

Chapter 2431

Tree Egg Comes Out of the Hole

“Luckily, I was able to retrieve the sword.” Night Wind stepped in front of Miss Mirror and bowed. He placed the sword down in front of her. The Duke was gone, so it seemed that Night Wind had gotten rid of the man.

“The sword was broken?” Miss Mirror asked, looking directly at Night Wind. She didn’t stoop to touch the sword.

It seemed like a pointless question to ask, but there was a deeper meaning to her inquiry.

Night Wind knew what she was asking. He immediately answered, “When I pulled it out, it was broken already. And I couldn’t find any pieces of the blade in the surrounding area, either. I tested what’s left of the blade, and while I don’t know what level it is, it could cut through the rubble like butter.”

Han Sen understood. Night Wind had answered three of Miss Mirror’s questions. He wasn’t the one to break the sword, and the sword hadn’t broken recently. Furthermore, the sword power was still inside it.

“Let’s see if we can use it to widen the hole in the tree,” Miss Mirror instructed Night Wind, still not touching the sword herself.

Han Sen knew why Miss Mirror didn’t want to accept the sword; she still didn’t know if Night Wind was going to betray her. If he really held traitorous intentions, he would reveal his true self and strike Miss Mirror down as soon as she took the sword.

Miss Mirror didn’t want to go against Night Wind just yet, so she didn’t want to touch the sword. First, she wanted to see if Night Wind could cut the tree open.

If he was unable to widen the hole, then the requiem egg tree would remain beyond their reach. In that case, they would no longer have any reason to distrust each other, and they’d continue cooperating in order to remove their red-eye affliction.

Night Wind was the strongest one there, so they would need his help.

“Let me see what I can do to free the egg,” Night Wind said, and then he approached the opening in the requiem tree. He lifted the sword and slashed toward the hole.

The dark color of the blade spread, and Night Wind’s dark substance chain struck the tree hole. The darkness broke and spilled everywhere.

But when the blade of the broken sword slammed into the hole, it bit into the trunk of the tree, splitting the wood in a narrow gash.

“It works!” Night Wind exulted. He pulled the broken sword free and then continued to strike the tree hole. Wood chips flew everywhere, and the fist-sized hole got bigger and bigger.

Han Sen and Miss Mirror simply stood beneath the tree, watching. While the broken sword was capable of cutting the tree, the wood of the tree itself was still incredibly hard. Night Wind was making progress, but only a few centimeters were achieved with each strike.

After slashing at the tree for half an hour, the hole had been expanded to the size of a frying pan’s lid. The requiem tree egg still wasn’t visible through the hole, of course.

“We’re almost there. Try to pull the egg out so that we can confirm that it’s genuine,” Miss Mirror said from down below.

Night Wind slung the broken sword across his back. He put his hand inside and felt around until he got a firm grip on the egg. Then he pulled the egg out as far as it would go. Only the tip was showing, though, as the hole was too small to pull the egg out completely.

From the part of it that was showing, the requiem tree egg appeared to be transparent. It looked like amber, in that it was tinged with a bit of gold. It looked pretty. It gave off a fragrance that awakened Han Sen’s senses, like his body was being rinsed clean by some holy liquid.

“It is a requiem tree egg!” Night Wind said with a grin.

Miss Mirror looked awed. Han Sen had never seen a requiem tree egg before, so he didn’t know what it was supposed to look like, but that gold crystal was obviously some good stuff.

Once they had confirmed the nature of the orb inside the tree, Night Wind let the egg fall back into the hole and went back to hacking at the tree trunk using the broken sword. Wood chips and shavings flew everywhere as the hole grew steadily larger.

Han Sen and Miss Mirror looked at each other. They could see the greediness and awareness in each other’s eyes.

Such a giant requiem tree egg was the rarest of treasures. They all wanted it for themselves, but Night Wind was too powerful. And Han Sen and Miss Mirror couldn’t predict if Night Wind would betray them.

In addition to being deified, he was now wielding that deadly broken sword. If he did decide to turn on them, Han Sen and Miss Mirror would be in a lot of danger.

After another hour of hacking away at the tree, the tree hole was an entire meter wide. It seemed as if they’d be able to pull the tree egg out now.

Night Wind swung the broken sword across his back. He leaned into the greatly expanded hole, using his hands to try to pull the egg out into the open.

Night Wind applied steady pressure, and the egg began to slide steadily, if slowly, out of the hole. The giant requiem tree egg was gold like amber, and the small section that had been revealed so far looked like the narrow end of a chicken's egg.

All three of them froze as they stared not at the egg itself, but at what lay beneath the egg's transparent exterior.

Within that small end of the gold egg, they could see a head. It looked like the head of someone who was either a human or one of the Extreme King.

The head appeared to belong to an eighteen-year-old girl. Her eyes were closed peacefully, and her hair appeared to be gold, but they couldn't tell if that was just the tint of the tree egg or her natural color.

Her eyelashes were long. In that serene pose, she looked like Sleeping Beauty from the fairytale.

"Why does the requiem tree egg have a creature inside it?" Night Wind asked, looking at the tree egg with confusion.

Miss Mirror looked at the tree egg, shook her head, and said, "I don't know. I've never heard of such a giant requiem tree egg. And I've never heard of there being life inside one of them."

"Is the requiem tree a xenogenic? Can the requiem tree breed and produce life?" Han Sen asked uncertainly.

"Maybe she accidentally entered the tree hole and died, and then her body was covered by resin. Maybe that is how she ended up like this," Night Wind mumbled thoughtfully to himself.

Han Sen's eyes suddenly hardened. He gritted his teeth and said, "Now we have one more person!"

When Night Wind and Miss Mirror heard him, their brows furrowed. The prediction of the six pictures revealed four faceless men. They thought that they had changed things by getting rid of the Duke. When their numbers were reduced to three, they thought they had trumped the prophecy.

But now the tree egg had a human-like creature inside, and that brought their numbers back up to four.

The three of them looked at each other nervously. Night Wind gnashed his teeth. He wanted to push the tree egg back into the hole.

But the tree egg suddenly shone with a golden light, and a wave of power tossed Night Wind away from the egg and the girl it contained. The egg shot out of the hole like a bullet, then fell to the ground where it rolled for a bit.

Now that they could see the tree egg's full appearance, it was just as Miss Mirror had predicted. Two meters tall and one meter wide. It was like a giant amber egg.

A naked, fifteen-year-old girl lay inside that tree egg. Beneath the blonde hair that spread across her shoulders, they could see a tattoo covering her whole back.

"A Nine-Life Cat!" Han Sen thought the instant he saw the tattoo. His nostrils flared, and he barely kept himself from shouting the words.

2432 The Prophecy Comes True

“This is rather ominous,” Han Sen thought in his heart.

He quickly reviewed the facts. There was a giant requiem tree inside Du God City. The tree contained a giant requiem egg, and there was a girl frozen within that egg, for some reason. The girl had a Nine-Life Cat tattoo across her entire back. Han Sen’s mind raced for an explanation, but he couldn’t come up with one.

The sight of a Nine-Life Cat tattoo on a woman’s back was familiar to Han Sen. This girl’s tattoo looked the same as Zero’s. It was exactly the same, in fact, and that was why Han Sen was so shocked.

“Is that girl inside the egg Zero’s sister? But that doesn’t make sense. Du God City fell a billion years ago. How long has Zero been alive? It doesn’t seem as if the two of them could be related. But then, why would they have the same tattoo on their backs? Is it the same organization’s branding? Blood Legion’s symbol is the Nine-Life Cat, but Blood Legion hasn’t been around as long as Du God City, and their history doesn’t reach back to the time before it fell. That godd*mn old cat... He must know all the answers I’m looking for...” Han Sen was giving himself a headache trying to figure all this out. He wanted to lay his hands on that old cat and string it up. He wanted to torture the feline so that he could learn everything it knew.

Katcha!

A snapping sound suddenly came from the egg, pulling Han Sen out of his thoughts. A crack had formed across the golden egg.

“Is that girl still alive?” Han Sen asked in amazement, slowly taking a single step back.

Miss Mirror, Night Wind, and Han Sen all had the same reaction. After falling back a little ways, they stopped. They couldn’t escape now. They hadn’t found a cure for their red eyes, and they were sure to die if they chose to leave.

But Han Sen was worried about something a little different. Although he also had red eyes that he couldn’t get rid of, he was more afraid that the weird power might be contagious. He didn’t want to risk infecting Bao’er or Ning Yue. That was why he had come here. He wanted to find some way to remove the infectious power, and if this abandoned city didn’t present any answers, he planned to try getting rid of the red eyes with his super god spirit body.

Han Sen had no control over what was occurring, and he couldn’t even tell if it was dangerous or not. He wanted to flee.

But before he had time to turn and run, he heard a humming tone like the sound one might expect from a viola. The giant egg cracked like glass around the form of the blonde girl, then shattered completely.

Seeing the scattered remains of the egg, Night Wind gnashed his teeth and dropped into a defensive crouch. His dark substance chains then shot out to collect all of the pieces of the egg.

The egg had disintegrated and fallen to the ground, but the girl still hung in the air. Her body was curled up in fetal position, and an intriguing scent wafted from her. She smelled like the requiem tree egg, but better. One moment Han Sen thought he could barely smell the scent, and the next moment it was almost overpowering.

“I don’t care who or what you are; I have to kill you now!” Dark substance chains circled and writhed around Night Wind’s body, and he sent increasing amounts of power into the hand that wasn’t holding the broken sword. After charging up his strike for a few seconds, he slashed at the girl.

Night Wind had no choice. If he didn’t go forward with this, the red-eye power would drive him insane. The only escape from this fate was to acquire more power.

His sword of darkness tore through the air toward the sleeping girl.

The girl’s body looked as if it was shielded by some invisible power. When Night Wind’s dark substance chains got within a foot of the girl, they shattered. His power couldn’t reach her.

Night Wind roared like thunder and prepared to slash with the broken sword instead. His dark substance chains were unable to damage the girl, so he poured all of his strength into the broken sword.

Since the broken sword was able to damage the requiem tree, he believed it should be able to harm the girl’s seemingly delicate skin.

The blade hissed through the air toward her, and it didn’t explode like the dark substance chain. He slashed downwards, but the sword moved so slowly. It was like the sword was gradually slicing through some invisible substance.

The sword descended toward the girl’s throat. The blade was going to touch her skin.

As this occurred, the girl’s eyes moved beneath their eyelids. It seemed as if she was about to wake up. Her blonde hair silently waved and shimmered.

To Night Wind’s surprise, the girl’s blonde hair rose and wrapped around the blade of the broken sword, stopping the weapon in an instant.

Night Wind stared. The broken sword that could cut through the requiem tree was unable to cut the girl’s hair.

Still gripping the broken sword by its handle, Night Wind used his substance chain in an attempt to pull the broken sword out of the entrapment of the girl’s hair. He tugged at it a few times, but it didn’t budge.

The girl finally opened her eyes. She had gold irises. She looked expressionlessly at Night Wind. Either that, or she was simply looking forward and he happened to be in the way.

Night Wind was a very decisive individual. When he was unable to pull the sword from her grasp, he abandoned the sword and turned to run.

Han Sen and Miss Mirror had started running as soon as Night Wind attacked the girl.

Speaking of running, Han Sen was the best at that. He ran faster than Miss Mirror, and that put him in front.

Miss Mirror wasn't slow, but she was King class. She wouldn't be as fast as Night Wind anymore, either. Night Wind quickly sped by her.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Area, which allowed him to see everything. Night Wind didn't slow down. He was headed past Han Sen like he was teleporting.

But with his expanded vision, Han Sen saw something hit Miss Mirror in her back. She tumbled to the ground with blood bubbling over her lips. And then, all of a sudden, the blonde girl was standing right next to Han Sen. Not even the Dongxuan Area had warned him that she was coming.

Pu-cha!

Night Wind had been moving around Han Sen, and when the blonde girl appeared, he almost bumped into her. He raised his arms to defend himself, but it was too late. The blonde girl was holding the broken sword, and she thrust it into Night Wind's heart with an almost casual motion.

Time stood still. Miss Mirror was on the ground. Han Sen was standing next to the blonde girl, and the blonde girl had stabbed the broken sword into Night Wind's chest. It was just like the fourth picture.

"Was it really a prophetic drawing?" Han Sen wondered. The only thing he knew for sure was that he would be unable to escape the girl. Not even the deified Night Wind had stood a chance against her speed.

Night Wind had been stabbed, and his face hadn't changed a bit. He did not have blood ooze from his chest, either. His body simply melted into the darkness and became formless. Then, he went to space.

The blonde-haired girl was still holding the broken sword in its thrusting position. She did not blink, and she still looked incredibly cold. It was like she had no focus.

But that broken sword's symbols had some golden flames on it. The broken sword was burning like a sun. It was shining with a scary, golden light.

"Argh!" Night Wind had become one with the darkness. Not even the broken sword cut hurt him now, but he screamed when the sun-like gold light shined on him.

His body was fading into the gold light that was like a sun. It only took a second to completely destroy his life force.

Han Sen felt a chill. Night Wind was a deified elite, and he had been killed in moments.

2433 Dead Lock

Miss Mirror was severely injured, and she wouldn't be getting back to her feet anytime soon. Blood continued to trickle past her lips, but luckily, her lifeforce still seemed stable. She was wounded, but not dying.

Han Sen turned around and looked at the blonde girl, and he noticed that she had turned around to look at him, too. They stared at each other, only a single step separating them.

"What the hell is happening right now?" Han Sen wondered. His heart was pounding like it was about to jump out of his chest, and he considered teleporting to the sanctuaries immediately.

This blonde girl had just executed a deified elite as easily as Han Sen might step on an insect. Attempting to fight her would be a death wish. Han Sen didn't want to die, so he didn't attempt to fight back or make any moves that the girl might interpret as aggression.

But when Han Sen saw the girl's eyes, he resisted the urge to hop back to the sanctuaries. She didn't look murderous.

Of course, that wasn't the most important reason that Han Sen was staying here rather than fleeing to the sanctuaries. He could already tell that the girl could strike with her sword much more quickly than Han Sen could use the Blood-Pulse Sutra to open a portal. She could cut his head off before he even finished summoning power.

So instead of running or fighting, both of them just stood there. Han Sen didn't move. He was afraid that any motion on his part might cause the blonde girl to attack.

But the blonde girl just stood where she was, not attacking. She looked in Han Sen's direction, but her eyes didn't seem focused. It was hard to tell if she really was looking at him.

Han Sen remained motionless as cold sweat beaded on his brow. The scary girl was as still as stone, and they had been staring at each other for ten minutes.

If they had been in a bar or pub, staring at a beautiful blonde girl for a prolonged amount of time would have been an enjoyable, relaxing thing for Han Sen. Instead, they were in an abandoned city in a cursed land, and Han Sen was anything but relaxed.

Looking at a pretty girl was like looking at a beautiful painting; Han Sen didn't need to touch it to enjoy the experience. But right now, Han Sen had difficulty breathing under the pressure. Every second felt as long as a century.

That girl was pretty indeed. She was like a blonde princess from a fairy tale, but no matter how attractive she was, thinking about how easily she had just killed a deified Extreme King kept Han Sen from calming himself down. Who knew when she might suddenly decide to cut Han Sen in half with a single swing of her sword?

“You should move. Show me a sign. Are we fighting or seeking peace?” Han Sen thought desperately. Sweat was running down his face now. He thought of a million ideas, but the girl was still just looking at him. Her eyes were dull, like she was badly dazed.

Han Sen gritted his teeth. He gradually moved his foot, wanting to step away from her, wondering if he could walk off slowly without disturbing her.

But he had only taken half a step when the blonde girl took one whole step toward Han Sen. She almost bumped into him. Han Sen immediately stopped, which made the girl stop, as well.

Both of them were much closer now. Han Sen could almost feel the girl’s breath, and he could smell her perfume again.

Han Sen didn’t move, and the girl didn’t either. The two of them continued to stare at each other again.

“Oh, my God, what is happening here? Is this girl really a princess? Does she think I am so handsome that she doesn’t want to kill me? Does she want to marry me instead? Just tell me if you want to marry me! Don’t just stand there doing nothing. It’s creepy!” Han Sen thought. If this girl liked him, she should summon her courage and tell him. If she was in love with him, that was totally fine; it was better than killing him, anyway.

If something didn’t happen soon, the tension was going to make Han Sen explode. The girl clearly hadn’t noticed how rigid and uncomfortable he was. Her eyes were still unfocused. When she stepped forward as he stepped away, it was probably a subconscious reaction.

Han Sen didn’t know what the girl would do once she woke up. If she had injured Miss Mirror and killed Night Wind without even being fully conscious, she must be pretty scary.

Then Han Sen remembered something that made it seem even less likely that this would end well for him.

The first four pictures on the screen had already come true. When Han Sen remembered the scene from the fifth picture, his heart began beating even faster.

In the fifth picture, one faceless man had been lying on the ground, and two other faceless men appeared to be fighting. One of them was gripping the other’s neck.

Han Sen could guess that the faceless man on the ground represented Miss Mirror, which meant that the fighting faceless men were the girl and himself. If he fought someone with her power, there was no way he could win.

Thinking of Miss Mirror, Han Sen glanced over at her. She was in a much better condition, and her wounds were healing quickly. But she lay on the ground, not attempting to get up or run away.

“Why isn’t she running?” Han Sen thought to himself. Then, he understood.

She must have remembered the fifth picture, as well. If the fifth picture came true, she might be the safest by remaining on the ground. If she got up to run, perhaps she would end up as the one fighting.

“So evil,” Han Sen thought.

The girl still hadn't moved, but it did seem as if her eyes were starting to brighten. She was slowly starting to wake up.

Han Sen kept thinking, “If those pictures are true, then only two faceless men will exist by the sixth picture. One will be on the floor, and the other will be kneeling in prayer before the statue with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes. I don't know if the one on the floor is dead or alive. If they are alive, then that means either Miss Mirror or I will survive. Only one of us will live, but that doesn't matter... Miss Mirror will be the one who dies. I will be the one who gets out.”

Han Sen was confident about this. He was very confident because he had the super god spirit body. He couldn't beat the girl, but he could use the short period of invincibility to return to the sanctuary.

Han Sen continued to think, and Miss Mirror remained on the ground, waiting for some chance. The girl, meanwhile, was looking at Han Sen. None of them were moving. It was like time had stood still, and everything was silent.

Life and awareness were flowing back into the girl's eyes. Only her eyes seemed to change, but somehow, they made her whole body seem different.

She had moved like an emotionless killing machine when she first came out of the egg, but now she seemed like a real human.

The girl blinked, and Han Sen's heart jumped in response. With this girl now awake, God only knew what she might do.

After the girl blinked, she seemed to come back to herself fully. She saw Han Sen, and so she moved. She jumped to him and grabbed him by the neck.

2434 Weird Girl

Han Sen felt something very powerful coming his way. His body leaned back reflexively, trying to get away from it. The blonde girl leaped on top of him.

Miss Mirror didn't move as the girl jumped and wrapped her arms around Han Sen's neck, her weight slamming into his chest and taking him to the ground. They both became entangled, just as the fifth picture on the screen had shown.

Han Sen had prepared himself for the inevitable fight, and as they fell, Han Sen's eyes started to turn white as he summoned his super god spirit body.

“Big brother... Wan'er has been waiting for you to come back!” The blonde girl was riding Han Sen hard, and she now wore a beautiful smile. She clutched his face, lowered her head, and kissed Han Sen on the forehead.

Han Sen was stunned. He didn't know what was going on, but the glowing white in his eyes started to recede.

Han Sen was still trying to summon his super god spirit body, but it vanished after the girl kissed him.

Something else disappeared, too; the blonde girl's golden light rapidly faded into nothing. The blonde hair that had shone like a sun was now like a fire that had been extinguished. It darkened until she had a full head of black hair. Even her golden pupils were now as dark as ink.

"I can finally be with big brother again." Wan'er pulled herself back upright, sitting on Han Sen's chest. She looked at Han Sen with her beautiful smile.

That sweet and happy smile made Han Sen freeze. At that moment, she looked so incredibly innocent.

The next second, her eyelids fluttered closed. She looked soft as she slumped down on Han Sen's chest, and a few seconds later, she lost consciousness.

"Hey, hey. Lady, you have it wrong. I'm not your big brother." Han Sen shifted the girl who referred to herself as Wan'er, sliding his arms under her as he climbed back to his feet.

Her skin appeared smooth, and it was very soft. Han Sen could no longer feel her scary presence and power. Her lifeforce had dropped to a tiny fraction of what it had been. Now she was as weak as a commoner in this universe, or perhaps even weaker.

If Han Sen hadn't seen her transform with his own eyes, he never would've imagined that this black-haired girl was the blonde girl who had taken out the deified Night Wind in a single blow.

Han Sen realized that the tattoo of the Nine-Life Cat on her back was now gone. The skin of her back was smooth and white as if the tattoo had never existed in the first place.

"What is going on?" Han Sen frowned. When he scanned the girl, he confirmed that she had passed out, but she was still alive. Her lifeforce was so low that it was concerning, however. It was hard to imagine how she had been able to blast out the scary power she had used earlier.

"Lady, wake up!" Han Sen pressed his finger to her lips to see if she really was in a coma or if she was just pretending instead.

But he quickly pulled his finger back, startled. The girl Wan'er didn't wake up, and her pink skin was bleeding where Han Sen had pressed his finger, as if her skin was fragile and paper-thin.

Han Sen hadn't even used strength. With the strength she had previously demonstrated, there should have been no way for Han Sen to leave a mark on her body, even if he used his full strength. But he had just slightly tapped her lips, and now the skin was broken and bleeding. She was no longer what she had been when she first woke up.

“What is this? What’s going on with her?” Han Sen looked at the girl weirdly.

Miss Mirror eventually got back to her feet. She picked up the broken sword and tried to stab Lady Wan’er.

Han Sen tightened his arms around the girl and dodged. Miss Mirror directed a hard stare at him. “What are you doing? Now is the best time to kill her. If she wakes up and becomes that blonde b*tch again, we won’t be able to kill her. Then we’ll be the ones to die.”

Han Sen frowned and looked at the girl. He had thought about doing this, as well.

He knew Miss Mirror was right. The girl’s body was like that of an average person right now. A random strike could kill her. This really was their best chance.

If she woke up and engaged her blondie mode, he and Miss Mirror would be unable to touch her. They might be in grave danger.

In the sixth picture, there were only two faceless people. That meant one of them was gone. If they didn’t kill the blonde girl now, that meant one of them would have to die. What happened next might be a conflict between Han Sen and Miss Mirror.

Because of all these things, killing the girl really seemed like the best choice. It would certainly sort out many of their current troubles, and it could heighten their chances for survival.

But Han Sen still hesitated. What Wan’er said to Han Sen before she fainted made him think. He didn’t think he was actually Wan’er’s big brother, but killing a girl who wasn’t currently hostile and couldn’t fight back was something Han Sen couldn’t make himself do.

And there was one thing that really did nag at him. His super god spirit body was supposed to be invincible, but the girl’s power had been able to cancel its activation. He was really confused about what had happened there.

His super god spirit power hadn’t been destroyed, just pushed back. Han Sen could activate the super god spirit body again, but the girl had done something that he had never experienced before. He cared deeply about what it could mean.

Miss Mirror knew what Han Sen was thinking. She lifted the sword and pointed it at the girl, saying, “Don’t get fooled by what she said. She probably knew she couldn’t last long, and that’s why she said it. She wanted to give you a reason to keep her alive. Shouldn’t you know that she isn’t your real sister?”

“She isn’t my sister, but I can’t do it.” Han Sen took off his jacket and covered the girl’s body.

The girl could have killed him, but she hadn’t. Han Sen knew that things were not as Miss Mirror was saying.

“If you cannot do it, then I will do it!” Miss Mirror growled.

“I’m sorry, but there is something I would like to ask her. Let’s decide once she has woken up,” Han Sen said as he held the girl.

“You are a gentleman, but you seem to have forgotten what the sixth picture depicts.” Miss Mirror laughed darkly.

“I didn’t forget. But you really don’t think that can predict our future, do you?” Han Sen asked calmly.

“I don’t know if it can predict our future, but everything predicted by the prior pictures came true. We have to be careful,” Miss Mirror said.

Han Sen knew Miss Mirror was correct. He sighed and said, “You should just go. Let me handle this. I will continue to explore. Even if the prophetic picture is correct, it doesn’t say that whoever isn’t in the picture ends up dead.”

“You and I have exchanged minds. You know what my personality is like.” Miss Mirror didn’t move. She raised the sword and pointed it at the girl in Han Sen’s arms.

Han Sen knew Miss Mirror’s personality well. She was ambitious, and that ambition compelled her to control every scenario. She wouldn’t allow others to dictate what course her future would take. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have gone to the stone fields in the first place. She only had to send Han Sen, Night Wind, or even Red Cloud.

“My Lady, can’t you see that we are walking right into that prophecy?” Han Sen looked at Miss Mirror. He had never believed in the prophecy anyway.

2435 Person in the Stone

Around the same time as the girl broke out of the egg, the human stone in the camp melted like ice. But instead of water, a substance that looked like blood emerged from the melting stone.

The two guinea pigs inside the warehouse witnessed this happen, and they backed away from the stone with wide eyes. They screamed and turned to run, but when their mouths opened, they stopped mid-stride. Their eyes turned red, and a scary presence came out of them.

More of that red blood oozed from the stone. It began to rise from the ground as a vapor, spreading to fill the surrounding air.

All the members of Spring Rain and the workers that were nearby fell under the influence of that invisible power. They all leveled up, their power increasing so quickly that it almost seemed like they were cheating. They increased one level, and their genes grew stronger.

All of the nearby Kings became half-deified, and the half-deifieds actually downgraded to become measly Dukes.

The creatures that had already been affected by the stone didn’t change again, but other than those few who had already been altered, there was only one anomaly: Ning Yue. He hadn’t been affected in any capacity.

His little green sword groaned, then flew up and landed in Ning Yue's hand. It shone green, bathing him in a protective light.

In Han Sen's room, Bao'er was still playing games with Falling Leaf. She looked up suddenly, and her face grew worried. She raised her hand and summoned a little gourd. The little gourd shone with a weird light of its own, covering herself, Falling Leaf, and the little red bird.

"What are you doing?" Falling Leaf asked, having no idea what Bao'er was actually doing. She saw the shining little gourd, but she didn't notice any of the other powers that were at play.

"Nothing. Let's continue our card game," Bao'er said with a blink.

Falling Leaf made no comment, and they resumed their game. Meanwhile, in the warehouse, the stone had completely melted. A white-haired man with white clothing had been revealed, sitting exactly where the stone had been. He looked pale, and he smelled musty and ancient. It was as if he had been sitting there forever, watching the days and the moons go by, and the stars themselves fall to darkness. Time must have moved like a river for him. It was like nothing in the world could leave a mark on him. The rise and fall of empires were mere moments to a man like this.

He let out a sigh. The man opened his eyes, and then he spoke to himself, "After all these lifetimes, I just want to get drunk with you. Is there any point living in this world without you?"

The white-haired man stood up and exited the warehouse.

The infected creatures of the base, meanwhile, were in the midst of fighting each other. Their levels had increased or decreased, and their eyes had turned red. They became insane and bloodthirsty, trying to kill anyone they could reach.

All kinds of powers were being used across the base. If the base hadn't been built out of the sturdy black rock, it would have been reduced to a ruin by now.

The white-haired man walked through the various pitched battles, but none of the crazed people attacked him. No power dared to land on him. He slid through the base like a ghost, immaterial and untouchable.

The man walked out of the base camp and turned his grey eyes up to look at the stars above.

The buildings behind him began to collapse under the ferocity of the fights, and explosions of power bloomed like fireworks. But the man was wholly uninterested, and he continued talking to himself. "This world is so boring without you."

The white-haired man looked at the base, and his eyes drifted toward Bao'er's room. Then, his calm eyes suddenly looked shocked.

Pang!

Falling Leaf and Bao'er were in the middle of playing card games. Suddenly, a booming noise shook the room, and the walls collapsed like the petals of a flower. But not a single piece of debris came near them.

When Falling Leaf looked outside, her eyes opened wide. The entire base was little more than a ruin. Spring Rain members and workers were all mixed together, fighting and killing each other like they'd been possessed. Dead bodies and torn flesh were strewn about in pools of blood.

"Are you guys crazy?" Falling Leaf shouted. But the crazed fighters paid no heed to her cry. They continued butchering each other in a frenzy.

Amidst the killing, the white-haired man walked gracefully toward them. He moved effortlessly through the destruction, and the violence fell away from him like oil over water.

Falling Leaf's heart leaped inside her chest. She flipped her hand and quickly brought out a dagger. She looked at the white-haired man and said firmly, "Stop! If you step closer, I'll kill you."

The white-haired man behaved as if he hadn't heard her. He kept walking toward the room, peering at Bao'er, who was atop the sofa.

She gave three warnings, but the white-haired man didn't seem to hear her. Falling Leaf had no idea what was going on, but Miss Mirror had commanded that she look after Bao'er and keep the girl safe, and that was exactly what Falling Leaf would do.

She thrust her dagger at the white-haired man. Falling Leaf's entire person seemed to connect with the universe. For a moment she was extending her dagger in an attack, and that moment froze, hovering like an afterimage. Then the afterimage vanished, and the only thing left behind was the sinking feeling of watching yellow leaves fall in late autumn, withered and dying.

That feeling of death flashed by the white-haired man, harmless. Falling Leaf was back where she had started as if nothing had happened. But Falling Leaf's pupils grew smaller. Her assassination skills were top-notch, and her full power attacks were a threat to even deified elites. But this man had simply ignored her attack, and he was still headed for Bao'er as if nothing had happened.

"How is that possible?" Falling Leaf couldn't believe her eyes as she stared at the white-haired man. Her chest constricted with sudden fear.

She had no idea how the white-haired man might have broken her strongest attack. Although he didn't look strong, there was a cold feeling in her stomach. Merely looking at the man gave Falling Leaf the creeps.

The man never looked at Falling Leaf, though. His attention was focused on Bao'er.

Bao'er grabbed her little gourd. Her face looked very dire, and she stared at the man as if he was an enemy.

Boom!

The little red bird on Bao'er's shoulder seemed to feel that it needed to intervene as well. It flew off of Bao'er's shoulder, becoming a scary fire phoenix that hovered right beside the girl. It cried at the white-haired man in warning, but it didn't attack. It actually looked quite afraid of the white-haired man.

“Interesting. Is this a combination of a phoenix and a fish bird? To be able to do this... This is quite interesting.” The white-haired man finally averted his gaze from Bao’er to look at the little red bird, intrigued.

Falling Leaf was frozen. She had thought the little red bird on Bao’er’s shoulder was a useless pet. But the scary presence it now exuded told her that it was actually a deified xenogeneic.

The next second, an even scarier thing happened. The white-haired man simply reached out and grabbed the fire phoenix out of the air. The bird’s fire vanished, and it didn’t even have a chance to resist. It returned to being that little red bird in his hands, and it couldn’t fly away.

2436 Girls Should Not Figh

The white-haired man looked at the little red bird in his hand. It kept squirming, thrashing its wings as it tried to escape the grasp. He spoke to himself, saying, “You really have phoenix and fish bird genes? And it is still so young? Who could do something like this?”

Bao’er looked at the white-haired man. She blinked and said, “Are you going to bully a kid and her pet?”

When the white-haired man heard Bao’er, he turned to her and smiled. Raising his hand, he freed the little red bird. It flapped its wings and quickly hid behind Bao’er, too afraid to reveal itself.

“What is your name?” the white-haired man asked Bao’er.

“Bao’er, Han Bao’er,” Bao’er answered seriously. Aside from the times when she was with Han Sen and Ji Yanran, she was rarely so honest.

“Not bad. Say hi to your father for me.” The white-haired man nodded to Bao’er, then turned to leave.

“What is your name?” Bao’er asked, looking at the white-haired man’s back.

“Tai Yi.” The white-haired man didn’t look back. He kept on walking. After a few steps, though, his body began to disappear into a ripple in space.

“What are you doing?” Bao’er asked.

“Calling in a debt. It’s time that I get back something that doesn’t belong to them.” The white-haired man’s voice echoed through the cosmos, drifting from an increasing distance until it vanished entirely.

Falling Leaf was left trembling. She had never seen someone use a teleportation skill while still sending back their voice. Even King Bai couldn’t do something like that.

As Falling Leaf recovered from her shock, someone cried out, calling for aid.

“Help!”

They turned around, and a girl wearing pink clothing was running through in the middle of the fight. She sprinted toward them, screaming and sobbing.

A Duke xenogeneic worker was chasing after her. It had no weapon, and it was reaching for the woman with its bare hands.

Based on how she was moving, the woman seemed stronger than the Duke worker. But she also looked terrified, and she ran recklessly without the will or courage to look back.

Bao'er cocked her head curiously as Ning Yue approached. She remembered Ning Yue, and no matter how much she tried, she couldn't connect this Ning Yue with the powerful person she used to know.

“Help me! Bao'er, help me!” Ning Yue pleaded, running forward like a dog with its tail between its legs.

Falling Leaf was about to stop Ning Yue, but Bao'er hastily told her. “Let him come.”

Ning Yue stumbled clumsily into the ruins of the room, and when she got there, she hid behind Bao'er, still shaking. “Too... Too scary! Save me, Bao'er!”

“Ha! Little Miss Ning Yue, you should be much stronger than that lame Duke. What are you afraid of?” Bao'er laughed, looking at Ning Yue as if she was eyeing a fun new toy.

Tremors still ran through Ning Yue's body. Her face looked pale. She really seemed to be rattled.

“Fighting—fighting is wrong! Murder is even more wrong... Plus, I am such a beautiful girl...”

“Ha!” Bao'er couldn't help but laugh. Her eyes smiled like a crescent moon, and she stroked Ning Yue's hair. “Right, right. You are so right. Pretty and cute girls like us shouldn't be fighting and killing.”

“I know, right?” Ning Yue frantically nodded her agreement. She still looked to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

Falling Leaf didn't agree at all. She swiftly used her dagger to cut the Duke's head off.

“What happened? Why is this happening? Does this have something to do with that man?” Falling Leaf looked around. The killing was taking place everywhere, and she didn't seem to know where to look.”

More creatures were toward them. Falling Leaf warned them loudly to stay back, but they didn't listen to her words, and so she had to fight and cut them down.

...

Han Sen and Miss Mirror were still having a stand-off. Neither of them had yet made the first move.

“Me or her. You can only pick one.” Miss Mirror eyed Han Sen, her grip on the broken sword still tight.

“Let's leave here together. This place is so scary; it will be safer if we go someplace with more people.” Han Sen smiled.

“Safety depends on what kind of partner you have. I don’t want to haul a ticking time bomb around with me, not knowing if it will explode at any moment,” Miss Mirror said.

“Then how about you keep going on ahead by yourself, and I will turn back with the girl. Is that okay?” Han Sen said after a moment of thought.

“No. Do you want her to bring harm to my Spring Rain?” Miss Mirror frowned.

“Then I will wait here with her and not go anywhere,” Han Sen said.

“No. If you cannot do it, then I will do it for you,” Miss Mirror said. She swung her sword at the girl in Han Sen’s arms.

Miss Mirror had become King class, but her will and intelligence were still deified. Her slash appeared like a rainbow, not straight, but mysteriously curved. It made it very difficult to tell where the sword was headed.

Han Sen’s movements were also difficult to predict, but after a couple of attempts to evade the attack, he was still unable to dodge Miss Mirror’s sword. He threw his palm out to intercept the broken sword. He touched its hilt, but not its blade.

The broken sword could cut through a requiem tree, so it was far too sharp to counter directly. Han Sen wouldn’t use his own weapon to block the blow. Even a deified treasure might be destroyed by the broken sword.

But when his palm struck the hilt of the broken sword, a sharp pain seared through his chest. A wave of power sent him flying and made his ribs groan under the strain. He tasted blood in the back of his mouth.

“What’s going on? Something injured my chest. Is this my own power?” Han Sen thought to himself, but Miss Mirror’s broken sword came slashing toward him again.

Miss Mirror was proving why she had been such a powerful deified elite. Her sword skills far exceeded Han Sen’s abilities, and she was still extremely strong.

And her sword skills were uncanny. No matter how much Han Sen varied his movement patterns, he couldn’t avoid the strike. It was kind of like a Falsified-Sky attack, but this attack lacked Causal powers.

Pang!

Han Sen had to reach out his hand to counter the attack. Like last time, his hand struck the hilt of the broken sword. Another impact thudded into his chest and sent him flying.

Miss Mirror followed him like his own shadow. She kept trying to strike that girl that Han Sen held in his arms.

“Is this your Mirror Spirit Body?” Han Sen asked as he retreated.

“Yes. Even as a King class, I can kill you easily. So don’t test my patience,” Miss Mirror said warningly.

“So your Mirror Spirit Body can only return attacks that I deal? That’s not very impressive,” Han Sen said.

“Maybe it’s not amazing, but it’s enough to kill you,” Miss Mirror declared.

“You’re willing to kill me?” Han Sen couldn’t fall back anymore. He wouldn’t be able to avoid the next attack, and he couldn’t counterattack Miss Mirror or the broken sword. He turned around and used his body to shield the girl from the blade.

“Don’t think that I won’t kill you,” Miss Mirror said with obvious annoyance, as she stopped her sword.

2437 Mirror Area

“My Lady is a princess of the Extreme King, and you are the king’s sister. You are the leader of Spring Rain. Are you really going to believe in the truthfulness of this ‘prophecy’? Tell me the real reason you want to kill her,” Han Sen said coolly as he eyed Miss Mirror.

Miss Mirror didn’t continue trying to attack him. She looked at Han Sen for a while before saying, “Prophecies can have very real power. Not many elites can actually predict the future, but there are some. Most notably, the Very High are very skilled at prophecy. They are able to predict events in a similar manner to how the pictures on that screen seem to function.”

“But that isn’t the real reason that you want to kill her,” Han Sen said, shaking his head.

Miss Mirror didn’t deny the accusation. “Right now, her body is weak, so weak that any noble could kill her. But the powers that she displayed earlier were very strong. Even Night Wind, a deified elite of the Extreme King, was brought down in a single blow. This strangely fluctuating power reminds me of someone from an old legend.”

“Who?” Han Sen raised his eyebrow.

“Sacred Leader,” Miss Mirror said slowly.

“How is that possible? Sacred Leader led so many powerful elites. If he had a weakness that was so obvious, I’m sure he would have died many times over,” Han Sen replied skeptically.

If Sacred Leader’s body was that weak, he would have had great difficulty keeping himself alive, let alone ruling an empire. He commanded a multitude of people with incredible power; such people would have discovered his weakness quite easily. There was no way Sacred Leader could have led Sacred for so long with such a blatant flaw.

“Of course, it is only a legend. Although Sacred Leader’s body was sometimes weak, he was always wearing a magical set of armor. Even those closest to Sacred Leader never saw his face. Plus, he was extremely skilled with the powers of time and space. Ambushing or trapping him would have been impossible. I don’t know exactly what it means, but this girl’s power is very abnormal. Maybe she is somehow connected with Sacred Leader. Even if they aren’t related, I must still take the precaution of killing her. I am not risking my life for her.” Miss Mirror looked at Han Sen and went on to say, “You

should leave now, as this is your last chance. If you try to stop me, I will kill you. I won't let you escape if you oppose me here."

Han Sen had questions he needed to ask the girl, many of which he desperately wanted to know the answers to. He didn't want her to die just yet.

"I am sorry, but I'd like for her to live," Han Sen murmured quietly.

Miss Mirror said nothing. She merely slashed towards Han Sen, letting her actions speak for her. She had made a decision. And if Han Sen was going to stop her from killing the girl, she would no longer try to avoid injuring him.

Based on the power in Miss Mirror's attack, it seemed that she was no longer playing around. And Han Sen knew it. He took this threat seriously. His Purple-Eye Butterfly kept spinning, analyzing Miss Mirror's sword skill.

He could use his Dongxuan Area to stop Miss Mirror's area and power, but that skill was part of his identity as Dollar. If Han Sen used it in this situation, then his identity would be exposed. He didn't want to have to do that unless it was absolutely necessary.

Miss Mirror's sword skills were strangely unpredictable. They were not Causal sword skills, but they were still hard to dodge. As he saw Miss Mirror coming, Han Sen moved again to avoid her blade.

Han Sen's movement was fast. He was faster than Miss Mirror, but somehow, the broken sword still hit him and sliced into his arm.

Han Sen had the undying Original Water King Body, so even if his body was cut open, he could heal immediately. Normal injuries wouldn't really hurt him. When he took a strike from that broken sword, however, his Original Water King Body wasn't healing.

"It looks like this broken sword might have been quite the infamous weapon. Even the Original Water King Body cannot stand against it. You better think about how much you really want to stop me. The next hit won't land on your arm," Miss Mirror promised, and then, she swung her sword. The sword arced like a rainbow, seeming to disappear mid-swing, like usual.

"I understand your sword skills." Han Sen moved, and Miss Mirror's attack hit nothing.

Miss Mirror froze. She swung her sword at Han Sen again. Many sword rainbows came down, but Han Sen was like a butterfly. He fluttered back and forth, weaving between the sword rainbows. He was still holding the girl, though, and so he couldn't fight back. But he dodged each and every one of Miss Mirror's attacks.

"This must be a combination of your Mirror Area and your sword skills. Sword skills that go across the Mirror World can't really be dodged. It flips the world, allowing an attack to travel through space that shouldn't exist. That keeps your opponents from discerning where a sword is coming from because they

can't follow the blade along its path. It is a very powerful move, but it is useless against someone like me," Han Sen said, continuing to speak calmly as he dodged Miss Mirror's attacks.

Miss Mirror finally forced herself to accept that Han Sen could see through her Mirror sword skills. Continuing to attack would be pointless, so she lowered the sword.

"Can we actually talk now?" Han Sen didn't want to fight with Miss Mirror. Doing that would lead them right into the prophesied scenario.

Miss Mirror gently laughed. "You think you have escaped my Mirror sword skills?"

"Have I not?" Han Sen asked.

"If you insist on getting in my way, I will let you see the real Mirror Area," Miss Mirror said, before lifting the sword in her hand again.

Han Sen knew Miss Mirror was an annoyingly powerful woman, so he hadn't let his guard down when she stopped attacking.

"I will use this sword to blind your left eye." Miss Mirror swung with the broken sword, but this time, no sword rainbows appeared, twisting sinuously through space itself. This power, power slammed into Han Sen with no warning.

Pain shot through Han Sen's left eye like it had been stabbed by a needle. Blood squirted from it, then the eyeball exploded. Han Sen didn't even see how she had managed to get his eye.

"This attack will break your right eye," Miss Mirror said simply, then she slashed again with her broken sword.

Han Sen focused, pushing his Purple-Eye Butterfly to the max. He still couldn't identify the power that was pushing the broken sword.

A ripping sensation came from his right eye, as if it had been cut by a blade as well. It exploded like the left eye, and blood poured from the socket.

Because of the broken sword's weird power, his eyes kept bleeding. The bleeding wasn't going to stop, and his blood wouldn't crystallize, either.

"Let go of that girl, or my next strike will kill you," Miss Mirror said in a hard tone.

Han Sen was now blind, but that didn't affect what he could feel. He still looked incredibly calm as he said, "I should have known this was the real Mirror Area. My eyes reflected you and your sword, so you could break my eyes using your mirror. Now that my eyes are destroyed, what else will reflect you and your sword? How are you going to kill me?"

Miss Mirror sighed. "You are too young. You think that's all my Mirror Area can do?"

After that, Miss Mirror raised her hand, and an old mirror appeared next to her. It was as tall as she was. That old mirror was pointed at Han Sen, and it reflected Han Sen's image.

Miss Mirror thrust her blade toward the mirror. The broken sword shoved through the mirror, but the mirror wasn't broken. Han Sen felt a surge of pain in his chest, and a bloody hole appeared not far from his sternum.

"What a powerful Mirror Area! Thank you for not killing me, my Lady." Han Sen knew this sword Miss Mirror wielded could have penetrated his heart or sliced his head off.

2438 Jadeskin Area

"I am giving you one last chance," Miss Mirror said, her voice as harsh as a winter wind.

She didn't want to kill Han Sen. After all, he was the master of the Mirror Spirit Eye Ring. Killing him would deal a lot of damage to the Mirror Spirit Eye Ring, which would affect Miss Mirror herself very severely.

But although she really didn't want to risk damaging the ring, she wanted to kill Lady Wan'er even more. If Han Sen refused to walk away, then she needed to beat Han Sen badly enough that he was no longer in any condition to protect the girl.

"If the last picture is true, will it be me and Han Sen in front of that statue with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes?" Miss Mirror wondered.

"My Lady, you overestimate your Mirror Area's power." Twin trails of blood streaked over Han Sen's cheeks as he held Lady Wan'er. He looked very calm.

"Right," Miss Mirror snapped, looking a bit angry. She had never been this patient with anyone before. If another person had tested her temper like this, even if they were deified, she would have struck them down.

She kept enduring Han Sen's stubbornness and rudeness, but he obviously didn't appreciate that she was going easy on him. It was very frustrating for Miss Mirror. She used her sword to slash at the mirror.

Han Sen moved the moment Miss Mirror swung the broken sword. Her broken sword entered the mirror, but it couldn't hurt Han Sen this time.

"Your Mirror Area can assault my shadow within the mirror you create. Since that shadow is linked to my real body, you can hurt me. But that all depends on you being able to touch my shadow. My shadow in the mirror, however, moves with me. I can control it, allowing it to dodge your broken sword," Han Sen said.

"You are smart. You have learned much about my Mirror Area in such a short amount of time," Miss Mirror complimented him. Her face remained impassive. "But even if you do know that, so what? The mirror world is the opposite of our world. You can control your shadow, but it won't move as naturally

as your own body, because every move you make in this world will be reversed in the mirror. And on top of that, you have been blinded. You cannot see your shadow in the mirror, so how do you expect that you will be able to dodge me?”

“Try to attack me again, and you will see for yourself how well I can still dodge.” Han Sen’s composed expression hadn’t changed.

Clearly, Miss Mirror wasn’t fond of Han Sen’s attitude. She slashed her sword in the direction of the mirror with one of her rainbows.

The power of the attack headed for Han Sen’s shadow in the mirror. Han Sen needed to control his movement, guiding his shadow around the incoming attack.

Han Sen’s shadow responded instantly to his every movement, but the reversal of the mirror made it very difficult to control.

Normal people used mirrors to do their makeup or brush their hair. When performing a task that required a person to make extremely precise movements, people who weren’t very experienced with working in mirrors would often make mistakes. Han Sen wasn’t doing anything as simple as brushing his hair, though; he was using a mirror to fight for his life.

Han Sen had to control his reflection to avoid Miss Mirror’s scary attacks. It would be a difficult task at the best of times, and doing so while blinded and injured would be nearly impossible.

But Miss Mirror, despite running her sword skills at full power, was failing to inflict any more damage on Han Sen’s reflection. She couldn’t land a single strike.

“How is he doing this?” Miss Mirror wondered, her shock etched deep into her face.

She knew how hard this had to be, especially since Han Sen had only just become a King. She would never have expected that Han Sen would be able to neutralize her sword skills. After all, she had the experience of a deified. She wasn’t some ordinary King class enemy to him.

Now Han Sen could fight her face to face, and he could control the shadow in the mirror with unbelievable proficiency. She missed each and every attack.

Through all of this, though, the most amazing thing was that Han Sen was blind. It was hard to imagine how strong his other senses must be to accomplish a feat such as this.

Miss Mirror couldn’t hurt his reflection, and so her sword stopped moving.

“My Lady, it looks like you cannot hurt me,” Han Sen said.

Miss Mirror was no longer angry. She had underestimated Han Sen, who was a King. She never thought Han Sen would become an actual threat to her.

But now, Han Sen’s performance had revealed him as just that: an enemy who could rival her power. He wasn’t just some random King she could slay on a whim.

“You are very strong. A leftover of the crystallizers is this capable? That is incredibly rare. If it was possible to avoid being your enemy, I would choose to do so,” Miss Mirror said, looking at Han Sen with newfound respect.

“I don’t want to be your enemy, either. Why don’t we re-establish our bonds of cooperation and work to rid ourselves of the red-eye plague?” Han Sen smiled.

“We will, of course. But she must die first,” Miss Mirror said. The muscles in her jaw tightened, and a weird light shimmered. A scary Mirror Area appeared.

Han Sen immediately realized he was now trapped in a mirror maze. Mirrors appeared everywhere he looked. Even the ground and the sky above were just mirror images.

Han Sen’s reflection was in every mirror, as if thousands of Han Sen’s were there. The mirrors reflected each other, creating reflections of Han Sen that stretched back into infinity.

Han Sen’s face changed. Since there were so many reflections, Miss Mirror could strike him with far greater ease now. Han Sen needed to stop her from hitting any one of those reflections. Defending himself had become a much more difficult task now.

And it would be even harder to break the old mirrors now, too. He didn’t know if those old mirrors could be broken, but even if they could break, the mirrors would only shatter and create countless more reflections in the shards. Han Sen would be in even more danger, then.

“Still confident that you can dodge my attacks?” Miss Mirror asked as she hung in the center of the Mirror Area.

“Let’s give it a try. Maybe I can make it work.” Han Sen shrugged.

“You are so stubborn,” Miss Mirror grunted. With a swing of the broken sword, sword rainbows came to life and went flying at Han Sen through the mirrors.

There were too many reflections in the mirrors, and Miss Mirror continued to attack without pause or hesitation. Countless reflections would be involved in every single evasion that was required.

Han Sen’s heart leaped. He summoned Jadeskin and channeled as much power into it as he could. His body became icy jade. His mind opened, and his Jadeskin Area appeared.

His expression focused, Han Sen jumped, and all of his reflections avoided the incoming sword strike. At the same time, his Jadeskin Area covered all of the old mirrors. Frost spread over the surface of every single mirror.

“That’s useless! Your reflections in the ice are susceptible to my strikes, so I can still use them to kill you.” Miss Mirror slashed towards one of the frozen-over mirrors.

“The ice won’t work? It looks like this is it, then.” Han Sen sighed. Han Sen withdrew his Jadeskin Area, pulling it all back into his body.

Miss Mirror’s sword came for one of Han Sen’s reflections again, but this time, Han Sen didn’t dodge.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Miss Mirror's sword struck all of Han Sen's reflections, but Han Sen just stood where he was. He wasn't bleeding, and not a single wound appeared across his body. It was like he was a jade statue, resolute and still.

"Not even dust will tarnish my Jadeskin, Miss Mirror. My body is my body. It is mine alone, and nothing in this world will change that. Even if you break all my reflections, you cannot hurt me." Han Sen held Lady Wan'er while he spoke, his voice frosty.

2439 Statue with a Thousand Hands and Eyes

Miss Mirror's rainbow powers kept swinging. They broke many of the reflections in the mirrors, but Han Sen's body remained completely undamaged.

"My Lady, if you still had a deified body, it is safe to say that my Jadeskin wouldn't be able to endure your powerful sword strikes. But now, you aren't too different from me. You are a first-tier King class opponent. Unless you strike me with the broken sword, hitting my reflections isn't going to hurt me," Han Sen said.

"So, what? It's actually quite relieving that I don't have to worry about striking you. I will just hit the woman instead. Even if you hide her behind you, you cannot protect her shadow from me," Miss Mirror pronounced as she raised her broken sword again.

"My Lady, you must have heard what I just said," Han Sen said, as he suddenly looked at Miss Mirror.

"What?" Miss Mirror asked.

"We are the same level as Kings." Han Sen raised his fists. The ice jade around his fists became a godlight and flashed toward Miss Mirror.

Miss Mirror's heart jumped, and an old mirror formed in front of her. She wanted to reflect the Jadeskin godlight back on its wielder, but the godlight wasn't a simple attack power. It was a power for sealing.

The icy light suddenly wrapped a binding seal around Miss Mirror and the old mirror, resolving into the shape of a giant ice cube.

"Miss Mirror, I'm going on ahead. If I can break the red-eye power, I will come back for you." Han Sen looked at Miss Mirror's broken sword, but he decided not to take it with him. He simply resettled his arms a little more comfortably around Wan'er and headed back into the broken city.

Even if the prophecy was true, it would be fulfilled by him and the girl now. Their current situation still aligned with the sixth picture of the mural they had discovered.

But the broken city in front of them had yet to be cleared. The place was covered in broken stone and debris, and since Night Wind was no longer there to make a path for them, Han Sen had to do it. While carrying the girl, he broke the stones himself.

He didn't have substance chains like Night Wind, so he was unable to clear a wide area. Instead, he broke a path just wide enough for him to slip through while still carrying the girl. He tried to travel as fast as he could.

Han Sen felt as if the red-eye power wasn't affecting him as much, which might or might not have been because his eyes were broken. He still felt the urge to move in a certain direction, but it wasn't that strong.

He wasn't sure what sort of weapon that broken sword had been, but Han Sen's injured eyes weren't healing with Jadeskin's power.

But Han Sen cared little about that. It didn't matter to him if he had eyes right now. He could take the time to heal when he got out of there.

Han Sen hadn't been gone for long with the ice sealing Miss Mirror made a groaning noise. Cracks appeared across its surface, and a second later, the ice cube shattered. Miss Mirror was free.

Miss Mirror looked in the direction that Han Sen had escaped. Her expression was conflicted, but a while later, she sighed. "I hope he can break the red-eye curse."

Miss Mirror had realized something, and although she didn't want to think about it, she knew she had to. Unless she became deified again, it wouldn't be possible for her to defeat Han Sen at his current level. And so, if Han Sen couldn't find and destroy the source of the red-eye curse, all was lost. Perhaps the prophecy would come true, too, and one of them would die.

"We might be the same level, but I can't compete with you. I hope when you are deified, you will have the courage to face me in the same way." Miss Mirror sat on a rock near the entrance to the cave leading into the city. She cast a geno art to block the addiction-like draw of the red-eye power, and she sat there awaiting Han Sen's result.

Han Sen carried Lady Wan'er forward, breaking rocks as he went. He didn't encounter anything weird this time. But after two hours of travel, the rocks in front of him were becoming easier to move.

When Han Sen moved the next pile of rubble out of his way, he realized that there was open air behind it.

Han Sen stood before the entrance to a hall. And in that hall, there was a statue with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes. It looked exactly the same as the one they had seen previously, but this statue was one thousand meters tall, far bigger than the one he had seen before.

The moment Han Sen entered the hall, he could feel the statue staring at him. Han Sen's blinded eyes suddenly burned. The damage in his eyes began to repair itself, and in seconds, and he was able to see again.

Even with no mirror, Han Sen could feel that his eyes were shining with red light. The four pupils in his eyes were now like four red suns.

That feeling of addiction had suddenly grown by orders of magnitude. Han Sen felt like a moth drawn to a flame. He wanted nothing more than to go to that statue with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes.

Han Sen's will was really strong, but even he was wavering under the draw of the statue. It was like the statue of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes was his final home. He wanted so badly to go into it.

"Come... come..." a demonic voice whispered from the statue. It was beckoning him over.

Although Han Sen tried to control his will, his feet began stepping forward of their own volition. The call couldn't go unheeded, it seemed. He was slowly walking towards the statue of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes.

Boom!

Without hesitation, Han Sen deployed his super god spirit body. A glowing light spread in his eyes. It smothered the red and made his entire eyes turn white.

When Han Sen last used his super god spirit body, he had been interrupted by Wan'er before it could remove the red color from his eyes. But now that he had unleashed it, the red eyes were gone.

The white light burned across Han Sen like a cleansing flame. Han Sen's body hung in the air, white and godlike. He looked down on that giant statue with a thousand hands and a thousand eyes.

There were red eyes on one of the statue's pairs of hands, and those hands moved with Han Sen's body. That eye on the statue was like a demon, tracing Han Sen's movements.

But under the influence of his super god spirit mode, the power of the eyes didn't work on Han Sen. Han Sen gathered up his power to use Super Spank. He wanted to see if he could break the demon-looking eye upon the statue.

But before Han Sen struck, he felt his super god spirit body's power begin to fade. It suddenly disappeared and returned to his geno core.

"What is this?" Han Sen was shocked. The power had begun to fade from his back, and that was where Lady Wan'er was.

The super god spirit body's power disappeared. The power of the statue landed on Han Sen, and it suddenly turned his eyes back into those red ones. Once more, Han Sen felt like a moth drawn to a flame. It was stronger than last time, too. His body was pulled uncontrollably toward the statue.

"This is bad. Now that Wan'er has no power, why would my super god spirit body be affected by her?" Han Sen was in shock.

2440 Effec

Wan'er was still in her comatose state, but Han Sen tossed her body away from him. She landed against the ground some distance away, but luckily, Han Sen had used some of his power to cushion her landing.

Instead of slamming into the ground like a bag of rocks, Wan'er slid smoothly through the air and landed softly, almost silently, on the ground.

Han Sen wanted to see if having some distance between himself and Wan'er would allow him to fully activate and maintain his super god spirit body.

After tossing Wan'er aside, Han Sen redeployed his super god spirit body. White light surrounded him once again, glowing from his hair and eyes.

His red eyes vanished in a sea of white, just like they had on his previous attempt. But this time, Han Sen managed to keep his super god spirit body going, and his power didn't fade.

"Was Wan'er really causing my power to disappear? What's going on? How is it possible for her to affect my super god spirit body?" Han Sen looked at Wan'er with shock. He noticed that her own body was glowing with gold light. Her eyes and hair were turning gold.

Han Sen didn't have time to worry about that at the moment, though. He just focused on using Super Spank. He threw his fist toward the eye on the statue of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes to see if he could break it.

But the moment Han Sen got close, a weird glow rose around the statue. The statue seemed to be gathering up a substance chain of red light, and then the light lashed out at Han Sen.

Han Sen's super god spirit body ignored blood light coming for him. The blood light went straight through him like he didn't even exist. Like he was some sort of phantom.

But Han Sen punched the statue's eye, releasing an explosion of force. The shockwave shoved Han Sen's body back, but the Super Spank strike was unable to destroy the eye.

"This is harder than that weird deified bug." Even the thought made Han Sen feel a cold dread. Part of him had expected this result, though. The confirmation simply disappointed him.

He couldn't break the statue. That meant he couldn't unlock the secrets of the red-eye power. But it also wouldn't affect him because he had the super god spirit body. But if anyone else was infected with the red-eye condition, there was nothing he could do.

Han Sen turned around and began walking away. He needed to leave the broken city, first and foremost. But then, the statue suddenly moved. Its enormous form suddenly stood fully erect, and it looked down on Han Sen with abject hatred. The entire hall shook as the statue rose to its full height.

"It is alive!" Han Sen wasn't surprised. He jumped forward and tried to reach Wan'er.

But he then saw Wan'er's body lift itself off the ground. Her hair and eyes had turned blonde, and she now looked exactly as she had appeared when Han Sen first saw her.

Her eyes were open, but they were glazed and unfocused.

The statue of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes stepped forward, sending one of its demon-like hands down to slap Han Sen. It paused above him, though, and it began to shine.

The blonde-haired Wan'er teleported in front of the statue of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes, hovering in the air directly in front of its face. She waved her hand and cut its head off.

Boom!

The giant stone head fell onto the floor of the hall, creating a good-sized crater where it slammed into the floor.

Han Sen was frozen. Wan'er had such a weak body, but after she turned golden, her power became truly frightening. Its magnitude was difficult to believe.

This was completely different from what the sixth image of the mural had depicted, too. The sixth picture showed one person on the floor and another person praying to the complete statue.

But while the head had been cut off, the statue of a thousand hands and a thousand eyes did not fall. Its body began to writhe, and all of its one thousand arms were moving. The red eye in each of its hands began to glow, and that hellish glow covered the hall from one end to the other. Countless red substance chains emerged and slithered toward Wan'er's body.

Wan'er's power was incredible, but her body was solid and could therefore be injured. She didn't have the invincible features of Han Sen's super god spirit body.

Countless substance chains tangled around Wan'er's body, and a cruel grin suddenly played across the mouth of the statue head on the floor. It flew up and opened its mouth, trying to consume Wan'er.

Han Sen's heart leaped. He stepped forward to help Wan'er, but the golden light coming from Wan'er's body intensified, and the rest of the chains suddenly melted. She raised a single hand and pressed it against the statue's head, and then, the statue's head exploded like fireworks.

The head was shattered, but the statue wasn't dead. It seemed to be quite shocked, though. It turned its giant body around to run away.

Wan'er's blonde-haired form flashed, and she reappeared beside the statue. She reached out and planted her hands firmly on the statue's body.

Pang!

The whole statue exploded. The giant body was reduced to a heap of rubble, and its arms lay scattered about.

"Too strong!" Han Sen couldn't help but compliment her display of power. Strength like that could destroy almost anything. Even that powerful statue had been killed in scant moments.

Most of the arms that fell to the floor of the hall were now broken, and the eyes that they held had been destroyed. Even those that hadn't been outright destroyed were bleeding profusely. They would die soon. The arms writhed on the floor in a sickening fashion, like deadly snakes.

But one broken eyeball did shoot away from its attendant hand. It became a blood light as it tried to escape the hall.

Han Sen stood next to the exit of the hall, and he watched that blood eye come. He used Super Spank to smack it. There was a loud squelching noise as he smacked it, and the jelly of the eyeball sprayed out as the thing fell to the floor.

When the eyeball ruptured, the writhing pieces of the statue all stopped. It was like a heap of rubble now, and nothing more.

"Mutant Deified Xenogeneic hunted: Blood Eye Evil God. Mutant xenogeneic gene found. Obtained Blood Eye Evil God beast soul."

When Han Sen heard the announcement, he was shocked. He hadn't even realized what he was about to do when he struck the eyeball. He just didn't want it to escape. He hadn't thought there'd be a reward, especially a reward on such a scale.

Before Han Sen had time to examine the Blood Eye Evil God's beast soul, the blonde-haired Wan'er teleported over to him. Her golden eyes looked in Han Sen's direction, but they had so little focus that he couldn't tell if she was actually looking at him.

Then Wan'er's hand drifted forward to pat Han Sen on the head. This shocked Han Sen. He suddenly realized that when Wan'er had grabbed his neck, she had wanted to kill him. But something else had happened instead.

As Wan'er's hand came from, an overwhelming sense of danger weighed on Han Sen's shoulders. The feeling was so strong it was almost suffocating.