

Chapter 1451:

Stoneshell

The cricket struggled as hard as it could, but eventually, the ruby on its head began to shine. And then, something else appeared on the creature's head.

Han Sen saw a one-meter-wide red saw manifest. It began to spin around and around like a rotor, trimming all the vines that had ensnared it. The Holy Vines were thick like arms, but they were weed-whacked away in just a couple of seconds.

Han Sen ran. There were no other creatures around to occupy the cricket and buy him the time to build up a coin with immense power. He knew there was no hope of fighting the cricket under the circumstances.

While the red cricket was still trapped, Han Sen wanted to run as far as he could, and hopefully get out of its sight for good. But after two miles of running, Han Sen heard the Tzi Tzi sounds again. It was catching up swiftly.

The scariest thing was that its ruby saws were still spinning as it pursued Han Sen. If it could tear the Holy Vines to shreds, Han Sen would be sliced in two with little to no effort.

Han Sen kept on running, but the cricket was closing the gap. The situation became even worse when Han Sen noticed he was racing towards a dead end.

"D*mn it!" Han Sen thought to himself. He scanned the walls all around, hoping there was a passage he could slip into and keep up the escape.

There were so many caves and tunnels in the Underworld, but unfortunately, this one big wall didn't have the slightest crevice.

Han Sen ducked to the left. Fortunately, there, the cave was wide and he did not have to go back.

Han Sen stopped after a few more steps. Nothing was blocking him or anything, but the cricket had stopped thirty meters away from him.

If Han Sen ran back now, the distance between him and the cricket would reduce.

The redheaded cricket screeched and squealed at Han Sen, but it did not move or come any closer. As Han Sen thought the scenario strange, and pondered what it meant, Bao'er said, "Dad, look behind you."

"Isn't that just a wall?" Han Sen wondered, but he still looked back. And what he saw gave him a shock.

The uneven wall that seemed comprised of discs was actually populated by a number of shells. The shellfish on the wall were all opening up, revealing the red meat that was inside them.

There were many of them, all within a few hundred meters. And they all opened up their shells, showing off the sickly red meat inside.

Some of these Stoneshells had pearls inside. The jewels they possessed were the size of a man's fist and had a pinkish hue.

Han Sen didn't plan to take anything, of course. He couldn't even tell what level the Stoneshells were, but the cricket must have had a reason to stop chasing him. Han Sen wagered it must have had something to do with the shells.

Han Sen gave them a scan with his Dongxuan Aura, but the results surprised him. While there were a few sacred-blood variants amongst them, the horde of shells was primarily composed of primitive and mutant types.

They didn't seem like the sort of enemy the cricket might fear. The fact that the cricket had stopped perplexed Han Sen.

Han Sen was sandwiched, with a cricket behind him and a wall comprised of shells in front of him. While the Stoneshells did not seem that strong, there had to be something wrong with them that made the cricket not dare take a step closer. They must have had a special power or something, that struck fear into the hearts of super creatures.

As Han Sen wondered what was going on, the meat of each shell reached out like a tongue. They were all going right for Han Sen.

You could not imagine how strange it was to have a wall full of wretched tongues reach out for you. The tongues were incredibly stretchy, and they became longer and longer as if their lengths were infinite.

Han Sen saw the meat and saw the cricket. Defiantly standing his ground, he pulled out Taia to cut the tongues down.

The shells were not very powerful, and Han Sen was thankful they were foes he was able to deal with. He knew for sure he could not take out the red cricket.

Taia's sharpness was useless in the Fourth God's Sanctuary, but its hardness was still good enough. If you had enough power, the weapon could still be useful. With Taia and his strength, Han Sen was able to cut through the incoming tongues. After the blade was driven through, they immediately fell to the ground and stopped moving.

Where the tongues had been cut would profusely bleed pink blood. They reeled back to their shells with alarming speed, to lick their wounds.

"They really are just mutant creatures. They don't seem very strong." Han Sen was happy to learn how weak they were.

Han Sen continued to wave Taia, dropping all the tongues coming for him. After a while, they all gave up.

“The shells aren’t very special. What is the cricket afraid of?” Han Sen asked himself, observing the cricket.

The red cricket was slowly stepping backward.

But this just gave Han Sen a heightened chill. Although it had not been revealed, he knew there was something up with the shells. It could not have been that simple.

Before Han Sen could turn around to take a look, the entire cavern began to shake and rumble. Rocks broke from the ceiling, falling down dangerously.

Han Sen dodged the falling stones and took a look at the wall. His eyes opened wide with shock, and he found himself immediately running back towards the cricket.

Now Han Sen understood what the cricket was afraid of, and he’d much rather fight the insect than the new threat.

Chapter 1452: Shell King

There was a wall behind Han Sen that was a few hundred meters long. And suddenly, a large crack had developed horizontally across it. It was like a crevice to hell, and a red light bled out from its opening, as if it was ready to swallow all that gazed upon it.

The wall was a giant Stoneshell, and the mini Stoneshells Han Sen had previously been dealing with were all fixed to its body.

The giant Stoneshell King opened up its few-hundred-meter-long body, and the meat that swiftly flooded out was like a tidal wave.

Han Sen was unable to dodge, and he soon found himself tongue-tied.

The Redhead Cricket was also snared, and the two were dragged back toward the shell.

There was a liquid coating the meat, and it worked like an adhesive. It prevented the Redhead Cricket from escaping. The cricket used its ruby-colored saw to try to shred its way free.

The ruby saw was surprisingly effective, too, as it chipped away much of the meat holding it in place. But more of that meat came from elsewhere, catching the ruby saw.

Like a grinder, the saw began to spin, but it was soon clogged. The meat came in from behind and slowed it down more and more until it was jammed and rendered ineffective.

Han Sen waved Taia at the meat that had grabbed hold of him, and he got himself free.

The liquid did not work on Han Sen's super king spirit body.

As quick as he could, Han Sen gripped Bao'er tighter and tried flying away to get out of that cave. But the water-like flesh tried to stop and consume them once more.

Han Sen dodged as best as he could, but he was eventually grabbed by the meat.

The meat was like a sleeping bag, and it managed to wrap up Han Sen and Bao'er both. With his limbs all tied up, Han Sen found himself unable to do anything that might help him escape now.

The red meat was like the tide of the sea, washing out and pulling back into the ocean that was the shell. The few-hundred-meter-long crevice that formed its mouth was like a veritable hellmouth. And it was ready to swallow Han Sen and the cricket.

Han Sen did not know in what way the Stoneshell King could kill its prey, as the meat could only trap him. And it was difficult for Han Sen to tell whether or not he was inside the shell.

Han Sen was unable to escape the meat, as it was a super creature's body. Han Sen had nowhere near enough strength to break free at his current stage.

The weakest of super creatures had one-hundred-thousand fitness, and right now, Han Sen only had a fitness level of forty-thousand. Not even super king spirit mode could balance those odds.

But because Han Sen had escaped the meat at first and gained a bit of distance before being grabbed back, the cricket was the first to end up in the shell. And inside there, Han Sen could see a big white ball residing in its center.

It must have been the pearl possessed by the shell king. It was a few meters wide, like one large orb. When the cricket was pulled inside, that pearl lit up with an ominous, red-colored glow.

The red light inside the shell looked alive, in a suppressed and mysterious manner.

The red light shined on the cricket, turning the would-be victim a shade of red, too. And soon after, its hardy body was like steel dropped into a vat of acid. It began to melt and fizz away.

Han Sen was horrified upon seeing this. If the cricket had no chance of withstanding such a wretched power, then he wouldn't last a second.

The soft meat was pulling him in quickly, and Han Sen did not have the time to get away.

He struggled the best he could, thinking, "Over... it's all over. I even dragged Bao'er into this."

Han Sen looked at Bao'er, and he was surprised to see she had managed to get away from the meat. Her eyes were fixed on the red, hellish object inside the shell.

"Bao'er, throw the Grenade Mushroom inside!" Han Sen transferred the super beast soul Grenade Mushroom to her.

"Why?" Bao'er asked, with a look of confusion.

Han Sen was only two meters from certain doom. He didn't have the time to explain, so he shouted, "Just throw it in!"

Bao'er blinked and summoned the super Grenade Mushroom. Then, she lobbed it inside the shell.

The moment Han Sen was about to be dragged inside, the grenade rolled along the plush meat of the interior.

Han Sen thought he could escape when it exploded. But when the mushroom hit the meat, it must have been too soft. The mushroom didn't detonate.

"Oh sh*t!" Han Sen screamed, as he was dragged into the shell.

The red light shined on him, and immediately, he felt his skin bubble as if he was being fried alive. It felt terrible.

With no hesitation, Han Sen summoned his Bulwark Umbrella. But the red light was able to melt the umbrella as well, and its shielding wouldn't last very long.

"Bronze geno cores are too weak, but still, holding on for a few seconds against the powers of a super geno core is nothing to scoff at," Han Sen said to himself, while his mind raced for a way he might escape this predicament. Unfortunately, his entire body was tied up and he couldn't even wiggle his fingers.

Bao'er looked uncomfortable, too, and she tried getting herself snug beneath the umbrella.

"Dad, the light is annoying. Let's get out of here," Bao'er pleaded.

Han Sen gave a wry smile, as he wanted to leave, as well. He told Bao'er, "You get out of here first, I'll catch up with you later."

"If Dad doesn't leave, then I won't leave." Bao'er shook her head.

Han Sen wished to say something more, but he suddenly felt loose. He felt as if he was miraculously made free again.

Han Sen was delighted by this, but the sudden release didn't mean he was free; it was because the shell had already closed. The meat let him go so the light could incinerate him a little faster.

The cricket was released, too. It desperately tried to claw the shell to get free, but its ruby saw was still wrapped up. It seemed even the shell king was afraid of the insect using that to slice its way out.

Bulwark Umbrella began to develop a few holes, and Han Sen did not have much time. He knew he had to do something.

Han Sen summoned his Crystal Egg, pulled his arm back, and launched it towards the Grenade Mushroom.

Chapter 1453: Big Explosion

The Crystal Egg was like a meteor. It soared to the Grenade Mushroom within a second.

Han Sen held onto Bao'er and jumped onto the meat, using the umbrella to protect them near the edge of the shell. He hoped the mushroom would not detonate right away, as it would obliterate him and the umbrella. The power of a super Grenade Mushroom was sure to be frightening.

Pang!

The Crystal Egg hit the Grenade Mushroom, but it didn't blow up. The mushroom instead bounced towards the red pearl.

Han Sen was super happy, and he was relieved to see the grenade had not yet detonated. The Crystal Egg had just worked to make it softer, and this was the exact result he desired.

When the Grenade Mushroom hit the red pearl, it didn't blow up because it had softened. But the Crystal Egg bounced around the interior of the shell until it ended up hitting the Grenade Mushroom again.

When this hit came, the rubber-like status it had inflicted on the grenade went away. And just after this happened, the mushroom hit the pearl.

Han Sen didn't even look that way. He tried burrowing into the meat for protection, ensuring Bao'er's safety first by tucking her in.

Boom!

A strong shockwave annihilated all the red meat in the shell, generating a mushroom cloud of epic proportions.

Han Sen felt as if he was getting thrown away by that wave at first, and then, it felt as if he had been hit by a train. The umbrella shielded the duo from most of that fierce power, but it didn't last too long. It broke, and Han Sen quickly began spewing blood.

Pang!

Han Sen did not even know what he had hit, but his head had suffered a nasty blow. His bones felt shattered, and his ear-drums blew out to fill him with an incomprehensible noise.

Han Sen did not care about this much, though. He only wanted to protect Bao'er from as much of the damage as he could.

After a while, the clarity of his head improved. His vision was still a little blurry, his ears were still ringing, and his bones were hurting fiercely.

But Han Sen knew he hadn't died. He could feel intense pain, and that informed him he was alive. It also told him he was in very bad shape.

"Dad... Dad... Are you okay...?" After a while, Han Sen heard the familiar voice trying to break through the buzzing sounds inside his ears.

Han Sen opened his eyes to great difficulty, and there, he saw Bao'er in great worry.

"Dad is fine," Han Sen said, but even that short dialogue had him coughing up blood.

The pain made Han Sen feel awake, and his vision and hearing slowly began to improve.

Bao'er's clothes were red, and he was unsure whether it was his blood or hers.

Han Sen wished to employ Dongxuan Aura to find out more about their current situation, but he was too weak to even activate it.

It was at this point Han Sen began to comprehend how badly damaged he was. He couldn't even begin to guess the number of bones he'd broken. His arms and legs were all twisted and disfigured.

The Crystal Egg and Bulwark Umbrella had both been destroyed in the explosion, and that contributed to how badly damaged he currently was.

The explosion was even greater than Han Sen had imagined it would be. When the Grenade Mushroom detonated right next to the pearl, it was immediately annihilated. The explosion was incredibly brutal.

Han Sen could not even stand right now. His eyes were swollen and bleeding, too. The blood mucked up his eyes, tinting his vision red.

Han Sen looked around, as well as his injured neck would allow him to. It must have been broken in the explosion, and simply turning it had Han Sen groaning in pain. Fortunately, he was a demi-god. Ordinary people would have died at the precise point of detonation.

"Dad, are you okay?" Bao'er was worried, pacing around Han Sen as she spoke.

"I... am fine. Are you hurt?" Han Sen asked, right before he started coughing up blood again.

"I am fine." Bao'er shook her head. She blew wind at Han Sen's wound, saying, "Mom said if you blow on injuries, they feel better."

"She's right. I feel better already." Han Sen felt relieved, knowing Bao'er was okay. His current wounds wouldn't kill him, and he'd live, provided there were no more enemies skulking about.

Han Sen was lying against a curved wall. He was still inside the shell, and the meat had become chunky gore that had sprayed across everywhere. Then, Han Sen saw something shiny, dripping down.

He looked up and saw a hundred-meter-wide hole high above; the light was coming from there.

Apparently, the shell king had died. Han Sen figured that the cricket had too, considering that he could no longer see it.

Han Sen sighed. Fortunately, there were no more enemies about, either. He had no chance of fighting in his current state.

Han Sen tried to gather up his strength so he could instigate his own healing. If he had time, he could recover by himself.

And so he did, and after a while, Han Sen's seventh sense began to feel better. He resumed looking at the big hole high above.

There was light, but it was not sunlight. Outside that cave was still the Underworld, and far above, Han Sen could still espy a ceiling. And in the cave, Han Sen could see a light. It was light blue in color, and he was unsure what was producing it.

This was not the same cave as the one he had initially entered; it was a different cave that existed behind the shell king's body. It was bigger than the last cave, that much he could tell.

"I hope no one is out there." Han Sen gave a wry smile, as he could no longer fight.

Han Sen looked into his Sea of Soul, wanting to summon the unicorn to take him away from there.

But in the Sea of Soul, he saw a familiar shadow.

"Redhead Cricket? I got this beast soul?" Han Sen was happy seeing this.

Han Sen had no clue what had transpired in the midst of that devastating explosion. Both him and Bao'er had survived, and now, Han Sen was seeing the Redhead Cricket's beast soul. The sanctuary must have thought that he had killed Stoneshell King and Redhead Cricket.

Han Sen thought he might have heard the announcement during the explosion, but he hadn't been able to focus at the time.

"I cannot believe I got a super beast soul. I wonder what type it is?" Han Sen examined the Redhead Cricket beast soul.

Chapter 1454: Trapped in Stoneshell King's Shell

Super Beast Soul Red Crystal Cricket: Pet Armor Type

Han Sen was rather surprised, as it had been a long time since he last had a beast soul purposed for a pet's usage. He had seen many lower-tier ones, but he had only ever once seen a super beast soul of this type.

Although it wasn't for him, it was still useful.

If he gave this armor to a meatshield pet, their defense would skyrocket. If given to a creature like the rhino, it could continue providing heals and not get killed.

If Little Silver wore it, he'd make a fierce attacker and healer. Still, it was a shame that neither the rhino nor Little Silver were actually pet beast souls. They wouldn't be able to make use of the armor Han Sen had just received.

Little Angel was quite the damage dealer, and with the protection provided by this armor, she'd be able to fight better than ever.

But unfortunately for him, Little Angel was still evolving. In his current situation, Han Sen did not have a pet beast soul he could give it to. While it had to be shelved for now, at least any pet beast soul he might procure in the future could be given the armor set and have super-level defense.

"Bao'er, take a look around and see if the cricket and shell king left behind any Life Geno Essences," Han Sen said to Bao'er.

Bao'er quickly crawled over, and after rummaging around for a bit, she returned from Grenade Mushroom's ground zero with two crystals. They were both small, but Han Sen could tell which crystal belonged to which creature.

It had nothing to do with their presences or auras; it was just through their looks. He could identify each with stark contrast.

These Life Geno Essences were different than those found in the other three sanctuaries. They weren't merely crystals now, as they seemed to resemble small figurines of their former selves. They were only fist-sized, but they looked remarkably alive. One was a pink scallop shell, while the other was unmistakably a cricket.

"Do I absorb these the same way, too?" This was the first time Han Sen had received a Life Geno Essence like this, and he wondered if the process was the same.

But now that he was too damaged, he was not capable of simulating either the cricket nor the shell king's energy flow. Due to this, he had to pocket them for now.

The red cricket did not leave any flesh behind, but the shell king did. Even after the explosion, there was still a lot of meat left.

From what Han Sen knew, humans could not eat super creature flesh. Only pets and creatures could consume their remains.

Unfortunately, even if he could, there was too much meat for him to eat. And he hadn't brought any of his creature companions with him, and nor did he have a pet that could make use of the shell king's flesh.

Plus, Han Sen was worried the flesh might draw other creatures to it. Caring little for his wounds, Han Sen just wanted to get back to summoning the unicorn and leaving there as fast as he could.

Before he moved, a shadow entered from the big hole that was the result of the explosion.

Han Sen was given a shock. He was too injured to fight, so meeting other creatures was a dire thing.

The creature looked like a crocodile, but its scales were blue.

When it entered, it began to eat the meat. Fortunately, it didn't pay Han Sen any attention.

Han Sen was unable to use his Dongxuan Aura to read what its level was, but he could tell from a mere look that the crocodile was strong.

Han Sen summoned his unicorn then, wanting to leave as soon as he could. The creature, thankfully, was not at all interested in them. Han Sen held onto his pain and lifted himself up onto the unicorn. The unicorn leaped out of the hole and landed on top of the shell.

Han Sen was finally able to tell where the blue light was coming from, as well. The cave behind the shell was decked out in blue, luminous mushrooms. The light was their glow.

As Han Sen saw those, he was also able to see a group of creatures that had amassed at the bottom of the shell. It was a swarm of various insects, all in different shapes and sizes. Their numbers were incredible, and Han Sen couldn't even comprehend how many had come. There were more and more coming his way, like a flooding tide.

When they saw Han Sen and the unicorn, they all squealed and screamed at them. Still, they didn't dare to try climbing the fallen shell king.

Han Sen rode the unicorn back into the shell, acknowledging there was no way for him to get past that legion.

Back inside the shell, Han Sen put the unicorn away, in case it triggered the ire of the crocodile.

Han Sen did not know the creature's level, but he assumed the fear of the creatures outside stemmed from that thing. Guessing its level was easy.

"I hope he doesn't have an appetite for human flesh." Han Sen was unable to fight. Without the super Grenade Mushroom, he had no hope of fighting a super creature.

Luckily, it still wasn't directing any concern or interest towards Han Sen. The creature's focus was still fixed on the meat.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Sutra to recover, hoping he could feel better so he could leave.

If the crocodile finished the soft meat, it might end up turning on him.

There was too much meat, though. It had been scoffing down what it could for at least half a day, and even after all that time, it had only eaten one out of forty equally-sized portions.

After it was full, the crocodile laid down to rest. It showed no signs of leaving.

Han Sen ran his Dongxuan Sutra all day, but it recovered extremely slowly. He also asked Bao'er to take a look outside, and much to his dismay, the hordes of creatures hadn't budged.

"At this rate, the crocodile is going to finish the shell king's meat." Han Sen tried to think of a means of escape.

Suddenly, Han Sen's mind turned to the Ganoderma mushrooms he had found inside the eggshell. Perhaps they would help heal his wounds.

Han Sen took one out of the Cruel Bottle and had a small bite.

As soon as his teeth sunk into it, the thing melted in his mouth. Han Sen felt as if he was in a warm room, and he swiftly felt his body heating up. The damaged bones and flesh were healing with miraculous haste.

Noticing the magic that the red Ganoderma mushrooms were working, Han Sen took a much bigger bite into the cap. It immediately felt as if his entire body was on fire. He was healing fast, and the wounds were all sealing up nicely.

"Good stuff." Han Sen was hoping they could give a boost to his lifeforce. He had never expected they could heal him so well.

Chapter 1455: The Battle for Meat

The skin was easy to heal, but bones and veins were not. Fortunately, the red Ganoderma was able to provide effective healing for all three.

Han Sen stayed in the shell for four days, until he was fully healed. Without those red mushrooms, it would have taken at least ten times that long.

"This is good. It's a shame there was only seven and I've eaten one. That means there are only six left," Han Sen thought, with a greedy desire.

His body felt better, but that was all that had changed. The crocodile and the monsters outside were still there. He went out of the shell to take a look at things and used his Dongxuan Aura to scan the crowds. Much to his dismay, he was able to detect super creatures in their midst.

“If not even super creatures dare come in here to eat the meat, how strong must the crocodile be?” Han Sen was shocked, to say the least.

Luckily, the crocodile was still focused on the meat inside the shell. It had yet to pay any attention to Han Sen and Bao'er.

Han Sen wouldn't dare touch the crocodile, especially now that he had detected two super creatures down below. With all the sacred and mutant class creatures buffering the crowds, Han Sen thought it was too reckless for him to try to escape that way. As such, he decided to stay.

“What do we do?” Han Sen did not want to stay, and he doubted that the crocodile would continue to ignore them after it had finished off the shell king's meat. If the crocodile did show an interest in the two, things would turn sour.

If he left now, he wouldn't have to fight the spooky crocodile, but there was no guarantee he could escape the horde safely.

Han Sen watched the creatures from inside the shell, hoping there'd be a shift or an opportunity that might score him a chance to escape. But more and more creatures were coming over time, and with every second that passed, the chances of leaving were getting slimmer.

Han Sen noticed a problem, then. For the first few days, the creatures did not dare get too close to the shell. But now their patience was growing thin, and they were inching their way closer.

The creatures that were able to fly had been bold enough to circle the hole. When that occurred, the crocodile roared at them, which prompted them to disperse.

“It looks like it's only a matter of time before they decide to breach this place and enter. When that happens, the crocodile will have no choice but to fight them. Perhaps I can escape in the midst of all that chaos,” Han Sen thought to himself.

If Han Sen wasn't going anywhere right now, he could only spend his time practicing the Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin so he could regenerate the Bulwark Umbrella and the Crystal Core.

Getting them back was easier than generating them the first time had been. All it took, more than anything, was time.

Han Sen tried to absorb the two Life Geno Essences he had retrieved, but for some reason, he was unable to. Han Sen tried to simulate the creatures' energy flows, but it was to no avail. He guessed he might have been too weak to do that, in his current form.

Han Sen tried researching and experimenting for a while, but he was unable to pinpoint why he couldn't absorb the Life Geno Essences. He did notice that the energy inside them was strange, and somewhat different than what he had seen before.

It was like the two Life Geno Essences were not just power; there was a life inside.

"The shell king and the red cricket are dead. How can their Life Geno Essences harbor a lifeforce? It's almost as if these things are unborn eggs. Does this mean they can come back to life?" Han Sen thought, but he was unsure whether or not that was true.

Two days later, the impatience of the creatures outside rose. Many of the flying creatures were spending time on top of the shell, while the ground ones were right against its bottom. They all looked hungry and greedy.

None of them cared about the crocodile's roaring anymore, so it had actually stopped trying to scare them off. As long as the creatures did not enter, the crocodile would ignore them.

"It looks like they're going to come in soon. I wonder what they are waiting for?" Han Sen thought.

A few hours later, Han Sen heard a noise. The creatures had formed a path, and traversing that was a horned creature with a turtle-like body and a snake-like head. It climbed into the shell without any hesitation.

When the snake-turtle came inside, so too did the rest of the creatures. Quickly, things got out of hand. Every creature was like a hungry wolf, desperately leaping at every morsel of flesh they could grab.

"They must have been waiting for the snake-turtle. I guess now my time has come." Han Sen was so happy. The messier the fray, the better it would be for him and his escape.

All the creatures that came pouring in made the crocodile furious. It roared and summoned its geno core, which was like a giant pair of scissors. They were blue and the blades were cruelly serrated. They immediately swung open to cut a few of the creatures in half.

The scissors flashed into the group of creatures, destroying everything that came into contact with them.

The two creatures Han Sen believed to be super creatures avoided the scissors, not willing to fight the geno core face-to-face. They didn't even summon geno cores of their own to make battle.

"It is no wonder they were all afraid of coming. The crocodile's geno core is too strong, and it cuts everything in half. It's scarier than the Red Crystal Cricket's ruby slicer." Han Sen was in quite a shock. He looked at the snake-turtle. "The creatures all waited for the snake-turtle to come. It must have been in the belief it could effectively make battle with the crocodile."

Han Sen looked at the snake-turtle. It didn't care about the other creatures. The snake's upper-body merely grabbed a hunk of meat and began ravaging it down. It paid no attention to the nearby slaughter and the crocodile's scissors.

It didn't see the scissors, but when it ate the meat, it incited the anger of the crocodile. The crocodile roared, and the scissors flew forward to cut the snake-turtle.

The snake-turtle was not afraid, though. It continued munching on the meat, as its body began to flash. A copper bell appeared to shield its own body and prevent the scissors from reaching it.

Dong!

There was a metal noise. The scissors banged against the bell, unable to cut it in half. Under the protection of the copper bell, the snake-turtle could eat the meat unopposed. And while the crocodile's attention had been drawn to the snake-turtle, the lesser creatures in the vicinity used that opportunity to chow down on the meat.

Chapter 1456: Follow Me

As the place descended into chaos, Han Sen took off running. Suddenly, a sword cleaved through the air, and plumes of feathers choked the sky as many of the flying creatures were killed.

The snake-turtle and the crocodile stopped fighting when they saw this. No longer interested in the meat, they started to scuttle away in different directions.

"Where are you going?" Han Sen heard a woman's voice call out from the sky, as another swordswipe reached for the crocodile. The movement was too quick for Han Sen to make out the wielder of that weapon, but it cut down the crocodile in a flash.

The crocodile used its scissors to try to block the incoming attack, but it wasn't fast enough.

Then, a scream echoed. The sword cut through the crocodile's head, and its lifeless body dropped down onto the shell.

The creatures were all fighting against each other in a bid to escape now, even the super creatures. Even they did not want the meat anymore.

Han Sen was shocked. The crocodile was incredibly strong, and he hadn't expected a sword-wielding phantom to one-hit kill it so simply.

Han Sen thought he had heard this voice before. When that person put away the sword, and he got a closer look, he was shocked. She was the master of the Demi-God Association. She was someone who probably had a connection to Han Jinzhi.

"Why are you here?" The woman frowned, seeing Han Sen there.

"I got chased by creatures, and I ended up in here. I didn't expect to see you here. You must be so powerful to one-hit super creatures like that," Han Sen said, looking up at the woman.

Fortunately, he had exited his super king spirit before the encounter. He had done so to save power. Had he not done this, the woman might have thought he was a creature and killed him.

The woman coldly responded, "There is a lot more you don't know. Do you really think you're the first super aristocrat in the Alliance?"

"No, but I know you and the other members of Blood Legion are stronger than I am." Han Sen shrugged.

"Good. Then let's go." When the woman said that, she turned around.

"Go where?" Han Sen frowned. He did not want to associate or interact with that woman here.

The woman said, "It is good to see you here, and there is something I need you to do."

"I have important matters to attend to. I'm not sure I can spare the time to help you," Han Sen declined.

The woman stopped, turned around, and coldly said, "You can reject me, sure; but you can't reject my sword. If you try to leave, I'll arrange for you and my sword to become well-acquainted."

"Do I have a choice?" Han Sen shrugged again.

"Yes. Death is always a choice." The woman spoke with surprising sincerity.

"Who would willingly choose death while they're living?" Han Sen sighed and simply followed.

The crocodile's body disappeared after the kill, and not even its flesh was left behind. Still, the woman collected its Life Geno Essence and even received its geno core Crocodile Scissors.

Han Sen knew he wouldn't be able to beat her, so he followed her.

The woman seemed to ignore Han Sen on their way, but she took him for a long walk through the Underworld. She behaved differently than she had in the Alliance.

In the Alliance, none were able to sense her true power. Here, merely being in her presence told you she was frighteningly powerful. No creature would dare approach her.

Han Sen wanted to ask her a few questions, but after firing them, he received no answer. She ignored him. After a few more repeated tries, he stopped.

They walked in this manner for two whole days. Eventually, they left the Underworld via some cave on a mountainside.

"Where are we going?" Han Sen looked around, acknowledging it to be a place he was unfamiliar with. He could not tell where Shadow Shelter was from there.

Surprisingly, the woman said, "To my shelter."

"Your shelter? Is it a human shelter?" Han Sen asked in shock.

“Who told you I’m human?” the woman coldly said.

Han Sen was shocked. He used his Dongxuan Aura to scan her, and while she was very strong, he still got the sense she was a human.

“What are you, if you aren’t a human? A spirit?” Han Sen kidded.

“Han Jinzhi didn’t tell you anything?” the woman said, frowning.

“If I knew, I wouldn’t need to ask you.” Han Sen felt lame. He didn’t even know if he was actually the heir of Teacher Han.

Han Sen thought she would tell him something, but she groaned and said, “This has nothing to do with what you need to do. It doesn’t matter.”

The woman kept on walking after that, but she actually started answering questions for Han Sen.

“At least tell me what I’m doing? And your name. What is it? I can’t keep calling you woman.” Han Sen wasn’t going to give up yet.

The woman hesitated a little, and then said, “You’ll know once we get there. And in regards to my name, call me whatever you wish to. It’s merely a title.”

“That’s not really an answer.” Han Sen’s heart sank, and after that, the woman went back to ignoring him again.

The woman summoned a beast. Han Sen sat on it, and it didn’t take him long to discover it was a super mount. It was blisteringly quick. But even at that speed, the mount had to run for four days straight before they reached the shelter.

As Han Sen expected, the place was massive. It had been built on a floating island, draped with clouds like a heavenly scene. The floating island had no simple palace, though. What was there was a city, and it was clearly a super shelter.

But Han Sen did not see a single human there in the shelter. There were far more spirits than creatures residing there, as well.

The scariest thing was that the spirits and creatures there were all remarkably strong. They weren’t much weaker than Han Sen, which meant they were sacred-blood creatures and royal spirits at the very least.

When they saw the woman, they all bowed. They all either greatly admired her or feared her.

They were curious about the person sitting next to her; Han Sen. They inquisitively guessed who he might be, and what sort of person would be allowed to tag along so casually.

Chapter 1457: Big Priest

Han Sen followed the woman to the spirit hall of the shelter, and she sat down on the throne there. Han Sen looked around him and saw that there were no other chairs. So, he stood.

Not long after, Han Sen saw a number of powerful spirits enter the hall. Every spirit that walked in had a life force equivalent to that of the red cricket. That meant the entrants of the hall were at least king-class in caliber.

But they were all clad in grey cloaks, obscuring their faces.

When the spirits arrived, all of them bowed before the woman. And politely, they all bid her, "Greetings, My Master." Then they split up and stood at both ends of the hall.

Not long after, both sides of the hall were skirted with a large number of these spirits. There were twenty-to-thirty king class spirits.

Han Sen was shocked seeing them, as they all appeared to be of the same visual distinction. Han Sen's senses told him that their bodies and energy were all very similar. It could have been a family of spirits, for all he knew, like the Dark Spirit tribe.

"Maybe she really isn't human? Otherwise, how does she rule and preside over such a large and powerful family?" Han Sen thought this entire scenario was strange. But still, despite repeated readings of the woman, she still seemed human to him.

The twenty-to-thirty king spirits all turned to look at Han Sen, then. It was obvious they thought his presence there was strange.

Fortunately, Han Sen had been in similar situations in the past. The king spirits were all very strong, but they didn't scare him. He continued to stand where he was unfazed.

Bao'er looked around in curiosity. If Han Sen didn't hold her tight, she'd squirm free and head for the spirit statue.

"Is everyone present?" the woman asked, scanning the lines of spirits.

"Master, aside from Ghost Moon, all are present." A spirit to her left politely informed her.

"Why is Ghost Moon absent?" the woman asked with a frown.

The spirit said, "You asked us to borrow something from Outer Sky. I sent Ghost Moon there."

The woman nodded and responded, "Then there is no need to wait for her. I have something to announce. From now on, he is our Priest of Elysium Shelter."

When the woman said this, all the spirits around looked shocked.

“Master, we can’t do that! The priest has always been chosen from within our tribe. How can you allow an outsider to accept such a distinguished role?”

“Master, I see a bronze light in him. He is a creature with a bronze geno core. How can he be our priest?”

...

The entire spirit hall was kicked into a frenzy as the spirits all begged and pleaded for their mistress to recall her decree. They all went down on the floor, too, to underline their sincerity. Only Han Sen remained on his feet.

Han Sen was frozen, and he didn’t even know what the role of priest would mean. And while it sounded like something of power and import, he wasn’t planning on sticking around this place.

But, quite obviously, whether he became a priest or not wasn’t Han Sen’s call to make, so he decided to remain quiet and just watch. He was going to see how things unfolded first.

“Master, Ghost Moon is a far better candidate than this creature. She is a much greater choice,” the spirit to her left said.

“There is nothing for any of you to say. My mind on this matter is settled. Return at once.” The woman cared little for their pleading, and she gestured with her hand for them to leave her be.

After that, the spirits turned to leave. They looked awfully upset, but they did not dare disrespect the mistress they had pledged allegiance to. Their eyes swept across Han Sen in simmering anger.

When the king spirits had all vacated the hall, and the door was shut, Han Sen bore a wry smile. “I’m just a human with a bronze geno core. I don’t think I can do much for you. Why not just select a strong one of them to be your priest?”

The woman coldly said, “I have my reasons for selecting you. Just play your part.”

“I’m afraid of being too weak to accomplish that which you desire of me.” Han Sen looked bitter.

The woman suddenly smiled. She actually looked quite beautiful, and it stilled Han Sen’s heart instantly.

“Well, perhaps you need some motivation. If you do perform poorly, I will have your head.” The woman said this with that same smile.

“I didn’t say I could do this. But you’re forcing me to commit to all this, and now you’re threatening to cut my head off if I fail. It’s not fair.” Han Sen tried to debate with her.

“It’s not fair because I am stronger than you. That’s a good enough reason for you to do anything I tell you,” the woman said.

“Fine!” Han Sen said no more, and he was willing to accept his role as the priest, given the circumstances.

“At least tell me what this role requires of me, first. If it’s for me to go out and kill super creatures, then I can’t help you there,” Han Sen said.

The woman smiled, “We don’t need you to kill super creatures. The Priest of Elysium Shelter only has one task, and it should be easy.” The woman then turned to look at Bao’er on Han Sen’s shoulder.

“And what would that be?” Han Sen did not want to talk.

“It’s to teach and take care of Elysium’s holy child,” the woman said, slowly.

“Elysium’s child? Is that your son? How old is he?” Han Sen’s mind was hit with a barrage of questions he wanted answers for.

The woman looked straight at him. “I just told you. It’s Elysium’s child. The spirits you saw were all children of the Elysium family. You must teach their latest.”

“But I’m not a teacher, and I’ve never taught anyone anything. And I most certainly haven’t taught spirits.” Han Sen didn’t think this was a good mission to be given.

The spirits did not want him to be the priest, and they already hated him. Even if they did accept him in the role, it wasn’t as if Han Sen wanted this task.

“Again, I’ll cut your head off if you fail to be a decent teacher.” The woman reinstated her threat, and it was as effective as it had been the first time.

There was nothing Han Sen could say. He couldn’t decline. He simply followed the woman out of the hall until he was told to enter a building located in the garden.

“You will teach him in this garden. Remember what will happen if you fail,” the woman said coldly.

“Where is he? Let me see him.” There was nothing else Han Sen could do, so he had to roll his sleeves up and get to teaching as well as he could, as soon as he could.

“The holy child is here,” the woman said, looking across the garden.

Han Sen looked in the same direction. His eyes opened wide in disbelief as he said, “He is the holy child?”

Chapter 1458: The Person in the Drawing

Han Sen expected the holy child of the Elysium would have been just that: a child. He had a lot of experience babysitting, all things considered. But when he looked at what the woman was indicating, it wasn’t a person from Elysium he was seeing. In fact, it wasn’t even a spirit.

Han Sen saw a stone that was around ten feet tall. He initially believed it to be a fake mountain, often seen in such gardens as decorations.

Taking a closer look, he noticed a drawing on the rock.

The drawing featured a woman standing on a bridge with an umbrella. It was raining in the picture, and only the woman's back was seen. While you could not see her face, her posture suggested she was a woman of some elegance.

"Are you telling me she is the holy child? Where is she?" Han Sen didn't believe what his mind was trying to tell him, so he asked the woman for clarification.

The woman was able to read Han Sen, though, and she said, "It is just as you are thinking. That drawing is the holy child."

"The drawing itself? The actual drawing is the holy child?" Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura and scanned the rock. There was no lifeforce, so even if it had been alive, it was now dead.

"Not bad," the woman said, quite seriously. "You can return to the Alliance, if you wish. It's best to be prepared. Bring back some famous books and try to get her to think, behave, and believe she is a human. If you teach her well, these are yours to keep. If you fail, your head will be mine to keep."

After that, the woman brought out the Crocodile Scissors and gave them to Han Sen.

"But..." Han Sen wished to say something, but she had already turned around and left the garden.

"Sh*t. Are you crazy? I have to teach a drawing? Does this rock have ears? Can she hear me?" Han Sen said, disheartened.

"Who suggested I cannot hear anything?" Suddenly, the rock sounded with the voice of a woman.

Han Sen jumped. He stared at the stone with his Dongxuan Aura, but noted it still appeared lifeless.

"Are you talking to me?" Han Sen looked at the stone in disbelief and directed his question to the drawing of the woman.

"Is there anyone else here?" The voice really was coming from the rock, but Han Sen could not see any changes in the drawing.

Han Sen said something, but she didn't reply.

"Hey, are you still there?" Han Sen asked this a few times, but he didn't hear her voice again.

"Weird. Am I hearing things?" Han Sen felt very strange. Regardless, he leaned in closer to check the painting on the rock with a keener inspection.

But Han Sen knew the rock and the drawing were special, that much was for sure. And Han Sen now knew why the woman had asked him to teach the painting.

Han Sen could not run-off or shirk this duty. So, he decided to return to the Alliance and find a few books he could read to her. After that sentence he first heard, though, he never did hear her speak again.

The woman wouldn't let Han Sen leave the garden, and so he was stuck there having to read a book to the drawing of the woman. When he wasn't doing that, he spent some time practicing his Jadeskin and Dongxuan Sutra so he could get the Crystal Core and Bulwark Umbrella back.

Han Sen did not focus on the woman with green clothes in the painting, actually. Before long, he spent most of his time playing with Bao'er and practicing.

It was not like he did not want to teach, but reading in front of a lifeless stone or painting felt silly. He thought he was over-qualified for something as simple as that. The woman could get any old books and any old spirit to read to them diligently; she didn't explicitly need Han Sen for that. And the spirits wouldn't be as lazy as him, either.

Fortunately, the woman hadn't come looking for him. So, Han Sen was free to be as lazy as he wanted to be. Her surprising absence was almost as if she had forgotten about him being there. Han Sen ended up staying there for half a month, and aside from the painting, he did not see another living soul.

"I hope Ling Mei'er is safe. I don't want her to get tricked by Spirit Thirteen." Even with Han Sen's desire to help her, he was unable to do anything for her right then.

After practicing Jadeskin and the Dongxuan Sutra, Han Sen had nothing to do. He summoned Taia to practice Six Path's Heart Sword technique.

Heart Sword wasn't really about attacking power or physical strength. This technique, in particular, boiled down to your heart and your mind.

Han Sen loved the skill, but his practice with it was not going well, at first.

Han Sen thought the problem lay in the Six Paths Sword. Six Paths could use Heart Sword because he was talented, and his geno core Six Paths Sword was a perfect match with Heart Sword.

Han Sen did not have the Six Paths geno core. If he wanted to master Heart Sword, doing so without it would be difficult.

But Han Sen did not plan to learn Heart Sword like Six Paths. He wanted to use Heart Sword to make his faith stronger and to find a way to look into himself. He wanted to understand himself more and become one with his true self.

Although Heart Sword was from Six Paths, Han Sen could use it differently due to the differences in their personalities. He and Six Paths were opposites.

Six Paths was a perfectionist, and nothing could leave a mark on his heart. He was even willing to destroy his emperor geno core due to it not being perfect.

But Han Sen had been through a lot, and he couldn't just let things go easily.

Heart Sword was based on the fortitude of your heart. The usage of that skill could be completely different, depending on who performed it.

Six Paths, when using Heart Sword, made others obey him. He got others to want to throw themselves onto his sword. But when Han Sen used it, it was different. If people saw it, they'd be provoked.

Han Sen could not control it. It came from who he was; it was reflective of his beliefs. He never gave up, even when the going was tough and the chances of success were slim. When that faith was put into the sword, it defined his style.

His performance of the technique would only change if his personality was somehow altered.

"This technique is good. What's its name?" As Han Sen practiced, the woman's voice came from the rock again.

Chapter 1459: It Can't Be Real

"You're familiar with using a sword?" Han Sen looked at the green-clothed woman in the painting.

"Seeing your sword skills, I understand enough." The voice sounded from the stone again.

"If you would like to learn this, I can teach you." Han Sen eyed the woman in the painting.

"I have already learned it," the woman in the drawing said.

"You learned this skill by watching me?" Han Sen said, with an intonation that suggested he did not believe her.

The woman on the painting reverted back to silence, but Han Sen noticed that she started to move across the canvas of the painting.

The rock had become something like a television, and in the rainy scene depicted, the woman closed her umbrella. Then, she showcased Heart Sword to him, using the closed umbrella as a weapon.

Han Sen was frozen. She used Heart Sword perfectly, in a complete 1:1 recreation of his own performance of it. Her re-enactment of his talent with Heart Sword captured every emotion.

"Ah, but you're just copying what I did. That doesn't mean you've properly learned it." Han Sen didn't look that surprised, though, when her showcase of the skillset came to a close.

Heart Sword was powerful because of one's faith and mind. It changed depending on the user. What the woman had done was copy Han Sen, and she seemed happy enough with that performance to declare it was something she had learned.

The woman in the painting was not Han Sen, though. She didn't have his personality. After seeing his Heart Sword once, and then being able to re-enact the performance with pinpoint accuracy, she had only displayed that she had an incredible knack for copying others and not much else.

"What's the difference?" the woman in the painting asked coldly.

Han Sen thought about the answer he could give, and then told her, "It doesn't matter how well you copy someone, because at the end of the day, it isn't of your own doing. The path to learning Heart Sword depends on your actual heart. Right now, there's no element of you in the skill. Even if you can cast it, it doesn't mean you have actually learned it."

"And what does learning it constitute?" the woman asked.

"If you can use your own faith to cast it; that is what constitutes learning it," Han Sen explained.

The woman stopped talking, then. Han Sen waited for a response, and eventually asked a question of his own. She did not answer this, either. She had gone back to being a silent, motionless object.

"Does that mean only powerful skills can snare her attention?" Han Sen thought to himself.

As Han Sen was mulling this, someone entered the garden.

Han Sen was shocked. He had been there for half a month, and this was the first time a spirit had approached him. He thought it was a woman, due to the shape of her body, but he couldn't be one hundred percent certain. She was wearing a grey cloak that obscured her face.

"You are the new priest?" the spirit asked, looking right at Han Sen. Only her eyes could be seen, and they gleamed with a mean streak.

"Yes," Han Sen answered.

"How were you able to achieve this position?" the female spirit asked.

"It's not something I wanted. Your mistress has forced me into this position, and I had no choice but to abide." Han Sen had experienced a lot, and he could immediately tell she was upset that he had become the priest. She was probably here to cause trouble.

"Three months. If you can't make the holy child revive and speak a single word in three months, I, Ghost Moon, will replace you. Not even the master can stop this." The female spirit said this to Han Sen with absolute sincerity. It was a threat, and there was no way to interpret her words differently.

Han Sen looked at Ghost Moon as she walked away, and then asked, "Is it difficult to make the drawing speak?"

“Ever since the last priest, Ghost Sword from six thousand years ago, none have been able to make the holy child speak. I will be the next one. I will be the next priest to make the holy child talk.” After Ghost Moon said this, she left. Han Sen didn’t even have the chance to respond.

“Getting her to speak a few words is not that difficult. The holy child might not be very talkative, but there’s no way she didn’t say a single word in six thousand years. She’s already spoken a few sentences to me,” Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen hadn’t shown her any other skills in case she might steal them. He didn’t think showing her new moves was necessary, either. It would actually be a good thing if Ghost Moon replaced him in three months. Perhaps then he could leave.

Han Sen was worrying a lot about Ling Mei’er. He asked Moment Queen to seek her out in the Underworld, and help her out in any way she could.

Moment Queen was still fairly weak, however. She only had a bronze geno core, but it was good that at heart, Moment Queen was a completely different person than Ling Mei’er. Moment Queen was sneaky, conniving, and always trying to trick people. She could definitely sniff out any conspiracies that were working against Ling Mei’er.

Ling Mei’er also had the black and white Snake King for protection. All she really needed was some experience and a half-working brain.

A day later, Moment Queen used her mind to reply. She had already found her Ling Mei’er and earned her trust. The two were staying in Mask Shelter.

Bao’er was initially curious and enjoyed playing in the garden, but after a few days, she didn’t like being there. Han Sen wanted to take her back to the Alliance, and since Ji Yanran was going on vacation with Littleflower, Han Sen decided to accompany them. It was a family trip, with Bao’er, Zero, and Ji Yanran.

Littleflower was able to walk by now, but he was a rather quiet child. Still, he sat on the air cushion while he played with Bao’er.

Han Sen, Ji Yanran, and Zero sat beneath a tree. They were chatting merrily while eating food and watching the leaves fall.

They were on Rainflower Planet. This was the season where all the flowers bloomed, and it was not uncommon for many visitors to come and observe the flowers and watch them blossom.

Han Sen had heard about this before, but it was only now, being there, that he was able to truly understand and appreciate the beauty of that place.

There was a cheerful mood in the family, and Han Sen and Ji Yanran found themselves getting nostalgic in remembrance of their past in the academy. But suddenly, a man in a suit seemed to be approaching them.

They looked at him. Most people there wore casual clothing and sat beneath individual trees to mind their own business. But this man was walking straight their way. He was obviously going to them.

“Hi. I am Wang Gukai. I work for demi-god Qiuming. Mister Qiuming will come here soon, and he is very fond of this spot. Give me a price and I will buy this spot.” While the man sounded polite, there was an undercurrent of intimidation in his words.

Chapter 1460: Even President Ji Would Be Afraid

Han Sen looked around. Rainflower Planet had Rainflower Trees all across it. There were countless places to watch the blossoming of the trees, from the plains to the mountains. There was no particular need for them to relinquish their position.

Han Sen checked the man out and coldly told him, “There are many other places here to sit. Demi-god Qiuming doesn’t have to sit here, does he?”

Wang Gukai maintained his composed demeanor and replied, “You misunderstand me. Demi-god Qiuming likes the quiet. So, it was our hope we could provide him a pleasant environment to view the flowers in tranquil solace.”

Han Sen looked around and noticed many other workers around them, probably asking all the other visitors to vacate the area.

Some visitors were obliging and moving, while others stood up to argue. Most people were inclined to move, however, out of respect for the man being a demi-god.

Wang Gukai carried on, hoping to convince Han Sen. “I hope you can understand. We are willing to pay you any price you name.”

“Forget it. Let’s go. I don’t want to stay here if that’s the case,” Ji Yanran said.

Han Sen nodded. They were out there to relax, and there was no need for them to have an argument. What was most important to them, on that day, was keeping their spirits high.

There were many other places to view the flowers, so there was no need to fight with the dogs, as Han Sen thought of them. It’d only damage his image.

Han Sen and Ji Yanran were about ready to move, but before they packed their things, they suddenly heard some arguing. Han Sen and Ji Yanran looked over and saw a young couple arguing with one of the workers, just like Wang Gukai.

The wife was sitting on the ground crying, while the husband was standing, yelling at the worker with red eyes. "What's wrong with you people?! I told you my wife is pregnant and can't move much. How can you ask us to move in this condition?"

The worker coldly responded, "Kid, do you want to be an enemy of demi-god Qiuming?"

"So, what? Can they do as they please? We're not moving, not for any price. Get lost!" The young man had gotten really riled up.

The worker was getting annoyed by the reluctance, so he spoke to a machine. Then, many of the other workers came over to that spot, pulling the family away from their spot.

Han Sen frowned, seeing this. Ji Yanran ran up to that kerfuffle and shouted, "What's wrong with you people? Is this how you treat a pregnant woman?"

Wang Gukai stopped Ji Yanran going any closer and frowned. He said, "This is none of your business. If I were you, I'd step away and simply leave. Especially when you're stepping on the toes of a demi-god."

"So? Demi-gods are still average citizens. They can't subvert the system." Ji Yanran pushed him out of her way and continued forward to the hassled couple.

"What's wrong? Demi-god Qiuming will be here soon. You lot are still arguing?" A middle-aged man approached them on a flying chair. He was frowning a lot.

"Boss, there's an incident. There's a couple refusing to sell their spot," Wang Gukai said.

"Give them whatever they want, just get them gone." The middle-aged man looked annoyed.

"The young couple said they don't want money," Wang Gukai said.

The young husband said, "Your money can't do anything. I don't want your stinky money!"

When the middle-aged man heard this, he smirked. "We respect you enough to offer you money for moving. The whole of Rainflower Planet belongs to me, Zhou Changlong; I can throw you out without giving you a dime."

Ji Yanran was upset seeing their mistreatment. "Even if the planet does belong to you, you've charged the visitors here. You can't kick them out."

"My place, my rules. You can sue me if you don't like it, but not right now. You need to get a move on," Zhou Changlong coldly told her.

"And what if I don't go?" Ji Yanran responded, equally cold.

"If you are unwilling to move, then I'll simply force you out." Zhou Changlong waved his hand. Then, some workers approached Ji Yanran, while more came for the young couple.

Han Sen wanted to laugh, unsure who this Zhou Changlong clown was. The fact that the man didn't know who Ji Yanran was told Han Sen one thing: this guy wasn't as big as he was making himself out to be.

The real big players would know who Ji Yanran was.

If he didn't know she was the president of President Ji, they should at least know she was the wife of Han Sen.

Han Sen wasn't going to let his wife get bullied, however. So, he grabbed one of the worker's arms and immediately dislocated the man's shoulder.

One step, one person. After a dozen steps, a dozen workers were writhing on the ground in agony.

"Do you have any idea who you are assaulting?" Zhou Changlong did not seem surprised, and he laughed.

"Your people?" Han Sen smiled.

Zhou Changlong pointed at the workers and said, "Young people are very reckless. If I were you, I'd run. If demi-god Qiuming was here and saw his brother-in-law getting threatened like this, not even the likes of President Ji could save you."

"So, you are demi-god Qiuming's uncle?" Han Sen thought about what he said and knew what he was implying.

Han Sen wasn't stupid. Others wouldn't say something like this. He realized Zhou Changlong was talking about himself.

"Not bad." Zhou Changlong coldly continued. "You still want to go through with this?"

Han Sen laughed. "Did you say even President Ji couldn't quell Qiuming's wrath?"

"Yeah, have you got something to say about that?" Zhou Changlong said, with a face of twisted pride.

"No problem. Qiuming does seem powerful, but my wife is, too. If she's angry, even President Ji would be afraid." Han Sen laughed.

"What nonsense are you trying to sell me?" Zhou Changlong looked at Han Sen with disdain. Han Sen and Ji Yanran were very young themselves, and he believed them to be surpassers at best.

"It's true." A voice rung out from afar, as an old man came down from the hills.

"Brother-in-law!" Zhou Changlong greeted the old man with a smile.