

Chapter 1821

Favorite Subordinate

Yisha allowed Han Sen to write down the content of The Story of Genes so she could look over it. She wanted to help Han Sen learn and modify the later parts to facilitate his practice.

Because the practice method was so demanding, if no changes were made, it would be much harder to level up and ascend. It would be even harder to generate geno armaments. He would need to be a god to practice it in its entirety.

After the changes, the power would be decreased, but if it weren't edited, then it couldn't be learned at all. This thing was not created for the average joe to fool around with. Because modifying took a long time, she allowed Han Sen to continue practicing for now. And when she was done, they would begin anew.

Han Sen returned to his garden and summoned Spell. He wanted to know what powers she possessed. He was mostly interested in the two revolvers she wielded, and he wanted to know if the guns could fire bullets.

Spell moved by her own volition. She did so with gentle grace, and as she clutched the two revolvers, she was able to fly around effortlessly and shoot the flowers all about

The revolvers could fire bullets and hit the flowers. Her accuracy was good.

But Han Sen noticed that the bullets weren't solid, and they cost energy to fire. Even Han Sen's own energy was drained by the attacks. Spell was Han Sen's geno armament, so it made sense that it could be used as a weapon. But he also realized the more power he was willing to put in, the more powerful the bullets fired would be.

Those bullets did not have any special powers, though. Perhaps it was because he was too low level. Becoming a Viscount might change things.

Barons couldn't unleash powers from a distance. They had no ranged attacks they could use, so at least where Barons were concerned, having Spell was something that was a little overpowered.

Han Sen tested it quite a bit, and he realized he could command and control Spell in battle. Her movements were controlled by Han Sen's thoughts. There was no delay, despite the distance that separated them.

Han Sen did not need to control her all the time, though. With just a thought, Spell could be put to any task, and she'd finish it by herself. She was like a living thing, for the most part, and she possessed a lot of intelligence.

“She’s like a real lifeform. Gee, that The Story of Genes is strange,” Han Sen thought to himself. He really liked Spell, and valued it far above something like a sword or whatever else he might have gotten. He could do a lot more with this.

Aside from Yisha, though, no one else had learned that he had a geno armament. The news about Yisha using twelve geno fluids to make Han Sen a geno armament did circulate, though.

All the Rebate that heard this could not believe their ears.

No matter how bad the creature was, one or two geno fluids should have made them Noble. And Han Sen had taken twelve. How bad was he?

Many of the high-class Rebates believed raising Han Sen was pointless. If it was so difficult for him to generate a geno armament, becoming a king and refining the feather would be so much harder.

“Don’t bother raising a talentless person like that”

“No wonder those elites did not invite Han Sen to join them. He is way too bad.”

“I don’t know what Queen was thinking, using twelve geno fluids. Even if he does have a deified feather, there is such a low chance he can become deified. How much is it going to cost to get him to that level? The resources she wasted could have made two semi-deified warriors.”

All of the Rebate were talking about this. Some ministers and elites had already come to consult with Yisha, informing her that she should give up on Han Sen now.

Yisha did not explain her reasoning, and neither did she take their advice. And she said that when the Narrow Moon tunnel opened up, Han Sen would be a part of it

After that, the Rebate communities exploded with talk of Han Sen and Yisha.

Twelve geno fluids to become a Noble Baron. Already it was seen as a pointless idea, but Yisha felt differently. She still wanted to raise Han Sen up. She even wanted to give him a name for the tunnel. It was hard to take the minds of others off of this idea.

Many of the elites thought that Yisha raising an outsider and taking him as a student meant they had some sort of secret relationship.

Yisha hadn’t even performed a ceremony when she accepted him as a student. With the sudden induction, they all believed she knew how bad he was, but she was forging ahead anyway.

Otherwise, why would the queen accept a student so quietly?

No one was willing to challenge Yisha’s desires, though. But even so, everyone was determined to continue hating Han Sen.

Han Sen stayed in the garden to practice with Spell. He had no idea people were talking about him the way they were.

Even if he had known, though, he wouldn't have cared. Han Sen might have looked young, but he had gone through life and death experiences few others could equal. He had experienced everything a person could, a long time ago. He was not totally uncaring, but he wouldn't waste many feelings on petty quarrels, either.

Yisha summoned him and told him to practice in Narrow Moon. If he went, that would be the first time he had exited the garden.

"Before you go to Narrow Moon, I will teach you a knife skill. Try to learn as much of this as you can." When she said that to Han Sen, her voice sounded strange.

Han Sen didn't notice, though. He didn't realize how many talented young Rebates were waiting in Narrow Moon to teach him a lesson. Narrow Moon's space tunnel opened once a year, and only Barons could enter. Only ten of them could go at a time. Only the best Barons would be there, as a result.

To claim a spot, you had to be an approved and formally recognized genius. And you also had to have proof to support any claim of excellence. In addition, you had to receive an invite from an elder.

Han Sen had nothing, and yet, Yisha had claimed a spot there for him. People weren't very happy about that, and the young men who had claimed the other nine places didn't like him at all.

Some of the young ones were preparing to teach him a lesson inside the tunnel, because when Han Sen got bullied in there, Yisha wouldn't be able to do anything to save him.

1822 Narrow Moon

Han Sen stood in the garden, watching the many planets clustered in the sky. The evening sky was like the image seen inside a kaleidoscope. The xenogeneic space twisted the dimensions strangely, so that Han Sen could even see buildings on the surface of the closest planets.

Many of the planets were of good size. If it wasn't for the xenogeneic space, the planets would have collided with each other and annihilated everything within range.

But under that xenogeneic space, the planets were fine. They had their own orbits, and they were quite organized.

Looking up in any direction from Narrow Moon, you'd see many planets clustered together. There were circular ones, but also broken ones. Some of them were close, some of them were far. Their numbers were countless. And that was why it was called Narrow Moon.

The planets around Narrow Moon were very mysterious. There were three planets, the names of which were Tianmin, Tianyue, and Tianji. Every year, when those three planets formed a triangular constellation, the center space would reveal a tunnel.

And this was why Narrow Moon was so mysterious. Only Baron class beings could enter. If you were too powerful, the energy inside would crush you, and you would die.

The tunnel would allow ten entrants. There were ten open spots for beings to join, and one spot would be occupied and taken away after each entrant.

Yisha had allocated one spot for Han Sen to enter. Whether or not a benefit could be earned was entirely down to Han Sen.

“Han Sen, you are my student I helped you become a Noble, and I grabbed you a spot to go to Narrow Moon. But from now on, if you want more help from me, you have to prove to me you are worth the investment. Otherwise, despite the fact you will still be my student, further chances for special treatment will be void,” Yisha said seriously.

“I will work hard.” Han Sen nodded.

“No, you need to work like your life depends on it” Yisha frowned.

“Yes!” Han Sen shouted.

Now that she was satisfied, she chucked Han Sen a knife. “The space tunnel is going to open soon. It is too late to teach you knife skills, but I can teach you this one. If you learn this, it should help. It is called Tusk.”

Yisha held a knife, and still talking to Han Sen, she told him, “Watch. I will only show you this once.”

After that, Yisha drew her knife. She drew it very quickly and brought it right up to Han Sen’s face with blistering speed.

And then, Yisha stopped the motion without hurting him.

Han Sen, seeing her strike, knew that what he had seen was from the opening of Teeth Knife. Han Sen had seen it acted out by the knifemind entity. He had already learned it at the time with the knifemind. And while he had only learned the beginning, he was a master of what he knew.

Yisha explained Tusk to Han Sen and asked if he understood. If he didn’t and he had a question, she would answer.

“I understand.”

Han Sen did not have anything to ask her. After he received the Teeth Knife knifemind, he understood it a whole lot more. All he needed was practice.

Yisha frowned and did not say anything. She left Han Sen to practice it.

She wondered why Han Sen did not ask any questions. And she thought he might have just been pretending that he understood the technique. If he was, that was not a very good student to have. Plus,

she was the Queen. And she was a busy person. While she did take time to teach Han Sen, it'd be stupid if he did not cherish what she took the time to teach him.

But Yisha did not think he was too bad, overall. If he didn't suffer a little, at least, he wouldn't cherish anything that came to him easily.

So, she knew there might be trouble when he went through the space tunnel. She didn't have much to say about the matter, and she was willing to accept the possibility he might fail.

Yisha thought failing was no big deal. If Han Sen worked hard, it would still be worth it.

Han Sen went back to his garden and practiced Tusk. He was planning on using this for combat. Han Sen knew many skills, but in case she found out his true identity, it was best not to use it.

Only Barons were going there, anyway. Han Sen figured he'd be going with a bunch of snot-nosed kids of the Rebate. If they stirred up something, one skill would be enough to lay waste to them.

A few days passed quickly. Yisha did not take Han Sen to the space tunnel, and he allowed a Rebate to guide him there.

Narrow Moon had eleven stars. Aside from one of those stars, all of them were Kings. Knife Queen Yisha was a half-deified King, and there was only one other on par with her. That was Moon-Wheel King.

The Rebate had possessed many deified elites at one point, but that was long ago. There were none amongst them right now.

Most of the higher races were like the Rebate, and tended to only have one deified elite. They were the ones who would light the lantern on the race's behalf. But even they would not live forever, and they too would die someday.

But without deified elites, the lesser races were still unable to usurp a lantern and claim it for themselves. Typically, they'd need deified elites of their own to manage such a feat.

It was very hard for the higher races to create a deified elite. So, even across the space of a thousand years, witnessing a fight like the one with Kong Fei was extremely rare.

Out of the ten Kings of the Rebate, Knife Queen was widely regarded as the cream of the crop. Aside from Moon-Wheel King, who was near-enough the same level, the others were far inferior.

Yisha kept practicing, hoping she'd become deified. So, she did not care too much for the business of the tribe as a whole.

Only Barons could enter this competition. And so, the higher tier people wouldn't care too much about it, either. Han Sen did not know about Narrow Moon, and so it was a guard who had to lead him there. The other nine went there without an escort.

When Han Sen arrived, the other nine were already there. They looked surprised that Han Sen had a guard to guide him.

Han Sen looked at the nine of them, and he was surprised to see they weren't all Rebate. Amongst the nine, three of them were of a different race. It seemed the Rebate had alliances with other races.

No one made an effort to speak with Han Sen, but he didn't mind that at all. He felt far freer, that way.

Not long after, the three planets positioned themselves like a triangle. In the center between them, a vortex manifested. It looked like a black hole.

Chapter 1823 – Knife Rain

The Rebate had people guide Han Sen into the vortex. When a white light began to beam from the vortex, Barons could enter one at a time.

Han Sen was put in last place. And seeing that nine of the Barons had already entered, he did not hesitate to go in. As soon as the white light flashed again, he leaped inside.

After Han Sen traveled through the wormhole, he found himself on a planet of sorts. He raised his head to the sky and noticed he was unable to see stars or moons. This wasn't Narrow Moon. He was on a lone planet in the galaxy.

This planet was different from other planets. There were just plain fields stretching out until volcanoes rose out of the earth in the distance. Each volcano was dozens of miles away, and there were no mountains. Not even the slightest hill.

As Han Sen looked around him, he heard a big boom noise come from the closest volcano. It sounded like a roar, and it spat out a pillar of light.

It wasn't just the nearest volcano that was erupting, either. It was every volcano he could see. With all those pillars shooting into the sky, it was a sight to behold.

But Han Sen knew something was wrong. When the volcanoes erupted, there was no rising ash cloud or seeping lava. The column of light just shot up into the clouds and made them bright. They covered the entire sky.

The volcanoes only erupted for a minute before stopping. Then, there were no pillars to be seen. But in the sky, the clouds were still getting brighter and brighter. They started to empty, unleashing a torrent of rain from above.

And when the rain drew near, Han Sen could tell something was really wrong. It wasn't just water he was seeing. The rain was a bevy of knives.

There were short knives, long knives, narrow knives, big and black knives, wing knives, flying knives. All those different types of knives were falling from the sky, until they hit the ground, covering the land in their abundance.

Han Sen was shocked. There was nowhere to hide or take shelter amidst the knife rain. The best he could do was block.

Han Sen did not have a weapon. He had wanted to bring a knife with him so he could use Tusk, but Yisha said there was no need to. Now he understood why.

This place had nothing but knives.

Seeing that the kniferain would soon reach him, Han Sen grabbed one out of the air right before slashing the volleys away.

The kniferain only lasted a few seconds. Han Sen blocked all the knives assaulting him, and when he looked around, all he could see were knives for miles around. It was something of a knife treasury.

The knives were real, too, not illusions. Han Sen picked up a winged knife and a big black knife. One of them had been made from steel, and the other had been made out of some other metal. They felt good to wield, and as Han Sen used them to block the last of the falling knives, he could see marks left on the blades by the repeated collisions. The weaponry was real.

Han Sen lowered his head and searched for a better one.

“Don’t search! This is just the first round, so their quality will be bad. If you want a good one, you’re going to have to wait for the seventh round. Assuming you last that long, that is.”

A Rebate man approached Han Sen, speaking coldly.

Han Sen looked at him. He looked quite handsome, and he had black bunny ears. He was holding a knife that was shaped like an arrow. He must have picked it up from the rain, as well.

“What’s your name?” Han Sen asked the Rebate man.

“Black Steel, son of Black-Moon King.” The man stared at Han Sen, going on to say, “Two years ago, I begged my father to meet with Knife Queen. I hoped she would accept me as a student, but I was rejected.”

Han Sen, hearing him say this, knew he was not a friendly chap. Trouble was coming.

Black Steel, holding his knife, continued walking toward Han Sen. “The queen took you as a student, but others have a tendency to say you are incredibly weak. I do not believe Queen would be so foolish as to accept one like that. You have to be superior, in some capacity. So, show me what you got.”

After that, Black Steel’s knife came at Han Sen swinging. It thrashed towards him like lightning.

Black Steel’s knife was not a Teeth Knife. His skills were very aggressive, though. The narrow knife might have looked ordinary, but it moved as if it could slay an entire army.

Han Sen's hand swung the winged knife. It looked like he was slashing, but he wasn't. It looked like he was stabbing, but he wasn't. It looked very creepy as it approached Black Steel's neck.

Black Steel swung his narrow knife, and they both collided with each other. The two knives were broken.

"I did not expect you to have learned Queen's Teeth Knife. Great." Black Steel's eyes looked on in excitement. He picked up a random knife from the ground and tried swinging it at Han Sen again.

Han Sen still had his thick black knife, and he used it to employ Tusk. The quality of the blade was bad, so it broke.

They were both fighting amidst the knife rain. When a knife broke, they'd pick up another. Broken utensils were scattered all about. Black Steel was not losing, but he looked ill. Han Sen only used Tusk, and he did not change up his tactics at all.

But that simple skill still kept him in the fight with Black Steel, and he was not losing.

To Black Steel, this entire fight was turning into something humiliating. He met Han Sen's eyes and said, "Is that all you've got!"

"Yes. Before I met Queen, this is all I knew." Han Sen nodded.

Black Steel was shocked. He stopped using his knife and asked, "When did she teach you this?"

"A few days ago," Han Sen said lackadaisically.

Black Steel looked even more confused, and he tried asking, "Aside from this skill, what others do you know?"

"Others, but they aren't very popular." Han Sen could not expose the extent of his Knife Skill, but he was quite good.

Black Steel looked at Han Sen with continued confusion. He threw his knife to the ground and said coldly, "There is no point in beating you now, then. I will fight you once you have learned all of the Teeth Knife techniques."

Han Sen shrugged his shoulder. He was never interested in pointless fights.

"What is this knife rain?" Han Sen asked Black Steel. Han Sen did not think he would be a difficult person to get along with.

Chapter 1824 – Knife Grave

Knife Grave

"Queen didn't tell you before you came?" Black Steel frowned.

Han Sen shook his head. "Queen didn't tell me anything. She just told me to come here, and that was that."

Black Steel quietly said, "Queen is indeed different She has her own plans, though, I assume. If she didn't tell you."

After a pause, Black Steel went on to say, "These volcanos are the graves of the knives. A lot of knives are buried here, and the knives come out when the tunnel is opened. They await a new master. We are here to select new weapons for ourselves. We are also being picked by the weaponry. There won't be good quality knives at the beginning, mind you. Later on, there will be a higher chance of finding good knives. But even so, they are rare. You need to get them, but also earn their approval. For that, you will require power and luck."

"Where did these weapons come from, then?" Han Sen asked, with shock.

"I do not know, but this portal opens once a year. Where the knives actually come from, I've never been told. If they are not chosen, they will return to their graves. They await the next host of participants in a year's time, with the hope they might be chosen," Black Steel said.

"Does that mean the weapons we take belong to us?" Han Sen thought to himself. He wanted to collect a few, so he could give them to his family. It would be best to give them to his son, his grandson, and great-grandson, in case he could never return.

"Our race has a rule: only one knife can be taken by each person." Black Steel looked at Han Sen coldly, as if he knew what Han Sen was thinking.

"Oh, really?" Han Sen looked disappointed, but then he asked, "Towards the end, what might their level be? Are any of them deified knives?"

Black Steel's mouth twitched. He knew Han Sen was a greedy person, who was not even concerned with hiding that fact.

He had no clue why Queen might accept a student such as this.

"I don't know. The knife rain will fall once an hour, however. After the seventh rain comes, Viscount class blades will become available. It'll be hard to dodge those knives. Across the years, no one has lasted longer than ten rounds. The best knives that have ever been found were Duke knives." Black Steel answered Han Sen's question.

"Duke class? That's not bad." Han Sen nodded.

Black Steel felt as if he had been talking far too much to Han Sen. Strangely, he was also in a brighter mood. He couldn't help but ask Han Sen, "Did you bring any high-tier armor and weapons with you to this place?"

“No. Queen said I did not have to.” Han Sen looked at Black Steel, and it seemed as if he had not brought anything, either.

Black Steel said, “Do you think a Baron can block a Viscount knife rain? The knife rain is not like this, and it could last up to ten minutes. When they fall down, they will come with the full strength of a Viscount’s attack. Without high-tier armor and weapons, how well do you think you will fare in the blocking?”

Han Sen looked at Black Steel without speaking. If the high-tier armor and weapons worked, Yisha would have let him bring them. But Black Steel hadn’t brought his either, so there must have been a reason for that.

Black Steel continued by saying, “It is actually pointless to bring them. Bringing those items will only help you last a bit longer. But if you bring other items to help you, the knives you wish for will not choose to follow you. They would sooner break themselves than allow themselves to be used by the likes of you. You have to use your own, raw power to obtain the weapon of your choice. It’s all down to you, and a modicum of luck.”

“During the seventh rain, maybe I can find an Earl weapon. After that, there might be Marquis and Duke. But they are extremely rare, and that really will depend on your luck.”

After Black Steel said this, he ignored Han Sen. He took off in the direction of a volcano.

“Where are you going? Han Sen followed him.

Black Steel seemed okay with this. Han Sen thought following a guy who knew the way might be better than venturing out on his own. This way, he could definitely learn more.

“Let’s go to the Knife Grave. There might be knives of a higher-tier there,” Black Steel said as he walked.

Seeing Han Sen follow him, he stopped and asked, “Why aren’t you looking for them by yourself? Why are you following me?”

“It’ll take a while for things to reach the seventh round of knife rain. If I come with you, I can learn stuff from you. I will go find them by myself once we reach the seventh rain.” Han Sen laughed.

Black Steel hummed and said, “I’m afraid you might not even last seven rounds.”

He might have said this, but there was no sign that Black Steel actually wanted to remove Han Sen from his presence. He was headed towards the volcano. He was headed to Knife Grave.

They walked side by side, and when they reached the volcano, Black Steel threw a knife at Han Sen. “You are lucky. This is a Baron knife for you. It is quite rare to find on the first round. With this, you should be able to last a few rounds extra.”

“Thanks.” Han Sen swung his knife. The knife was smooth to wield.

Black Steel ignored him and kept walking to the volcano. When he was half-way, he found another Baron knife.

"It looks like you have an interest in knives," Han Sen said with curiosity. The knife did not have the word Baron written down on it. So, amidst all the knives that were there, he couldn't distinguish one from the other. Black Steel seemed to be able to tell with just a glance. That meant he was probably pretty good.

Black Steel answered, "I have practiced knife skills since I was young, and our family produces knives, anyway. So, I can determine the quality with ease."

"Good," Han Sen thought. He then said, "If you are that good, why don't we co-operate? You select a knife for me."

Han Sen thought there were too many weapons, as they were everywhere. Finding a good quality one would be like searching for a needle in a haystack.

With a professional, things would go much better.

Black Steel rolled his eyes and said, "I help you pick and you do what?"

"I will block some of the knife rain for you," Han Sen said.

Black Steel lifted his lips and ignored him. He sat down on a rock and placed the knife on his leg. He closed his eyes and waited for the next round to begin.

Chapter 1825 – Entering the Grave

Entering the Grave

"Little Black, are you a Rebate? And your father is a King? How can you not have Teeth Knife?" There was still a while to go before the next knife rain came, so Han Sen tried to talk to Black Steel.

Hearing Han Sen call him Little Black, his eye twitched. He held back the urge to cut Han Sen down and simply closed his eyes.

"I know you must be the playful sort. I bet you like hitting on girls or something, to have skipped the years that would have allowed you to learn Teeth Knife." Han Sen was curious. Teeth Knife was so strong, so why was it that Rocks Fall Duke had learned it, whereas Black Steel hadn't?

Black Steel's eyelids twitched. He stared at Han Sen and said, "Do you think everyone is as lucky as you? Teeth Knife is a Rebate skill, but not many people have the ability to practice it. Only six people know it right now, and Queen is the only one that is capable of mastering it. I want to learn from her, but she does not think I am capable of learning it."

"You can go and find the other five," Han Sen said.

Black Steel hummed and said, "I want to learn from the best. If I can't learn it from her, I won't accept it from anyone less. Queen recommended that I learn another skill, anyway, so I don't need Teeth Knife."

“What is the skill you are learning, then?” Han Sen asked.

Black Steel coldly said, “Cut-Steel Knife.”

“That sounds powerful. Is that the skill you were using?” Han Sen’s eyes opened wide. He was looking quite shocked.

Black Steel saw Han Sen was only pretending to be shocked, so he could extract more information, and felt his own eyelids repeatedly flicker with a twitch. He stood up and focused on getting to the top of the mountain.

“Little Black, where are you going?” Han Sen asked as he followed.

“I have a death wish. If you are afraid of dying, then I recommend that you don’t come any further. When the grave erupts, you’ll be slaughtered,” Black Steel said coldly. Then, he went ahead to reach the peak.

Han Sen did not believe Black Steel was going to die, and he was quite happy to have finally met someone with a fine temper. He wasn’t going to let him go off quite so easily.

So, Han Sen followed him up to the peak. It was like a real volcano there. When Han Sen looked down, it looked like a meatgrinder beneath him, with a sea of knives all lying together. They lined up like the layers of teeth within the maws of a monster. It was a scary sight to see.

At the bottom, there was a red juice. It was lava, presumably. The weapons appeared to be ticking out from the liquid.

“Little Black, can we find a weapon amidst those? The weapons are all together, right? So, the good ones should be easier to find.” Han Sen couldn’t take his eyes off the Knife Grave.

Black Steel coldly said, “If you aren’t afraid of dying, you can certainly try.”

Han Sen thought his life was more important. He wasn’t familiar with this place, so it was best not to risk it all by trying to venture in.

While Han Sen was thinking about this, Black Steel was actually climbing down already.

“Little Black, why are you going down?” Han Sen looked surprised.

“I am not afraid of dying,” Black Steel said simply. He was clutching a knife as he made his descent.

Han Sen decided to follow. The knives were all crisscrossed, and the places you could grab onto were just the blades. It was like you were climbing a knife mountain.

Fortunately, those blades were fairly poor. They were like the ones that had just fallen in the first rain. And since the dull knives weren’t currently falling out of the sky, they weren’t really dangerous.

“Little Black,” Han Sen said, just as he felt the blades start to shake. The steel juice at the bottom was beginning to bubble and boil. It looked ready to fly upwards.

Black Steel gave Han Sen a signal to be quiet. He stayed silent, and then the knives and the steel juice became calm.

Han Sen tried to copy him and kept on climbing. It seemed like Black Steel had brought him here just to get him to shut up.

The lower they got, the sharper the knives became. They were surrounded by knives now, and if the knives started to move, Han Sen and Black Steel would be turned into pincushions.

Even if the knives didn't move, Han Sen could imagine the fate that would await him if he slipped.

But Han Sen was not afraid, and neither was Black Steel. In reality, he had nothing to be afraid of. He could always fly for a short time, and here, that would be enough to get him to safety.

And furthermore, he had the Taurus shield. There was no way that the blades of a Baron could harm it. Then again, if Han Sen used the shield, he wasn't sure if the knives would still want him.

They climbed down quietly, getting closer and closer to the steel juice. Black Steel had only decided to come here because Han Sen had asked so many questions. The curiosity of wondering if there were any knives being born also played a part.

But there had only been one rain, and the good knives wouldn't be revealed just yet. Han Sen wasn't too hopeful.

When he looked at the seething steel juice, he saw a pitch-black horse knife resting halfway within the liquid. The air was insanely hot that close to the liquid steel, but the sight still gave Han Sen the chills. Han Sen was thinking, “That's a good knife.”

The knife was inside the steel juice. Han Sen tried reaching for it, but he was short by two arm lengths.

He didn't dare to move suddenly. If he shifted his weight too much, it would undoubtedly make the knives move, and the grave might even erupt at a faster pace. Even if their bodies were built of steel, they would still be sliced and diced into dust.

Black Steel frowned. He thought the horse knife was a Viscount class weapon. If he got it now, it would help him reach the seventh round. It was difficult to find a weapon such as that before the seventh rain. That knife might even carry him all the way to the tenth round.

If he gave up now and waited until the eruption, the knife might end up at a random location several hundred miles away. It'd be hard to find it.

But there was no way he could reach it. Just as Black Steel was giving up, Han Sen came down next to him and got his attention, then grabbed his arm.

Black Steel understood what he meant. Han Sen wanted to lift him and let him reach out for the knife.

Chapter 1826 – Can't Bully People

Black Steel didn't hesitate. He grabbed Han Sen's hand and lowered himself down.

Han Sen grabbed the nearest blade and let Black Steel dangle slowly downwards.

Black Steel's fingers were so close to the prize he wanted: the horse knife. His forehead dripped with sweat, knowing that he was making a risky move. If they did something to detonate the grave, they would die right then and there.

Black Steel's hands weren't shaking, though. He got close to the horse knife that was still half within the juice. And very carefully, he drew the knife out.

He moved with precision, bringing the knife out slowly to avoid creating waves. It took him an entire minute to remove it fully.

Suddenly, a drop of sweat dripped off of Black Steel's face. It fell into the steel juice, and then, shaa! White smoke billowed up.

The steel juice bubbled. The knives began to rattle and shake. They were pointing at the pair, freezing them in place.

After a while, the knives and the steel juice settled down again.

Black Steel put the knife away and nodded up at Han Sen.

Han Sen acknowledged Black Steel's signal and then slowly pulled him up. He brought him back to the wall of knives they had come down from.

Black Steel was now carrying his new knife, which was slung across his back. He signaled Han Sen, and then they climbed back out of the volcano. They did so in tandem, as quietly as they could.

When they both climbed out of the Knife Grave, Black Steel looked relieved. His clothes were soaking wet. The stunt they had performed was too dangerous, and he had very nearly been killed.

Black Steel looked at Han Sen. He noticed Han Sen standing comfortably beside him, as if he was entirely unshaken. Like he wasn't bothered by the risk they had just taken. His forehead was dry and without sweat, like nothing at all had just happened.

"I don't know if he is ignorant or arrogant," Black Steel thought to himself. Regardless, his view of Han Sen was starting to change.

"You own half of this knife, so we should talk about how best we split it." When they were down off the mountain, Black Steel pointed at the knife and said this.

“I don’t need it. Consider that my service fee, paid in full. When I need to identify one for myself later, perhaps you can help me with that” Han Sen smiled.

“Do you know what knife this is?” Black Steel asked.

Han Sen shook his head. “What is it?”

The weapon lacked an energy signature, and with Han Sen not being an expert, he could not discern the level of the blade. “This is an Earl weapon,” Black Steel said.

“An Earl? I thought it might be higher. I need one that is at least a Duke. You can help me find one like that, okay? With a bit of luck and a sprinkle of hope, it’ll be a King. It’d be even better if it was deified.” Han Sen looked grossly dismayed, and he didn’t seem to think much of an Earl knife.

Black Steel slung the knife back over his shoulder and just ignored Han Sen. He found a place in the foothills to sit down, where they could wait for the next round of rain.

It took a long time for it to come, but it looked set to begin again soon. While they were talking, a loud noise sounded. The Knife Grave erupted and a pillar was fired into the sky. Then, the rain of knives began to fall.

Black Steel took out his horse knife and chucked a Baron class knife to Han Sen. Han Sen’s Baron weapon swiftly rose to knock away the knives that were falling from the sky.

That round was mainly about using ordinary weapons. So ordinary, not even Baron weapons were necessary. They got through it with ease.

“Why don’t we enter the Knife Grave again? Perhaps a high-tier weapon might now be found,” Han Sen suggested.

Black Steel shook his head and said. “After the second wave, many of the weapons on the walls are Baron. Their power will be stronger. If you touch them, they’ll immediately start rioting. Unless you can fly in and out, you won’t be able to get back down there.”

Han Sen looked disappointed, and he gave up on the idea of heading back.

Together, they both endured another two washes of knife rain. After the fifth storm, Black Steel decided to head to the mountain and take a look. He looked at the knives in the mountain, and then returned.

“Little Black, does your family have a deified knife? Does anyone have deified treasure in Narrow Moon?” Han Sen asked, curious what the young man would answer.

Black Steel just ignored him. The best way to deal with Han Sen, he had now figured, was keeping quiet.

After five waves of rain, it would still be difficult to find another Earl weapon. If their luck wasn’t too poor, they could at least find a Viscount weapon. Black Steel wanted to find a Viscount weapon right now.

They walked around for a bit before stumbling across three others who were also in the pursuit of another weapon. Those three saw Han Sen and Black Steel, and decided to come over to greet them.

“Black Steel, why are you with him?” A Rebate with gold ears looked at Han Sen and then frowned at Black Steel.

“I stand with whoever I choose to,” Black Steel said coldly.

The woman looked a little p*ssed after the rebuttal, and a Rebate man that was beside her said, “Black Steel, don’t be so arrogant! You are only the son of Black-Moon King. If you are as good as you pose yourself to be, how come Knife Queen did not accept you as a student, instead of this useless outsider?”

A strange-looking outsider laughed and said, “He couldn’t become Queen’s student, but he can be friends with the student himself! Ha. Maybe when he gets close, he thinks Queen will soften, and then accept him as the next student.”

Black Steel pulled out his knife and swung it with rage.

The outsider raised his knife and fought back. But he only had a Baron weapon, and it was quickly shattered by the horse knife.

To the outsider’s shock, he was then cut in half. His blood spread across the ground.

“That... is that an Earl’s weapon?” The man and woman trembled. They looked right at Black Steel’s horse knife.

The man yelled at Black Steel and said, “Black Steel, are you really killing people here! Do you think you can do anything you please?”

“Whoever insults Queen will die,” Black Steel said icily, not even looking at them.

The man and the woman were still reeling from shock. It was supposed to only have been a bit of chit-chat. If this event went public, it’d be a death wish. But if people knew it was the outsider who had insulted Queen, they would think Black Steel had performed a good kill.

“Huh.” The man hummed and did not say anything. He looked at Han Sen and said, “The student that Queen accepted must be decent. I want to learn from you.”

The man no longer dared to provoke Black Steel, who had an Earl weapon. So, he was going to take out his angst on Han Sen.

“You own half of this knife,” Black Steel said, before tossing the horse knife to Han Sen.

The man was angered by this, and he said, “Black Steel! You...”

Han Sen threw the knife back to Black Steel and smiled. “I am Knife Queen’s student. Using this would be bullying, so instead, I’ll use this.”

After that, Han Sen picked up a random knife off the ground. It was ordinary, and didn’t even have a rank.

1827 Showing of Tusk

Yisha told Han Sen he had to prove himself if he wished to obtain more resources. So, Han Sen wanted this opportunity to show off. Now that this man had willingly delivered himself on a platter, Han Sen wasn't going to let this chance slip away.

The man, who was named Gauss, looked at Han Sen angrily. If Han Sen had been using the Earl horse knife, he assuredly wouldn't have been as enraged as he was now.

But Han Sen wasn't using the horse knife, and neither was he using the knife he had been keeping with him. He just picked up a random blade off the ground. It was insulting, and that only fueled Gauss' anger.

"I want to see how cocky you can get." Gauss brought out his own pirate knife. It was just a little bit shiny.

That was a Viscount weapon. He had managed to find it after the fourth rain. He was just a Baron, though, and he couldn't make use of all its power. Still, the knife itself had a grand sharpness to it. With Han Sen now making use of an unranked knife, it'd likely crumble and break if the two knives collided.

Han Sen didn't really care, though. He swung his knife and thought it was pretty great for what it was. It was stable to wield, and it was definitely the sort of knife you'd use for chopping.

"Why are you standing there? I thought you were going to teach me a lesson. Come on!" Han Sen said to Gauss.

Gauss' face looked grim. Without saying a word, he stepped forward and tried to attack Han Sen. The pirate knife came like a shadow, trying to ensnare Han Sen like a net

Gauss' knife skills were good. The power and speed showed off a high level of experience.

His technique was no weaker than Teeth Knife, as well. Teeth Knife was not just focused on prowess, though. It was the technique itself, and how it revolved around that teeth power, that made it stand out.

But Gauss was going after Han Sen. Han Sen might have looked young, but he was like an ancient beast. Han Sen's skill and experiences could not be remotely compared to what Gauss had endured in his lifetime.

The scary thing was that they were both Barons, yet Han Sen's fitness was far higher than Gauss' or any other Baron's. There might have been some who were as strong as Han Sen, but they didn't belong to the Rebate. No Rebate Baron had that level of power.

Seeing Gauss' knife net coming down to land on him, Han Sen stepped forward. He held up his knife and let the net fall onto it.

Gauss was shocked. His skill was called Shadow Knife, and rather than creating a real net, it made illusions. Many shadows fell from the sky, but one of them would be lethal.

Normal people would not be able to tell which was the real shadow and which were fake, so most would retreat and attempt to block. This was the first time he had seen someone so willing to come against it where they stood. You would need a lot of confidence to stick to your guns like that

And all the shadows Han Sen bumped into were illusions, too. He somehow avoided the real knife.

“How did he know where my real blade was?” Gauss was shocked. He moved his body with the desire of striking again.

But it was too late. The others watched as Han Sen leaped through the net, raced over to Gauss, and drew his knife like a cobra strike.

The sides of Gauss’ neck had fanged cuts in them, as if he had actually been bitten by a snake. Blood seeped out of the bite marks.

Gauss held onto his neck as he stumbled back. His face turned pale.

The woman that accompanied him looked shocked. She couldn’t use Teeth Knife herself, but she recognized it. Han Sen was using Tusk. All it took was one meager strike to heavily damage Gauss.

In Narrow Moon, Gauss had to be in the top five of his class. His Shadow Knife was not as good as Teeth Knife, but it was still fairly infamous. Gauss also had a Viscount weapon, and the woman struggled to believe he had been unable to block Han Sen’s attack.

“Let’s leave.” Gauss stared at Han Sen as he clutched his bleeding neck. He turned to leave.

He knew if Han Sen had attacked any deeper, he’d have been a dead man.

When Gauss had left, Black Steel turned to Han Sen. “When you fought me, you didn’t use all your power.”

“Weren’t you doing the same?” Han Sen smiled and dropped the knife back on the ground. He went on to say, “Let’s go. We should see if we can find a better knife. The knife rain itself will be harder to deal with than those people were. It’ll be terrible if I don’t get a good one. Oh, and if you can, could you teach me how to identify knives?”

“No.” Black Steel refused. Then he walked forward to continue their search for a decent knife.

Han Sen shrugged his shoulders and followed Black Steel. He saw the weapons all about and noticed that they didn’t radiate any power. All he could see was that they each looked different.

Black Steel hailed from a family of blacksmiths. Before the sixth round, though, he found a Viscount weapon.

Black Steel gifted the Leaf Knife to Han Sen. When Han Sen held it, he thought it felt different from the others. The texture was different.

In a hall that looked palatial, a Rebate man slowly approached and looked at Knife Queen. “Why take a student like that?”

That’s not very you.”

“Moon-Wheel King, why should you care about which student I accept?” Yisha responded evenly.

Moon-Wheel King smiled. “You don’t have to answer to me on what students you accept, but you gave out resources that belonged to the Rebate. For this, you must provide an explanation.”

“Is my student not worthy of a spot in the space tunnel?” Yisha said.

“Your student might be worth hundreds of slots, but he is an outsider. Things aren’t so simple. Do you really want to raise him?” Moon-Wheel King asked.

“That is my business. Don’t worry about it.” Yisha looked cold.

“I just want to remind you of our rules. Don’t forget them. No one controls the entire race. Not you. Not I,” Moon-Wheel King said slowly.

“I know better than you do. There’s no need for you to remind me.”

“Good.” Moon-Wheel King smiled and then left.

Seeing him leave, Yisha frowned. The things he said could not have been just him talking. Other kings must have been whispering in his ear; otherwise, he wouldn’t have bothered coming.

“Han Sen, it is all down to you now, and how far you can go.” Yisha sighed.

Even now, Yisha was not entirely sure whether or not she should commit to developing Han Sen.

1828 The Two That Did Not Come Ou

Yisha pursued an investigation of The Story of Genes. Revising something so complicated was difficult, and could even yield dangerous results. But if no changes were made to it, learning it would be too hard.

Raising Han Sen to Duke level would be easy, and the resource costs would not be too hefty. But The Story of Genes made things far more complicated than she had anticipated. And raising Han Sen to Duke had been far more expensive than she expected.

There was nobody around, except for a few guards outside the tunnel’s entrance.

But Narrow Moon had a lot of people watching the exit, and that included the Kings. They wanted to know more about the student Knife Queen had accepted. They wanted to know what made him so impressive that Queen herself would raise him.

They were different from the ordinary Rebate. They did not believe Knife Queen would spend so much time and resources on some random noob. They were guessing Knife Queen wanted Han Sen’s deified

feather. And although one deified feather could not make you deified, it had deified genes. It could still help semi-deify an elite.

“Look at the time! They should almost be out by now.” Inside the garden, one Rebate King was looking at the exit, talking to himself.

The black vortex flashed suddenly, and someone came out. The Rebate who were watching the exit looked shocked, seeing this person.

“Why is it Gauss?” Everyone was surprised.

Of the ten Barons that had entered, Gauss should have placed much higher. He could have been in the top five, or even the top three. But for someone like him to be the first one out, it was quite the surprise.

Everyone looked at the weapon Gauss had taken. It was the pirate knife. Its power had been unleashed as it left the tunnel. And the Nobles could see that it was a Viscount weapon.

“Just a Viscount?” Many people were disappointed by Gauss’ performance. Especially the one who had recommended him. “You are injured! You need healing.” The guards saw Gauss’ neck wounds.

Many of the elites felt as if something was amiss. The seventh knife rain should be happening about now. Gauss had a Viscount weapon, and he could have lasted another two rounds. There had to be a reason why he had come out now.

Everyone looked at Gauss’ wounds, and when they saw them, they were all in shock.

Obviously, the cuts had been created by Teeth Knife. They were not infected by the Teeth power, but you could tell they had been created by the Teeth Knife’s Tusk component.

“Gauss was injured by Han Sen!” Everyone was taken aback.

Out of the ten Barons inside, it was likely Han Sen was the only one that knew about Teeth Knife. It could only have been Han Sen who had hurt him.

A King that was sitting in the hall, watching the tunnel, looked strangely at the scene. “It looks like the outsider students are not simple.”

“If he had struck any deeper, Gauss would be dead! No Baron should have the control and skill to be this precise! How long have you been teaching him?” Moon-Wheel King frowned.

Even Yisha looked shocked, seeing the wounds on Gauss’ neck.

She had taught Han Sen only once, for a few days. Han Sen had used Tusk to defeat Gauss, but at the same time spare his life. Her student was better than she believed him to be.

“Just a few days, and he is capable of this? Is he really that talented?” Yisha thought to herself.

As time passed, more and more Barons emerged. Han Sen was not amongst the ones that exited.

“It’s the tenth rain and they still haven’t come out?” Moon-Wheel King frowned.

It wasn’t just Moon-Wheel King who was this surprised, either. Other Kings and Nobles were still surprised to see that Han Sen had not yet come out.

If he hadn’t died in there, it was interesting to consider the prospects of why he had not yet returned.

“I am sorry Dark-Moon King... I have disappointed you.” In the hall, Gauss kowtowed before a King and looked very embarrassed.

“Han Sen hurt you?” Dark-Moon King said coldly.

“Yes.” Gauss did not dare to lie.

“Tell me what happened, and don’t skip a single detail. No lying,” Dark-Moon King said. He looked fairly calm.

Gauss’ body shook as he explained what had happened.

Dark-Moon King frowned upon hearing the story. “Just one hit? Knife Queen really put everything into that outsider.”

The rumors about Black Steel killing an outsider began to propagate, but no one spoke a word about it. Even the elders that had recommended the outsider did not comment on it.

He had said something he was not supposed to, and Black Steel killed him for it. He had it coming. If Knife Queen heard what he had said, his fate would have been far worse.

Everyone wondered why Han Sen and Black Steel still hadn’t come out. Seven of them had exited, and only those two were still living inside there.

“If they haven’t come out, then that means they managed to make it through the eleventh round. If they are lucky enough, they might be able to find a Duke weapon.” Yisha smiled. Han Sen’s performance far exceeded her modest expectations.

With Han Sen’s performance, if she wanted to invest in him, she’d undoubtedly take less pressure for the decision. Black- Moon King was also happy that Black Steek was still going on. The other Kings and elders felt differently, though. No one knew what they were thinking about.

In Knife Grave, Han Sen and Black Steel were scaling a mountain. They were looking for higher-tier weaponry. Black Steel looked happy, as he took off running towards a knife he had spotted.

After the eleventh knife rain, there were so many knives on the ground. They were all over the place, and there was hardly a place to step.

Han Sen's feet walked across the handles, and Black Steel was standing in front of a knife. Han Sen thought the knife looked fairly normal.

But Black Steel looked surprised. He pulled it out carefully and held it with both hands. He happily said, "This is a Duke weapon!"

"It doesn't look like one." Han Sen saw the dim-looking light of the blade, and felt impartial towards it.

"We are in the Knife Grave. It is still sleeping, mind you: the power is suppressed. Once you leave this place, you'll be able to see how great this is." After that, Black Steel gave the knife to Han Sen. "The knife you have wanted me to find you is this. Now, we no longer owe each other anything."

"You don't want it?" Han Sen waved it around a bit. It felt great, but Han Sen was not wholly satisfied.

"There is still a lot of time to go, so there is the chance I'll be able to find another." Black Steel continued walking. He didn't look back once.

Han Sen followed Black Steel for a long time, and marveled at the amount he knew about the place. After the eleventh knife rain, there were many more higher-tier weapons on the ground. But finding something of Duke class was still not a simple task. Aside from having the ability to spot one, you'd need more than a modicum of luck.

On that giant planet, which was covered in millions of knives, finding a Duke weapon would be harder than finding a needle in a haystack.

There were more higher-tier knives, but the ordinary ones still rained in countless numbers. The ratio of good knives and bad knives didn't change, though. There were just more of both.

Black Steel had randomly given Han Sen the Duke knife, which had surprised Han Sen.

The land was wide. Han Sen and Black Steel were like two ants, afloat in a sharp sea. Knives were everywhere, and the sight of them made Han Sen's eyes go funny.

Han Sen swore he had never seen so many knives in his life before.

Time passed, and Black Steel was unable to find another Duke knife. He hadn't been able to find a Marquise one, even.

It looked like the Duke knife had exhausted both of their luck.

Boom!

The ground began to rumble as the volcano of knives began to rattle and shake again. The pillar fired up into the sky and illuminated the clouds. It made the sky look like an ocean of lava.

“Again!” Han Sen shouted at Black Steel. He pulled out the Duke scimitar and looked up at the crimson clouds.

Black Steel raised his head and stood up straight. He was holding two knives now. One of them was the horse knife, and the other was a short knife. The latter was an Earl weapon.

Boom!

The lava in the sky rumbled and roared like thunder. The knives came soaring down, dripping with the steel juice of their origin.

The sky was filled by what looked like an endless display of meteors.

Han Sen looked grim. They were all Viscount weapons, and they were accelerating as they descended to the ground with full power.

Han Sen was holding a Duke weapon, but its power was asleep. Han Sen needed his power to activate it. But being the Baron he was, there was a limit to what he was able to do. So, all he had to rely on was the sharpness of the blade itself.

In the eleventh rain, Han Sen had seen how powerful a Viscount’s sword could be. He and Black Steel had barely managed to hold on and make it through. This knife rain was much scarier than the eleventh, though; that much was for certain.

Pang! Pang! Pang! Pang!

All the knives came racing down like a barrage of infinite missiles. They annihilated the earth, as countless knives shattered into pieces.

The scariest thing about all of this was how the knife rain was falling. It wasn’t a shower; it was a full-on heavy rain that did not seem to relent.

Han Sen was waving his Duke knife. He clutched it tight, swinging at every knife that looked set to land on him. His finesse insured none touched him.

But Han Sen only had one knife, and he did not have a shield. He cut the knives that were raining down from directly above, but he wasn’t able to cut the ones that were in his proximity.

The falling knives exploded when struck, shattering. Many were broken, scattershotting Han Sen. They gave him a number of cuts, proving his Baron armor could not stop them.

Black Steel was faring much worse, though. Han Sen had mutant blood power, so his wounds would not bleed. If he hurt his skin, he could still keep going. But Black Steel could bleed, and he was soaked with the many lacerations that covered his body.

The knives rained down like a bombing run. It was scarier than the blitz. At least bombings sometimes provided a gap or berth to breathe: these knives wouldn’t stop for a moment

Han Sen’s Duke knife was sharp, but hitting those knives made his arm numb. His hands slowly began to crack.

The knife rain, after lasting ten minutes, showed no sign of stopping.

Han Sen and Black Steel were fighting the knives back-to-back. They both held a side, and slowly, things began to get better.

"This knife rain is lasting too long! We can't hold on. We have to leave!" Han Sen shouted, as he continued slashing and slashing.

"You go first! I haven't found the knife I am looking for," Black Steel said, while swinging his knife like a madman.

"I'll give you mine, and I'll take any," Han Sen said.

"It's yours, not mine," Black Steel said calmly.

"Are you crazy?" Han Sen kept swinging his knife.

"You leave first," Black Steel insisted, continuing to wave his knife.

"F*ck no!" Han Sen slashed, cutting through a number of knives that were about to skewer his head.

Boom!

The sky trumpeted with thunderous sounds again. The lava in the sky seemed to explode. The rain poured from the sky. Knives! Countless knives!

The knives came down like a torrential flood. They streamed down from above with the strength of a raging river. It'd be enough to destroy the sky and earth.

1830 Soothing the Knife River

"Why have they still not returned?" someone asked from the entrance to the tunnel.

Black-Moon King had arrived before the space tunnel, and he was waiting for his son.

When Black-Moon King was young, he himself had entered the space tunnel. He knew how difficult the hardships were on the other side. Right now, those beyond ought to have been on the twelfth round of rain. Since Black Steel hadn't come out yet, there were only two possibilities.

The first option was that Black Steel was incredibly lucky, and he had found an incredible opportunity. The second option was that he was dead.

In the past, Barons had only managed to reach the eleventh stage; that was the height of their power. No one had ever successfully made it through the twelfth.

There was once a son of a king who was so ambitious, he stole a Duke's armor and took it to Knife Grave. He wanted to see how many rounds the knife rain would ultimately last.

But on the twelfth round, the young man came stumbling out with the Duke's armor mostly in tatters.

When he was questioned, the Baron told his father that on the twelfth round, the knives came down like an endless stream. Even his Duke armor quickly broke down under the strain.

The Baron had managed to escape right before the Duke armor was entirely broken. If he hadn't gotten out in time, he would have been killed.

That was why Barons never attempted to take Duke armors with them. That young man's tale told everyone just how scary and powerful the knife rains could become.

Black-Moon King had already been waiting much longer than he had expected, but Black Steel was still inside. That was his only son, and he was incredibly worried. He stared at the black hole-like vortex. He was surrounded by many other Nobles, eager to see the final result.

His hands clenched into a pair of fists, as his own nails dug into his skin. He was never this nervous, not even when he was fighting someone.

Yisha was not in front of the tunnel, but she still frowned and stared toward the entrance.

On the Knife Grave planet, the knife river came down like a tsunami from the sky. It felt as if it was going to cut the entire planet in half.

Han Sen and Black Steel's faces changed. They felt awful. They did not have Duke armor, and neither did they have an escape route.

Suddenly, the knife river was practically above their heads.

Black Steel lobbed his horse knife and took Han Sen's Duke knife. Holding two knives, he jumped at the mass of the river and yelled, "Run!"

The knives came at the river like a whirlwind, tearing apart the skies. Black Steel managed to cut the knife river in half.

It was only for a second, though, and the knife river swiftly managed to bridge and refill the divide.

Katcha!

With the impact he brought against the knife river, Black Steel's Earl weapon was broken against the tide. His hand bled, as a result His other hand, that was clutching the Duke knife, now had a few crevices running across it

The impact with the knife river was too strong. The Duke knife was pushed to the side. The knives rushed by Black Steel like water.

Black Steel looked at the knife river and his eyes moved. He realized he would die this time, and there was no way out for him. Seeing endless knives line up together, so close to his body, it would only take a second for them to chop and dice him into pieces.

But the knives suddenly stopped, and they froze where they were in the air. They hung there, motionless, blanketing the sky. The knives were almost into his flesh and his eyes, but the spectacle had all suddenly stopped.

Sha! Sha!

Suddenly, it was like time began running backwards. The knives reversed course. They moved 100 meters away before coming to a stop.

The weapons started to spin, and so too did the ones on the ground,

Countless weapons were spinning like tornados. They were everywhere, and Black Steel couldn't even have guessed how many there were.

As the weapons spun, they also began to tremble. It seemed almost like they were afraid of something.

Black Steel slowly turned around and looked at Han Sen. Han Sen's clothes were waving as he cast his knifemind. He looked like a beast that was on the verge of ripping the galaxy apart

"How is that possible?" Black Steel looked at Han Sen.

Han Sen possessed a knifemind that was greater than that of Black Steel's father, Black-Moon King. Even Knife Queen was likely inferior to him.

Han Sen now had Black Steel's horse knife. He had planned to use his knifemind and Centaur shield so they could think about what they might do to escape the space tunnel.

The effects of using the knifemind were more surprising than anticipated, however. It looked as if the knives felt his knifemind, and they sought to back-off. Han Sen no longer needed to summon his shield anymore.

Han Sen's knifemind came from the scabbard. The scabbard's knifemind originated with the Rebate; their only deified elite. Han Sen's power was far worse, of course. But even so, his knifemind was deified in caliber. Although it wasn't as good as the real thing, it was still good.

The knives weren't creatures, but when they felt the knifemind, they were shocked. That was why they were shaking, and unable to leave.

Suddenly, a knife fell from the sky and hit the ground. It almost landed on Han Sen's head.

Han Sen fell back and dodged it.

He looked down and saw the knife that was now protruding from a rock. The scabbard and the handle were all rusted, and there was no handguard at all. It looked like a steel rod that was just a little bit curved.

"Weird. All these knives are scared of the knifemind. So, why did this one decide to come down?" Han Sen thought to himself. He knelt by the knife, grabbed it by the handle, and tried to pull it from the rock.

Han Sen wanted to remove it from the rock and see what might have been special about it, but it didn't budge. He tried yanking it a few times, but nothing worked.

"Little Black, why can I not pull this out?" Han Sen asked over his shoulder, just as the knife jerked out of the ground. He tossed it to Black Steel for inspection.

Han Sen put away his knifemind. The weapons then seemed to lose all support, and they all fell to the ground. Within the proximity of a hundred meters, weapons were everywhere.

Black Steel looked at Han Sen strangely, then he looked at the knife in his hands. Then he threw it back to Han Sen, saying, "This is not a long knife with a scabbard. It is a knife's child or a knife stick. It isn't a knife yet. It's half finished."