

Chapter 1921

Knifemind Shocking the Sky

Han Sen lifted his knife. There was no shiny knifelight, no spiritual glow, but the knifemind was so scary. It felt like a beast that had come to swallow the sky. It could not be avoided, and even space above would find itself fractured.

Although it was a wrong feeling, it shocked everyone with awe. It was a feeling they couldn't escape.

Katcha!

Han Sen slashed towards the Tego Earl. He cut through his foe's armor and drew a deep cut across his chest. His Teeth power was buffed by his knifemind, and a purple mist began to envelop the wound, tearing it wider.

Sword Know's meteor-like swordlight and another Earl's spear came striking at the same time. Han Sen did not move, though. His Ghost Teeth Knife began whirling up another spiral. He caught the swordlight inside the circle, and then he threw it towards Rebecca to slow her down.

At the same time, Han Sen's left hand grabbed the red mist spring water. He put it in his mouth and swallowed it.

All these actions were performed in one uninterrupted sequence. It looked simple and smooth. So many Earls were attacking Han Sen, but he made it look like he was shooing off a bunch of kids.

"What the hell?" Flower King's eyes were open wide as he stared at Han Sen.

Han Sen didn't just generate a normal Teeth Knife knifemind. His knifemind was growing quickly, becoming something greater than usual. Even Flower King, who had lived for a thousand years, had not seen anything like this before.

Moon Wheel King and Night River King looked at Han Sen, but remained speechless.

Three months of a major gambit had been reduced to a joke. Han Sen had only taken one and a half months to develop a terrifying knifemind. The most talented Dukes had taken several years to make a remotely similar amount of progress.

Yisha's eyes looked bright as she watched. What she was thinking, though, you could not tell.

Katcha!

Han Sen cut Sword Know's arm off as he grabbed another glob of spring water and shoved it into his mouth.

Everything was so seamless. If Sword Know and the others weren't the ones being subjected to this treatment, they'd undoubtedly have praised the marvelous performance. All they could feel now, though, was shock.

It was unbelievable for a Baron to use sword skills like that, even if he was being slightly buffed by the treasures he used.

Han Sen kept on fighting, swallowing the orbs of spring water as he went. He had consumed at least ten of them, and he used Yin Yang Change to convert them into power. His energy and Spell armor began to turn red and give off a strange mist. He looked so very weird.

Rebecca and the others did not want to retreat in such a state. They used all the power they could muster to fight Han Sen, but it meant naught. They still couldn't keep up, and they hadn't been able to claim a single drop of water for themselves. Han Sen had taken them all.

The storage capacity of that particular red mist spring was beyond anyone's wildest expectations. It was still releasing spring water.

"Huh, so what? Even if he does have tremendous skill, he has swallowed at least one hundred red mist spring water drops. Even if he was a bug, he should have been able to become a Viscount a few times over by now, but he hasn't yet leveled up. How does he expect to level up? I don't even think this guy will even be able to become a Duke," Night River King said, as he coldly looked upon Han Sen.

Black-Moon King sighed. He greatly favored Han Sen, but what Night River King said was true. Even a minuscule insect should have become a Viscount by now, but Han Sen had not. His ascendance required far too many resources.

If it was that difficult for him to become a Viscount, it would be even harder for him to level up and hit loftier tiers. Even if Yisha was willing to keep growing him, the chances of Han Sen ever becoming a King were super low.

"It is a shame. To have such talent and yet be shackled with a geno art and body such as that." Moon Wheel King sighed. He felt very sorry for the lad.

Flower King looked at Han Sen with admiration. He sighed and said, "It does not matter how good his skills are; if he cannot attain a higher level, it is all for naught. Thirteen spring water drops could create ten Viscounts. And yet, he has not leveled up. I don't think he will ever be a King."

The red mist inside Han Sen's body was getting thicker and thicker, and it was as if it was getting hacked at by blades. But his Spell armor remained quiet, and it wasn't releasing any energy at all.

Han Sen kept fighting and drinking all the water he could grab. The spring continued to erupt and supply him with drops. Everyone thought each glob of water would be the last, but their expectations were shattered by the emergence of another—each and every time.

When Han Sen had swallowed seventeen or eighteen globs, the spring's eye began throwing out even more water.

“How many xenogeneics were killed here in ancient times to produce such a large quantity of water beneath the surface?” Black-Moon King said in wonder.

Night River King’s eyebrows kept on twitching. Han Sen had swallowed so much spring water, and he found himself having difficulty holding back. He had thought the spring water would have emptied by now, so he had held himself back each time.

But every time he thought of that, more water came out. Right now, the twentieth glob of spring water was emerging.

Night River King was now full of regret. He regretted not making a move of his own any sooner. He could have grabbed at least ten water drops. Now, all of the spring water was inside Han Sen’s belly, and he could not even produce a fart. It was a waste of a rare material.

When the spring erupted again, Night River King finally couldn’t keep himself restrained. He did not care if there was any more spring water coming or not; he was going to make a move. If he didn’t, he believed his heart would be buried by dust—and that would affect his training.

Moon Wheel King and the others were shocked. If a red mist spring produced one hundred water drops, it was considered very large. This spring had produced almost two hundred, and it was still going.

The scariest thing was that Han Sen had swallowed so much of that water, and yet he had not become a Viscount.

Sword Know’s eyebrows jumped, as if he had just heard something. His face changed, but he decided to spit out some blood and jump towards Han Sen like a bloody arrow.

Han Sen slashed towards the blood arrow and cut it open. But inside the blood arrow was a red bug which continued flying towards Han Sen. It was so small and so fast that it hit Han Sen’s forehead, even with his Spell helmet on.

As this occurred, the spring’s eye was shining bright. A red light came out of the red spring, but this time, it was not water. It was a red soul.

“The red mist soul!” All the Kings screamed.

But before they could do anything, Han Sen grabbed the soul and swallowed it.

1922 Spell Evolution

Han Sen kept fighting and consuming the spring water he could get. His mind was thinking about the little bug on his forehead, so he wasn’t paying attention to anything else.

Han Sen thought what he had taken was just a larger water drop. It sure tasted like ordinary spring water, but after swallowing it, he acknowledged that something might have been wrong. It was as if he

swallowed a vat of lava, and his entire body flared up with pain. He was burning on the inside with a sensation that was worse than any cut.

But Han Sen kept on casting his Yin Yang Change, trying to convert the horrible substance. His other hand was reaching for his forehead, to try to remove the red bug.

The bug looked like blood. It was only the size of a needle head, and when it touched Han Sen's forehead, it tried to drill through the helmet. Quickly, a hole had been punctured through the Spell armor. The fiend was going to go right through.

Han Sen used his other hand to cover the hole, but the bug was already inside the armor. He couldn't get a hold of it.

Han Sen frowned. Before he could think about how to deal with the bug, Sword Know and the Tego Earl were coming for him once again.

They were just like Han Sen right now, in that they did not know about the red mist soul. They didn't know that after the red mist soul, there would not be any more spring water.

The red mist soul was extremely rare. It was an angry spirit that the spring itself had generated.

The red mist spring worked on Viscounts. It was not effective when you reached Earl, but the red mist soul was. It could trigger an evolution for an Earl. The chances weren't very high, but the mere prospect of it being a possibility was quite scary.

If normal Viscounts used a red mist soul, they could easily become an Earl. It was a guarantee.

The Kings watched Han Sen swallow the red mist soul, and they thought it to be an even grander waste. None felt this more than Night River King. He wished he had allowed Sword Know to use the Blood-Brain Bug sooner.

Blood-Brain Bugs were a harmful xenogeneic. As a parasite, they could latch themselves onto the brains of others. One of them would look like a normal bug, but when activated, it could ravage the brain of its victim. Its behavior could be controlled remotely, too.

Seeing the Blood-Brain Bug pierce the helmet, Han Sen's body shone. The Spell armor was glowing white.

The red mist soul in Han Sen's body, and the spring water, were converted into energy inside his armor. Spell's energy was finally released. It was going to reach Viscount class.

Katcha!

The Spell armor was bathed in light, and in its radiance, the Blood-Brain Bug melted. Nothing of it remained.

Han Sen's Ghost Teeth Knife glowed white as it was imbued with Spell's light. It was a knifelight.

Han Sen's knifemind was also increasing. It was scary before, but now it was becoming something even greater. It was way past the level of a Duke.

Boom!

The person and the knife combined into one. The knifelight was like the light of dawn. It banished the dark and signaled the coming of a new day. And now, it was going after the Tego Earl.

The Tego Earl was shocked. That knifelight was scarier than any monster. It took over his entire world. The Tego Earl swung his fist like a tiger, but he himself wished to retreat.

The knifelight acted as if it had a life of its own. It smashed into his back and sent fractures all the way through his chest. He started to bleed profusely.

When the blood spilled out, the purple mist began to spread across the wounds. The Tego Earl looked scared, and his wounds expanded quickly. His chest was torn wide open, and then, his organs fell out.

"Aargh!" The Tego Earl screamed. He had been ripped apart by the Teeth power.

Rebecca and the others stopped attacking. They looked at Han Sen, holding Ghost Teeth Knife like a demon.

He didn't look like he was going to stop. And he turned his murderous attention onto Sword Know.

In that fight, all that the other Earls had wanted was a bit of that spring water. It was only the Tego Earl and Sword Know that wanted to kill Han Sen. But he didn't look willing to stop.

The knife he wielded was like a demon striker. The knifelight was like a maw of toxic teeth, wanting to crush Sword Know.

Sword Know knew he was injured, and far worse than the Tego Earl had been just before Han Sen killed him. He couldn't take Han Sen's strike, and he looked so scared. He flailed his sword to spawn another meteoric slash that could hopefully break Han Sen's swordlight.

"Enough! The fight for the red mist spring has ended." Night River King's scary power and aura landed. It covered the entirety of the Red Mist Valley. He spoke in a cold voice.

Han Sen acted as if he had not heard him. He didn't care about the King's presence, and he still continued swinging his knife. The knifelight cut through from the top of Sword Know's head, down through his body until he flopped in two.

Everyone was in shock. They never expected Han Sen could be so cruel. Even with Night River King there, he had mercilessly slain Sword Know.

Night River King was furious, and he said, "I told you to stop! And you are still killing?"

Night River King swung his palm, and his scary power came towards Han Sen to crush him. The mere presence that the hand possessed was terrifying. As rocks were broken, it felt like the end of the world.

Han Sen was holding his Ghost Teeth Knife. He stared at that hand that towered towards the sky like a mountain. He wasn't scared, though.

His knifemind roared like a beast, but the King's power did not relent.

Boom!

Before the hand could land, a purple gust of knife wind came from Planet Blade. It traveled through space like a beam that crossed the universe. It broke through Planet Eclipse's atmosphere and cut through the hand.

"Aargh!" A scream sounded, and the big hand was sliced into dust by that fearsome knifelight. Night River King's body disappeared, right from where he was on Planet Eclipse.

"Please don't be mad, Knife. Night River King was just angry, and he did not mean to hurt Han Sen," Moon Wheel King said, looking up towards Planet Blade.

"I will decide the fate of my student. Others should learn not to interfere." Queen's voice sounded empty, but it was all over Narrow Moon.

Moon Wheel King shook his head and then vanished from Planet Eclipse.

The other Kings left, too. There was no point in them staying any longer. If they tried anything, they'd be humiliated like Night River King had.

Now Han Sen had his Teeth Knife knifemind, Yisha could protect him properly. They weren't Moon Wheel King, and they were not deified. They wouldn't want to incite Yisha's fury.

1923 The Third Form

Han Sen was believed to have obtained his Teeth Knife knifemind in one and a half months. What's more, his knifemind was very close to the proficiency that only a King could demonstrate. It dazed the Narrow Moon elites into a state of disbelief.

They had seen this with their own eyes, though. And so they couldn't actually doubt it.

They couldn't claim that Han Sen was cheating, either. Yisha was the only other that could practice Teeth Knife in such a fashion. Even if Yisha was helping Han Sen cheat somehow, there was no way Han Sen should have been able to earn such a knifemind in such a short time.

People were worried, though. And no one could doubt Han Sen's talent.

Han Sen's performance with the red mist spring was shocking. Many members of Moon Garden, such as Rebecca and Du Lishe, now greatly feared Han Sen.

The day after the events of the red mist spring, Yisha gave Han Sen a call. She didn't say much, but she provided him with a geno art to practice with.

You performed well. This geno art is your reward. But you cannot be cocky about it. You need to remember that if you do not obtain deified status, it will be useless. Your strength won't matter."

She gave him some Viscount geno fluid, too, so he could practice.

Han Sen did not understand what Yisha meant by this. But he was relieved that Yisha had protected him, indicating that things were okay between them.

Not long after, Moon Garden invited Han Sen to become a member, but Yisha rejected it on his behalf. Yisha had wanted Han Sen to join Moon Garden to gain support from the tribe, but she changed her mind after all that had happened. She didn't want him joining them.

Because of this, the Kings at Narrow Moon held another meeting. They tried to convince Yisha to allow Han Sen to become a member of Moon Garden. Her response was cold. "My student is not any boy you can push around however you wish."

After that, she left. She didn't save face for Moon Wheel King, either.

Moon Wheel King and the others wanted Han Sen to join simply because Han Sen's talents were too shocking. His mind far exceeded the capabilities of others at the same level. If he could join Moon Garden and practice with the members there, the others should also benefit and become stronger.

Yisha was no longer interested in this arrangement, though. And it wasn't as if they could force Han Sen to take part in Moon Garden.

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Han Sen was in his room, playing with the Jade Turtle Spell. Normally, it was a one-time use item. It wouldn't come off after being used. Instead, its power would be exhausted after a day and the entire thing would shatter.

When Han Sen returned to base, his body felt awful under the weight of the Jade Turtle Spell. He tried to pull it off, but alas, he was unable to. Since he couldn't use super king spirit mode, he ended up trying the Dongxuan Sutra. He spread its influence into the Jade Turtle Spell, then simulated its powers and removed it from himself.

The power of the Jade Turtle Spell was very deep. Han Sen only simulated a tiny part of it, but he was able to learn a lot. It also made him wonder where it had come from.

Due to the power being too deep and profound, Han Sen was unable to learn it all. So, he began fiddling with the thing using the Dongxuan Aura to slowly learn more about it.

The geno art Yisha had given Han Sen was a light-based art called Moon. As he practiced it, he found that it fit him quite well.

Moon was fairly amazing, as well. It could use the powers of light to generate a moon of his own. The power was something like the ability of an Earl to generate a spirit that wasn't actually a real spirit.

Han Sen was quite interested in this geno art. And since it was Yisha who had allowed him to practice it, he didn't dare be lazy with the gift. He practiced with it whenever he was able to.

The biggest reward he had received from the events at the red mist spring was his Spell evolving. Quite surprisingly, the Viscount class Spell was able to unleash light powers of its own. Furthermore, it possessed a third form.

Geno armaments had two forms, traditionally. One was the plain armorset form that was always there for him to equip.

The second form came from reaching the second stage of evolution. In Han Sen's case, it was a lady form; the gunner called Spell. Xie Qing King's book and Wang Yuhang's bike were the second forms, too.

Very few, if any, had heard of there being a third possible form. Han Sen knew very little about geno armaments, though, so he wasn't sure if it was how uncommon it truly was. Regardless, this was the first time he had seen or heard of such a thing.

Spell's third form was that of a sniper rifle. Han Sen tried out the rifle and found it surprisingly easy to get headshots from a distance of a hundred miles.

The biggest advantage of having a sniper rifle was that Han Sen's power was concentrated into bullets. Future engagements wouldn't be so costly, either, with the range of the weapon.

The normal power of a Viscount came from swordlights or knifelights. It was very lucky if you could cast such strikes over a distance of a few hundred meters.

But with that sniper rifle, Han Sen could guarantee headshots without his targets being aware of his presence. It was a perfect weapon for assassinations.

The only limitation was that the bullet velocity depended on Spell's power and Han Sen's own power. But that still meant that the stronger they grew, the stronger the bullets would become. He just couldn't use other sources of power to fuel it.

All in all, Han Sen loved it. He could level up quite easily with the rifle, and headshots would not be difficult to get.

Tzi! Tzi!

Han Sen was playing with the Jade Turtle Spell, and as he did, something moved in his pocket. It made a sound.

Han Sen opened his pocket and saw the red mist orb inside. The seven minks were reemerging from the orb.

When they saw Han Sen, they opened their eyes and began crooning at him.

“Are you guys hungry?” Han Sen thought he understood what they were implying.

The little minks in Han Sen’s pocket nodded.

So, Han Sen fed them some xenogeneic meat. During the Red Mist Valley incident, the Viscounts had killed many creatures for him. He moved the flesh back to the base, and there was a lot. Because of this, he didn’t mind feeding the little creatures.

The seven minks munched on the flesh, and while they were eating, Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to scan their bodies and observe their energy flow.

After watching them for a while, something gave him a shock. The minks really were just Baron class, but their energy flows were complex. They were unlike any other Baron he had seen before.

1924 Red Copper Palace

Han Sen tried to simulate the energy flow of the little minks. He could do this by transforming the Dongxuan Sutra’s power into the power the little minks possessed.

Han Sen didn’t think it’d be difficult to do, as the little minks had only just been born. But it actually took Han Sen seven or eight days to simulate their energy.

Around this time, the little minks got hungry. They came out to eat again. After every meal, they returned to the red mist orb. They always tried to enter the red copper palace, but they failed each time.

Seeing the little minks going back into the red mist orb, Han Sen finally finished simulating their powers. He then tried to put the new energy into the red mist orb.

When the power hit the red mist orb, Han Sen felt the red mist orb respond, as if it had a weird power of its own. It sucked Han Sen right inside.

Dong!

The red mist orb fell on the floor, and Han Sen had entered it. He could see a lot of red mist, in addition to the big red copper palace.

Han Sen walked through the mist and headed straight for that elusive palace. The seven minks kept on looping around the palace, unable to find an access point that would grant them entry.

Seeing Han Sen, the seven little minks looked surprised. They surrounded Han Sen, jumping and screaming. They then ran for the main door.

They lined up. Some of them used their claws to push, some of them used their bellies to push, and some of them used their backs to push. They tried their hardest to push against the door, but it wouldn't budge.

Tzi! Tzi!

The little guys pushed so hard to no avail, then turned their attention to Han Sen to ask for his help.

Han Sen had seen things like this many times before. If the seven minks wanted to enter that place so badly, there must be something valuable inside.

He didn't hesitate. He placed his hand against the door and pushed with the minks, trying to force it open.

But the door was like stone. Han Sen tried his best to get it to move, but it wouldn't budge an inch.

Han Sen looked at the door and found no indication of a lock. He frowned.

"Tzi! Tzi! Tzi! Tzi!" The little minks kept pointing at something, trying to tell him something.

"What are you saying?" Han Sen looked at them, but he could not speak their language. He couldn't understand them.

Luckily, the Dongxuan Aura could allow him to read minds, at least a little. The minks kept on running and pointing, and eventually, he heard a sound. It was a simple sound, but Han Sen could guess what they meant.

Han Sen tried pushing the door again, but this time, he used the little minks' power to do so. He was simulating them, yes, but he could still use the energy flow far better than the minks themselves could. When he pushed, the red copper door slowly opened.

The little minks were delighted. They lined up and helped Han Sen push.

The door was opening slowly, and when the opening reached one foot wide, the seven minks could not wait any longer. They hurriedly shuffled themselves inside. Han Sen couldn't wait either, and so he squeezed in through the gap. And on the inside, the palace really shocked Han Sen.

Han Sen immediately noted how elegant the place had looked from the outside. It had led him to believe that it was some sort of ancient relic, but now that he was looking at the interior, the palace was shining with lights. It looked very scientific. It was different from what he was expecting.

The seven minks ran inside the palace as Han Sen followed. There were many strange tools and gizmos, and he felt as if he was entering the research quarters of some alien base.

Han Sen saw there was a large throne inside the palace, though. There was a ten-meter-tall machine sitting on it, curiously enough. It looked like an old model of Alliance warframe. It was so old that it looked like a medieval knight. It was clad in heavy armor and everything.

Upon further inspection, Han Sen realized that the knight did not have any electrical devices attached to it. It was built from what he assumed to be red copper. It sat on the throne, and it gave no indication of possessing a life force. Even so, it gave the threatening feeling that it could get up and fight whenever it wished to.

The seven little minks raced under its feet, then they climbed its copper body until they reached the heart. They pushed and squealed. What they were doing was anyone's guess.

Boom!

Amidst Han Sen's confusion and wonder, the knight did indeed stand up off the throne. It lurched to its feet with a jerking movement and shook the minks off of its body.

In the knight's empty eyes, a red light started to gleam. The light looked like some sort of warning beacon. Near the knight's heart, the red light grew stronger. It fired a red light towards the red minks, and all seven of them disappeared.

And then, Han Sen saw the knight start to move. It was approaching him quickly. Its red copper body gave off a sense of foreboding.

And shortly after, it was right next to Han Sen. It reached out its big hand and tried to pick Han Sen up.

Han Sen frowned, and so he quickly retreated and evaded the hand's grip. But the armored knight bent its legs and unleashed a horrible power. It suddenly accelerated forward and ran before Han Sen.

Han Sen was shocked. He used the Jadeskin's godlight to punch against the knight's hand. A metal noise rang out following the collision, but the knight was not hurt. Han Sen's hand, however, was left feeling numb.

Han Sen summoned his rabbit shoes and evaded the knight's hand that was coming for him again. He thought the armored knight could not catch up with him.

But the knight's speed increased again, and it actually revealed itself to be faster than the rabbit shoes. It caught up with Han Sen way too quickly, and Han Sen was unable to dodge. It simply grabbed Han Sen's body as easily as one would a doll.

Han Sen was shocked, but it was then that he realized the knight's hand was not exerting force. It put Han Sen in its palm and did not hurt him.

The knight's hand moved near its heart. That was where the little minks had been sucked into.

Han Sen simulated the power of the little minks and then placed his hand against the knight's heart. Quickly, the knight's heart lit up again. The light shone on Han Sen, drawing him in.

Han Sen felt as if his body was taken through the red mist. He felt as if he was sinking. When his body came to a stop, he saw the seven minks wrapped up in the same plume of red mist, right next to him.

The red mist then cocooned itself around him, too. As the mist was attaching itself to him, a strange message penetrated his brain.

Han Sen found that he could read the little minks' thoughts, primarily because they were so small and so simple. Their emotions were easy to discern due to their simplicity, unlike humans that have a complex variety of feelings. It was something he couldn't have explained in words.

The stranger thing was when Han Sen noticed that the armored knight was trying to communicate with him. It spoke about how one would gain control of it.

That knight was called Red Mist King. Han Sen read its description and learned that it was like a wartime machine like the ones he had used in the Alliance. But Red Mist King wasn't built from circuits and electricity; it was actually comprised of xenogeneic material and little else.

He didn't need buttons to control it, either. All he had to do was use his mind, in addition to the red mist power.

It did not take much red mist power for a Viscount to control the machine. Red Mist King generated its own power, too. It had been built from a swathe of xenogeneic materials, and it possessed incredible strength. But every time it was used, some of the energy inside it would be consumed. So, it would have to be imbued with more xenogeneic materials to replenish its energy.

Han Sen sensed that most of its energy had already been spent, and that it only had around nine percent of its energy left. Han Sen did not understand how it worked, though.

The seven minks were getting very excited. Their thoughts could control the Red Mist King, too. The Red Mist King returned to the throne and sat down in its previous place.

Han Sen thought the minks were merely taking a break, but the equipment in the palace started up. With a whirl, the lights of the equipment began to gleam. Even the throne itself started to shine. And then the dimension near the throne began to twist.

Before Han Sen could react, he saw the space of the place begin to twist. Red Mist King was sent out, and it appeared near a teleporter on a planet. The little minks merrily guided Red Mist King out of that teleporter, and what Han Sen saw surprised him.

Machines that looked like Red Mist King were everywhere. They each had a different shape and size. There were some like beasts or bugs, and there were even a few resembling livestock.

The buildings were built from a similar material, too. It looked like a mechanical planet straight out of a sci-fi movie.

Han Sen had seen all sorts of different xenogeneic materials. He knew that inside them, there had to be something like the little minks controlling them.

“Are there other minks inside these machines, too? Is it an entire race of them?” Han Sen was shocked at the mere thought.

But when Red Mist King walked out of the teleporter, alarm noises started to sound. Then, a language blared—one which Han Sen could not understand. At that moment, all the xenogeneic material machines turned to look at the Red Mist King. Han Sen thought things had gone pretty awry.

The next second, many xenogeneic machines were coming for Han Sen. Furthermore, they were aiming at Red Mist King. Their weapons were like lasers, and they started to fire at Red Mist King.

Han Sen could see that most of the lasers had Viscount class strength, but there were a few that were Earl class.

Boom!

After the chaos started to unfold, Red Mist King was sent soaring into a building with a crash. Han Sen felt every movement, but Red Mist King hadn't sustained any injuries.

The little minks were rolling around in the mist. They looked rather annoyed.

And then, Han Sen saw the joints of the armor begin to shine red. The minks controlled the Red Mist King's fists, which were now blazing with fire. It moved forward and punched an opponent.

Boom!

A giant beam of light came out of the fist. It destroyed the streets, buildings, and xenogeneic machines all around. Everything was broken or melted under the force.

A building that was a few hundred meters tall was vaporized, and a ten-meter-deep crater was all that remained. The path of destruction kept extending out, though, as if it was the end of the world. It felt as if everything there would be wiped out. The red mist didn't seem bound to the planet's surface, though. It reached out into the atmosphere, as if it was going out to space.

“Sh*t! That's strong.” Han Sen was frozen. “That punch was the equivalent of a King class elite. That's scary.”

After the initial shock, a flurry of surprises continued to come. The Red Mist King was very strong, and furthermore, Han Sen could control it. That meant Han Sen could be that strong and not have anything to be afraid of.

If Night River King came to provoke him again, Han Sen could punch him into the sky, regardless of whether or not he was a f*cking king.

But Han Sen's dream quickly came to a halt. The red mist had given him a lot of information, but one of the alerts was now warning him that the energy reserves were very low. It was lower than one percent now, at a figure of 0.75%.

“F*ck! One punch took away nine percent of its energy?” Han Sen was shocked.

He didn't dare hesitate now. He pulled the seven little minks closer, to prevent them from piloting the Red Mist King any further. Han Sen decided to take control of it, and he raced it back to the teleporter. The dimension twisted once again, and they vanished from the area.

When the vortex untwisted and deposited them back in normal space, they found themselves back inside the red copper palace. Han Sen was greatly relieved. The seven little minks, however, were looking rather angry. Han Sen quickly scanned their minds, and it allowed him to understand why they were as angry as they were.

They had merrily gone in there because, from what Han Sen could discern, they wanted to go home. But as soon as they teleported, they were treated like enemies. That was the source of their frustration.

But then Han Sen thought about the punch. Han Sen thought that the creatures of that planet might have every right to be as furious as they were.

Han Sen grabbed the seven little minks, in case they decided to drive the Red Mist King back. Red Mist King had next to no energy, so Han Sen wasn't sure if it could return from another trip through the teleporter.

Han Sen brought them all the way out of the red mist orb so he could keep an eye on them. He went on the internet to find out what he could about the red mist orb, Red Mist King, and the little minks.

1926 Watching a Ceremony

Fortunately, now that he was a student of someone who was half-deified, Han Sen had some level of authority across Narrow Moon. It gave him access to information that the ordinary Rebates were not permitted to know.

Han Sen could not find out anything about the origin of the red mist orb, but he was able to learn about the red mist minks and the Red Mist King.

In the geno universe, there was a race called Meka. In truth, it wasn't one fixed race, but a title that included a number of subspecies and different blood lineages. So, because of their extreme diversity, the Meka couldn't be considered a higher race like the Feathers were. Even if their strength exceeded that of some higher races.

Even if one of the Meka managed to light a geno lantern, it wouldn't be enough to enable all Meka to be considered a higher race; there were too many differences in the blood between them all.

The Meka's xenogeneic space included everything from pigs to snakes. There were still so many different types of creatures that were considered Meka that it was difficult to keep track of them all.

But there was one connecting thread, and that was a talent shared by all the Meka. They could consume xenogeneic genes and create a new material inside their own bodies.

The Meka used these materials to create xenogeneic battle bodies, creations that were similar to the Red Mist King.

But in order to be used, xenogeneic battle bodies required a power that belonged solely to the Meka. So, if you were not one of the Meka, and you had a xenogeneic battle body, you would not be able to operate it.

“Without a doubt, those little minks belong to the Meka. They’re related in some way, leastways. But if that’s the case, then why were they born here? And why was the Red Mist King here? The Meka need a lot of xenogeneic genes to create xenogeneic battle bodies, and the red mist spring had a lot of spring water. That means many xenogeneics died here. These two have to be related in some way,” Han Sen thought.

But this was all he could conjecture. He couldn’t make any further guesses, as the information he had discovered did not talk about the red mist minks and the Red Mist King specifically.

Han Sen tried to use xenogeneic gene ingredients to fill up the Red Mist King’s energy, but he soon realized that it wasn’t working.

This was because xenogeneic genes had to be eaten by the red mist minks, who would then release the energy they had gained. That was the top-up process for the Red Mist King. The red mist minks were too small right now, however, so they couldn’t eat much. And they were also slow to generate energy.

Han Sen let them eat as many Baron xenogeneic genes as they were capable. But by doing so, they were only able to generate 0.01% percent of the needed energy each day. And that was with all seven of them working together. God only knew how long it would take for the batteries to fill up.

Han Sen discovered that Red Mist King’s planet—the one they had gone to—belonged to the Meka’s xenogeneic space. Red Mist King’s arrival had been a big event for the Meka, and there was a lot of news coverage on it.

Han Sen was happy he had managed to get out of there quickly. If the Meka King class sorts found him, he didn’t know if he could have made it out alive.

Planet Eclipse had been quiet for a while. After a few days, Black Steel sent him a message inviting him to Planet Black- Moon to observe a ceremony. The ceremony was about forging a knife. The knife was forged already, so this was more of an opening ceremony for the weapon.

The Black family wouldn’t invite others if it was an ordinary knife, but this was different. Black-Moon King had spent a hundred years to forge a King class knife. And that was why he wished to arrange a ceremony that others could attend.

Not just anyone was qualified to watch, either. Most of the invites were sent to King class elites. A few lower level subordinates could follow after their Kings, but they weren't allowed to be there when the ceremony was taking place.

No other Viscounts like Han Sen received a direct invitation, and only three or four Dukes received a direct invite. They were Black-Moon King's friends.

Although Han Sen was not particularly interested in attending a ceremony, Yisha told him that Black-Moon King was going out of his way to include Han Sen. Black-Moon King had always spoken positively about Han Sen, so he had no qualms in agreeing to the invite and going.

On the day of the ceremony, Black-Moon King called for a spacecraft to collect Han Sen. Yisha also received an invitation, but she wasn't going, so Han Sen had to go alone.

When he reached Planet Black-Moon, Black Steel invited Han Sen to join him in watching the ceremony. Han Sen realized he was sitting in the same spot Yisha was supposed to.

That also meant he was sitting next to Moon Wheel King and a few of the other Kings. Rebecca and Qing Li could only stand someplace in the back, as they hadn't been honored with seats.

Han Sen wasn't very concerned about the situation, though. He had seen too much in his lifetime, so paltry things like social awkwardness no longer bothered him. He simply acted cool while he drank his tea. He wasn't unnerved by the proximity of Moon Wheel King and the others.

But the Kings took tiers seriously. To them, Han Sen was a small fry, so there was no need to converse with him. That meant no one talked to Han Sen.

Half an hour later, no one had yet seen Black-Moon King or the King class weapon he was supposed to present. Just as Han Sen was wondering when the event was going to begin, Black-Moon King appeared atop the peak of a stone mountain.

Han Sen was surprised, and he thought, "I thought this was a ceremony. What is he doing up a mountain?"

Moon Wheel King smiled and said, "That stony mountain is a whetstone. It is a xenogeneic gene from a King class rocky giant. A long time ago, a King of the Black family slew it. And ever since, they have used it as a whetstone. When a King class weapon is forged, it is revealed here. This is the third time I have seen this."

"Are King class weapons that hard to forge?" Han Sen was shocked. The Black family had a long history, but after all that time, they had only managed to forge three?

Moon Wheel King smiled. "Not exactly. The Black family has forged more than three King class weapons, but those were mostly created from creatures. They don't show them off. Only King class weapons that are created entirely by the Black family's hands will have a ceremony."

After a while, Moon Wheel King said, "This ceremony is special. Black-Moon King is taking this very seriously. The weapon is named after Narrow Moon."

Han Sen was curious about this. He wondered what sort of knife would be granted the title of Narrow Moon. Narrow Moon was as big as the Rebate themselves were. The blade had to be special to be named after it.

Chapter 1927 Opening the Knife

Black-Moon King stood quietly on top of the mountain. He drew out a knife.

Han Sen thought a King class knife would radiate, but the knife in his hands did not. This was a knife that was narrow like a crescent moon, but it was black, and it did not reflect a speck of light. It was as dark as the night.

Han Sen looked at the knife and figured that it was probably only about three feet long. He wondered why it would have to be ground and sharpened on a mountain-sized whetstone.

Black-Moon King had not added the finishing touches yet, so he put his hand on the mountain. And then, the yellowish mountain produced waves of water. The waves rose at the bottom of the mountain and surged up towards the top, headed for the peak. They gathered atop the peak, and atop a rock there.

That rock had a deep groove, and when the water waves reached it, they poured down into it.

Black-Moon King stood in front of the watery stone. He held two knives and looked very serious. It looked as if he wasn't holding two knives, but instead, two sacrifices.

The black blade was planted on the rock by Black-Moon King. The knife was fifteen degrees away from the rock, and at that angle, he began to grind it.

When Han Sen was in the Alliance, he became interested in blacksmithing. He wasn't, however, interested in forging knives. Z-Steel products had to be refined to make them sharp, although beast soul weapons needed nothing of the sort.

But creating a knife and refining it in the geno universe was different. A weapon that had been created from xenogenic materials could fix itself. That was, assuming it hadn't been too badly damaged. But overall, there was no need for maintenance and refinement. They looked after themselves.

This was the first time Han Sen had seen a xenogenic weapon being created. While he wondered what the point of the refinement was, a light sparked between the knife and the whetstone.

That light was as warm as the sunrise. When you looked closely, the black blade had teeth marks on it.

Black-Moon King continued refining the knife, his movements slow and methodical.

The grinding was like the moaning of a newborn baby.

Han Sen was shocked. This was obviously not as simple as refining a Z-Steel blade, so Han Sen was glad he had come to watch the event.

Everyone watched intently as Black-Moon King continued grinding the knife. No one spoke, as they were worried they might interrupt his focus.

On its third pass over the whetstone, the black knife began to glow with a strange light. It looked like a jagged moon rising. The warm and clear light was coming down, and it gave the onlookers a chill. Everyone felt like they were naked under the glare of that light, and they imagined it had shaved off all their hair.

After the fourth pass, another tooth appeared on the moonlike knife.

Every time Black-Moon King ground the knife against the whetstone, a moon-tooth rose. They were small to begin with, but a full moon soon started to take shape. And then, a broken moon. And then, it disappeared.

The moon above the mountain kept changing. A lot of cold moonlight came down. It was like Narrow Moon and the moonlight were interacting with each other.

It was hard to see when the moon and the shadows combined. It was like the whole world only had the knife and the moon left. It made people feel as if they were intoxicated.

The grinding sounds reverberated in the audience's ears. Every time the knife scraped across the stone, moonlight came down from the sky to imbue the knife with a greater brightness.

From dark to bright, from bright to dark. The strange scene began to fade, and the knife was sharpened. There was no more knifelight to observe. It was black, like absolute darkness.

At this time, Black-Moon King pulled the knife away from the whetstone. It seemed to have been finished.

The water waves on the mountain got smaller and smaller, and disappeared. The mountain returned to its yellow color. Han Sen felt strange about this, and he thought, "Has he finished grinding it?"

As Han Sen was thinking about this, Black-Moon King began walking down the mountain with the knife. He walked in front of the pavilions that Han Sen was watching from.

Han Sen could feel nervousness rising from the Kings around him. Maybe there was some excitement; either way, it all seemed so strange.

"Moon Wheel, can you open the spirit of this knife?" Black-Moon King held the knife in both hands as he bowed sincerely before Moon Wheel King.

Moon Wheel King stood up and said, "If I can open the spirit of this knife, I would consider it an absolute honor."

After that, Moon Wheel King exited the pavilion and walked with Black-Moon King. He accepted the knife from him carefully. Rebecca and Du Lishe watched their father go to open the spirit of the Narrow Moon blade. They looked excited, as the other Kings looked disappointed.

Black-Moon King handed the knife to Moon Wheel King. With great seriousness, he said, "Please use your Moon Wheel powers to open this."

Everyone was in shock, and Han Sen had no idea what was going on, so he just watched intently.

Moon Wheel King nodded and took the blade in his hands. His body began to glow with moonlight. Black-Moon King fell back to the pavilion.

Han Sen looked at Moon Wheel King. He had heard Moon Wheel King was as strong as Yisha, but Han Sen didn't really know much about him. And when Han Sen spoke with him, he didn't seem remarkable at all. He was like your average, middle-aged man.

But he was now holding that prestigious knife, tasked with unearthing the knife's power. He was basking in the elegance of radiant moonlight. He was like an angel that had just come from the sky, and not a single speck of dust could ever fathom touching him.

The moonlight floated into the black weapon. Its body soon lit up.

It was not quite shining, as it was just moonlight. There was no sign of fire, but it felt gentle. It was quiet and warm. Bzzt!

Everyone's knife began to buzz. They all wanted to hop out of their scabbards.

Han Sen looked at Ghost Teeth Knife. It did not make any noise, but it looked hostile. It didn't seem to be fond of its same kind.

The moonlight started to get colder and colder, and all the knives in Narrow Moon were crying. It was as if they were really welcoming the birth of a new King.

But Han Sen's biggest point of interest did not rest with the King class weapon. It was all about the power Moon Wheel King had inserted into it. Moon Wheel King's power was pure, unlike Yisha's. Moon Wheel King's power was soft. It did not feel intimidating, and it would be easy to ignore.

Han Sen didn't dare underestimate that power, though. In fact, he felt more alert than usual.

But the reason Han Sen focused on Moon Wheel's power was not because he was strong; it was because the power reminded him of Moon, the geno art Yisha had given him.

Chapter 1928 Narrow Moon Knife

Moon was a softer geno art. To create light, you could not use pure power.

When Yisha gave Moon to Han Sen, she hadn't shown him how to perform it. Han Sen believed this was because she herself was not well-versed with Moon, and even if she knew how to perform it, she couldn't do it spectacularly well.

That was because Yisha's power was too brutal. It lacked a softer finesse that was required. A geno art like Moon needed a gentler touch, and therefore, Yisha could not learn it.

Han Sen had wondered why she wanted him to learn it. He hadn't shown her his gentle power, and Yisha didn't excel at it herself. But even so, she had given him Moon to learn.

After much deliberation, Han Sen was able to understand the reason.

Yisha was still suspicious of him. It hadn't gone away after Han Sen displayed his talents in the battle for Red Mist Valley. Moon might very well be another test for him.

Han Sen tried to think of things through her perspective, and by doing so, it was not too difficult to understand. If he performed very well with Teeth Knife, but not well enough on another brand new geno art, there was plenty of space for suspicion.

Of course, Han Sen could not confirm this was truly Yisha's line of thought. But even so, he kept on practicing with Moon to avoid being exposed.

Now, seeing Moon Wheel King's power allowed Han Sen to understand a lot more about gentle powers. He could not directly feel the power that Moon Wheel King was using, however. If he had, he'd have been able to learn a whole lot more.

Boom!

As Han Sen mulled over all this, he suddenly saw a moon appear in the sky. The moonlight gathered across the weapon Moon Wheel King was holding.

Moon Wheel King slashed up towards the sky. The curve looked like that of an actual moon, slicing through the air. And the moon appeared up there in the sky, unmoving.

Everyone's knives jumped out of their sheaths, no longer able to control themselves.

"This surely gets things done." Moon Wheel King put away his light and passed the Narrow Moon Knife back to Black-Moon King.

Black-Moon King looked happy. He accepted the knife and said, "Thank you for your help. Without the assistance of your Moon Wheel power in unlocking the blade's spirit, it would not be perfect."

Han Sen was looking at the knifelight that was hanging in the sky like a moon. Instead of fading away in time, it just remained where it was, hovering like a genuine moon.

That is powerful. The knifelight has yet to fade away. If Moon Wheel King does not forcibly remove it, I am unsure as to how long it will last. Would it stay there forever?" Han Sen thought to himself.

A gentle power such as that surprised him.

Teeth Knife powers could break stuff, but that was an example of raw strength. It consumed its opponents through sheer force.

Moon Wheel King's knifelight wasn't like that, though. The power gathered up, and it wouldn't be affected by external forces. It didn't fade away, and that was scary to comprehend.

In a fight, if a strike did not hit its target, the power would extinguish.

But Moon Wheel King's knifelight did not go away at all. It remained where it was, like a timebomb. If Moon Wheel King could still control it, that would be even scarier. This was similar to Han Sen's Saving Money, but without the time limitation. Regardless, Han Sen thought it was quite meaningful. He wanted to take the time to research Moon Wheel King's knifelight some more.

But alas, he could not do that. The knifelight was still in the sky, yes, but he did not have an aircraft to get close to it.

He still watched and stared at the knifelight, and as he did, Black-Moon King handed the knife to Flower King so the Kings could each inspect it.

Han Sen was so happy about this. If he could see it up close, he could research it. And if he did that, he might be able to learn a thing or two.

Narrow Moon Knife had a soft Moon power in it. That was likely because it had been finished through Moon Wheel powers. The end result was that the power the blade wielded would likely be similar to that which Moon Wheel King possessed.

He couldn't research Moon Wheel King himself, but he might be able to research Narrow Moon Knife.

"I don't know if they will let me see Narrow Moon Knife," Han Sen thought to himself.

Now, only a few Kings were looking at it. The lower tier folk were unable to get more than a glimpse. They most certainly weren't allowed to hold it like the Kings were.

There were a lot of Kings there, too. And if Han Sen didn't get the opportunity to hold it for a brief time, he'd be unable to use his Dongxuan Aura to quickly scan it. He'd end up walking away without learning anything.

Ordinarily, Han Sen would not have been allowed to hold it. He was so very young, and he was not qualified.

But on this day, he had been invited to attend alone. In a way, he was there to represent Yisha. So, there was a chance he'd be allowed.

Han Sen started to pray. "Please let me hold it. I don't know if I'll get another chance at this."

Flower King, and the others, were all looking at it. Each and every one sang praises about it.

“There are many King class weapons here, but only this one can truly represent us,” Moon Wheel King complimented the blade.

Black-Moon King was so happy, he smiled and said, “Actually, I am thinking about giving this to Moon God’s Palace. It could be used as a sacrifice for the Moon God.”

Every King was shocked to hear this. Moon Wheel King said, “You are so generous! The Rebate are fortunate to have you.”

All the Kings praised him. They never expected Black-Moon King would be willing to sacrifice such a powerful knife. He was extremely generous, and this was not something the average King would ever think about doing.

“You are welcome. This Knife was forged with the purpose of becoming a sacrifice, anyway. Until I succeeded in crafting it, I kept my work under wraps. I didn’t want to say something prematurely, and then disappoint you.”

Han Sen felt bored hearing such talk. If Narrow Moon Knife was always in the Black-Moon family, he could have inspected it through the friendship he shared with Black Steel.

If it became a sacrifice, that would suck. Aside from the major priests, no one would be able to touch it.

The Kings that were looking at Narrow Moon Knife all complimented it highly. Han Sen, on the other hand, looked as if he was suffering.

The Kings, when they finished looking, handed the knife back over to Black-Moon King. Han Sen’s heart was thumping in his chest.

There were only a few Dukes, and Han Sen was unable to get a look. He didn’t know if Black-Moon King would be so kind as to let him make a proper inspection of the weapon.

If Black-Moon King allowed the other Dukes to see it, he’d have no chance.

Chapter 1929 The Moon After the Dark Clouds

Black-Moon King’s eyes soon came to rest on Han Sen. He smiled and said, “Han Sen is here to represent Knife. You will have to come take a proper look, so you can sing its praises to her and have her regret passing on the opportunity to come to the unveiling.”

After that, Black-Moon King passed the Narrow Moon Knife over to Han Sen.

Han Sen was delighted, and so he quickly accepted the knife. He switched on his Dongxuan Aura to scan and observe it as soon as it touched his hands. The knife had been activated by Moon Wheel King, and

its activity was still vibrant. It was gleaming with that Moon Wheel power, and the lunar power was still humming.

“Good knife! That is a good knife.” Han Sen deliberately touched the body of the blade, feigning admiration for it.

The Kings there could feel Han Sen’s power shroud the blade, though. People believed Han Sen was using some power to examine the knife. Everyone watched Han Sen closely; the Dukes, in particular. They were waiting for him to finish, so they might get their own turn at examining the blade.

People like Rebecca looked on Han Sen with jealousy. They had seen King class weapons before, like the ones possessed by their elders. But Narrow Moon Knife was an entirely different thing. It was a sacrifice, given in honor of the Rebate at large. Aside from the most important priests, no one would be able to see it after it was given as a sacrifice. Holding it would be even more unlikely.

Everyone was looking at Han Sen. Han Sen was holding it very carefully, and he kept saying over and over, “Good knife! Such a good knife.”

Han Sen kept saying those few phrases repeatedly. While he might have liked to say something more, he could not muster the words to speak.

And at any other time, he would have spoken fairer praises about the blade. But right now, he was focused on the knife itself. The fanciness of his compliments took a backseat to his keen examination of the knife.

Many people were watching him, though. It’d be pretty bad if he was just to stand there without speaking.

So, Han Sen kept standing where he was, looking at the knife. He continued to repeat how good the knife was. His repetition of the phrases was into the dozens.

The Kings believed he wasn’t an educated person, and so his lexicon was limited. He had been there for ten minutes, saying such basic things over and over, after all. It made them feel rather disheartened, all in all.

The other Kings had only spent a minute each, observing the blade before handing it back over to Black-Moon King. None of them had taken longer than a minute.

Han Sen had spoken two sentences and stared at the blade for ten minutes by now. The Kings’ were not reacting well to the time that Han Sen was taking.

Fortunately, Rebecca and the others were educated in decorum. No one was willing to speak out during circumstances like that. Ordinary Nobles of elsewhere would be yelling at Han Sen by now.

Han Sen did not care what the others were thinking right now, though. So, he kept saying, "Good knife! That is a good knife," for another few minutes.

The Dukes did look as if they were ready to murder someone, but their grimaces went uncared for by Han Sen. He kept looking at the blade, repeating his compliments.

Half an hour went by. The faces of the Kings had become livid. Black-Moon King eventually said, "Han Sen, why don't you take a break. Black Steel has something he wishes to speak with you about."

Han Sen knew he could not delay things any longer. So, he acquiesced and gave the knife back to Black-Moon King. He didn't want to let go of it, though. Black-Moon King had to pull it out of Han Sen's tight grip. Sitting on his chair, Han Sen looked depressed. He was reviewing all that he had learned from the knife.

The knife had Moon Wheel King's power and Moon power in it. After using the Dongxuan Sutra, he had been able to learn a lot.

"It is no wonder Black-Moon King allowed Moon Wheel King to be the one that opened the knife. Moon Wheel King's power is like that of a gentle moon. He was most suitable for its use," Han Sen thought.

Han Sen had heard Moon Wheel King's story. Moon Wheel King was one of the Rebate that was half-deified, and he had not hailed from Moon Garden.

The story went that Moon Wheel King was not talented in his younger years, and that he came from a commoner family. When he generated a geno armor, he wasn't even able to evolve a second time. But then, he came into possession of a treasure that accelerated his second evolution, and also turned him into a xenogeneic.

Moon Wheel King was a xenogeneic and not a Noble. That was a rare status amongst the Rebate.

Because Moon Wheel King did not have much talent, the first geno art he practiced with was Moonlight. It was one of the most common geno arts the Rebate could learn.

But Moon Wheel King used Moonlight with a fusion of his own power, and he had become a King over time. Now, he was a half-deified legend.

To the entire Rebate society, Moon Wheel King was a mythical figure. He was practically an idol for everyone.

He was different from someone like Yisha, who was born with talent. The Nobles admired Moon Wheel King more.

They wished for themselves to be like Moon Wheel King, and because of this, his reputation was favored over Yisha's.

Moonlight had not changed over time, and he had used that geno art to reach the status of being half-deified. Even Han Sen thought Moon Wheel King was nothing short of awesome.

Moonlight should have stopped getting any better when he reached Earl class, but after Moon Wheel King modified it, he had managed to create a higher tier for it. The Rebate showed him great respect, and so in honor of his abilities and reputation, the Rebate granted the higher tiers of Moonlight the title of Moon Wheel. Moonlight was still kept as the name for the common version.

Basically, Moon Wheel was the use of a moon's power. Moon Wheel King's gentleness made people always wonder how he did what he did.

Fortunately, Han Sen had Dongxuan Aura to see Moon Wheel and the knife's Moon power. It greatly enthralled him.

Most people, when pushed far enough, would concede. But Moon Wheel King's mind, while it was gentle, it was not soft. It was pure, but it wasn't dumb. He was like a cloud going by without leaving a trace. Very few could do what he could.

Everyone wanted a smooth life like Yisha's, but normal people would find themselves rolling around in the mud. But very few could emerge from the pit with a pure heart intact.

Moon Wheel King had done this, though. His life's journey had led him through many different environments. His life could have forced him to compromise. His heart, however, was like the moon itself. It would never change.

Seeing Narrow Moon's feelings and Moon Wheel power, Han Sen saw a clear moon emerge. It was the moon coming out from behind the clouds.

Chapter 1930 Moon

The Dukes didn't look at the blade in the same way Han Sen had. They all looked at it for less than a minute before handing it back over to Black-Moon King. The entire thing was done in a few minutes.

The young ones were not allowed to look at it by themselves. After they had all seen it, the ceremony came to a close. Black-Moon King invited a few Kings and Dukes over for tea. Some accepted and stayed, others declined and left.

Black Steel invited Rebecca and a few of the other young ones to the garden for a chat, Han Sen included.

So, Han Sen followed Black Steel to the garden. There, he sat down. Aside from Han Sen, everyone seemed to be acquainted with one another. So, there was no formal etiquette to follow.

Without Black-Moon King around, they were prone to speaking far more openly than they ordinarily would. As they began chatting, not a single person was left out. But with that being said, Han Sen did not say a word. Han Sen did not know anyone there except for Black Steel, and so he retreated into his mind to mull over what he had learned with the knife. He didn't care for their topics of conversation.

Du Lishe, noticing that Han Sen wasn't speaking with them, hummed and said, "Genius Han, you looked at Narrow Moon Knife for so long. And you kept saying it was so good, you could obviously detect something we could not. Why don't you tell us what you saw, so that we too can learn it."

After Du Lishe said that, everyone turned to look at Han Sen. They were curious whether Han Sen really had learned something, or if it was all some sort of act.

Han Sen's eyes were closed, still reviewing what he had learned. He hadn't noticed Du Lishe was talking to him. His eyes were shut tight, and it appeared as if he was ignoring her.

Du Lishe, noticing him ignoring her, looked mad and did not say anything more.

Du Lishe's silence did not mean others wouldn't say anything, though. She was Moon Wheel King's second daughter. She was pretty, and she was talented. She had many admirers.

The young ones that sat there with them were admirers of Rebecca and Du Lishe. Now that Han Sen had apparently ignored her, someone could not help but stand up for her.

"Didn't he tell you what he saw?" a Viscount called Kriman asked dubiously.

"What did he say?" Du Lishe asked.

Everyone looked at Kriman, but everyone knew he wasn't going to say anything nice.

Kriman laughed. "Didn't you grow ears? Genius Han said it was a good knife. He said it many times."

Kriman spoke it in the tone Han Sen had, and Du Lishe laughed. "Ha!"

Kriman over-enunciated his words, laughing at Han Sen and pretending to understand, which made many people there laugh. The elegant ones smiled.

Han Sen sat where he was without emotion. He was deep in thought. He was afraid that occupying his mind with something else for a while would make him forget important details. So, he still did not hear them.

Han Sen continued to ignore the group. Black Steel frowned and said, "Han Sen has his reasons for viewing the knife the way he did."

Black Steel did not know how to participate in that particular debate, so this was what he said.

Kriman did not respect Black Steel. He only wanted to stand up for Du Lishe in the hopes of getting closer to her, and so he said, "Black Steel, you know knives. Similar actions from you might make sense, but I can't feel the same for other people. He looked at it for half an hour, repeating the same two sentences over and over. If he is not educated, don't pretend he is. This is the first time I've ever seen someone so dumb."

“Kriman, mind your tongue.” Black Steel’s face looked grim.

Kriman smiled and said, “I don’t beat around the bush. If I have said something that is incorrect, then you can have him point out the mistake. If he can convince everyone, I will earnestly apologize.”

Sad Night and Night Giant King, who had a grudge with Han Sen, looked over angrily and said, “Yes! If he saw something, let us hear what it is that he saw. If it makes sense, then we will apologize, too. What is the point in just saying that the knife was good, over and over.”

Black Steel could see Han Sen still sitting where he was, not saying a word. He touched him and said, “If you are willing to, you can tell people.”

Black Steel understood Han Sen. He knew Han Sen had seen something the others hadn’t, and that was why he stared at it for so long. What Han Sen saw wasn’t anyone else’s business, of course. Black Steel would not push Han Sen to explain if he wasn’t willing to.

But now that the people were saying things like this, Black Steel could not stand by and watch. He was worried for Han Sen. If Han Sen did not say something, his reputation would suffer. No one ever let a person’s reputation go.

Outsiders had a tough life in Narrow Moon. Han Sen had built himself a good reputation. Black Steel thought it would be a shame if it was destroyed now.

After being touched by Black Steel, Han Sen woke up from his daze. Han Sen looked confused, hearing what he said. And so, he asked, “Tell people what?”

He hadn’t heard anything else that had been spoken. All he had heard was what Black Steel had spoken to him.

But when that went into the ears of Kriman and the others, they misunderstood. They thought Han Sen was admitting he didn’t know or see anything. Hence why he had nothing to say.

Kriman laughed and said, “Black Steel, you heard him. I didn’t misplace my blame. I admire Genius Han for one thing only: his shamelessness. He didn’t learn anything, despite staring at it for half an hour. I couldn’t bring myself to do such a thing.”

Sad Night coldly laughed and said, “Because he is a genius, isn’t that right? He isn’t like us. He is already so smart, he was able to tell us the shocking fact that it was a good knife. What more can we expect?”

Han Sen heard that and quickly understood what was going on without even needing to ask Black Steel.

Seeing Kriman and Sad Night speak, Han Sen coldly said, “I won’t tell you, but my teacher did teach me something. Instead of using words, I can perform, and what I perform will make you smile.”

“We would like to see what shocking performance you could do for us. You are not going to perform the astounding Speech of Good again, are you?” Kriman spoke strangely.

He thought Han Sen was changing the topic, hence why he was repeating the same insults. He didn’t want Han Sen to escape this.

Han Sen smiled. He casually said, “I learned a geno art called Moon.”

