

## Chapter 2111

### Violent Human

Han Sen's fist punched the Dragon that was made of a draconic presence, and it made him into something that was like paste. Han Sen punched into the being, pulverizing all the fist came into contact with.

Pang!

When Han Sen's fist collided with Dragon Thirty-Nine's fist, Dragon Thirty-Nine's face turned crooked.

His fist and arm was twisted, too. Dragon Thirty-Nine's fist came against Han Sen's fist like a ball hitting a sheet of steel. The finger bones cracked, making his facial expressions distort. The whole arm was made to twist, shattering the armor as it all occurred.

Han Sen's fist was still advancing, as well. It was strong like a piston-driven pillar, driving itself straight into Dragon Thirty-Nine's chest.

Dragon Thirty-Nine's muscles were no match, and they immediately buckled to the force and started to cave in. His body was quick to look like a cooked shrimp. Dragon blood gushed as Han Sen's foe went flying backwards.

Pang!

Dragon Thirty-Nine's body came back down, digging a long trench through the earth. He eventually hit rocks. The velocity of skid was so strong, he broke through the rocks, and it was only then that he came to a stop.

Dragon Nineteen and Dragon Nine were both in shock. Their mouths were open wide in what best amounted to a fine helping of disbelief. All they could do was stare at the Dragon dust. They could not believe their eyes.

With Dragon's bodies being what they were, it was hard to comprehend one could be defeated so easily by someone of the same tier. That punch almost killed Dragon Thirty-Nine with ease.

It wasn't just the Dragon that were in shock, either. All the other Marquises that witnessed the fight were flabbergasted, too.

That was because it was a Dragon. The world's bravest sorts were of the Dragon. One of them had been punched, soaring through the air like a ragdoll. It was quite scary.

"Human... dollar... What is that race... Have you heard of them before?"

"No... human... sounds so strange..."

“Scary... Even a Dragon’s body was punched that way...”

“The bodies of humans are scary.”

Many creatures began to ravenously discuss the event. Dragon Thirty-Nine was soaked in his own blood, hopelessly trying to scramble out from the rubble of the rocks. His chest was still sunken and he could barely rise to his feet. Dragon blood kept pouring out of his facial orifices.

“Roar!” Dragon Thirty-Nine roared. His body expanded, and his Dragon wings possessed a frightening draconic aura. His body was suddenly overtaken by what looked like real dragon scales. His Dragon horns were shining more than ever. Overall, he was now looking like a bonafide dragon, albeit in a humanoid form.

Furthermore, the arm that had been broken by Han Sen was healed.

Dragon Thirty-Nine had become a xenogeneic. That was the form he had activated. And with him now firing on all cylinders, he approached his opponent. His body broke through space to teleport directly before Han Sen. His scaled fists came forward in a punch towards Han Sen’s chest.

The fist tore through the air and then exploded. To witness the pressure, force, and power of that soaring punch, you’d be swift to think that it could obliterate any mountain.

Another hand appeared then, though. It was one that was clad in a golden armor. It appeared directly before that newly-scaled fist. Those long, gold fingers grabbed Dragon Thirty-Nine’s incoming fist.

That scary punch was brought to a complete standstill. All of its power and desired impact vanished in less than a second. It felt as if his punch had all just been pretend, and it was all an illusion where no strength was actually used.

In everyone’s shocked eyes, the gold-armored hand moved. Dragon Thirty-Nine was then picked up by it.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The strong xenogeneic body of Dragon Thirty-Nine was reduced into a mere punching bag. Han Sen grabbed it and kept swinging it up and down to create two giant craters in the ground.

Dragon Thirty-Nine’s mutant Dragon body was totally broken. After a few hits, the rigidity was lost and it became soft.

“Wa-la!” The noise of a paper being ripped sounded. Dragon Thirty-Nine’s almost-obliterated body disappeared into thin air.

“Too crazy. He can even kill a Dragon that brutally... how strong is that guy’s body...”

“He is not of the same level, surely. Dragon Thirty-Nine was quick to rip his paper, but I don’t blame him. A few more hits like that and he was bound to blow up.”

“They were both Marquise, and that guy beat the Dragon. Why are the bodies of humans so scary.”

“I wonder why I haven’t heard of this race before?”

Many creatures began to ravenously discuss the event. Dragon Thirty-Nine was soaked in his own blood, hopelessly trying to scramble out from the rubble of the rocks. His chest was still sunken and he could barely rise to his feet. Dragon blood kept pouring out of his facial orifices.

“Roar!” Dragon Thirty-Nine roared. His body expanded, and his Dragon wings possessed a frightening draconic aura. His body was suddenly overtaken by what looked like real dragon scales. His Dragon horns were shining more than ever. Overall, he was now looking like a bonafide dragon, albeit in a humanoid form.

Furthermore, the arm that had been broken by Han Sen was healed.

Dragon Thirty-Nine had become a xenogeneic. That was the form he had activated. And with him now firing on all cylinders, he approached his opponent. His body broke through space to teleport directly before Han Sen. His scaled fists came forward in a punch towards Han Sen’s chest.

The fist tore through the air and then exploded. To witness the pressure, force, and power of that soaring punch, you’d be swift to think that it could obliterate any mountain.

Another hand appeared then, though. It was one that was clad in a golden armor. It appeared directly before that newly-scaled fist. Those long, gold fingers grabbed Dragon Thirty-Nine’s incoming fist.

That scary punch was brought to a complete standstill. All of its power and desired impact vanished in less than a second. It felt as if his punch had all just been pretend, and it was all an illusion where no strength was actually used.

In everyone’s shocked eyes, the gold-armored hand moved. Dragon Thirty-Nine was then picked up by it.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

The strong xenogeneic body of Dragon Thirty-Nine was reduced into a mere punching bag. Han Sen grabbed it and kept swinging it up and down to create two giant craters in the ground.

Dragon Thirty-Nine’s mutant Dragon body as totally broken. After a few hits, the rigidity was lost and it became soft.

“Wa-la!” The noise of a paper being ripped sounded. Dragon Thirty-Nine’s almost-obliterated body disappeared into thin air.

“Too crazy. He can even kill a Dragon that brutally... how strong is that guy’s body...”

“He is not of the same level, surely. Dragon Thirty-Nine was quick to rip his paper, but I don’t blame him. A few more hits like that and he was bound to blow up.”

“They were both Marquise, and that guy beat the Dragon. Why are the bodies of humans so scary.”

“I wonder why I haven’t heard of this race before?”

## Chapter 2112 There are Still Creatures Like That?

Crazy Cow Viscount kept attacking Littleflower, but despite all its efforts, it could not hit him. All its scary punches ended up flying harmless past or hitting the ground, kicking up a flurry of sand.

“Don’t run! Fight Grandpa Cow,” Crazy Cow Viscount shouted as he chased after Littleflower.

He had thrown countless punches, but he couldn’t even brush Littleflower’s clothing.

At the same time, Littleflower was completely confused. Crazy Cow was so ferocious and confident, but Littleflower could not wrap his head around why the creature’s attacks were so flawed.

“This must be a trick...” Littleflower usually practiced with the elites in Sacred, and even a simple attack from one of those monsters had subtlety and depth.

Littleflower had learned that skills that appeared simple were often the most frightening.

So, Littleflower thought that Crazy Cow’s confidence meant it was a strong enemy. He kept thinking that the cow’s awful techniques and misses were some sort of trick. He never once contemplated there might be noobs in the world.

But as time went by, Littleflower eventually realized the mistakes were indeed genuine. There was no ulterior motive, and he was not going to be tricked.

“Fight me! Fight me! Fight me!” Crazy Cow was getting mad. He was looking murderous, and there was no fear in his rage-filled eyes.

He had punched for so long, but he had yet to even damage Littleflower’s clothes. He felt so powerless, and that overwhelming sense of failure drove him even crazier. He wanted to fight, not run around trying to catch a mouse.

Suddenly, Crazy Cow Viscount saw Littleflower come to a stop. He was so happy. He gathered up all his power and turned it into speed. He raced forward faster than he ever had in his life, preparing to punch Littleflower. He shouted, “Kid, there is nowhere to run!”

Littleflower was not planning on running, though. He too lifted a fist, aiming it at Crazy Cow.

“Good! Come and feel Grandpa Cow’s power.” Excitement pulsed through Crazy Cow’s veins. His big body twisted as he threw all his power into his punch.

Pang!

Crazy Cow Viscount’s giant fist came against Littleflower’s own little fist.

But Crazy Cow's creepily ecstatic face went blank. He looked shocked at first, and then that shock became horror as his body reversed direction and began to soar backward. With the twinkle of a star, he disappeared somewhere in the distance.

"Could it really have been that weak?" Littleflower froze. He stared up at the sky, not believing what had just happened.

...

Inside another section of the Geno Being Scroll, many fights were raging. People were getting kicked out of the match every second, whittling down the roster to only the ten thousand that were allowed to remain.

Han Sen slowly walked across a field, but there were no creatures around. Even if he had been really eager to get into a fight, he wouldn't have been able to. He'd been walking for a while, and he still hadn't seen anyone.

Time passed, and many more creatures were kicked out. After ten days, the initial fights came to an end. Han Sen spent most of that time waiting. After defeating Dragon Thirty-Nine, he hadn't encountered any other creatures.

Han Sen was resting on a field when he felt the dimension distort. He eventually found himself back in the Fire Lotus system.

The other tier battles ended over the next few days, and when the roster for every tier had been whittled down to ten thousand, the painting on the scroll became dust. It started to show the rankings again.

Han Sen looked over it, and he found himself in the nine thousand bracket of the Marquise tier. He was practically near the end, but there was the figure 2 listed by his name. Han Sen started reading the other entries, and he saw that every other being had a number beside their name, as well. The higher their rank, the greater their number.

Han Sen quickly realized what he was looking at. That was the number of enemies they had defeated.

After Han Sen entered the Geno Being Scroll, he killed Black Steel Beast and Dragon Thirty-Nine. He didn't kill any more Marquises, and no one else sought to provoke him. So, his score remained a measly 2. The names up high on the rankings had thousands of wins.

But those rankings were just temporary. When the ranked fights began, that was when you fought for first place.

Han Sen looked at the first few ranks, and he saw Dragon Eight of the Dragon occupying the number one slot. The one that was number two was just a paw print. What race that was, Han Sen hadn't a clue.

The next few were beings of races Han Sen was unfamiliar with. There was a Demon at number five, however, and its name was Kahn.

"That guy survived and joined the Geno Being Scroll, huh?" Han Sen moved on, unconcerned.

Han Sen looked further down and saw a few more creatures he did not know. There were too many different races in the geno universe. Han Sen hadn't expected to recognize many names, but he did see a few Sky in lofty places on the leaderboards.

When Han Sen looked into the eight thousand ranks, he saw Lone Bamboo's name.

"It looks like the rankings don't mean much now. Many of the truly scary sorts are probably at the back, like Lone Bamboo," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen looked at the other ranks, but it was like looking at nothing. He didn't know any of them.

Han Sen turned to the King class tier rankings and saw Knife Queen there. She was six thousand places away from the top. Since the Sky Palace leader was deified, he couldn't participate in the Geno Being Scroll. But even if he had been able to, he wouldn't have joined.

The first place in the King class rankings was held by Dragon One. Han Sen did not know if it was the Dragon One he encountered in Return Ruin Sea or the Dragon One from a century ago. They were two different people.

The Dragons were ranked like that every generation, so there was always more than one Dragon One.

Han Sen was not interested in the low level ranks. He only glanced at the first few lackadaisically. When he looked at the Viscount scoring, though, he was given a shock.

"Littleflower?" Han Sen saw the first rank on the Viscount leaderboard read "Sacred – Han Littleflower."

"That cannot be my Littleflower, can it?" Excitement bubbled within Han Sen. If that was really his son, then Han Sen now knew that he was in a place called Sacred. It'd be much easier to find him with that name.

For the longest time, he had been unable to find out where Littleflower was being held. It was all because he had no clue where to even begin looking. The universe was far too big.

Han Sen wanted the rank fights to start soon, so he could confirm that the Viscount leaderboard was true. He wanted to find out if that Littleflower was indeed his son.

## **Chapter 2113 Evil Eye**

Han Sen was not the only one taking notice of Littleflower, though. Not by a long shot. The whole geno universe had started to pay attention to the previously-unknown Viscount named Littleflower.

Most people didn't give Han Sen a second thought due to the score he had ended up on, and the title of Sacred was a far more enticing subject to talk about.

Sacred was actually a faction, not a race. In fact, it had once conquered all the other races, and its roots reached far back into the history of the universe. Sacred was actually the very first race to light a lantern.

Despite their former glory, something awful must have taken place that had sunk the faction into darkness and obscurity. It was commonly believed that all the old Sacred elites had vanished from the universe.

But now, someone had used the name Sacred to participate in the Geno Being Scroll's leaderboard. And in addition to that, that contestant had come out on top of the Viscounts. It was drawing quite a bit of attention.

Truthfully, only the oldest people really knew about Sacred and the implications of Littleflower's rise. Most people only admired Littleflower's score because of his tender age.

In the geno universe, size did not represent your age. But, to put it simply, Littleflower just looked like a kid.

On a primal planet, an old man stood clutching a staff. His head was that of a dog. He looked at the Geno Being Scroll's scoreboard—the Viscount one, in particular. Seeing the name Sacred made his old eyes shine brightly.

“Sacred has an heir?” he asked.

“Those \*sshholes of Sacred aren't dead yet?” Deep in a sea, a dragon-like creature stared up through the water at the scoreboard. The word Sacred worried him.

In many places across the geno universe, mysterious people and creatures were observing the Geno Being scoreboard. They all examined the person occupying first place for Viscounts.

Sacred and Littleflower's name was suddenly all across the geno universe.

Han Sen's rank, meanwhile, was way too low. No one paid attention to the bottom ranks of the Marquises.

Deciding to remain in the Fire Lotus system for the time being, Han Sen browsed the web. He soon came to learn that the most popular Marquise wasn't Lone Bamboo or Dragon Eight: it was a man known as Evil Eye.

Many gamblers had put swathes of money on Evil Eye winning. Some websites had surveys on xenogeneic rankings. On these, Evil Eye had much support. Dragon Eight was in second place in terms of popularity, but Evil Eye was favored multiple times over.

“Who is this Evil Eye? He has so much support. Is he stronger than Lone Bamboo?” Han Sen couldn't believe this was correct, and so he tried to find more information on Evil Eye.

After checking him out, he realized Evil Eye was actually quite famous.

The Feathers had the Pool of Rebirth, and it could reset geno armaments but also level up a person's talents. The Buddha had a technique that could pass all knowledge and skills to a person of the next generation.

But those powers weren't real, physical rebirth. Evil Eye, however, was a person that could really be reborn.

So far, no one knew what sort of creature Evil Eye was. No one knew his race, and they only knew his name was Evil Eye. He had become famous long ago, because he used to be indestructible in the geno universe.

Even deified elites died of old age, and the same was true for Evil Eye. But not long after Evil Eye died, another Evil Eye would be born. The new Evil Eye was not of the same race as the first one, and neither was he as strong. When he was found, he was just an Earl.

But as time passed, this Evil Eye became stronger. He even became stronger than the first Evil Eye. He was unstoppable.

As millennia passed, this cycle continued. Every time Evil Eye died, a new Evil Eye would rise from a different race and become stronger than the last.

Evil Eye had appeared as a Dragon, Demon, Feather, and even as one of the Meka. The only constant thread connecting the Evil Eyes was their possession of four evil eyes.

But Evil Eye himself had said that there had only been one Evil Eye. He said that there was only him and no others.

So, people started to believe that Evil Eye could really be reborn. Whenever he died, he was reincarnated in a new form. What method he used to accomplish this was unknown, as was the reason why he always appeared as a member of a different race.

This time, when he was reborn, no one knew what race he belonged to. All that could be gleaned was the name he had on the scoreboard.

In the initial battle, he hadn't killed a single opponent. He was at the bottom of the Marquise list, but the name Evil Eye instilled a confidence in the people of the geno universe that he would be the one to become first rank.

After so many cycles of rebirth, his mind had become deified. It was just that his body was still tethered to the level of Marquise. No one would treat him as an ordinary Marquise, though.

Even powerful Marshals like Lone Bamboo and Dragon Eight would think Evil Eye was better than themselves. Evil Eye was above everyone.

"I can't believe there's a guy like this out here. It'll be hard to achieve first place, if so. I hope I don't run into him too soon. If I do, all my efforts will go to waste if I end up fighting him here at the beginning." As Han Sen read the legends about Evil Eye, his curiosity grew.



There were ten thousand Marquises who would be engaged in battle, though. He didn't think he'd be unlucky enough to encounter Evil Eye.

On the day that the ranked fights were ready to begin, all the people in the geno universe watched the leaderboards intently. The strong ones did, especially. They were hoping to fight weak enemies, too.

Quickly, though, the leaderboard on the Geno Being Scroll started to move. When it became legible again, it had split into a schedule of fights.

Han Sen glanced at his listed opponent and noticed it wasn't Evil Eye. This made him feel very relieved. He didn't think he was the best Marquise anymore, and he thought it'd be best if he started with a less desperate fight.

But when Han Sen looked closer, he was given a shock. His first opponent was listed as Kahn – Demon.

"It looks like my fate is intertwined with Kahn's." Han Sen smiled.

### **Chapter 2114 First Figh**

After looking at the opponents he would have to go up against, Han Sen glanced over Littleflower's potential foes that were in the Viscount tier. He noticed that in the midst of them all, there was one particular race that he had never heard of before. It was represented by a simple paw print.

"Ugh, whatever. I don't care. I just need to finish this next fight as soon as I am able to, so I can find out if that Viscount is truly my Littleflower," Han Sen thought to himself.

The Geno Being Scroll was special. All the creatures in the galaxy could watch the fights unfold. Even creatures without eyes could feel what was happening in the fights. But no matter what tools or skills you used, nothing could record the fights for later viewing.

If you used a machine to try to record any of the matches that were taking place, and you later went to play the files you had created, you would only see footage of a bronze scroll in the sky. The scroll itself would look completely empty.

All the tiers started fighting at the same time, so Han Sen would have to finish his fights before Littleflower did. That way, he could race to see Littleflower.

The teams were established, and again, the names upon the scroll became dust. A painting then appeared instead.

Same as before, Han Sen felt things around him become distorted. He soon entered the scroll again, and the paper with his name written on it appeared next to him.

But the arena was different than it had been the last time. This time, he was on the sea. His body hovered above the waves. He looked around and saw a Demon man a few thousand meters away. He was looking at Han Sen, too.

Kahn saw Han Sen and frowned. He couldn't tell what race his opponent was beneath the gold armor he was clad in, but he presumed him to be a Demon.

"Dollar? Human?" Kahn looked at Han Sen's paper and mulled the details over to himself.

He was the strongest Marquise Demon to participate in the Geno Being Scroll. Even so, Kahn was not a reckless man, and he had taken the time to research every Marquise that he might be going against.

In regards to the human Dollar, Kahn knew he had defeated Dragon Thirty-Nine. So, Kahn would not underestimate him.

Katcha!

Kahn became a xenogeneic. He grew to ten meters tall, and a demonic air gathered around his body.

When Han Sen saw Kahn become a giant, he was surprised. He didn't know how the Demon did it. Previously, Han Sen had annihilated his giant body, but he was fine now. He had been fixed, and he was a giant just like before. He seemed to be even stronger than before.

His transformation was a little different this time around, though. He was wearing a pair of gloves, which did not break as his body grew larger. They expanded with him.

The gloves looked to have been forged from black steel, but they were laden with spikes. One of them in particular was extremely long, and its tip was sharper than a needle.

Kahn had learned from his mistakes. He had repeatedly practiced with giant techniques, and in doing so, he obtained a treasure he'd be able to use in that form. It was for emergencies, in the event a killing blow missed.

The glove was a King class weapon called Lightning Spike. If Kahn hadn't been so special to the Demons, he wouldn't have been allowed to use a King class weapon. Although Kahn couldn't access all of its power, he could still use some of it. It was enough to maximize his punching speed for a Marquise.

With Lightning Spike, his punching speed was as great as the red cloud. No one could take advantage of him when it came to speed now.

He had the power of a giant, and it was coupled with the speed of the Lightning Spike. Kahn didn't know if he could defeat Evil Eye, but he was confident in his ability to compete with Lone Bamboo and Dragon Eight. He was certain that he could reach the top ten.

Kahn was not naive enough to think his current position within the top five could be maintained. Many elites did not care about the top ranking as they stood, though. Many of the top elites were happy enough to stay at the bottom of the list right now, but he would be satisfied if he could remain within the top ten when all was said and done.

“Go to hell!” Kahn roared. His giant body came running towards Han Sen across the sea. The gloves he wore were like black bolts of lightning. They came before Han Sen in a stunning display of strength.

Sky Demon powers, when married with the speed of the Lightning Spikes, was something Kahn hoped wouldn't miss. With the addition of his giant powers, few could withstand a devastating blow like that. He just had to ensure his hit landed on the target.

It was a fight Han Sen wished to end quickly. Seeing Kahn rushing towards him like this was perfect. He cast his Blood- Pulse Sutra and Jadeskin and threw a punch towards the giant Kahn.

The crystallized blood boiled inside Han Sen's body. His flesh became jade, as two separate powers fused inside him. But Han Sen did not release a Jadeskin godlight. He only used the actual strength of his body to combat Kahn's incoming fist.

Katcha!

The Lightning Spike punched through Han Sen's gold-plated gauntlet. Kahn looked murderous, wanting to ram the spike on through Han Sen's body.

The next second, Kahn looked on in disbelief. The mighty Lightning Spike had only managed to pierce Han Sen's armor. When it punched through the garb and came into contact with Han Sen's skin, it rang with the sound of rattled metal and could not go any further.

When Han Sen's Jadeskin became Marquise level, it was a much stronger change than what had occurred with the Blood-Pulse Sutra. Now, his body was as sturdy as a top tier Dragon's.

Boom!

The two goliath powers collided. The ripples of the shockwave were so devastating that they created waves that were a hundred meters high. Kahn's body was sent stumbling backward a few hundred meters, too. Han Sen, on the other hand, only fell back ten meters.

Kahn and the other Demons that were watching this were in shock. The vitality of Kahn's giant body ought to have been unrivaled. Not many could beat him, especially of the Marquise rank. For Dollar to beat Kahn's giant power was more than surprising.

“Wow, I wonder what humans are? How can they be that scary and strong? They are scarier than the Dragon,” someone exclaimed.

Kahn snarled. He was officially peeved now, because he could not believe that someone had just bested him with raw strength. He could only assume that it must have been a fluke, and so he gathered up more power to attack Han Sen again.

“I don't have time to fight you. I need to see Littleflower.” Han Sen raised his hand, and then, a gold light appeared between his fingers. It became a coin.

Ding!

Han Sen moved his fingers, launching the coin out to strike Kahn's incoming fist.

**Chapter 2115 Littleflower Gets Famous**

The coin became stuck to the giant fist that was surging with power. And as soon as it was attached to the hand, Kahn's fist was yanked down as if a mountain had just fallen across it.

It wasn't just the fist that fell, either. Kahn's entire body dropped with his fist, falling into the sea that resided below the two fighters.

Pang!

Kahn couldn't stand atop the water, either. The phantom weight he had been afflicted with had to be far too heavy to allow that. He fell straight into the water, and beneath its waves, he started to sink fast.

Han Sen was rather surprised by this himself. This was the first time he had ever used his modified Coin powers, and the results had exceeded his expectations.

Han Sen had used Turtle, the Sky Palace force, and Suppress Evil to modify his own skill Coin. He couldn't use it in front of others in fear of revealing his identity, so these results were pretty decent for the skill's first use in real combat.

After all, it was quite the feat for Coin to have the encumbering strength to make Kahn's giant body plunge into the sea. Kahn's attempts at resisting the force had been entirely futile.

Pang! Pang! Pang! Pang!

That coin was like a mountain attached to the giant's right glove. Not even Kahn's power could keep him from sinking.

The water churned as the giant kept thrashing about in the sea. His power pushed the water away, but it was ultimately pointless. He couldn't swim, and slowly, his body began to sink. The deeper he got, the less his thrashing disturbed the surface of the water. It was difficult to tell how far Kahn went down exactly.

Now Han Sen almost regretted the decision to make use of the technique, though. He wanted to get through this fight quickly, but Kahn was now someplace under the sea. The power of Coin would only suppress Kahn, not kill him. To finish his foe off for good, Han Sen would have to do so in the water.

Before Han Sen joined Kahn in the sea, however, there was a flash of white light. A shattered paper appeared, bearing Kahn's name.

Han Sen was shocked once more. He had only made Kahn fall into the water. Why would Kahn give up so swiftly by ripping up his paper? The Demon and his frightful body could traverse and survive the expanse of space, after all.

The other Demons that watched this fight were confused, too. They did not know why Kahn conceded the fight after falling into the sea.

Han Sen hadn't realized what he had truly done to Kahn. Kahn was strong, but his giant body was heavy. With the Coin, he kept sinking and sinking into the deep sea.

But that ocean was bottomless. He had gone down at least thirty thousand meters, and there was no end to be found and no sign of a seabed showing up anytime soon, either. What's more, the sheer pressure of the water was becoming unbearably strong.

Kahn wanted to swim up, out, and away, but there was too much pressure on his fist now. Unless he let go of the Lightning Spike gloves, he'd sink with them to a dire end.

Above all, though, Kahn acknowledged he wasn't going to win. And if he gave up his Lightning Spikes, he'd certainly have no chance of fighting his opponent. Losing that King class item would be the worst result of all, so he settled for giving up the fight and just forfeiting his participation in the Geno Being Scroll.

He knew he wouldn't stand a chance and that it was for the best, but still, it made him very depressed. He had no idea how he had lost the fight so easily.

The dimension around Han Sen then became distorted. He came out of the Geno Being Scroll, appearing back on Planet Fire Lotus.

Han Sen quickly looked at the bronze scroll, but Han Littleflower's fight had already ended.

"I was too slow!" Han Sen sighed. And then, he browsed the web. Many creatures were discussing Littleflower's fight.

And then, Han Sen realized it did not matter how fast he was, as he was going to be beaten no matter what. Littleflower's fights in the Viscount tier never seemed to last longer than a measly three seconds.

According to the description of what happened, Han Sen was able to learn that Littleflower was a boy in white armor. His face couldn't be described due to the aforementioned armor. All in all, though, the descriptions matched Littleflower's age.

Han Sen felt depressed. His phone rang then, and he heard Stay Up Late's voice on the other end. Stay Up Late sounded so excited, and he said, "Have you seen Han Littleflower in the Geno Being Scroll? He looks just like Littleflower!"

"I was busy. I couldn't watch it." Han Sen felt depressed.

"That is a shame. The fight was so fast, I would have liked to see more. But it really did look like Littleflower. It'd be pretty amazing if it was him." Stay Up Late was now in an even greater rush to find him.

Although Han Sen had performed well, his fight didn't attract much notice. Aside from some Demons and Dragons spectating, few others watched him perform.

Han Littleflower was the one who became the center of attention. Everyone watched him fight because of his power.

And in addition to that, many wished to confirm his identity from the fights and try to determine if he really was from Sacred.

There were many more fights to come, and Han Sen finished each one as fast as he could. But every time, Littleflower was faster than he was. And because of that, he never had the chance to see him.

Littleflower was popular all around. He one-hit-killed everything. No one had been able to come close to beating him thus far.

“Too scary! What race is Littleflower?”

“Even Demons and Dragons are beaten by him. He is too scary.”

“I don’t know what kind of monster can be that scary.”

“Sacred is not a race, though. Sacred is a place.”

“He looks like one of the Sky. Only the Sky can raise someone this sick.” “The Sky are strong, but they’re not that strong.”

Throughout the universe, people tried to guess Littleflower’s true identity. But no one was able to deduce who he really was.

While Han Sen sat in a restaurant, he heard such discussions. He felt depressed he couldn’t see Littleflower’s fights.

“Is that kid really my son?” Han Sen wondered.

Inside the realm of the Dragon, Dragon Nine, Dragon Nineteen, and Dragon Thirty-Nine were waiting for Dragon Eight. When he arrived, they got up to welcome him.

“Brother Nine, Sister Nineteen, Brother Thirty-Nine, are you all here to celebrate me?” Dragon Eight smiled.

Dragon Nineteen spoke. “Brother Eight, we saw your schedule. In two more rounds, you will face-off against some human named Dollar.

“Does it matter who I fight?” Dragon Eight said carelessly.

This guy is very strong. He is scary! Brother Thirty-Nine was unable to withstand his punch. Kahn became a giant, but even he was beaten. We watched his fights, and each one was a crushing victory. I don’t know where that guy came from, but you can most certainly not underestimate him. He is like our best Dragon. Don’t be careless against him,” Dragon Nineteen said.

To me, every enemy is the same. Even with Evil Eye in front of me, I will win.” Dragon Eight spoke calmly, but his eyes sparkled with confidence. “I hope that Dollar is as strong as you say. The stronger the better, really.

## **Chapter 2116 Evil Eye**

Han Sen didn't get to see Littleflower fight, so he went to watch others fight instead.

Of the Marquises, he managed to watch Dragon Eight and Lone Bamboo fight. Han Sen wanted to see Evil Eye fight, but he soon learned that all of Evil Eye's opponents gave up whenever they were pitted against him. No one wished to battle someone that frightening.

Han Sen thought he wouldn't get to see Evil Eye fighting that day, but much to his surprise, he did. That day, a creature was brave or foolish enough to stay and fight.

That creature had three heads and six arms. It looked like a demon wearing silver armor. Its two lower hands gripped rods, while its other four arms wielded a knife, a sword, an ax, and a stick individually. Each of the beast's heads was unique. The middle head was that of a bird, while the other two bore demonic faces. The left looked female, whereas the right two looked male. The three heads looked as if they could talk to each other, as well.

The weapons in the creature's six hands were shining brilliantly against Evil Eye.

The lights were strange, and each sheen was of a different color. It looked like it wielded a variety of different powers. The rod was wood. The knife was gold. The sword was water. The ax was fire. The stick was earth. All five weapons were unleashing light together. It looked as if they worked together in a formation, and when the five powers gathered up, the attack power was given a boost.

Han Sen thought that when the five powers combined, they'd be as strong as his body.

"There are many hidden elites scattered throughout this universe. One elite can combine all these powers? Judging from all of these skills and abilities, there is no doubt he is one of the greatest Marquises out there. That power he has combined is almost as great as my power," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen looked at the three-headed, six-armed creature's slip of paper. It said, "Destroyed – Rage Man." Han Sen realized Destroyed was one of the top five races in the geno hall. That was why this being was so strong.

Han Sen looked at Rage Man's opponent. He was wearing a purple and white set of armor. The purple bone flowers on the armor were raised from its surface. Han Sen couldn't see his face, but his body was shaped like a human's. After being reborn this time, no one knew what race Evil Eye belonged to.

When Rage Man attacked, Evil Eye didn't fight, but he traveled through the bushes around him like the wind. Rage Man made full use of his power, but he still could not touch Evil Eye.

"Evil Eye, are you merely going to keep dodging?" Rage Man suddenly stopped. His six eyes stared at Evil Eye with a smile.

Evil Eye stood where he was, and when he replied, his voice was toneless. "You are the first creature that has dared to fight me. For that, I will spare your life."

“The others might be scared of you, but I am not. You can say something like this when I let you survive.” Rage Man looked very angry, and his weapons rattled in his hands.

Around Evil Eye, many lights formed. Five different colors blended together to become one singular albeit giant light. The light trapped Evil Eye in its beam. Power burst out of Rage Man as he tried to squeeze and condense the light around his opponent. He was trying to kill Evil Eye.

Han Sen was surprised. Rage Man’s light skill was similar to Han Sen’s knife silks.

Han Sen’s knife silks could be cast whenever, but Rage Man needed five elements to create his prison. That meant his skill had a restriction, compared to Han Sen’s knife silks that could be used whenever.

Seeing Rage Man able to use power like that, Han Sen knew he was a special person.

“Where are you going to hide now?” Rage Man shouted. The five lights tightened around his enemy, and it looked likely to mince Evil Eye’s body into tiny bits.

Evil Eye was still in the light. He lifted his right hand to press against the light. The people watching expected an amazing fight to unfold. But when Evil Eye’s hand touched the light, the light shattered. The formation of light became a mess of simple beams. It was like a vortex existed on Evil Eye’s hand, pulling them in casually.

Evil Eye collected all those lights in his hand, until a baseball-sized orb of light gathered on his palm. The light looked scarier than it had earlier, like some sort of bomb.

“This... impossible...” Rage Man stuttered. His hardest attack with five elemental powers had been unable to do a speck of damage to Evil Eye. Evil Eye broke it and confiscated the power for himself.

Evil Eye threw the colorful orb of light at Rage Man. It looked like a basic, casual lob, but the light orb warped space as it stormed toward Rage Man. It didn’t even leave Rage Man an opening to dodge.

Rage Man roared. He used his five weapons to gather up another orb of light and fired this newly-created orb back at the light orb that was currently on its way to him.

Boom!

Rage Man had done his absolute best to gather up all his power and strike the other light orb with the new one. The two airborne orbs of light exploded as they collided.

Argh!

The results weren’t good for Rage Man, as each of his weapons was immediately destroyed in the chaotic power unleashed against him. Furthermore, his armor shattered, and every single item he was currently carrying was destroyed in the blink of an eye.

However, the strangest thing about all of this was that Rage Man was not injured. Even after he screamed for what he thought would be the last time, he turned out to be fine.

That scary power had only broken his armor and weapons. Every item he possessed was destroyed, but he himself was not injured. He didn’t even have a single singed hair.



Rage Man screamed because he thought he was going to die. He was not injured, and so he just stood where he was. With his mouth agape, his face turned green. He looked embarrassed.

“I told you I wasn’t going to kill you,” Evil Eye said.

Rage Man’s three faces turned green and red. He ripped apart his paper and left the Geno Being Scroll.

“Evil Eye really is Evil Eye! The elite from Destroyed was like a baby before him. They weren’t on the same level.”

“He used Rage Man’s power to defeat him, and somehow managed to do it without hurting him. Evil Eye controls his power like a god.”

“He is supposed to be deified. I don’t know how many times he has been.”

“It looks like there are no others likely to become number one in the Marquise rankings. Rage Man is just as good as Dragon Eight and Lone Bamboo, but if even he was that useless against Evil Eye, no other Marquise stands a chance of beating him.”

“It looks like the occupant for number one is settled.”

“Evil Eye, what a scary man.”

The people that watched the fight were in shock. They greatly admired Evil Eye. He was too good for the others to even be jealous of his talents.

## **Chapter 2117 Fighting Dragon Eigh**

After having witnessed Evil Eye and Rage Man’s battle, Han Sen was in shock. It was primarily due to the manner in which Evil Eye won the fight. Rage Man’s bolt of power had been a combination of five different elemental energies, and Evil Eye broke it in a way that was hauntingly reminiscent of Super Spank. The strike had eliminated the sequence structure of the opponent’s technique and then gone even further to rebuild it.

“Evil Eye has a power that is extremely similar to the Dongxuan Sutra. He re<sub>御</sub> will be a difficult foe to deal with.” Han Sen frowned.

He couldn’t learn too much from the fight, though. Someone like Rage Man couldn’t push Evil Eye hard enough to show what his true capabilities were.

“We’re going to need someone like Lone Bamboo to go up against Evil Eye.” Han Sen perused the list to see if that could happen, but ended up finding an unfortunate factoid. If he and Evil Eye kept winning their fights, Han Sen would encounter Evil Eye before Lone Bamboo would. Han Sen wouldn’t be able to watch Lone Bamboo go up against Evil Eye unless he himself lost to Lone Bamboo.

And before he encountered Lone Bamboo, he’d have to deal with Dragon Eight. He was one of Han Sen’s next opponents.

“This schedule is very bad. Why are all these big baddies being pitted against me?” Han Sen felt his depression rise. He was not afraid of his opponents, but he did not want to put too much effort into winning the competition.

Han Sen looked at another tier’s round of bouts. He saw Xie Qing King doing well with the Earls. But then his heart jumped as he read Xie Qing King’s name.

Xie Qing King had only put the name Xie Qing down. He hadn’t written down his race. Han Sen kept scrolling through the Earl list in worry, but after seeing everyone’s name, he was brought a modicum of relief. Gu Qingcheng hadn’t written down her name, so perhaps she had not participated.

If she had joined, with her race being identified as a human, that would not bode well. There was every chance that the renegade god would want to hunt her down.

Han Sen quickly called Zero. He was afraid their communications might be monitored, and that was why he didn’t contact Planet Eclipse directly. With so much going on right now, he’d forgotten all about this.

Han Sen told Zero about his talk with God’s Retribution. He then asked Zero to get in touch with Gu Qingcheng and the others, to inform them not to mention anything about humans that hailed from the sanctuaries.

Han Sen had said this before, but to be safe, he thought it was best to remind them again.

Zero thought that Xie Qing King was their only companion who had joined the fights. Not many people liked to participate in bouts that didn’t offer many benefits. Only Xie Qing King, who loved a good fight, had joined.

After Han Sen finished a quick fight, he went to watch Xie Qing King’s combat. Xie Qing King’s geno armament let him draw his opponent, so he could stand by and watch the enemy fight its own shadow clone. He did this often, and whenever the enemy was winded or tired, he would swoop in to finish them with a punch. It was quite a shocking performance he kept giving, especially for an Earl.

Han Sen saw Yisha fighting, too. That woman was far too violent, he thought. Her Teeth powers were enough to make the mightiest of Kings run away. She hadn’t yet encountered anyone half-deified, though. But at least ordinary Kings wouldn’t be able to defeat her.

But Han Sen hadn’t managed to see Littleflower, and this boy was the one person he wished to watch more than any other. Littleflower’s legacy-building was an ongoing thing, but perhaps it was because he had yet to fight a strong foe. Perhaps that was the whole reason he had proven unbeatable thus far.

“My next fight is versus Dragon Eight. I hope it won’t cause me too much trouble.” Han Sen wasn’t interested in prolonged fights. He just wanted to get through each engagement as easily as possible.

Han Sen’s fight with Dragon Eight had drawn quite the crowd, though. Not many people had focused on his last few fights, but this time, he was going up against the infamous Dragon Eight. Many races had

been investigating Dragon Eight, to gain an advantage in the rankings for themselves or their heirs. Their focus was always on Dragon Eight, of course.

Han Sen drew attention when he entered the fight, and someone realized that he was the same man that had defeated Kahn.

“Who is this human Dollar? He sure doesn’t look feeble.”

“Anyone who could beat Kahn must have some amount of strength. But while that may be true, he cannot be stronger than Dragon Eight.”

“Dragon Eight will win this fight. Let’s see how much trouble Dollar can cause him first, though. If he can at least injure Dragon Eight or reveal much of his true strength, then Dragon Eight will be in danger when fighting Lone Bamboo next.”

“It does not matter. Regardless of who wins, Evil Eye will be first.”

“Our Evil Eye is so strong!”

“Evil Eye is invincible!”

Regardless of a conversation’s subject matter, it eventually drifted to Evil Eye. In that Geno Being Scroll, Evil Eye received more attention than any King.

When Han Sen re-entered the Geno Being Scroll, his opponent was Dragon Eight.

Han Sen looked directly at Dragon Eight. He was like all the other Dragons Han Sen had witnessed before, in that he was extremely strong and exuded a frightening presence. His lifeforce looked like a volcano that was in the midst of an eruption. The Dragons were fearless and confident, and even through their plates of armor, Han Sen could recognize them in an instant.

Han Sen had fought many Dragons by this point, so he knew much about them. Dragon Eight sure seemed different from Dragon Nine, though. He had gold armor that didn’t look too different from the four-faced, eight-armed buddha soul armor. He didn’t hold a Dragon spear, though. Instead, he just stood before Han Sen with his fists.

Both of them wore gold armor. Dragon Eight was three meters tall, whereas Han Sen was two meters tall. And Han Sen did not have muscle like Dragon Eight. His figure was quite slim, by comparison.

And Dragon Eight had those intimidating Dragon wings. It all made Dragon Eight appear much stronger than Han Sen.

“They are both wearing gold armor, but why does Dragon Eight look so elegant, whereas Dollar looks practically disheveled?”

“This is Dragon Eight of the Dragon. They naturally possess that elegant presence. Elites from a smaller place cannot exude the presence of such nobility.”

“Yeah. Now it looks like only one of them is a Noble, and the other is a cheap knock-off.”

“But that Dollar doesn’t look weak. Perhaps he will be able to make Dragon Eight sweat and get us more information.”

“I hope he lasts long enough for us to learn something valuable. When our heirs fight Dragon Eight, it will be far easier for them to win.”

The Dragons and the Demons that watched the fight weren’t happy. They had been watching Dollar for some time, and they knew he was a tough foe.

Especially Dragon Nine and the others. They really worried about Dragon Eight.

They weren’t worried about Dragon Eight not winning, though. They were merely worried over the mysterious Dollar and his unknown capabilities. They did not want to see Dragon Eight get tricked.

### **Chapter 2118 Gold Dragon Body**

On a mountain that was composed of black stones, Dragon Eight calmly looked down upon his opponent Han Sen. He began slowly flapping his wings. Each flap was stronger than the last.

He was different from Dragon Nine and the others. Dragon Eight was not fond of the traditional Dragon spears that the others favored. He vastly preferred using his own body as a weapon. He was confident in his own abilities as his greatest asset.

Dragon Eight’s body tore through the fabric of space and appeared directly in front of Han Sen. His fist was like a rocket of steel, primed to strike Han Sen’s head.

Before the fist landed, though, his gold draconic presence was ruptured with lightning.

Han Sen did not dodge. Instead, he raised his fist up to meet his opponent’s strike.

Pang!

The fists came at each other, and when they collided, both of their bodies rattled. But even so, neither of them fell back an inch. They only leaned backwards, with their arms still forward. It all transpired within a single second. And before the onlookers could blink, their bodies had straightened out again. They each bounced back with another punch.

Their fists came at each other repeatedly, then. Dragon Eight and Han Sen were frozen in the skies of battle, with fists hitting fists over and over.

“That Dollar’s body is remarkably strong! He can actually fight Dragon Eight, right off the bat.” Many people and creatures were impressed by the spectacle.

Dragons were the bravest across the whole universe. Everyone knew they were strong, and Dragon Eight was the strongest of the current generation. His Dragon body was top-class, and there was no doubt about that.

A Marquise of a race that had never been heard of before was now fighting against that Dragon body. Dollar's gold figure now seemed a little spooky.

Evil Eye had finished his fight around this time. He was spared what little trouble a fight would cost, too, for his opponent had conceded.

After looking over the roster of current fights, Evil Eye's first thought was to look for Lone Bamboo. But surprisingly, Lone Bamboo had finished his own fight, as well.

So, Evil Eye looked at a few other places. Some others he was interested in were still fighting, but many had finished already. He decided to take a look at Dragon Eight And there' he found Han Sen fighting in a way that shocked him.

Evil Eye had only wanted to see Dragon Eight, but when he saw the fight, his focus immediately shifted to Han Sen.

"Eye, what are you looking at?" A little girl stood next to him. She pulled his hand, raised her head, and stared right at him. She looked so curious.

"I have seen a guy who quite interests me," Evil Eye said simply.

When the little girl heard that, the curious look on her face vanished. She looked disappointed, and she said, "Eye, he must be a dead man walking, then."

"Interesting ones always die early. Yes, that is their destiny. The blame cannot be laid on me." Evil Eye smiled.

The little girl smiled, too. "Why do interesting people always die early? Does God not like them?"

Evil Eye shook his head. "No. God loves them. That is why they get to experience so many interesting things. They are usually dangerous, though, and that is why they die earlier than most."

"I guess that makes sense." The little girl felt as if something was amiss, but she couldn't quite tell what it was.

The little girl then proceeded to ask, "Is this interesting man you're talking about going to die soon?"

"He won't die all that easily," Evil Eye said, with a slump of his shoulders.

"What if he ends up meeting you?" the little girl asked, blinking.

"I don't like people who are more interesting than me," Evil Eye said coldly.

The two of them walked towards an old city, hand-in-hand. The little girl repeatedly asked him questions.

Pang!

A scary power broke across the mountain, cutting a massive crater in its craggy surface.

Han Sen and Dragon Eight's bodies were sent flying by the impact. They both flew back exactly fifty meters. They looked at each other across the pit.

"This is a good fight. But I'm afraid we are only just getting started! I hope you can last longer," Dragon Eight said. Then, his body burst at the seams with a massive Dragon light. He became taller, and his form rippled with muscles. Ghost Dragon Scales spread all over him, becoming an armorset. His body looked to have been made of gold.

The xenogeneic Dragon Eight was even stronger. The gold Dragon air became an Evilbreaker Dragonlight. It was different from Dragon Nine's Evilbreaker Dragonlight. Dragon Eight's Evilbreaker Dragonlight wasn't as concentrated, but it had a mass of power that Dragon Nine had lacked. Dragon Eight's xenogeneic Dragon body was in the air now, and it didn't attack yet. Its gold eyes peered down at Han Sen. "My gold Dragon body is indestructible. I hope you are prepared."

Han Sen looked at Dragon Eight and quietly reprimanded him. "You shouldn't reveal your powers to the enemy."

"The Dragon are fearless. Even if the whole world knows my powers, it is fine. I will still win," Dragon Eight said. He then flapped his wings and teleported directly in front of Han Sen.

But this time, Dragon Eight didn't just use his fists. When he approached, his whole body became a lethal weapon. It was like a mercury spill that sought to ravage Han Sen's body with a flurry of constant attacks.

Finger. Palm. Fist. Elbow. Leg. Knee. Back. Wing. Horn. Leg. Shoulder. Even the gold Dragon's hair became a lethal weapon.

When his body moved, there was power. Dragon Eight's entire body became a gold killing machine.

Dragon Eight had completely abandoned defense, as all his skills were based on attacking. After all those unleashed attacks, Dragon Eight became stronger. Like waves, stacking together, the Dragonlight grew larger.

Han Sen was something of a grandmaster when it came to close-quarter combat. He wasn't outmatched by Dragon Eight, and so he could counter every strike, using finger against finger and palm against palm. Han Sen was able to break every attack Dragon Eight attempted.

Dragon Eight's attacks were strong like a swelling tide, but he lacked defense. If his attacks were flawed, then he would be open to a strike.

Han Sen found his opportunity, and his hand became a knife as it swiped across Dragon Eight's chest. A firework of sparks erupted as he sliced through the gold Dragon scales to expose his flesh and gold blood.

Dragon Eight showed no concern for the wound he had just incurred, though. He continued to attack Han Sen, as if the injured body was not even his. And what's more, the wound healed in a second, anyway. Not even a scar remained.

Pang!

Because Han Sen had just struck Dragon Eight, it was too late for him to dodge the counterstrike. He used his arm to block Dragon Eight's fist, but the armor shielding his arm was broken by Dragon Eight's blow. Han Sen's body was sent back fifty meters before he was able to come to a stop and stabilize himself. His feet had dug trenches in the ground all the way.

Dragon Eight roared and did not relent in his assault. He was too strong to be suppressed now.

## **Chapter 2119 Dollar Shows Off**

"It is no wonder that the Dragon are considered the bravest in the world. With an attack power like this, they do not have to fear anyone on the same level," Han Sen complimented his opponent.

His power wasn't as great as Dragon Eight's. Jadeskin made his body sturdier, but when it leveled up to Marquise, it gave him some ice powers, too. The evolution wasn't entirely focused on making his body sturdier, so when compared to the gold Dragon body, he was in inferior shape.

Han Sen could not use Jadeskin godlights in this fight, or people might suspect he was Han Sen. If he had been able to, though, he'd have fared a much better chance.

Dragon Eight was continuously growing stronger. Han Sen was at a vast disadvantage right now, and even the spectators were surprised by how things were turning out.

"Dragon Eight is very powerful. With this much strength, felling Dukes must be an easy feat."

"The race of the Dragon is getting stronger. Dragon Eight is only the eighth of this generation, as well! He is so strong. No one of the same level can ever hope to beat him."

"Dollar is not bad, I'll give him that. After all, he has pushed Dragon Eight to this point. This was the first time he has had to make use of his gold Dragon body in a ranked fight."

"Dollar is actually quite strong. He must be one of the best Marquises in the universe. If he didn't have the misfortune of being pitted against Dragon Eight, he could definitely have gone much further. I bet reaching the top ten would not be all that difficult for him."

"What a shame."

"Dragons are still the strongest. With the power that they wield, and with the addition of gold Dragon bodies, Dragon Eight can most certainly challenge Evil Eye."

“I think so. Gold Dragon body makes Dragon Eight invincible, but adding to that, his attack power seems to know no bounds. It keeps increasing! If his gold Dragon body is strong enough, he could very well engage a King.”

“Fighting a King is a bit of an exaggeration, I think. No matter how strong his gold Dragon body is, he cannot withstand the power that a King wields. But if this continues, he could definitely rival a Duke without much trouble.”

Inside Sky Palace, Yun Suyi, Yun Sushang, Thousand Feather Crane, and First Day were watching the fights together.

Yun Suyi was shocked. “The Dragon is so powerful! I think the bodies of the Sky might be weaker than theirs.”

Thousand Feather Crane nodded and said, “As one of the ten higher races, the Dragon are indeed stronger than we are.

But simple vitality isn’t our area of expertise. Battles always boil down to one thing, and that is a fighter’s skills in combat. But yes, this Dragon Eight is the most physically powerful. Out of those in Sky Palace, I believe only Lone Bamboo can challenge him.”

“What about Han Sen?” Yun Suyi said.

“Han Sen is strong, but he is not of the Sky. I am merely comparing the Sky and the Dragon.” Thousand Feather Crane smiled at Yun Suyi.

Yun Suyi blushed. “I was just saying.”

“We don’t know where Han Sen even is right now, anyway.” First Day sighed.

After First Day spoke, Yun Suyi immediately looked depressed. Yun Sushang said, “Didn’t Mister Dream say that Han Sen is still alive, though? Mister Dream isn’t one to tell lies. I am sure he will be back here soon enough.”

“I know he will be. It’s just a shame he could not participate in the Geno Being Scroll,” Yun Suyi said.

Han Sen saw that Dragon Eight was growing stronger and stronger without any sign of stopping. Han Sen had managed to hurt him a few times, but after each wound, Dragon Eight’s recovery powers proved too much. He was like new moments after every injury.

Han Sen couldn’t use his Teeth powers, and even if he could, it might not have proven able to tear the gold Dragon body to shreds.

Dragon Eight was correct in what he had spoken. There was no need for him to be afraid of anyone on the same level as him. Even if the opponent knew about his powers beforehand, it was likely that there was nothing they could do to beat him.

Han Sen could fight Dragon Eight, but he could not use many of his powers now that he was in his Dollar persona. So, he gave up fighting with Dragon Eight.



Giving up did not mean Han Sen was willing to lose, though. He just wanted this to be over.

Dragon Eight was like a killing machine as he pursued Han Sen. Han Sen couldn't shake him, so he resolved to do something. Dragon Eight's fist appeared in front of him again, and he gathered up something gold to challenge it. It was a coin, and it was aimed at Dragon Eight's forehead. It went for him like a bolt of lightning.

At such a close distance, Dragon Eight was unable to dodge. He wouldn't have thought of doing that anyway, even if he had enough time. He ignored the coin and continued coming for Han Sen.

Han Sen threw a punch at Dragon Eight. His fist slipped silently through the air and was immediately repulsed. Han Sen's body floated up like a cloud as he was punched away.

Han Sen hung weightlessly in the sky, but he looked down upon Dragon Eight calmly.

The coin was fixed to Dragon Eight's forehead now. Dragon Eight crouched and then flapped his wings, wanting to close the distance and return to battling Han Sen up in the sky.

But when he flapped his dragon wings, he found himself unable to lift off. He was still on the ground.

Everyone was shocked, not sure what was going on. It seemed that something was wrong with Dragon Eight.

It seemed like he was being held back by something, but the Dragons' Evilbreaker powers should have been able to remove any ailment put upon them. Seal powers would not work on them, and that was half the reason why they were considered invincible.

But right now, Dragon Eight was being suppressed by some force. He was unable to fly, which put him in a dire position.

"You are too cocky! The Dragon body is definitely strong, but it isn't impervious to everything," Han Sen said with certainty as he hung in the air.

Dragon Eight roared, and his Dragonlight erupted like a volcano. He grabbed the coin on his forehead and tried to rip it off. But no matter how much Dragonlight he released, the coin was still stuck to his forehead. It wouldn't come off.

Many people saw Dragon Eight trying to remove the coin from his forehead. Instead of attacking, Han Sen just drifted in the sky, watching Dragon Eight struggle with the coin. No matter how much he tried, though, the coin remained fixed to his forehead.

Dragon Eight was angry. He did not care about the coin. He wanted to get Han Sen, and so he threw a punch into the

The Dragonlight on his fist blasted out like a volcano, but when Dragon Eight stepped forward, his knees went soft and buckled. He fell to his knees on the ground. When he had tried to attack Han Sen, his body immediately buckled under the pressure.

Everyone was shocked to see a coin suppress an elite like Dragon Eight in such a manner. It was a skill that no one had heard of before.

## 2120 Fearless Dragon

Ding!

The number displayed upon the coin was one. When Dragon Eight stepped forward, that figure became two. Already, the pressure upon him was twice as heavy. That was precisely why Dragon Eight had fallen to his knees with such a force that the earth caved in.

“What kind of geno art is this? It can suppress even the Dragon. I’ve never heard of something like this before.”

“He must have a body that is as mighty as the Dragon! And with a creepy geno art like that? Whoa. Humans are scary things. I wonder where these humans come from?”

“If we are able to claim this race and fold them into our own, they could prove very useful.”

The elites, seeing the name Dollar and the race name of Human, looked strange. Ideas began to hatch inside their heads.

Dragon Eight stood up from the ground, swinging a wild punch aimed at Han Sen. His body was still suppressed by the coin, though, so the punch moved slowly. It was also rather weak, for he needed most of his power to hold back the force of the coin upon him.

Han Sen remained motionless in the air, not even bothering to dodge. He simply punched Dragon Eight’s gold dragonlight and shattered it.

Ding!

The figure on the coin jumped from two to three. The pressure increased even more.

Dragon Eight suffered an enhanced amount of force. He had suspected an increase such as this could come about, so he had readied himself to withstand it without falling.

Coin, which Han Sen had modified, still had that special connection with him. Just like Han Sen’s Saving Money skill, the coin would increase pressure the more Han Sen imbued it with power. But the only downside to this was that Han Sen had to use his own power to increase the pressure. If he was interrupted during this process, the force of gravity would come to an end.

Dragon Eight would not be able to interrupt Han Sen easily, though. He had been too confident in his gold Dragon body. If he had used his gold Dragon body to try and break the coin before it landed or perhaps even dodge it, he would not have found himself in such a situation.

Ding!

The number on the coin changed once more. It had now gone from three to four. Dragon Eight's body began to tremble beneath the weight, and it was becoming incredibly difficult to move in the slightest.

"That geno art is too scary. It's still increasing pressure?" Thousand Feather Crane was shocked.

It wasn't only Thousand Feather Crane feeling this way, though. All who looked upon this fight were surprised, and chills ran down their spines. Seeing someone like Dragon Eight get suppressed like that made their heads itch.

If Dollar attacked Dragon Eight now, it was unlikely that Dragon Eight could repel the attack or fight back. He was going to lose.

Han Sen wanted to see how strong Dragon Eight really was, though. He did not attack. Instead, he just increased the amount of power in the coin.

Han Sen had a bit of a grudge against the Dragon, and dealings with them were likely far from over. Knowing more about what they could withstand might prove beneficial.

Killing Dragon Eight here would not affect the Dragon, but getting information from him would be a boon Han Sen would not be silly not to gather.

Ding!

When the coin reached the number of seven, the rocks beneath Dragon Eight's feet were crushed like tofu. His body began to sink lower into the stony ground.

Pang!

Dragon Eight's head leaned forward as his whole body began to sink into the rocks.

Pang!

"No way! Is Dragon Eight really going to lose?"

"How is Dragon Eight being manhandled like this?"

"That Dollar is quite good! We should think of a way to avoid suffering that particular skill."

Everyone was so scared as they watched. They had been so sure Dragon Eight would win the battle, but there had been a grand twist. Dragon Eight was the one that was losing.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Suddenly, Dragon Eight started to laugh from his place within the stone.

"What are you laughing at?" Han Sen looked at Dragon Eight with interest.

As he cackled like a madman, Dragon Eight said, "I am so happy. It has been so long since someone has been able to push me to do this. You and your geno art are strong."

"And this!" After Dragon Eight said that, he raised his hand and cut through his own head with a knife.

Katcha!

The gold Dragon blood spilled. The scales and the bones broke. He had cut a part of his own head off.

The clean cut revealed the brain inside, quivering within his skull. Then, he lopped some of the brain matter off.

The part that the Coin had been attached to fell to the ground. Dragon Eight was free again, and he pulled himself out of the stone.

After standing up, his head swiftly healed itself. It left no mark.

"I told you. My gold Dragon body makes me an immortal. You are strong, I'll give you that, and if you fought someone of another race, they'd definitely lose, but against someone like me? You can't win. I can cut off a part of my own head and be as right as rain." Dragon Eight was simmering with rage. After he spoke, that rage burst forth to consume the

"Brother Eight is so strong!"

"Haha... it does not matter how strong your geno art is... Brother Eight can cut his own head off without trouble. Why would he be afraid of your geno art?"

"Awesome, Brother Eight! Dragons are awesome."

Dragon Nine and the rest of the Dragon audience were in sheer delight. Seeing Dragon Eight stand back up gave them a huge boost of morale.

The other elites that had witnessed this scene were all frozen.

"The gold Dragon body is so strong."

"If this was another person going up against him, he'd definitely lose. The gold Dragon body can't be beaten."

"The Dragon must have been blessed by God himself. Such a powerful body existing is a blessing for every race, but the Dragon is only number eight."

"It is no wonder they are considered the bravest of all kinds. Dollar is in trouble now."

"This fight is certainly quite interesting."

Dragon Eight looked at Han Sen, who was up in the sky. He looked as if he wanted to fight so badly, and now, the gold Dragon light looked like lava. It made his whole body look like it was burning.

"Dollar! Use your powers all you like, but the Dragon are fearless!" Dragon Eight raised his head and pointed at Han Sen, who was aloft in the sky.

That presence was everywhere. It felt like even God might have to obey the will of the Dragon.

"It is a shame you have already lost," Han Sen said sadly.

"What do you mean?" Dragon Eight frowned.

Han Sen did not answer, and he merely pointed at Dragon Eight's forehead.

Everyone looked at where Han Sen was pointing. And when they saw what he referenced, their eyes opened wide. The coin that had been cut from Dragon Eight's head was now back on this forehead.

Pang!

That powerful gold Dragon body fell back to the ground immediately. A deep Dragon-shaped sinkhole formed.