

Chapter 1371:

The Traitor's Heir

Han Sen thought it best to take refuge in Hidden Valley, but another thirty miles of travel was no small distance with his life in perpetual danger.

He stumbled again, and acknowledging he was going to fail the latest dodge, he summoned his Bulwark Umbrella for a defense. The umbrella clashed against the spear and repelled it, but it was not without cost. The sound it made was terrible, and the umbrella sounded as if it was on the precipice of shattering.

With the force of that strike, Han Sen and the umbrella were blasted away. But it was the perfect opportunity for Han Sen to gain even more distance on his pursuer, once again.

Although Han Sen was bleeding quite a bit, he was in a good mood right now. He had regretfully made use of the umbrella, half-expecting it to break, but it had survived. He thought maybe his Dongxuan Sutra or Black Crystal had reinforced it and made it stronger than it should have been.

With the umbrella's support, Han Sen felt a lot more confident in the prospect of remaining airborne for the rest of his flight to Hidden Valley.

Nan Litian wasn't so willing to let Han Sen go, though. He shot up into the sky, swiping, slashing, and reaching with his spear. He was completely out of control, and his thirst for Han Sen's blood was monstrous.

Han Sen used his umbrella to block an attack he wouldn't be able to evade. It was a success, but the force sent him downwards, spiraling into the rocky ground below. Cast across the coarse stones, his body was thrust between two large rocks and became wedged. A neighboring boulder was disturbed and began to roll, crushing Han Sen's hand into a bloody mess as it went.

Before Han Sen could drag himself out of the stony landslide, the man and his spear were on him again.

Han Sen was in the direst of situations, and the worst thing about it was that he had no idea who this nemesis was. He couldn't fathom a reason why Nan Litian would come after him. He had done nothing to warrant this attack.

If he was from Angel Gene's Zhao family, it might make sense, but it was unlikely. They had a thirst for fame and renown, and nobody knew who Nan Litian was. Furthermore, people of the Zhao family seemed to revel in pumping gallons of genetics-mutating serums into their veins before getting into a fight. This man had done no such thing.

It couldn't have been the man from Iron-Fist Martial Hall, either. Han Sen had just fought against Jia Shidao, and he was nowhere near as powerful as this man who hounded him.

"Stop! Are you from Blood Legion? I am a good friend of God's Retribution!" Han Sen settled on the thought he was someone from Blood Legion. With his hazy ties to them, he thought it best if he played on that association.

Hearing this name, Nan Litian suddenly stopped still, as if a switch had been flicked and he was paused.

As a torrent of relief washed over Han Sen, Nan Litian suddenly said, "Of course. Of course you traitors are good friends!"

That wave of relief suddenly rolled back. Then the man exerted even more strength and speed into the spears set to skewer Han Sen.

Getting himself free, Han Sen rolled and evaded the attack. Han Sen regretted mentioning God's Retribution, and he knew now he had made things worse. But it had at least cleared one thing up for Han Sen; it proved to him that Nan Litian probably was a member of Blood Legion.

Pang!

The umbrella blocked the next attack again, but it sent Han Sen careening into a wall. Collapsing back down to the ground, he did so with a mouthful of blood.

Han Sen was in agony, but he held it back and dodged the next strike. Then he said, "I am a friend of your vice-president, Baby Ghost! You've got the wrong guy."

Nan Litian then shouted, "Nonsense! How can you be a friend of the vice-president?"

Han Sen was incredibly angry over his mistreatment, and now, he'd had enough. He responded, "F*ck you! You keep saying I'm a motherf*cking traitor, but do you know who's heir I am?"

"You are holding the relic; you are Han Jinzhi's heir, so who else?" Nan Litian continued to attack as he spoke.

Han Sen had been firing on all cylinders, exhausting all the power his ten thousand fitness could provide. His opponent must have had a fitness level of twenty thousand.

Fortunately, he had Jadeskin. If others had suffered what Han Sen was going through, they'd have been killed many times over.

"You mean this necklace-thingy? I found it on the ground. I picked it up and thought it looked cool!" Han Sen said, as he revealed the nine-life cat pendant.

Han Sen wanted to buy himself some time, so he could successfully escape into Hidden Valley.

"You really are the traitor's heir! Just like him, you're full of sh*t," Nan Litian saw right through the con, and then he exerted even greater strength in his attacks.

“F*ck!” Han Sen was cut right across the shoulder. The blade cleaved through his armor and his flesh, leaving his arm dangling.

Hidden Valley was still some distance away, and if things continued like this, there was every chance he could die. Han Sen decided to stop dodging. In one hand, he held an umbrella, in the other, a crystal egg.

Pang!

The spear hit the umbrella, sending Han Sen flying back. Unable to maintain his grip, his fingers slipped and the umbrella was cast across a rock, out of reach.

As this happened, Han Sen threw his egg at Nan Litian. The man dodged it.

But when the egg missed his head, it ricocheted off a stone in the direction of his ear. He lifted his spear and knocked the egg away, fearing what power it may have harbored.

But the egg was still able to work its magic on the weapon that had caused Han Sen so much pain. It turned the spear to rubber, but not the man wielding it.

The egg returned to Han Sen, just as Nan Litian sought to strike him down with one final blow.

Reaching for the umbrella, Han Sen managed to grab it by the handle, bring it forward, and open it.

Chapter 1372: Bad Battle with Nan Litian

Pang!

The rubberized spear collided with the umbrella. Han Sen had hoped for it to be a flaccid hit, but the power of the spear was too great, and it managed to maintain some of its hardness. When it struck Han Sen, he was still knocked back a good distance.

He was thrown back through the air, heading in the direction of a rocky surface. But fortunately, there was a definite reduction in the damage that last hit had dealt him. It did not make him any worse for wear.

While Han Sen was in the air, he brought out his crystal egg again, and then he lobbed it at the wall he was on a crash course towards. When the egg hit the wall, it pinged back to Han Sen’s hand. Where it had struck was now as soft as a cushion, ready to catch him.

The wall was like a sponge, and he was able to walk away from it without harm.

He leaped forward, knowing Nan Litian would be on him like a hound on a pork chop. He raised his umbrella and aimed it at his nemesis’s face. Nan Litian put away his softened spear and instead brought out a green sword. With it, he performed an upwards slash.

Han Sen summoned his crystal egg and threw it once more. The egg was not thrown on a distinct, clearly defined trajectory, and it just flew around in the air like a crazed firefly.

It eventually came to a stop in front of Nan Litian, and the moment he tried to grab it, the egg pierced through his hand like a bullet. It almost managed to reach his face.

Suddenly, a bell appeared. It covered the egg and then dropped to the ground like a pillar of firm stone. Han Sen could hear his egg bouncing around inside the bell, and swiftly knew there was no chance of the egg getting itself out.

The bad thing about the egg was that it could not break things. It had no real strength of its own, so now, trapped in an enclosed space, it could do nothing.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Nan Litian struck against the umbrella another three times until it was knocked free from Han Sen's strained grip.

"Go to hell!" Nan Litian screamed, as he tightened his clutch on the sword he wielded and brought it down towards Han Sen.

Seeing the green sword descend, Han Sen couldn't help but smile.

Nan Litian thought Han Sen was either slightly deluded or just flat-out crazy. He firmly believed he was about to end the pest and slice him in two.

But suddenly, Nan Litian felt a pain in his eye. He blinked, and a second later, Han Sen was gone. He had dodged the strike, and then, he noticed he was grabbing a hold of his chest.

Nan Litian roared in fury, moved away, and then used his fist to punch at Han Sen, who was in the process of delivering a palm-strike of his own.

Pang!

Nan Litian's fist and Han Sen's palm collided, but no shockwave was generated.

Han Sen's fingers were inside his fist, but strangely, no blood came out.

Buzz!

Nan Litian's body twitched. He tried to scream, but something jammed the noise in his throat, and no sound was made. After a pause of silence, he coughed up a torrent of blood.

Nan Litian was in immense pain, as if the entirety of his being was being pulled apart. It was like he was suffering a charlie horse with each and every muscle.

The pain continued to increase until he could no longer remain composed and hold it together. He was losing control, thrashing about like he was suffering a violent seizure.

Han Sen was surprised to see Super Spank fail to break Nan Litian's sequence structure. It was obvious Nan Litian was just too strong compared to Han Sen. But while he may not have been able to annihilate the man, the attack had at least delivered an insufferable amount of hurt.

The sequence structure had most certainly been damaged somewhat, and Han Sen knew he'd just have to pull harder if he wanted the rest of his enemy to break.

Just as Han Sen was about to do the same thing again, Nan Litian switched to the defensive and summoned a shield.

Katcha!

But Han Sen's palm shattered the shield with no trouble.

Nan Litian was in agony and shock, but still, the prevailing emotion was anger. His bloodlust for Han Sen was only heightening. With the green sword still in-hand, he flailed it around aimlessly in the hopes of striking Han Sen.

Due to the difference in fitness, Han Sen could not efficiently keep up and dodge Nan Litian's blisteringly speedy strikes.

Swiftly, Han Sen raised his umbrella to block the attacks that were coming his way.

With an opportunity presenting itself, Han Sen ducked to the side, down where the bell lay. He shattered it and took his egg back.

Without stopping, Han Sen took off in the direction of Hidden Valley once again.

Nan Litian followed after him, but kept his distance. From behind, he fired out gusts of power at Han Sen as he went.

While Han Sen was able to keep using his umbrella, it didn't deflect all the incoming damage. He still had to suffer more and more pain while he was on the run.

Fortunately, Nan Litian was not able to keep up too well, following the agony he had been in. He slowly fell behind until Han Sen was out of sight, having undoubtedly escaped into the Hidden Valley he had been so desperately trying to get to.

Nan Litian continued after him, though. He could tell where he was going, and slaying Han Sen was his number one goal right then.

Hidden Valley was a large, sprawling valley, but it was knotted, twisted, thorned, and tangled by a variety of different geno plants. The trees there were enormous, and thick, creepy vines wreathed their way up and around each gigantic trunk like tinsel.

After entering the valley, not even the sun could penetrate that expanse. In the denseness of that place, Han Sen felt as if he was treading through a green cave.

Chapter 1373: Hidden Valley

The moment Han Sen entered the tangled complex that was Hidden Valley, he felt his Dongxuan Aura become overwhelmed. The knotted labyrinth was almost too much for it to process, and it suffered, becoming little more than a garbled transmission.

Of course, Han Sen did not need to use it like radar. He could still detect and sense the lifeforces of the land around him.

Thrusting into that messy region, Han Sen made sure to remain fleet of foot. Nan Litian was still pursuing, and he swung wildly at the plants that sought to slow his feet.

Han Sen was not slowed down by the brush, though. He utilized his Dongxuan Movement and Heavenly Go to sidestep every vine and leaf that reached out to slow him down.

Amongst the staggeringly tall trees and plants, vines wreathed their way through that wretched landscape, giving Han Sen flashbacks to his time in the Third God's Sanctuary. Many of those vines were so thick, not even Nan Litian could cut his way through them, and he had to clumsily dodge around them instead. For the first time that day, Han Sen was at an advantage. With the delicate grace of his maneuvering, he went for the deepest, furthest, creepiest reaches of Hidden Valley.

Green Cow told Han Sen there were many strange growths in the valley. There were trees composed of hideous, tangled snakes, and there were even vines that had bloodshot eyeballs that blinked ferociously.

Although most of the plants in that area were just there, and did not seek to bring harm to those brave enough to explore, the ones that did were extremely dangerous. Han Sen had to stay on his toes, not only for the enraged madman chasing him, but for what he might unwittingly find himself running into.

But this was sort of what Han Sen had hoped for. The last thing he wanted was to become swallowed by a man-eating plant, but he needed to lead Nan Litian into a hostile plant. If he was crafty enough, he could get the plants to free him from his pursuer.

Suddenly, Han Sen detected a nearby plant that possessed a mammoth lifeforce that blazed like the brightest bonfire. Han Sen ran towards it, ready to risk alerting its attention not to him, but to Nan Litian, who was still hot on his heels.

When he was ten meters away from that lifeforce, the knots of the overgrowth swarmed Han Sen's vision, obscuring where and what exactly that plant was. It was all a great mess.

This had forced Han Sen to slow down, and it had provided Nan Litian the opportunity to catch up. His enemy thrust forward with his sword, ready to deliver a final strike. When his sword found a target, though, the sound of a metallic drang rang out.

Han Sen raised his head, now alerted to Nan Litian's alarmingly close presence. When he searched for what his foe had hit, he noticed the jade-like trunk of a tree he had not seen before.

It must have just appeared there, and when Han Sen examined this tree, he looked down to observe the roots. There, half-submerged in the soil, were many jade bulls.

Only their heads were sticking out of the soil, and one of them had taken notice of Han Sen. The bull stared at him with red, frightening eyes.

Nan Litian must have struck the horn of one of those bulls, and Han Sen now noticed the fiery life force he had previously detected was a combination of the tree and those bulls.

"Moo!"

Suddenly, the bull Nan Litian had struck made a sound.

The bull stomped its way out of the soil with the ground-shaking march of an elephant.

It lowered its head and exhaled a flame-tinged lung-full out of its twitching nostrils. It was mad, and it looked ready to chase down not just Nan Litian, but Han Sen, as well; making a fine kebab with its horns.

Its speed was terrifying. Before Han Sen could bring himself to dodge the creature, it was before him.

Han Sen only had the time to reach out and grab the horn. But when his fingers fell upon it, the bull lifted its head upwards, throwing Han Sen into the air, towards the twig-pricking tops of a tree.

He broke through several branches on his way upwards, but he found himself brought to a stop against something soft.

Han Sen felt himself fall into the center of a silver flower. The bud inside was around the size of a double-bed. It was plush and comfy; a surprise to be sure, but a welcome one.

Han Sen felt a wash of relief come upon him, and for a brief instant, he thought himself safer than he had been all day.

But he soon saw that this was not a place for respite. Han Sen's landing there was not a coincidence, for he saw Nan Litian also fare an upward launching. His nemesis of the day ended up on another flower exactly like his.

Han Sen wished to escape before something worse was to occur. That which was most wretched, often disguised itself as the fairest, after all. And as soon as he tried to make a move, that proved to be true. The pleasantness of the flower swiftly evaporated, as a number of vines reached upwards to tie Han Sen up with the ease of a shoelace. Han Sen turned his gaze towards Nan Litian.

And the same was happening to him. He too had been captured by a flower.

They were wrapped up so much, they now looked like mummies.

Han Sen thought it might have been a carnivorous flower, but after it wrapped him up, nothing else occurred. No digestive acid was released, and no chomping teeth were revealed.

“Moo!”

The bull shouted in their direction again; then, it returned to the soil.

The bull went inside head first, and all they could see was its tail, sticking out at the base of the tree like a stubborn root.

Han Sen could not imagine how strong and hardy the tree was.

But with nothing better to do, Han Sen was now able to examine it and record its finer details. He noticed there were eight bulls encircling the tree.

The tree also had many more of the silver flowers the two had been trapped inside.

Han Sen looked around and saw Nan Litian struggling in an attempt to escape. It was a far tougher wrap than even he anticipated.

“Why are you chasing me? Can you just tell me? Are you really willing to risk your life this much, if it means you get to kill me?” Han Sen asked.

Han Sen still had Super Spank, so if he wanted to escape, he believed he could.

But seeing as nothing else was going on, Han Sen thought it best to ask as many questions as he could, while his enemy was also restrained.

“I need to kill the traitor,” Nan Litian coldly responded.

“I thought you wanted my Nine-Life Cat pendant?” Han Sen asked.

“Who would want that? It’s just a trinket belonging to your family.” Nan Litian spoke in a voice that suggested he was humiliated by the question.

Han Sen eyed him queerly, thinking his reaction to be strange.

Chapter 1374: Super King Spirit Ultimate

“Why wouldn’t you want your Blood Legion relic back?” Han Sen asked with a frown.

Nan Litian’s face turned dour, and he returned the question with one of his own. “Tell me: are you Han Jinzhi’s heir?”

“My great-grandfather is Han Jinzhi, but not the one from the Blueblood Special Forces,” Han Sen said.

Nan Litian frowned, as if he was thinking of something.

“Is he really not the heir of Han Jinzhi?” Nan Litian murmured to himself. He paused before addressing himself once more, saying, “But if he wasn’t, why would he have the relic? And there’s no way he could carry that on him.”

“You still didn’t tell me why only my family wants it,” Han Sen said, thinking his enemy’s self-narration was a little creepy.

“It doesn’t matter, if you’re not Han Jinzhi’s heir. But you know my identity, and that is a transgression that does not allow me the pleasure of letting you live. You must die for this,” Nan Litian said, summoning a dagger he could try to cut Han Sen with, on the adjacent flower.

They were both trapped like mummies, and there was nothing Han Sen could do to dodge. He only had his Demon Heart Ring, his Crystal Egg, and his Bulwark Umbrella. He summoned the umbrella to block the mind-controlled dagger.

The dagger flew against the umbrella, and it could not break the established defense.

Nan Litian summoned his green sword then, and had it propped to take aim at Han Sen’s throat. Han Sen did not have the time to reposition the umbrella to block the green sword that was now coming for him, and he was left exposed to its attack.

With Super Spank, he tried to pull and unfurl the vines that had wrapped him up. Unfortunately, no matter what he tried, the plant did not budge. He then believed it to be a sacred-blood tree, but that didn’t mean much right now, given the circumstances.

Seeing the sword come for him, only one viable option remained for Han Sen to try. He activated super king spirit, in the hopes it would provide enough of a boost in power to free him.

Han Sen’s body, his eyes, and his hair all turned white, the latter growing extremely long. It floated menacingly all around him, as if he was underwater. But before Han Sen used his strength to tear off the vines and bring ruin to the flower that had trapped him, they decided to let him go free.

At first, Han Sen believed it to be an act of self-defense, not wanting to let itself get hurt when it detected the power he now wielded. But then, the vines that had encased him moved over to the sword that was alarmingly close to decapitating him, and tangled it up. It had done so to protect him.

“What’s going on?” Han Sen thought this was extremely strange. A tree that had gone to lengths to wrap them both up was something he believed to be hostile.

The flower then created a platform for Han Sen to step on.

Nan Litian looked on in shock, unable to believe a powerful geno plant would side with Han Sen, as it was doing now,

“Why do you have the aura of a spirit? And... why do you smell like a creature?! What... are you?” Nan Litian had never seen anything like this before. He was well and truly flabbergasted.

Han Sen looked at his super king spirit body now, and he saw how it propagated the sense of him being both a creature and a spirit. The sense of countless different creatures filled him up, many of which were ones that not even Han Sen himself could recognize.

Han Sen’s thoughts suddenly turned to the name super king spirit. Ordinarily, a level that was higher than a king spirit was dubbed emperor.

The term super was a tier-definition given to creatures. It wasn’t until now that Han Sen realized it could harness the power and aura of a creature, as much as a spirit. The spirit in the title of this form was more likely a general term, a synonym for energy, soul, or essence. It didn’t exclusively mean he became an actual spirit, of the sanctuary’s definition.

“Who I am does not matter. Due to your repeated attempts of murder, your life is forfeit unto me.” Han Sen walked back towards Nan Litian, harnessing and manipulating the shock his nemesis had just experienced.

Under Han Sen’s feet, the flower continued to generate platforms for him to walk upon. More and more platforms came as swiftly as Han Sen moved, forming a perfectly safe walkway for him to tread. They guided him to Nan Litian.

Han Sen came before his foe and asked, “Who are you in Blood Legion? What are you regarded as?”

Nan Litian, who was still trapped, said, “I am a successor of Li Hen.”

“Are you one of the thirteen?” Han Sen asked.

Although Nan Litian was strong, Han Sen did not think he was as strong as God’s Retribution.

“I am not him; I merely carry his torch,” Nan Litian rushed to speak.

“Is there a difference?” Han Sen didn’t know too much about how Blood Legion worked, so it was a legitimate question.

“You need the purest blood to become one of the thirteen, and I don’t have it,” Nan Litian answered.

Han Sen suddenly heard a noise. Turning to look at where it had come from, he saw Bao’er riding Red Pony, coming his way.

Red Pony had delivered Bao’er to Han Sen safely, it seemed.

Not wanting the bulls to hurt them, in case those wild creatures sought to give them the same treatment, Han Sen leaped down to meet with them on the ground of the valley.

“Dad!” Bao’er jumped into Han Sen’s arms as soon as she could. Red Pony had Han Sen’s Gold Dragon Lock clipped to its behind. Han Sen wondered why, then realized that it had dragged the black unicorn here on Han Sen’s behalf.

Han Sen was delighted, not expecting Red Pony to be so kind as to do that for him.

Red Pony dropped the Gold Dragon Lock to the ground so Han Sen could take it back. When Han Sen examined the state of the black unicorn, he wagered it must have tried to wrestle its way free. The binding ropes of the lock had dug deeply into the creature's flesh. It was a ghastly sight.

Chapter 1375: Messy Situation

The black unicorn choked on its attempted screams and squeals as the lethal cords of the Gold Dragon Lock dug into its body. Its throat was being crushed, robbing it of air. Its eyes began to twitch and flicker, slowly rolling back into its skull.

Han Sen pulled out his only horn and thrust it into the creature's neck, to hurry along its death and stop its suffering. With the power of the super king spirit body, it was a trivial task; the horn slid through the creature's jugular like a hot knife through butter.

"Mutant Creature Wind Unicorn killed. Beast soul gained. Geno Core destroyed. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Han Sen retrieved his Gold Dragon Lock and turned back to Nan Litian. He asked him again, "Why do you people not want the relic?"

Nan Litian answered, "Only the president should have it; otherwise, it'd weaken your blood."

"Do you mean the Blueblood powers?" Han Sen asked for clarification.

Nan Litian, fearing for his life, was keen to answer whatever was asked of him. He answered, "It weakens our blood, if it is in our presence. While it is indeed precious, only the president can possess it."

"Does that mean Han Jinzhi was the president?" Han Sen was shocked at this revelation.

If only the president could have it and make use of it without any negative repercussions, then the only logical conclusion that could be formed was that Han Jinzhi was the president of Blood Legion.

But if he was the president, then why would Nan Litian call Han Sen and Han Jinzhi traitors?

"He's just a traitor," Nan Litian said.

"Then what relevance does he have to Blood Legion? How was he recognized? He's on the tip of everyone's tongue, it would seem." Han Sen was getting frustrated.

“He’s just a follower,” Nan Litian said.

“Didn’t he have blue blood?” Han Sen asked.

“He was captured; why would he have blue blood?” Nan Litian seemed surprised.

Han Sen retreated into thought for a moment, telling himself, “Baby Ghost was right. He wasn’t a part of the organization, but why do the older people seem to think he has blue blood? This makes no sense.”

“Why did you capture him?” Han Sen asked.

“That is a secret.” Nan Litian began to cough and froth blood from the corners of his lips. He seemed to be dying.

Han Sen was taken aback. He leaned forward to open the man’s mouth and prevent him from drowning on his own fluids, but Nan Litian kept his jaw shut and merely smiled.

Then, he exploded. It was too late for Han Sen to realize what was going to happen, and so he summoned his Bulwark Umbrella to avoid getting soaked in the soggy, gooey mess that had previously composed the person known as Nan Litian.

Han Sen, umbrella firmly in-hand, shielded himself from the spray. The power of the self-destruction knocked Han Sen back, but he was caught by the plush composite of the flowers.

“Did he talk that much to distract me? Did he self-destruct in one final bid to bring me down with him?” Han Sen viewed the horrendous scene with disgust; seeing bits of his flesh, the remains of his entrails, and his blue blood painting the surroundings.

Han Sen had seen God’s Retribution’s blood before, though, and he could immediately tell that Nan Litian had not been lying. His blood was much lighter.

The pendant then suddenly burned brightly. When Han Sen checked it out, he noticed it was starting to shine. The blue blood began to lose its unnatural color, reverting to an ordinary red color again.

“He wasn’t kidding. The pendant really does weaken the blue blood.” Han Sen was surprised.

When the process of reverting the blue blood into red blood had finished, the pendant returned to its daily, dormant state.

Although Nan Litian had killed himself, Han Sen had at least learned a little bit. Baby Ghost had told him Han Jinzhi was captured by Blood Legion, and what Nan Litian said backed that up. It seemed to be the truth.

Then why did some people believe he had blue blood and couldn’t have an heir?

Han Sen was calm and composed after this, though. A surprise, considering what he had just had to endure. He knew there were many questions left to be answered, but it seemed he was being drip-fed revelations on the regular, and it would only be a matter of time before he had all the answers he needed.

And he had a tingling sensation that told him it wouldn't be long now. He was getting very close to the truth.

With super king spirit mode still activated, Han Sen dragged the Wind Unicorn out of Hidden Valley. Kindly, the plants also swayed, bent, or moved out of the way on his approach, too. It was like the entire plant-clogged valley was forming a path for him.

"This means I can enter this place safely, doesn't it? If Green Cow wasn't lying, then maybe I can really find the Starsea Beast." Han Sen planned to go back, but he had to deal with the corpse of the Wind Unicorn first.

Han Sen skinned the Wind Unicorn, then peeled and chopped it up into a variety of different cuts. He didn't want others to recognize the creature when he returned.

If the creatures in the shelter were still semi-hostile towards him, they might not appreciate learning what had happened to their glorious master and his steed. It could prompt another attack.

When Han Sen returned, the shelter was in a right state. Nan Litian's creatures and spirits had all died, following his self-destruction.

"Well, it's now or never. I can't think of a better opportunity to claim this place." Han Sen went towards the spirit hall as soon as he could.

There, Han Sen saw one spirit and two creatures vying to be the next ruler of the shelter. Han Sen could tell the spirit was royal class and the creatures were mutant class.

They saw Han Sen approach, and when they did, they turned to look at him.

Chapter 1376: Co-op

Han Sen was taken aback. The three beings in front of him were as strong as Nan Litian, by the looks of them. They wanted to claim the shelter, but they seemed dubious and afraid of something. It came as a bit of a surprise.

When Han Sen entered the hall, they all stared at him at once.

They knew the place very well, and they knew who inhabited the shelter. They did not expect to see Han Sen show up—someone who was mostly a stranger—to try to fight for it.

What's more was the fact that it was only a human, and one who did not seem particularly strong.

The spirit smiled to him, and spoke. "Another human? We were controlled by a human for so long, do you really want another? Maybe we should deal with him before we decide what's next."

After that, the two mutant creatures looked angrier.

Han Sen thought to himself, "D*mn, spirits still have a hard-on for hating humans even in this sanctuary. They'll use any excuse to kill a human, if they have to."

To cool the situation, Han Sen pleaded to the creatures that seemed undecided and said, "Please don't listen to him! We only have one life, and yet, spirits can respawn. If he betrays you people, that comes at no cost to him. It's a little unfair, don't you think?"

The two creatures turned to the spirit and growled, with their lips raised and teeth on full display.

The spirit stared at Han Sen with intense eyes.

Han Sen inspected the three that were there, wondering how he might pull things in his favor. The spirit was blue, and he wielded a blue crystal greatsword. He had blonde hair.

One of the two creatures looked like a white tiger. It had six ears, but apart from that, it looked like a proud and glorious being. The other creature looked like a robot, and it was made of black metal.

"Do you remember how Nan Litian treated us? We were treated like worthless slaves. He was a horrible person, with one hell of a mean streak. And the conditions of staying here? Have you all forgotten?" The spirit made his case for why he should become leader instead.

Han Sen rebutted with, "I don't know what sort of person Nan Litian was and how he treated you all, but I'm not him. And what's more is that you are free; I will let you keep your freedom. I've dealt with spirits before, and I know how cruel and callous they can be. They enslave humans and treat them as poorly as they do creatures. Anything in a spirit's service is controlled via a tight leash pulled by an iron fist. It is no way to live."

Han Sen then went on to say, "I'm a human with a bronze geno core. How can I fight you all?"

As he spoke, Han Sen summoned his umbrella to prove to them it was bronze. When they saw it was a bronze geno core, the creatures turned to look back at the spirit. The scene had been brought to a standstill.

Han Sen was thinking how he might take the shelter. He didn't want to back off and miss this opportunity, but he also knew he could not fight the three of them. The three were only a little weaker than Nan Litian himself, so the odds were completely out of his favor. He wouldn't stand a chance.

Han Sen thought it might be best to just back out and let them duke it out before swooping in when a wounded-victor emerged.

Committing to this idea, Han Sen took one step back. But when he did this, the metal robot swept forward and stopped him from leaving.

"How about a deal?" the metal robot offered.

“What deal would that be?” Han Sen looked at the roboman with interest. This was a surprising turn of events.

“I will help you take down the shelter and give you control. I only want the mine,” the metal man explained.

The spirit then said, “Metal Demon, why don’t you just ask me? Join me and we can crush these vermin. We can crush the six-eared freak, make me ruler, and you can have the mine.” The white tiger roared when he heard what he had been called.

Metal Demon responded to the spirit by saying, “The human is correct. If you became ruler, we would all be enslaved.”

The spirit’s face turned glum, hearing this. “Do you really think a bronze geno core human can beat me and Six-Ear?”

Metal Demon said, “Don’t presume Six-Ear is with you. He hasn’t pledged allegiance to any one side yet.”

Metal Demon continued, “Six-Ear, you want the garden, don’t you? How about you take the garden, I take the mine, and the human gets the rest?”

Six-Ear heard this and roared in agreement.

“What do you think human? Does this satisfy you?” Metal Demon said.

“I’m just happy to have a roof over my head,” Han Sen said, agreeing.

Six-Ear and Metal Demon began to dubiously approach the spirit, slowly and carefully. They had their plan. Han Sen wasn’t sure how they were going to engage the spirit in battle, but he followed after them with care.

The spirit, however, was of an unswayed resolve. He had no fear, and he balked at them, saying, “Pah! You guys are all so naive. Do you know why I have bothered talking to you filth for so long?”

A sudden aura of immense evil and power raced into the shelter. Upon its arrival, shock struck the hearts of the creatures backing Han Sen. An additional two spirits had come. One was tall and imposing; as it was a four-meter-tall giant that wielded a massive hammer. The other was short. It was plump and stocky, and it was no taller than Han Sen’s waist. The hammer it wielded, however, was larger than the giant’s.

They did not mask their presence or lifeforce. They wanted the others to see that they were just as strong as the other spirit they had come to aid.

“Three versus three. Those are the odds I like. But tell me; are you as confident as you were just a few moments ago?” The spirit smiled callously.

Chapter 1377: The Shelter’s New Master

The white tiger with six ears and Metal Demon looked ill. They preferred to share the shelter with a weak human than accept the cruel rulership of a spirit.

While they were confident in tackling the one that had first confronted them, they had not expected him to have backup on the way. Their presence there now scared them.

What's more, the reinforcements had entered the hall through its only exit. They had to fight, no matter what. Even if they sought to flee, they'd have to battle their way out.

"I'll spare your lives if you subject yourselves to my will and accept me as your new master. And as for you..." The spirit turned his head to address Han Sen now, and he said, "Well, I can't grant you the same generosity. Humans must die."

"You're getting ahead of yourself, don't you think? You're already talking as if you own us." Han Sen smirked.

"No, but your delicate, petty existence rests in the mighty palm of my hand." The spirit drew his blue greatsword and pointed it at Han Sen.

"The deal is unchanged. You two take on Tall and Small, and I'll get the big cheese." Han Sen issued a command and immediately cast a gold beam of light towards the advancing spirit.

The blonde spirit swung his greatsword at the beam.

Six-Ear and Metal Demon, still allied with Han Sen, did as ordered. They both went to engage the two spirits that had come to support their master.

They did not think Han Sen could beat the spirit, though. In fact, they were planning on fleeing. All they hoped was that Han Sen had what it took to occupy their primary enemy long enough so they could escape.

Tall and Small both smiled, like ghastly twins. They swung their hammers with alarming ferocity, ruining the scape of the hall in their bids to make jelly out of the creatures that tried for them.

And with each shockwave came a debilitating effect the creatures were unable to avoid or withstand. Like the momentarily disturbed surface of a gentle pond, a pulsing ring flowed out from each strike. When those shockwaves reached the creatures, their movements slowed and made them more susceptible to being hit.

The creatures looked at Han Sen whenever they could, hoping he could continue keeping their enemy busy.

But when they saw what he had done, they were in utter shock.

The blonde spirit had been tied up by a golden cord, like a strung hunk of pork. With a horn he swiveled in-hand, he was casually approaching the spirit. Shortly after, that same horn was plunged deep into the blonde spirit's heart.

Tall and Small caught a glimpse of what had just transpired in the short amount of time they had spent in combat, and they quickly suffered a pang of shock mixed with a dollop of fear.

They turned around, wishing to run. Since they were no longer swinging their hammers to slow down their opponents, the two creatures were able to chase after and nip at their behinds.

"Listen up, you primitive screwhead. Lesson number one: know who you're dealing with before you start swinging that puny little sword of yours around," Han Sen callously said, as he slowly and excruciatingly pushed the horn deeper into the blonde spirit's heart.

The spirit was in too much pain to respond, and he died swiftly after. His entire body shattered.

Han Sen knew it was not over yet, though. The spirit wasn't completely dead, and there was a large chance he'd return as soon as he had mustered his courage back to try again.

As for the tiger and roboman creature, Han Sen did not go after them and the enemies they were hounding down. Instead, he immediately called for Moment Queen to claim the shelter.

Shortly after, the place was rebooted and fully operational once more. There were still others in the shelter who had not vied for ownership, and they eagerly awaited learning who the new master would be.

Unfortunately, the two creatures were unable to catch up with Tall and Small. They returned to the spirit hall shortly after, empty-handed.

"Will you hold up your end of the bargain?" Metal Demon asked Han Sen.

When they made the deal, they hadn't realized Han Sen was strong enough to so easily slay the blonde spirit like he had. As such, they wanted to treat him with respect.

"Of course. The mine and the garden are yours, but you two are now responsible for the well-being of the shelter, as much as I," Han Sen said.

Han Sen did not mind having two mutant class allies by his side.

"Of course. And if the spirits dare show their face again, we'll be here to fend them off." The two creatures were incredibly happy, as they had become unsure whether or not Han Sen would stay true to the deal they had struck. If he did not, with the strength he possessed, there'd be little they could do to change his mind, after all.

The way Han Sen had killed that spirit made them almost afraid to interact with him.

They then had a discussion on how best to proceed in controlling the shelter, and how it should be operated. The others in the courtyards were worried about what would become of them, too.

They still did not know who the new master was, and most of them were leaning towards escape. If a powerful spirit had taken over, they could all kiss their freedom goodbye.

The person with the most worry there, however, was another human.

There was another demi-god there, and his name was Su Mianhua. He was a professor of genetics in the Alliance. When he came to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, he was fortuitous enough to spawn nearby.

Nan Litian found him and knew who he was. Shortly after, he was led to the shelter, where he was granted accommodation. He had even been provided much free flesh to level up at a greater pace.

But it was not all peachy. Su Mianhua had been imprisoned in the shelter and not even allowed to return to the Alliance. He had been forced to remain inside the shelter to do research on Nan Litian's behalf.

Su Mianhua knew Nan Litian often went out to murder creatures for the sole purpose of getting him to do more research. But while the requirement to do research had been forced upon him, over time, he had grown to enjoy it. It became a hobby of sorts, and he was really into it.

The technology in the sanctuaries was fairly primitive, but he had made grand advancements in the time he had spent there. He needed more time and more materials, though. He had run low on supplies recently, so he was quite interested in whether or not a new leader would tolerate his hobby. If the new owner was a creature, there'd be a high chance he would be killed outright.

After the many years of research, while he had collected many geno points, he had done no combat training. He would be hopeless in a fight, so if he was cast out of the shelter, it'd be as good as a death sentence.

All the spirits and creatures stared at the spirit hall, ready for the announcement of who their next leader was.

Chapter 1378: Geno Core Storage

"Who do you think the new master will be?"

"Metal Demon, that robo-boy's geno core is indestructible."

"Nah, my boy Six-Ear. That tiger eats metal scrap for breakfast."

"Hmm, I saw them chase two spirits out. It has to be one of them. Perhaps they're even co-operating."

"I still think Metal Demon should be the master. He's a cool guy, and there's not a bad circuit in his body."

“Well, let’s be honest here; as long as it’s not a spirit, we’re good. If a spirit takes the mantle, we’re all going to have to sign contracts.”

“Yeah, I hope it isn’t a spirit. Spirits are trash.”

As the crowd formed to gossip, speculate, and await the reveal of their new master, something appeared and walked out before them.

Everyone went deathly silent when they saw. If the next master wasn’t up to par and was not very favorable, there was every chance of them leaving.

Six-Ear and Metal Demon came out together. They did so side-by-side in a fine condition; it did not look as if they had done any fighting. But then, they parted. Someone else was coming, walking through the center to overtake them both.

It looked like a spirit was going to assert the mantle, or at least, that’s what their first glance told them. They quickly sought to run off and abandon the shelter, in fear of entrapment. They thought a spirit had taken the shelter over, and that it had already claimed Six-Ear and Metal Demon.

Sparing an additional second to see who it was before racing off, the audience then noticed it wasn’t a spirit. It was almost too short to be one, and surprisingly, the person looked rather similar to Nan Litian.

“It’s a human!” A number of them balked, in unison. This came as a grand surprise for each and every one of them.

Hardly anyone there knew Han Sen, and so they wondered where he had come from and what had led him to becoming their new master.

Green Cow looked at Han Sen from down below and asked aloud, to the attention of no one in particular, “How did that bloke get into the spirit hall, moo-moo?”

Su Minhua was equally confused. He believed he and Nan Litian to be the only humans in the remote proximity of Shadow Shelter.

As the creatures all mulled about in confusion, Metal Demon stepped forward to speak. “From now on, Han Sen will be the new master of Shadow Shelter. If I see any disobedience, I will subject the rowdy party to a fierce shredding.”

Six-Ear, the white tiger, then let out a roar to agree with what the robot had said.

All in the assembly were in shock. Each and every one of them could not believe their latest master was another human, and what’s more, he had garnered the full support of the two standing at his side.

Only Su Minhua was truly delighted to know a new human would be the latest master.

“He’s the new master?” Green Cow again spoke aloud. She struggled to keep her thoughts inside her mind, and now, her eyes, too. They almost fell out of their sockets, as she struggled to comprehend the fact that the man she had tried to half-swindle was to be the new master of the shelter.

“Don’t expect much change. The rules you knew before are still in place. No oath or contract is put upon you to remain here. Your freedom is intact, and you can all continue living here. So, rock on, I guess.” Han Sen finally spoke, with a casual tone of voice that sought to comfort any fears they were harboring.

Han Sen wanted them all to feel safe. The more people who happily lived there, the more taxes he’d be able to receive. With Six Ear and Metal Demon by his side, the fears of the shelter’s occupants were soon laid to rest, and business swiftly returned to normal.

Han Sen gave them the mine and garden, as was promised in the bargain they had made. That wealth was also payment for them to remain in the shelter as guards for Han Sen. They would also maintain order in the shelter while he was away.

Han Sen returned to the spirit hall, where Moment Queen was waiting for him.

“Is something wrong? Or did you just drink a glass of curdled milk?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen was quick with her response, and with obvious concern, she asked, “Are you going to stay in this place for long?”

“Yes.” Han Sen knew there would be no strong creatures or spirits nearby that could threaten him. It was a well-built shelter that had come with a pre-installed army.

His biggest enemy would be the blonde spirit he had faced earlier and made quick work of. Han Sen was only going to get stronger in the time to come, so even if the spirit returned to try his luck once more, Han Sen did not fear him. And in the days to come, Han Sen would make it his objective to max out his primitive and mutant geno point tallies.

“I hope you can spend some time to open the Geno Core Storage,” Moment Queen said.

“Can you have one here?” Han Sen asked.

Old Man Ji had already told Han Sen about Geno Core Storages before.

They were similar to the spirit bases, in that they were individual places that had access points across the sanctuary. The only real difference was the fact you needed a geno core to gain access.

No matter what race you were, as long as you had a geno core, you could gain access. However, when you were inside, you could only bring along one geno core, and that would be the one used for access. For your time there, all the others were off-limits.

Whenever you beat an enemy, you’d receive an item that could reinforce geno cores.

It was also a tiered place, too. You had to ascend the ranks, unable to skip any. Everyone had a ranking there, but it was one that was tied to the geno core used.

In the Gold Geno Core Storage, Old Man Ji was ranked somewhere around eight million. Han Sen was interested in learning more about the Geno Core Storage, though, ideally from first-hand experience.

“I wonder what the rank my umbrella and egg are. It would be great if I could reach the top ten,” Han Sen thought to himself.

Chapter 1379: A Woman and Her Dog

Shadow Shelter had a Geno Core Storage. Opening it, however, would require one thousand genes.

To reach this sum, Han Sen would only need time. Genes could be paid for in the blood of others, but ordinary and primitive geno points would do, too.

There were many creatures in the surrounding area that could sate Han Sen’s current lust for geno points, but there were also a great many creatures already residing in the shelter.

For now, though, Han Sen wanted to return to Hidden Valley. He wished to go alone, for he didn’t want anyone else to see his super king spirit ability.

When Dragon Lady and Cheap Sheep came back from their joint hunting expedition, their return was full of surprises. They had missed out on everything that had transpired.

“This is a strange thing, gurrll. It looks like a battle has taken place,” Cheap Sheep said, while spinning his head around to observe the slightly tattered shelter.

Dragon Lady thought it was weird, too, but she did not care much about it.

Cheap Sheep approached the nearest creature to him and asked it, “Was the shelter attacked? Don’t be shy now. Tell me what happened, bub.”

“Woof! Woof! Woof!” the creature responded.

Cheap Sheep was shaken, hearing what had occurred. He said, “What?! Bossbub Han Sen became the master of this shelter? And we missed it?!”

Dragon Lady was intrigued, hearing of Han Sen’s involvement. She stepped forward to join the two and asked, “What happened?”

Cheap Sheep turned around and told her, “Somehow, somewhere, the previous owner of this shelter died. Han Sen fought like the brave boy that he is and claimed ownership of the place. I suspect that’s him, leastways. It’d be awkward if there were two Han Sens walking around, bub.”

While he was not going to distrust what his ears had told him, Cheap Sheep struggled to believe his boss Han Sen had what it took to conquer a gold shelter.

“Come; it is best if we see for ourselves,” Dragon Lady said.

When they entered the spirit hall, there they saw Han Sen. Cheap Sheep was quick to lower his head and plant his face on the ground, licking his boots.

Han Sen was strong, he knew that. But it was a shocking thing to realize that he had taken over a gold shelter. It was no small feat. Cheap Sheep spent a wistful moment traversing memory lane, and he recalled how it wasn't so long ago when the two of them were running away from Dragon Lady herself.

Of course, Han Sen had gotten lucky, more than anything. If it really was a fair fight after a proper assault, he wouldn't have had what it took to take down the shelter. He was the blessed recipient of fortuitous circumstances; an honor he frequently received but never took for granted.

However, Han Sen had been very busy since he became master of the shelter. He couldn't squeeze in the time necessary to visit Hidden Valley, as he very much wished to. He ate the unicorn during what little time he had spare, though, and he managed to receive nine mutant geno points.

Those nine points brought his fitness level up by 720.

On a street in the shelter that day, there was a woman that looked very much like an angel. She was walking a dog. The dog was of two shades. Its back was black, whereas its underside was white like the finest pearls.

The woman was clad in a most spectacular armor, that was polished to a blinding sheen. Her plating was so clear it could be mistaken for a mirror. On her back were beautiful but sturdy wings.

“Master, Nan Litian is dead. This was a wasted trip,” the dog spoke.

The woman merely said, “Then we should at least take a moment to check out the new master.”

“I suppose. If he managed to claim this shelter, he must at least have a gold geno core.” The dog scratched itself. Then, it went on to say, “You didn't have to come here, you know. We only have to tell them we are from Sacred Shelter. They'll obey pretty quickly after that.”

The woman smiled and said, “This is Outer Sky Shelter's territory; we can't cause trouble here.”

“Why a human, anyway? We have many of them back in Sacred,” the dog remarked.

“It was a mission given to me by my mother, and it's something that can only be accomplished by a human. That's just the way it is,” the woman explained.

The dog perked its ears up then, and said, “Ah, there! In the plaza. The human we seek is there.”

The woman nodded, and then they both headed for the person they had spotted.

Han Sen was collecting blood in the plaza. If they provided him one drop of their blood, they could stay in the shelter for a month. Naturally, with such cheap payment, many had gathered. The queue was quite impressive.

Han Sen had made the announcement a few days prior. Now, for any who wished to stay in the shelter, the first thing they'd do was donate blood.

When the woman and her dog arrived in the plaza, they stood and watched Han Sen go about all the creatures, collecting the blood they were so eager to part with.

"I hate to say it, but he doesn't look all that special. And you're saying this is the guy you need now? The task is exclusive to him? What is it exactly? Because this guy is... plain." The dog was not impressed.

The woman said, "It's just easier for humans to do this. And they need to be strong, as well."

The woman watched Han Sen intently. Her pupils split into two while she looked.

Han Sen immediately felt as if he was being watched, and it wasn't by the eager blood donors. He didn't care too much about it, as long as the force that watched him was not hostile.

The woman shared the same reaction the dog did, though. She was disappointed by what she saw in him.

"What's wrong?" Dogs could pick up bad vibrations.

The woman turned around and just said, "There is no need to meet with him. His fitness is barely primitive, and he has a bronze geno core. We don't need him."

"How can the creatures admire him so much? How could he even take over this shelter in the first place? Do you want me to kill him?" The dog's eyes glinted with the look of murder.

Chapter 1380: Starsea Orb

"This is Outer Sky's territory. It would be best not to expose ourselves," the woman said, pulling the dog away.

"Well, since we're here, shouldn't we look around?" the dog pleaded.

"Fine. Sure."

Han Sen had not noticed their presence there, as he was too fixated with the blood drive he had established.

“Single file. Hey, you! Stay in the line. Ah-da-da-da; no! You can’t reserve spaces. Hey, cut that out! You, yeah. Keep moving, keep moving. Oh, man, and just what are you doing? This isn’t the time to squat, young bub... wait a minute, what the—?! You don’t take a dump on the street while you queue! You dirty, disgusting thing! What in the sanctuaries is the matter with you? Do you have no respect for the master of this fine shelter? Do you have no respect for yourself?” Cheap Sheep was trying to keep order in the line, taking advantage of his friendship with Han Sen.

The blood drive had been going on non-stop for days by now. When creatures learned they could stay at the shelter for an entire month for the cost of a droplet of blood, they came from all around. The place was jam-packed and stuffed to the gills with creatures, all wanting a roof above their heads.

After a while, Han Sen thought it best to take a break and let Cheap Sheep handle the proceedings while he went off to Hidden Valley. And so, that’s what he did. He was keen to find the Starsea Beast.

Bao’er had gone off with Ji Yanran on vacation for some time, so he went to Hidden Valley alone.

The geno plants were as gracious and kind as the last time he was there, and they formed a path, leading him wherever he wished to go. There was a wild abundance of different types of plants populating that valley. It was like one grand botanical ark. Green Cow hadn’t lied at all, and there really were trees with snakes, as well. They posed no threat to Han Sen now, though, and they simply slithered away whenever he drew near.

Of course, Han Sen entered the valley in super king spirit mode.

And just like Green Cow had told him, there was indeed a cave. At its entrance, a large boulder barred entry. Strangely, however, there was a single word carved on its face.

Han Sen recognized it to be a big stone tablet that had been cut and placed there. The word on it was simple: sky.

“This looks familiar.” Han Sen recalled where he last saw something like this.

The rock looked just like the one he had seen in the Valley of Time in the Third God’s Sanctuary.

“When I was in the Valley of Time, I thought I saw the word knock carved upon a similar, half-buried tablet. Then there was another tablet, which had the words person one engraved on it. If these three tablets were combined, then it would produce the word destiny.” Han Sen narrated to himself.

Han Sen thought this had been cut from the same stone.

“If these really were cut from the same tablet, and the third really has just happened to conveniently appear here for me to find, then that’s more than just a coincidence. It’s rather spooky, to be honest.” Han Sen continued to narrate to himself.

Han Sen punched the tablet and was unable to deal damage to it, just as he hadn't been able to deal damage to the other cuts in the past.

Shocked, and thinking this was confirmation, Han Sen thought to himself, "Who was capable of cutting up the tablet in the first place? I fear meeting that fellow."

Fortunately, the tablet had merely been placed there. Han Sen was able to just push it out of the way. It was no small feat, however. It was a good struggle to get it to move, and Han Sen had to exert all his strength to get it to budge.

The cave behind it was large, and there were many jewels and treasures there. It was as if Han Sen had pushed aside a fat dragon, to reveal the gold it had kept behind it. The entire place sparkled delightfully.

Han Sen walked inside with awe, and at the far end of the cave, he noticed the giant skeletal remains of some creature. It looked like the skeleton of a large dinosaur, but even bigger. He imagined it was the sort he might have seen strung up in a museum someplace.

Strangely, however, it glowed. It was the skeleton of a long-dead creature, that much was plain to see, but it glowed. It was hauntingly pretty.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to give it a scan, and he confirmed it was indeed dead and not some creature whose appearance was that of a skeleton.

"Green Cow was not lying, then." Han Sen wanted to see if there were any geno cores left there. It was a sacred-blood creature, so its geno core would have been gemstone class for sure.

Han Sen was strong, but not even he could slay a sacred-blood creature yet. So far, it was impossible for him to obtain a gemstone class geno core.

Unfortunately, much to his dismay, he was unable to find one. This prompted Han Sen to think, "Did it shatter when the creature died?"

Han Sen continued to scan the immediate vicinity, and the skeleton in particular. He noticed the skull of the skeleton was giving him a much stronger reading.

Han Sen climbed into it and found something inside.

It was an orb, one that fit neatly into his hand. It was very much like a baseball in terms of size, but it was a beautiful thing. It harbored a mystical quality, and inside, one could spy the presence of all the stars of the universe. Or so it seemed.

Han Sen did not know what type of creature it was, but when he sprayed the orb with water, it began to shine very brightly.

"It is a gemstone geno core!" Han Sen yelled, filled with much delight.

"Put it down," suddenly a voice rang through the hollow of that cave.

There, Han Sen saw a woman with wings approaching. Alongside her was a dog.

"Give me one good reason to." Han Sen could immediately tell she was a creature, not a spirit.

The woman paid no heed to what he said, and she simply turned her attention to the dog at her side.
“Black Doggo, do your thing...”

The dog howled and crooned louder than any wolf. It brought its head back down to face Han Sen and opened its mouth, then, an array of lasers fired towards him.