dodging, managing to stay alive between the explosive snapping of the fire-wreathed maws.

Han Sen was shocked, and he was even more surprised when he realized he knew who that person was.

"Queen is already in the Third God's Sanctuary? Did she max out her super geno points already?" As Han Sen wondered, he stood up and shouted, "Over here!"

Queen heard the call, and she too was in disbelief. Out of everyone, Han Sen was the last person she expected to find there.

Using Heavenly Go as wonderfully as ever, she ran towards the shelter for refuge.

Han Sen did not help her, as he knew she could survive a dance with mere primitive creatures.

Queen reached the outside of the shelter, looked at Han Sen—who was clothed only in boxers—and asked, "You're really here?"

"It must be fate." Han Sen welcomed her into the shelter and patched up her wounds.

The flaming dogs did not dare enter the shelter, so all they did was bark for a while. Once they were bored, they left.

No matter how strong anyone was in the Second God's Shelter, it was typical to end up being bullied in the Third God's Shelter. There, you'd have great difficulty dealing with only primitive creatures.

"You didn't max out your super genes before becoming a surpasser?" Han Sen asked, as he fixed up her wounds.

"I did," Queen answered.

"That quickly?" Han Sen was quite surprised. The super creatures in the Second God's Sanctuary were no joke, and you'd have to find super creatures of the same element if you wished to make use of the Life Geno Essence.

Queen rolled her eyes and said, "You were even faster."

Cough. Han Sen had no proper response to this.

Queen then said, "Do you remember when I told you I had something very important to do?"

"Yeah. Have you done it yet?" Han Sen recalled the time they were supposed to team up and slay super creatures together, but all of a sudden, she had to call it quits and attend to some other duties for a time.

"I found a nest of super creatures, and there were countless eggs. I tried my hardest to get them, and I managed to obtain over thirty super geno points from those alone. That was how I maxed out so quickly," Queen explained.

"Over thirty super geno points in one haul? Good grief! How many eggs were there?" Han Sen was a little jealous over her jackpot.

Queen did not answer, and she merely asked, “What is this place, anyway? And why is it in such... disarray?”

Han Sen smiled and said, “Let me just say you were lucky to spawn near here, free from the trappings of a spirit.”

Han Sen then went on to explain the nearby area and told her to stay clear of the frightfully dangerous Devil’s Realm.

“Are you getting better?” Queen asked.

“No.” Han Sen would still need a while to recover.

“Give me your beast souls and I will take care of you,” Queen demanded.

Han Sen almost spat out his tea. He knew what she meant, but it still came as quite a surprise.

“What? You can’t eat meat, either?” Queen asked.

“Of course I can. I have many beast souls, so which type would you like?” Han Sen asked.

“Give me your most useless ones. We’ll share the loot I can grab for us,” Queen said.

Han Sen smiled. He looked into the Sea of Soul and transferred to her a number of beast souls.

Han Sen hadn’t been in the Third God’s Sanctuary for very long before suffering his ailment. So, it surprised her to see how many beast souls he was giving her. He must have been busy, she thought.

The armor and weapons he gave her were of the sacred-blood variety. And there was even a mutant pet beast soul with six gene locks open, not to mention a mutant mount.

Queen looked at Han Sen and felt her lips fumble. She wasn't quite sure what to say. She did not expect to receive that many, all at once. If those items were sold, she'd amass a giant fortune.

With those beast souls, Queen could get strong quickly. They were immeasurably helpful.

"I'll take care of you for the rest of my life." Queen was an honest woman. She accepted the beast souls without a flicker of emotion distorting the seriousness of her words. She most certainly wasn't joking.

Chapter 1099 - Joining the Fight

Chapter 1099: Joining the Fight

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

“Don’t be so melodramatic. Those things are useless to me, just use them and be happy.” Han Sen was starting to sweat, as he wasn’t really a cripple.

Queen then looked around her and said, “So, are you familiar with this area? If you are, draw me a map. Tell me all about the creature hotspots.”

Han Sen had already been on a cartographic trip, so he had several maps ready to provide her. As soon as Queen accepted the maps, her time of rest was over. She marched right out of the shelter.

“What a waste of a fine body. Still, she’s got bigger balls than most men.” Han Sen licked his lips.

Queen returned a few days later, having suffered a number of wounds and lesions. She brought with her a mutant deer.

Queen knew Han Sen must have been very powerful to possess so many beast souls, so she didn’t bother bringing back the carcasses of any ordinary or primitive creatures.

Han Sen knew Queen’s fitness wasn’t too high, though, so he was impressed at her bringing-down of a mutant creature.

Han Sen had maxed out his mutant geno points already, but he still accepted it to show appreciation.

Queen returned to the Alliance to heal, after that. When she was fit as a fiddle, she came back to the sanctuary and went off on another hunt. Each hunting trip would end up longer than the last, and each return would have her in a worse condition.

Sometimes, when Queen returned to the shelter, Han Sen wouldn't be there. So, she'd leave the creatures in the shelter waiting for him. She would then send Han Sen a blank message. If he replied, though, she wouldn't do the same.

Han Sen returned to the sanctuary after a time away. When he arrived, Queen was gone. "Why is she working so hard on my behalf?" Han Sen really admired her.

A month passed, and because Queen hadn't signed up at the shelter, Han Sen won first place. His entry into Divinity's Bout was confirmed.

Queen had been gone two days at this point, so he had no clue when she'd return.

When Divinity's Bout started, Han Sen donned a suit of armor and went straight to the Martial Hall. Then he proceeded to the battle area.

Spirits were everywhere. It was to be expected, though. Spirits were the dominant species of the Third God's Sanctuary. No other human would show up.

Han Sen hid his energy flow, so no one could tell whether he was a human or a spirit.

Han Sen checked out the match list to see what was in store. He hadn't fully recovered yet, but if he was able to go up against a weak spirit, he wagered he'd be fine.

What he saw disappointed him, though. He was first going to go up against Fei Yu King. It must have been a powerful spirit.

Using super king spirit mode would be pointless here, as it'd render him weak. He'd most likely win the fight, but he'd be spent, and he'd be unable to take part in the next. To hit the top ten of the Third God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout, he could not use it.

Han Sen decided to not participate and planned to just sit and spectate the fights instead.

"Fei Yu, your opponent is called Dollar. Weird, huh? That can't be a human, can it?" Han Sen heard this while he looked for a seat.

"You've gotta be kidding me!" Fei Yu King responded. "It's probably some trolling spirit who couldn't even be bothered to spell out his title in full."

"You're probably right. If it was a human, it'd be a human with a death wish," the other spirit said.

"I wish it was a human, though. They are sad and pathetic creatures. Last weekend was wonderful; I spent some time torturing a few humans to death. Their screams were a delight!" Fei Yu King spoke with no certain tone or display of emotion. He spoke as if it was just an ordinary chat, and something common to say.

"Haha, you are a king spirit. Of course you would think they are weak. They have no principles, though, I'll give you that. They're comparable to dogs, and mangy as they can be, too. Put out your hand without striking them, and they'll think you're giving them a treat."

Many nearby spirits joined in with their talk, all saying horrible things to put-down humans.

Han Sen's face turned green with their wretched speech. Learning how they treated humans, and for what pitiful reasons they'd happily kill them, Han Sen was fuming.

Spirits were able to respawn, so they had no idea of the fear humans felt when it came to the possibility of death.

Han Sen looked at Fei Yu King. He didn't know which humans he had gleefully tortured and murdered, but he was angry nonetheless. He felt his chest want to explode with the sudden hatred he felt for the spirit.

"Fei Yu King, huh?" Han Sen could use super king spirit mode to participate in one fight. If he was to use it on the murderous spirit, that would make him happy enough.

In human shelters, the fights were streamed through the Martial Hall. No one expected another human to fight, let alone become a Son of God. Those who watched merely wanted to spectate how spirits battled each other. Their fights were usually quite the spectacle.

Su Xiaoqiao was currently in Trench Shelter. He paced around the Martial Monument, looking to see if he could find the name he most wanted to.

"What are you doing?" Someone's vision had been blocked by his scurrying.

"I am looking for Dollar," Su Xiaoqiao responded, as he looked.

"I don't think he'd join a fight like this. There are far too many king spirits there..." the person said.

"I found it!" Su Xiaoqiao exclaimed with feverish excitement.

Chapter 1100 - First Fight

Chapter 1100: First Fight

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

“Dollar is really taking part?” In the Martial Hall of Trench Shelter, many people wanted to see Dollar’s name on the list.

“Dollar versus Fei Yu King? What?! This is legit?”

“Dollar has to be the Dollar, yes? It can’t be a spirit, right?”

“Does anyone know who Fei Yu King might be?”

“I don’t know, but if it is referred to as a king, it must be powerful.”

“Old Li, where are you going?”

“I’m going to spread the news. I’ll make some calls and have people come watch.”

“I think there’s a while before the fight starts, too. I’ll help and make a few calls, as well.”

“I can only see spirits spectating; where are the humans?”

“You’ll probably see a few more when it starts.”

...

When surpassers learned Dollar was to take part, even if they had no prior interest in spectating Divinity's Bout, they frantically scurried over to watch.

Everyone who had heard Dollar was a participant went to the Martial Hall.

Some humans eventually recognized who Fei Yu King was.

"D*mn. His first opponent is Fei Yu King?"

"Why? Is he strong?"

"I've heard his name before. He's known to control a massive region someplace, one where he is recognized as its supreme leader."

"Ouch. That's bad luck, having such a nasty first opponent."

"Will Dollar even dare to fight him?"

"Probably."

The time for Han Sen to fight came, and with bated breath, the human spectators stared at the battleground intently.

People saw a spirit with wings holding a bow approach the stage. The bow was decorated in a vast array of jewelry.

Fei Yu King, to his credit, was an incredibly handsome spirit. His white wings were a deliciously divine sight. With his purple, glittering bow, he did not look unlike an angel.

For him to merely stand in place, one could tell he was not a foe to be trifled with. His mere presence exuded an aura of frightening power.

Humans were mostly focused on whether or not Dollar would show up, though.

It would have been a disappointment if he did not show, but the humans would find it understandable. They wouldn't hold it against Dollar if he didn't want to go up against such a powerful spirit.

A person with long white hair then walked up onto the stage. His body glowed with a bright white light.

“Um, is that Dollar?”

No one had seen Dollar's face before, and it was a trend that was set to continue. Despite the stunning appearance, his identifying features were cloaked in armor.

“It's Dollar!” The surpassers in Trench Shelter were able to recognize him, because they had seen him with this look before.

The surprise of his appearance did not only apply to the humans, though. Even the spirits were in shock.

“The King?!” Flower Empress was there, and she was dizzy in shock.

“It's a shame he has encountered Fei Yu King, who has opened nine gene locks,” Heavenly Empress said.

Thunder-Devil King was there, as well, and he chimed in to say, “That *sshole has had it coming a long time now.”

“The King!” Many spirits trumpeted the name across the grandstands and the shelters of their residence.

When Han Sen was stuck in the Valley of Time for three years, his super king spirit mode had opened nine gene locks. There was an abundance of fruit there, that he was able to eat and live on the whole time.

Han Sen had not spent time in the spirit base since then, so no one knew he had opened nine gene locks.

They still thought The King had only opened three gene locks. They didn't think he could compete with Fei Yu King, who had opened nine.

Even if they were in the same tier, though, with the same gene locks open, they did not think Han Sen would have what it took to take down Fei Yu King.

Han Sen knew he would enter the ninth spirit base when he returned there, so that was why he had stayed away for so long. He wanted his accomplishment to be a surprise for future spirit opponents.

For him to go from three to nine gene locks over the course of a few days would be a ridiculous thing.

He had paid the spirit base a short visit, but stayed out of sight and not fought with others.

Han Sen had thought he could heal faster in the spirit base, as he could remain in super king spirit mode for as long as he wanted to there.

But it didn't work as he thought it might. The spirit base was not associated with the physical body, and entry required and was dependent on the spirit stone.

Being in the spirit base, you could only change your spirit genes. If he tried erasing the crystals that plagued him in there, they'd return once he exited.

Outside the spirit base, though, Han Sen could not remain a super king spirit forever.

"It's you! How fortunate for me. I'm going to teach you a lesson that has been long overdue." The King was too famous, and even Fei Yu King was aware of him.

All the spirits continued calling him The King, despite the protest of the king spirits who despised the name.

Han Sen's super king spirit mode was limited outside of spirit base, so he knew he'd have to finish this fight quickly.

Han Sen raised his right hand and snapped his fingers to the sky.

Immediately after, a rain of coins started to fall. The entire stage was quickly battered and covered in coins.

“What is that skill?”