

## Chapter 3161

### The Test of Feng Yin Yin's Talent

Feng Fei Fei walked over and told Han Sen, "Mister Han and Fei Fei, I understand your noble intentions, but Little Yin's sonic talents are exceptional. We still hope she can receive a sonic God Spirit Blood-Pulse."

Aside from the reason Han Fei Fei pointed out, there was an additional reason that she merely felt bad for suggesting. The God of Wealth Han Sen suggested was something Feng Fei Fei had never of before. Besides the fact it wasn't one of the 12 Annihilation-class main gods, there wasn't a God of Wealth amid the famous Disaster God Spirits.

Feng Fei Fei had explored for many years, hoping to find a sonic Annihilation God Spirit Blood-Pulse for Little Yin, but Annihilation God Spirit Blood-Pulses were hard to find.

Even if Feng Yin Yin's talent tempted the spirits, the 12 Annihilation God Spirits were controlled by the kings of the seven kingdoms. Commoners had no chance of praying for a God Spirit Blood-Pulse.

Among the 12 Annihilation God Spirits, there were only two connected with sonic powers. One was a pure sonic God Spirit, and the other one only had a connection to it.

Feng Fei Fei had been busy on Feng Yin Yin's behalf. She hoped she would be able to one day have her try inside the pure sonic God Spirit's temple. It was a shame that the sonic God Spirit was owned by the kings of the Chu Kingdom. Only the royals of the Chu Kingdom could go into that god temple and pray for a Blood Pulse. Feng Fei Fei had tried her best, but she was never successful.

There was still a chance with the other God Spirits, and Feng Fei Fei had left home because of that.

God never answered prayers. For some reason, Feng Fei Fei failed. She had only recently returned. After that, Feng Fei Fei had some ideas. She believed some methods would enable her to have a chance with Feng Yin Yin.

"Auntie, it is fine," Feng Yin Yin said with a laugh. "The God Spirit San Mu has introduced me to must be good."

She did not just say that because she trusted Han Sen. She did not want Feng Fei Fei to incur so much trouble on her behalf. Feng Yin Yin knew Feng Fei Fei had suffered a lot because of her tireless search for a God Spirit Blood – Pulse. She had given it a lot of effort.

Feng Fei Fei was one of the most popular singers. To do something this big, she also had to beg a lot of people. She would have probably suffered much in her struggle.

As a result, Feng Yin Yin felt bad for her. Thus, she did not want her to continue suffering on her behalf.

Feng Fei Fei quickly said, "I know the God Spirit Mister Han has suggested cannot be too bad, but your musical talents are more than exceptional. If you earn the element from another God Spirit Blood-Pulse, it will be a waste of your natural gift."

After hearing Feng Fei Fei say that, Han Sen did not know what to say. He knew Feng Fei Fei's musical talents were extraordinary. It really was a shame if she was unable to get a sonic God Spirit to capitalize on her talent.

Han Sen also wanted to find a sonic sub-god to be in the God of Wealth Temple, but he did not think he could get that done any time soon. Feng Fei Fei probably wouldn't believe in an empty promise. Seeing Han Sen not insist any further, Feng Fei Fei felt relieved. She stroked Feng Yin Yin's head and said, "Don't worry, Yin Yin. I know where to get you a God Spirit Blood-Pulse. You just need to give me another month and a half, and you will have a God Spirit Blood-Pulse."

Although Han Sen did not believe her, he did not say anything about it.

Even if Feng Fei Fei did give Feng Yin Yin a chance, she would only get a complete Blood-Pulse. It would not be a Blood-Pulse that could be inherited, so it was not very meaningful.

They were both Annihilation class. God of Wealth, however, was not sonic class. Feng Fei Fei would have a Blood-Pulse that could be inherited. They were very different from each other.

This was something Han Sen could not push. He just needed to convince Feng Fei Fei.

He could not rush it. He needed Feng Yin Yin to go on his side. He could not allow Feng Yin Yin to start obeying other God Spirits.

The next day, Feng Fei Fei was in a rush to go again. Based on her expression, there was an 80% to 90% chance she was going to do something for Feng Yin Yin.

Not long after Feng Fei Fei was gone, Feng Yin Yin ran to Han Sen and seriously asked, "San Mu, can you take me to the God of Wealth Temple?"

"Of course, I can. Don't you need to confirm this with your auntie? Doesn't she need to agree?" Han Sen did not want Feng Fei Fei and Feng Yin Yin to fall out with each other because of this.

Han Sen knew that Feng Fei Fei really adored Feng Yin Yin. After all, Feng Yin Yin lost her mother when she very young. Feng Fei Fei was the one who raised her. She was a cousin, but the relationship was more like that of a mother and daughter. "Actually, it is because I do not want auntie to be busy on my behalf. She never tells me, but I know the God Spirit she begs for me is very nice. I like it too, but that god temple belongs to a king of the Qin Kingdom that has a different name. That king with a different surname happens to like Little Auntie. I am afraid..." After saying that, Feng Yin Yin suddenly stopped talking.

Han Sen understood what she meant. He admired Feng Yin Yin's sensitivity. She was so young, but she saw a lot. It was no wonder she was Xiang Yin reborn.

"OK, I will take you to the God of Wealth Temple," Han Sen said with a smile. "The God of Wealth is not a sonic God Spirit, but he will not disappoint you."

“San Mu has never disappointed me,” Feng Yin Yin said with a blink of her eyes.

It was too late to take Feng Yin Yin to the Gold Crystal System, so Han Sen used the Sky God Crown. He picked up Bao'er and Feng Yin Yin and took them into the God of Wealth Temple. They appeared on the altar.

Feng Yin Yin looked at Han Sen with shock. “How did you do that? How can you go to a god temple from home so quickly?”

“It is because this is my god temple,” Han Sen said with a smile. “I can come and go as I please.”

“Your god temple? Are you a God Spirit, San Mu?” Feng Yin Yin looked at Han Sen with curiosity.

“Kind of,” Han Sen replied.

“This god statue does not look like you.” Feng Yin Yin looked at the God of Wealth statue. It was Han Sen's god statue, and it was made from a god base.

Han Sen was wearing the Sky God Crown, which was how he had become a God Spirit. He was not actually a God Spirit, which was why the god statue did not look like him. The god statue's face was very blurry, so no one could really identify it.

The Sky God Crown on the god statue's head was the same as the Sky God Crown on his head.

“Put one drop of your blood onto the god stove.” Han Sen did not explain things further. He pointed at the stove on the gold altar.

Feng Yin Yin nodded. She walked to the stove and picked up a knife. Her nervous hands trembled.

“Don't worry,” Han Sen said. “This place is mine. No matter what your talent is, you can get an inheritable Blood-Pulse.”

“Thank you, San Mu.” Feng Yin Yin was not as nervous now, so she cut her finger and dropped some of her blood onto the god stove.

A moment later, the god stove played a god sound. Some gold light was released. A tree of gold light appeared out of the stove.

The gold tree shot up into the sky. It had many different coins on it. It was a money tree.

### **Chapter 3162 God of Wealth Blood-Pulse**

He knew it was just an illusion and a weird scene. Still, seeing the money tree with lots of coins hanging from its boughs and feeling the aura of the gold money tree and a sky full of stars made him open his eyes wide.

The coins on the money tree fell off. They were going straight for Feng Yin Yin. They melted into her body. Her body was given a God Spirit mark that resembled a coin. It immediately started to shine. Its voluminosity grew brighter and brighter.

The tree full of coins fell. It all melted into Feng Yin Yin's body. At the same time, the Sky God Crown received a wonderful message.

Spirit Strength: Ten star

Gene potential: Ten star

Compatibility: Nine star

Overall: S-class Blood-Pulse inheritor

"Do the God Spirits use this to decide who to give their Blood – Pulses to?" At the same time, Han Sen received even more messages from the Sky God Crown.

There were options for giving the person's Blood-Pulse. There were four choices: one corner, broken, perfect, and inheritor.

One corner meant one God Spirit Blood-Pulse would be given at random. It was the lowest level a God Spirit Blood-Pulse could impart. It gave a person a small God Spirit Blood-Pulse. It did not do much. It just made people a beginner-level gene caster.

Broken God Spirit Blood – Pulses were better. Some features of the God Spirits were there, but they were not complete. They were not strong either.

There was no need to explain things about perfect. It basically meant giving a person a perfect God Spirit Blood-Pulse and creating a contract. When the person needed it, they could call upon the God Spirit's contract to combine and fight with their aid.

God Spirits were able to use their inherited Blood-Pulse. It gave them extra power to fight.

Of course, God Spirits gave humans these benefits to make humans grow. When humans had a contract with a gene race, God Spirits would take some of that power for themselves. It was mutually beneficial, as it helped humans grow. When humans gained a gene race, God Spirits were able to take some of that power. The stronger the gene race was, the more power they were able to take for themselves.

The power taken away was used to make a god base.

When God Spirits gave humans a Blood Pulse, it also meant risking the chance of causing damage to themselves. If the human selected was not very good, a God Spirit would not dare give them a perfect Blood-Pulse. It would not give out an inheritor Blood-Pulse.

Feng Yin Yin was quite excellent. Although she was not a perfect match, an S-rank ranking made her worthy of an inheritor Blood-Pulse.

Regardless of how poor Feng Yin Yin's review might have been, Han Sen would have still given her an inheritor Blood – Pulse. In his eyes, Feng Yin Yin was perfect enough.

“In the name of God of Wealth, I give you my Blood-Pulse. Feng Yin Yin, do you want to be my inheritor?” Han Sen's hands touched Feng Yin Yin's forehead. The Sky God Crown shone with a god light. It put Feng Yin Yin inside the god light.

“I am willing,” Feng Yin Yin seriously answered.

Boom!

Sky God Crown's gold god light was like a spring of water. It gushed down onto the coin mark on her mark forehead. A weird connection formed between them.

After the inheritor ritual was performed, Han Sen felt the Sky God Crown power lessen. The whole of the God of Wealth Temple's light started to dim. If God of Wealth Temple did not have Decapitation Queen guarding it, it would have become a Disaster God Spirit. The God of Wealth Temple was not able to suppress it.

Han Sen thought, “I don't know when the power of the Sky God Crown will be restored. Inheritor Blood-Pulses cannot be given out like candy.”

“San Mu, you really are a God Spirit!” Feng Yin Yin knew Han Sen was the God of Wealth, but her attitude did not change. She joyfully smiled and looked extremely excited.

Han Sen told Feng Fei Fei, “This is our secret. Don't tell anyone, and that includes your Auntie.” He did not want people looking at him like he was a monster.

“This will be a secret between you and me,” Feng Yin Yin said as she blinked her eyes. “Now, we wait for Feng Yin Yin to get a gene race. After that, I will start reaping my benefits.” Han Sen was very hopeful, but he did not know how many gene races Feng Yin Yin could earn before giving him the necessary power to make a god base.

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After thinking it over, Han Sen decided to bring out a king-class gene egg to give to Feng Yin Yin. He smiled and said, “Try this out. Can you use your God of Wealth Blood-Pulse to hatch it?”

Feng Yin Yin did not mind trying. She accepted the gene egg and used the God of Wealth Blood-Pulse to try and tame it. An Annihilation God Spirit Blood-Pulse was very good. The king-class gene egg was absorbed into the God Spirit mark. It quickly hatched.

At the same time, Han Sen felt a weird power come from the God Spirit mark. It went into the Sky God Crown.

Han Sen felt disappointed. While wearing the Sky God Crown, that power was like pouring a glass of water into a swimming pool. It did not do much. To create a god base, he needed a lot more power than that.

Fortunately, if a gene race evolved in Feng Yin Yin's God Spirit mark in the future, Han Sen could take some of that power. The greater the power of the gene race was, the more power he would receive in return.

Now, it was just hatching. It was understandable that the power gained was low.

"It is no wonder why God Spirits favor many members. If it was just one member, who knows how long it could ever take to form another god base?" Han Sen ransacked his mind for solutions on how to bring more members to his god temple.

After thinking it over, killing the God Chaos Party's members could earn him a god base with each kill. That was a more direct way to his woes than slaving away to recruit members.

"I wonder where Rocky Dee's god temple is." Han Sen wanted to kill Rocky Dee, but he was unable to locate him. He could not even find his god temple.

He took Feng Yin Yin and Bao'er back to Feng castle. Feng Fei Fei was already back, and she had been looking for them.

When Feng Fei Fei saw them in the garden, she asked with confusion, "Where have you guys been? I've been looking all over for you."

She had already asked the maids in the castle, and no one had seen them around. They were nowhere to be found.

"Little Auntie, why are you looking for us?" Feng Yin Yin tried to change the subject.

Feng Fei Fei's mood was fine. She did not ask any more about her last question. She pulled Feng Yin Yin's hand and said, "Little Yin, I spoke to God Speak King. He has allowed you to pray before the Prophet God for a God Spirit Blood-Pulse. You should ready yourself. We are going to Prophet God Temple tomorrow."

Feng Yin Yin looked a little irritated as she said, "Auntie, there is no need. I have a God Spirit Blood-Pulse now."

"What?" Feng Fei Fei was frozen. She looked to be in a state of disbelief. "How could you have a God Spirit Blood-Pulse?"

With mustered courage, Feng Yin Yin said, "Auntie, I asked San Mu to take me to God of Wealth Temple. I received the God of Wealth Blood-Pulse from the God of Wealth Temple."

Feng Fei Fei was shocked. Her face kept morphing into different expressions. No words could describe how she felt.

She had put so much effort into this happening. The amount of effort she had put in, the favors she owed, and the strings she had pulled to earn this opportunity for Feng Yin Yin were unquantifiable. One sentence from Feng Yin Yin threw it all away.

### Chapter 3163 It Really Is Annihilation Class

“Little Yin, you have made Little Auntie very sad.” Feng Fei Fei’s eyes were so red that tears were about to flow.

God only knew what kind of trouble she had gone through to get a God Spirit Blood-Pulse for Feng Yin Yin. The amount of effort she must have put in could not have been described in words.

She had given up so much for Feng Yin Yin. Now, it was like someone had poured a bucket of ice over her head. It felt terrible.

If this was anyone else, it would have driven them insane. Feng Fei Fei was handling it surprisingly well.

When Feng Yin Yin saw her Auntie looking the way she was, she put out her hands and tried her best to explain. “Auntie, I am sorry. I know you have tried your hardest for me, but the God Spirit San Mu found is really good. It is better than Prophet God.”

“No matter how good it is, can it be better than Prophet God? Whatever. You have grown up now. You do not need me to watch over you anymore.” Feng Fei Fei felt very depressed. If Han Sen had not saved her life, she would have tried to kill him.

Feng Yin Yin’s eyes turned red too. She held Feng Fei Fei’s hands and tried to explain what had happened. “Auntie, don’t do this. It hurts me to see this. The God Spirit San Mu introduced is really good. It is an Annihilation God Spirit.”

“An Annihilation God Spirit? Which one? What kind of Blood-Pulse did you receive?” Feng Fei Fei could not completely stop looking out for Feng Yin Yin. When she heard Feng Yin Yin had received an Annihilation God Spirit Blood-Pulse, some glimmer of hope was regained.

Although it was not a sonic God Spirit, it was Annihilation class. That made it not too bad. It was better than just finding a random, low-class Blood-Pulse.

“It was the one San Mu mentioned earlier,” Feng Yin Yin quickly said. “It was that God of Wealth.”

When Feng Fei Fei heard about the God of Wealth again, she was immeasurably disappointed. Out of the 12 Annihilation-class main gods, there weren’t any that she knew of called God of Wealth.

“Don’t try to comfort me,” Feng Fei Fei said with a sigh. “Whatever happened, happened. I cannot help you change your Blood-Pulse. I guess staying angry is pointless.”

Feng Yin Yin sensed that Feng Fei Fei did not believe her, so she hurriedly tried to explain it to her.

“Auntie, I am not lying to you. God of Wealth really is an Annihilation God Spirit. It was the main god of a god temple that blessed me. Even the sub-god of that god temple was Annihilation class.”

“You’re joking. You’re being a bit too ridiculous now, don’t you think? I told you that I wouldn’t be angry with you. But if you continue to lie, I really will get mad.” Feng Fei Fei did not believe her at all.

Out of the 12 Annihilation-class main god temples, there were sub-gods, but there were not many. Sub-gods were usually Disaster class. No God Spirit had a sub-god that was the same class as the main god.

“Auntie, I am really not lying.” Feng Yin Yin didn’t know how to explain it any better, so she just tried to be honest. “God of Wealth and its sub-god are both Annihilation God Spirits. God of Wealth gave me an inheritor Blood-Pulse.”

Feng Fei Fei froze after hearing about an inheritor Blood-Pulse. She did not believe it. An inheritor Blood-Pulse was not something just anyone was able to get. Even a Destroyed-class inheritor Blood-Pulse was rare. Many gene casters begged for it.

What Feng Yin Yin had said was too ridiculous. Feng Fei Fei could not believe it. Ordinary God Spirits only chose one family to give an inheritor Blood-Pulse. The 12 Annihilation God Spirits already had their inheritors. They were royals or leaders. It was obscenely rare to gain.

Han Sen whispered into her ear, “Yin Yin, show your God Spirit mark to Feng Fei Fei. She will believe you,”

Feng Yin Yin had been too pushy. She only recognized that now. She quickly showed her God Spirit mark off.

A sparkling coin appeared in the middle of Feng Yin Yin’s forehead. It was like a gold sun. The word “wealth” was on the coin. It was shining with a miraculous god light.

A scary God Spirit presence enveloped the entire garden. On top of that, there was the symbol of an Annihilation God Spirit mark.

“It really is Annihilation class... Little Yin... Is this really an Annihilation-class inheritor God Spirit Blood-Pulse?” Upon seeing the symbol, Feng Fei Fei was as surprised and happy.

Just as Feng Yin Yin said, she had an Annihilation-class inheritor God Spirit Blood-Pulse. This was incredibly good news. This was many times better than what Prophet God could have given her.

Prophet God was Annihilation class too, but he could only offer Feng Yin Yin a perfect Blood-Pulse. He could not give her an inheritor Blood-Pulse.

An inheritor Blood-Pulse was very important. It did not just benefit one person. The children and grandchildren would also have this honor.

Even if Feng Yin Yin received Prophet God’s perfect Blood-Pulse, it would only be good for her lifetime. Having an inheritor Blood-Pulse meant all her children and grandchildren would benefit just as much. Generations would be respected and treated like nobles. The differences were incomparable.

While Annihilation class was unexpected, even a Disaster class would have been an achievement. Even a Destroyed class inheritor Blood-Pulse would have made Feng Fei Fei give up her life for Feng Yin Yin to receive.

God Spirits did not pick their inheritors easily. Feng Yin Yin’s talents and position were very rare. Even a Destroyed-class inheritor Blood-Pulse would have been hard for her to get.



“Auntie, when have I ever lied to you?” Feng Yin Yin asked. “This God of Wealth San Mu found me really is an Annihilation God Spirit, and it gave me an inheritor Blood-Pulse. God of Wealth’s sub-god is Annihilation class too. Now, I have the buffs of two Annihilation-class authority god powers. One is wealth, and the other is death sentence.”

The mark could only reveal that it was Annihilation class. She could not properly prove if it was an inheritor Blood – Pulse. Feng Fei Fei looked at Han Sen as if she wanted his confirmation.

Han Sen nodded. Feng Fei Fei felt shocked and happy, but she still struggled to believe it.

This was a bit too against everything she knew. It was too hard to believe. Feng Fei Fei’s heart jumped. She transferred her holy phoenix to Feng Yin Yin.

Her holy phoenix was a god-class gene race. It was in ultimate mode, but Feng Yin Yin was not the one who had raised it. If Feng Yin Yin did not have an Annihilation-class inheritor Blood-Pulse when Feng Fei Fei transferred it, Feng Yin Yin would have a hard time controlling it.

“Little Yin, see if you can combine with the holy phoenix.” Feng Fei Fei was as excited as she was nervous. She really hoped what Feng Yin Yin said was real, but she was afraid of it being a lie.

Feng Yin Yin accepted the holy phoenix. She summoned the holy phoenix to combine with it.

The holy phoenix was very powerful. Under the powers of two Annihilation-class God Spirits, it did not refuse or resist. It allowed Feng Yin Yin to summon it and combine with it. It was done very simply. It was like they had already done it a million times.

Feng Yin Yin was afraid Feng Fei Fei that did not believe her. She used the holy phoenix combination skill phoenix sound. When Feng Fei Fei heard the sound and saw Feng Yin Yin use a holy sound gene combination skill, her tears kept falling.

“Auntie, what is wrong? Have I not just performed it?” Feng Yin Yin was shocked. She went to hold Feng Fei Fei.

Feng Fei Fei kneeled before Han Sen and said, “Mister Han has done so much for the Feng family. Me and Little Yin have nothing to pay you back with.”

Before she went to the floor, Han Sen reached out his hand to stop her. “Me and Yin Yin were fated to meet. I have merely helped her. This was my pleasure. Please, just don’t be mad that I made this decision.”

“I was ignorant and blamed you by mistake. You can punish me and make me do whatever you want me to do.” Feng Fei Fei blushed.

### **Chapter 3164 Loving Bad Women**

“Miss Feng, you are being too polite,” Han Sen said. “I would not dare to punish you, but there is one thing I would like your help with.”

“If there is something you need, I will try my best to do it,” Feng Fei Fei seriously said. “Even if it costs me everything, I will do all in my power to fulfill your wishes.”

“It is not that serious,” Han Sen said. “I just wanted to ask you to take care of Bao’er while I am away. You can take her to certain places to play. I have been quite busy recently, and I still won’t have much time to spend with her anytime soon.”

“Do not worry, Mister Han. I will treat Bao’er as if she was my own daughter.” After Feng Fei Fei said that, she thought there was something wrong with what she said and blushed.

Feng Fei Fei knew she could not explain it. Otherwise, it would only become awkward. She just pretended that nothing had happened.

“In that case, please take care of Bao’er, Miss Feng,” Han Sen said with a laugh.

Mister Han, you should just call me Fei Fei,” Feng Fei Fei said as she gently tugged Bao’er’s hands. “In front of you, I would not dare risk having you call me Miss.”

“Sure.” Han Sen nodded. He then told Bao’er, “Bao’er, if you want to play something or eat something, just tell Miss Fei Fei. Your father has things to do. I do not have time for you.”

“I understand, Dad,” Bao’er said as she blinked her eyes.

Han Sen looked at her face. He knew she had already come up with some heinous ideas, but he could not be bothered guessing what Bao’er was going to do.

Recently, he had a few ideas he wanted to act on. He hoped to get the Blood-Pulse Sutra and Xuan Yellow Sutra to combine for break world power.

Although break world power could affect the entire rotation of the world’s spinning, if he could not save his own life, it would not matter how well the world spun.

Rocky Dee and the God Chaos Party were keeping an eye on him, so he needed to be prepared.

Han Sen went back to his room and started researching break world power, hoping he could learn it before the god fights started.

“Bao’er, are there any places you would like to go?” Feng Fei Fei crouched in front of Bao’er. “I do not know where we can go for fun,” Bao’er nicely said. “Why don’t you be the one in charge, Sister Fei Fei?”

Feng Fei Fei receded into thought for a while before suggesting, “Why don’t I take you to the playground?”

“That is a place for kids. I am not going.” Bao’er shook her head.

"In that case, where would you like to go?" Feng Fei Fei asked with a smile. She thought Bao'er acted like an adult.

Bao'er rolled her eyes as she asked, "Is there a place like a pub nearby?"

"Such a place is not for you to go. You are too young." Feng Fei Fei felt bad to decline the request.

Bao'er blinked. She looked at Feng Fei Fei and said, "Sister Fei Fei, you cannot do this." "Do what?" Feng Fei Fei looked at Bao'er with confusion. She did not know why she said that.

Bao'er looked as if she was smiling at Feng Fei Fei, but she was not smiling. She asked, "Do you like my Dad?"

Feng Fei Fei blushed. "What are you talking about?"

"That is exactly why I said you cannot do this," Bao'er seriously said. "I have a mother. If you do this, you will not stand a chance."

Feng Fei Fei looked disappointed. She still held Bao'er's hands, crouched in front of her, and smiled.

"Bao'er, you think too much. I only admire and feel grateful to Mister Han. There is nothing more to it than that. I do not want to ruin your family."

"Wrong. Very wrong. Sister Fei Fei, you are so wrong. My mother is in another world. In this world, only my Dad exists. Do you know how lonely he is? He is like a single man having to take care of a daughter. Do you know how difficult it has been for him? Don't you want to help him?" Bao'er spoke with visible excitement.

If Han Sen had heard what Bao'er said, he would have coughed up blood. After hanging out with Han Jinzhi for a while, it was evident she had turned naughty.

Although it was the truth, she made it sound very wrong. "Your mother..." Feng Fei Fei misunderstood. Her eyes looked soft. They shone with a motherly light. She wanted to put Bao'er into her chest to comfort her.

Bao'er used her small hands to stop her. She sounded like an adult as she said, "So, Sister Fei Fei, the way you currently are is no good. Men love bad women. Women like you, who are so nice and pretty, will never snare the hearts of men."

"Han... Does your dad like bad women?" Feng Fei Fei wondered aloud.

"Not really bad bad women," Bao'er said with seriousness. "It's more appearance-wise. They want you looking bad, but the heart of a nice woman is something you have and display. You just lack that distinct, kinky feeling my dad really enjoys. If you work harder, my dad will love you very much. I guarantee it."

Feng Fei Fei looked at Bao'er and asked, "In that case, how do I achieve this naughty feeling?"

She had the best reputation among the three famous singers. She was widely adored for being holy, innocent, and pure. Her appearance radiated that.

In fact, her face and her personality were elegant. She wasn't the sort of woman that just looked attractive and charming.

“You need to observe more in day-to-day life,” Bao’er said. “Let’s go to the pub so I can show you the sort of women my Dad likes.” She pulled Feng Fei Fei outside by the hand.

Although Feng Fei Fei felt as if something was wrong, Bao’er suddenly occupied her mind. She found herself following her outside of Feng Castle.

Han Sen did not know Bao’er was using him to take advantage of Feng Fei Fei and making her take her to a pub. He was in his room, trying to make progress with break world powers.

The Xuan Yellow Sutra and the Blood-Pulse Sutra came from the same skill set, but they had opposite elements. They were like ice and fire, so it was really hard to combine them.

Plus, because of the problems with the rules of the world, it was hard to combine them into one.

Han Sen had been researching this for a long time, but he had yet to make any progress. He turned into the God of Wealth and used some God Spirit authority. That gave him some ideas.

“The God Spirits can use the bodies of humans to descend. They can maximize their own powers and unleash them, and the rules do not inhibit them. Does that work with me too?” Han Sen had been researching this quite a bit.

Of course, Han Sen was not going to descend like an actual God Spirit. He had his real body.

To be more accurate, it was the part that he practiced, such as the Dongxuan Sutra Armor or The Story of Gene’s Spell.

If they were able to run with a main geno art and his body ran a negative geno art, their conflict would be minimized. At the same time, his body would have the effects of the two geno arts.

The only problem was that Han Sen had no reverse Dongxuan Sutra or reverse The Story of Genes, so the Blood-Pulse Sutra did not have items to use.

“I wonder if Spell’s body can reverse my Blood-Pulse Sutra?” Han Sen wanted to do this test.

### **Chapter 3165 God Fight Begins**

Han Sen forced himself to break the rules of the world. In the short amount of time he had, he summoned Spell.

Spell hadn’t really changed much. Her white armor, long white hair, and white eyes all looked beautiful. She looked like a Venus statue.

He did not have much time to admire Spell’s face. In this small window he had, Han Sen could not last too long. His heart jumped. The Blood-Pulse Sutra’s power started to run through Spell’s body.

After running once, it was gone. It did not generate any power.

Han Sen felt cold. He knew he had failed. He ran it again. He confirmed that the Blood-Pulse Sutra could not run in Spell’s body. He put the power away and accepted the restrictions of the world.

“Without my body for support, it looks like even Spell cannot use the Blood-Pulse Sutra. All my expectations have failed.” Han Sen felt depressed.

Han Sen was most surprised by the fact that he did not use power to break the rules of the world. He thought Spell would return to his body because of the rules of the world.

Spell did not move. She stood where she was. Her body was not restricted by the world.

“How could this happen? She is a product of The Story of Genes. She has power from the geno universe. How could she...” Han Sen was shocked. He thought about The Story of Genes’ ancient text.

His heart jumped. Han Sen tried to let Spell use her power. In haste, Han Sen was able to discover Spell could freely use her power. She was not restricted by the rules of the world.

If Han Sen used The Story of Genes power, he was restricted by the rules of the world. That made Han Sen very depressed. He could not think of an explanation for it.

Spell came from his own. While Spell could use power, he could not.

After this happened, Han Sen thought of a good thing. If Spell freely used the powers of The Story of Genes, he only needed to research the reverse The Story of Genes. If he was able to combine with Spell, he could go into his break world mode.

In that event, no matter if it was the main version of The Story of Genes or the version in reverse, it would not be restricted by the powers of the world.

“To research the reversed version of The Story of Genes will not be easy. If Old Cat was able to research the reverse Blood-Pulse Sutra, there is no way I will fail.” Han Sen made up his mind. He needed to research the reverse version of The Story of Genes.

Researching a new geno art was not something that could be accomplished in one or two days. Not even elders could do that. He wanted to research the break world power before the god fights began. Now, that wasn’t looking likely.

Of course, his research of The Story of Genes was not without its flaws. There were many technical issues involved, so reversing a geno art was not easy. When the god fights began, Han Sen’s The Story of Genes research was still in its early stages.

Even though Han Sen was someone who had always seen big scenes, seeing the god fights begin was something that surprised him a great deal.

No matter which system one was in, a big beam of light was fired into the sky. It was a light beam cast by every god temple. The brightest ones came from the 12 Annihilation god temples.

The whole sky was a forest of light. The lights of the 12 Annihilation god temples were the brightest in the forest. They were like 12 big trees. The other lights were weaker, but they still had a strong force of light that shot into the sky.

“Huh? Where does this god light come from?” The civilians of the seven kingdoms suddenly realized there was another beam of light. This beam was prettier than the lights of the other 12 Annihilation god temples.

The light of each Annihilation god temple was different. They all carried the elements of the god temples and the overbearingness of the God Spirits themselves.

This Annihilation-class light beam was all gold. It was like a giant, gold pillar that was supporting the sky and the ground. It looked very decadent. It gave off the feeling of a very rich person.

The god light lasted a short amount of time. Everything soon dimmed. Many elites could only predict that the gold god light came from the Gold Crystal System. As to where it precisely came from, no one seemed to know.

Han Sen gathered Feng Yin Yin and Bao'er to teleport back to the God of Wealth Temple. He noticed there was a screen of light in front of God of Wealth Temple. A weird sky was displayed on the light screen.

Although Feng Yin Yin had only just received a God Spirit Blood-Pulse, her God Spirit Blood-Pulse was very strong. She was able to use an extremely strong gene race with ease, even though the holy phoenix had been raised by Feng Fei Fei. Since it was more compatible with Feng Fei Fei, Feng Yin Yin would have to raise her own.

Feng Fei Fei gave her a god-class gene race, but it was a baby. It was not very strong.

In the beginning, Feng Fei Fei would not let Feng Yin Yin participate in the god fights, but Feng Yin Yin really wanted to be a part of them. So, she agreed not to participate in the fight. She would instead control her gene race to fight.

In the god fights, a person could enter or use a gene race to fight. If one encountered an enemy that was not too strong, one often would use a gene race to fight.

That was what Han Sen thought, but he was a God Spirit. He could not sign up. He took off the Sky God Crown and signed up.

Han Sen used the name Dollar to join. Upon seeing him use that nickname, used the title “Ingo.” She wanted to join.

Feng Yin Yin thought it was funny. She thought about her own name and decided on Lucky.

This day was just for them to register. The real god fights would not start for another three days. On that day, they would find out who their opponents were.

Han Sen saw Bao'er was signing up, but he knew she did not have a powerful gene race. Therefore, he said, “Bao'er, I can give you the gold wing peacock king.”

Bao'er was holding Small Cat. As she played with Small Cat, she said, "Do not worry. I have Small Fly Fly and Small Cat."

"Can they represent you and join the god fights?" Han Sen was shocked. He thought only claimed gene races could take part. The small flying fish and Small Cat were wild.

"I suppose I can." Bao'er was not entirely sure, but it did not matter much to her. She only joined because it was fun.

"In that case, we shall see," Han Sen thought. He gave the gold wing peacock king to Feng Yin Yin instead. "Yin Yin, your gene race is not bad, but it is only a baby. It will not go far. I can lend you this gold wing peacock king." "Sure." Feng Yin Yin did not decline the offer. She accepted the gold wing peacock king.

If it was an ordinary person, or even another inheritor of an Annihilation God Spirit, they could not control the gold wing peacock king in a short amount of time. After all, the gold wing peacock king had Han Sen's mark to display who its master really was. If one wanted to transfer it, it took a long time for the full process of claiming to be done.

Feng Yin Yin was different. She was Han Sen's successor. She had Han Sen's god power, and she had two Annihilation God Spirit god authority buffs. That gave her a basic grasp on how to control the gold wing peacock king.

Han Sen was willing to lend out the gold wing peacock king because the evolution of the blood god dragon was finished. Although he did not have the support of a Blood-Pulse, with the blood god dragon, having the gold wing peacock did not matter much.

### **Chapter 3166 The Fight Begins**

Blood God Dragon: Mutant god class (ultimate mode)

Gene skills: Blood dragon flying into the sky, dragon consummation, god-blood change The blood god dragon's three gene skills were very good. They were similar to the gold wing peacock king, but the blood god dragon had the blood dragon god-pulse buff. The golden wing peacock king's combat prowess was far inferior.

Han Sen originally planned on using the Cast God Court to make a God Spirit gene race, but he knew doing that would take a long time. The battles were going to start soon, so he delayed his plans.

The three days flew by. Feng Fei Fei's God Spirit Blood-Pulse was not from Jade Wall City, so she left Jade Wall City to participate in the god fights.

Li Bing Yu used it as an excuse to depart Jade Wall City for a time and returned to Wu Wei Dao Palace. Before she went, Li Bing Yu believed she could kill Qin Bai and destroy the bloodline of the Qin Kingdom.

In fact, she had many chances. After she learned more about Han Sen, she realized any attempt she made would not be successful.

Even if Han Sen was not around, she would be unable to kill Qin Bai.

If Jian Bu Gu and Bao'er, with her small flying fish, were around, she could not accomplish her task. Everyone around her was insanely powerful.

"Leader, you have returned!" All the members of the palace witnessed Li Bing Yu's return. It surprised them. Su Ling'er looked happy.

Li Bing Yu said her trip would be dangerous. Her making it back was enough to make Su Ling'er and the others feel very happy. "Is the group still good?" Li Bing Yu coldly asked.

"With Teacher Ling here, the party has been fine," Su Ling'er replied.

Upon seeing their faces, Li Bing Yu knew something must have happened.

Back in the day, Jian Bu Gu exiled the Wu Wei Dao Palace out of the Qin Kingdom. Li Bing Yu's teacher died in the middle of their battle. The leader didn't have a successor in line to succeed him, so the young Li Bing Yu took over the position of leadership. She was only 20 years old at the time and shouldered the critical task of leading the company.

Wu Wei Dao Palace was comprised of nine big sects. Wei Group was the weakest of them all. For Li Bing Yu to lead Bu Wei Group until this day took her a lot of effort. The things she had done were things most people could not imagine. After all, this was a dog-eat-dog world. Even in the Wu Wei Dao Palace, Bu Wei Group was the most bullied sect. Students in Bu Wei Group were always bullied. Li Bing Yu tried her best to change that. Without someone strong sitting there, it was hard for the group to be considered on par with the other eight groups. "Su Ling'er, from now on, you will control Bu Wei Group. You will be the leader for now." The door to the Bu Wei Group's hall was accessed by a token. Li Bing Yu gave Su Ling'er the token that provided access to the Bu Wei Group.

"Leader, what is this?" Su Ling'er did not take the token. She sincerely looked at Li Bing Yu.

"I am going to Bu Wei Well," Li Bing Yu coldly said.

Su Ling'er was shocked. "Leader, you cannot go! It is too dangerous there. Bu Wei Group has had so many people enter Bu Wei Well, and none of them made it back out alive. Maybe a thousand didn't go inside, but there had to be at least 800."

Li Bing Yu stopped Su Ling'er from talking any further. Han Sen's face kept flashing in her mind. She started to look determined. "This world is changing. More and more elites are showing up. If we cannot follow the rhythm of the world, we will eventually be exiled from it."

"You don't have to go to the Bu Wei Well," Su Ling'er said. "There are many other ways to become stronger."



Li Bing Yu shook her head. "They're not good enough. Those other ways cannot make me stronger. Only the gene races of the Bu Wei Well can push me to be stronger and make me capable of fighting the elites."

Su Ling'er wished to say something, but Li Bing Yu stopped her again.

"With this thing, if I don't make it out from Bu Wei Well, you will be Bu Wei Group's leader." Li Bing Yu passed the token on to Su Ling'er. She then turned around and left.

Su Ling'er wished to chase after her, but she heard Li Bing Yu coldly shout, "Stop it! Do your duty! This is my life, and that is your life!"

Su Ling'er's eyes trembled. Seeing the back of Li Bing Yu fade into the darkness of Bu Wei Group's farthest reaches, she did not say another word.

Three days later, the fighting roster was finally available for all to see.

In front of the light screen, people's names were everywhere. Each name had a title. They all had some kind of god associated with them.

Han Sen used Dollar for his title. The words before his name were God of Wealth. That meant Dollar's Blood – Pulse came from God of Wealth. He was representing God of Wealth.

Han Sen went to look further and saw Bao'er's Ingot and Feng Yin Yin's Lucky also had the additional title of God Wealth too. While Feng Yin Yin had God of Wealth's Blood-Pulse, neither Han Sen nor Bao'er did. He still had the title of God of Wealth all the same. Han Sen guessed it might have been because of them joining the fight from the God of Wealth Temple.

Bao'er was very excited. She was checking out her opponent.

The opponent's name was surprisingly ordinary. It was very normal. It was the sort of name one would not pick out from a list. None of those gods had fame. Han Sen had never heard of such God Spirits before. He thought they couldn't be high-class God Spirits supporting them.

Feng Yin Yin's opponents were the same. Han Sen imagined they could easily get through the first round of knockouts, so he went ahead to check out his opponent. He had never heard of his opponent's name before either. That being said, the name of the God Spirit supporting his opponent was a name Han Sen was familiar with.

It was Empty God. It was one of the 12 Annihilation God Spirits that were space elements, but it was not an absolute space element. It also had the buffs of a mysterious element. It was the most mysterious God Spirit out of the 12 Annihilation God Spirits.

Legends claimed that Empty God was born in the chaos of the sky and the ground opening. It was a very old and powerful God Spirit. Now, Empty God was a guardian God Spirit of the Yan Kingdom. The opponent's name was Yan Bei Fei. Han Sen could tell he was a royal of the Yan Kingdom.

Although Han Sen did not know Yan Bei Fei, the man was very famous in the universe.

When people spoke about the Fei Yan Swordsman, it was something known by everyone in the seven kingdoms.

Yan Bei Fei was also looking at the roster list. He noticed his opponent was Dollar, who belonged to God of Wealth.

“Second Brother, I can’t believe you and I have such a big difference. I am afraid we can only fight when we are in the top eight.” A man was at Yan Bei Fei and laughing.

“Yan Dan, this fight will get you up. I will let the world know that the Yan Kingdom has a new hero too,” Yan Bei Fei looked at the man with confidence.

“Second Brother, you do not have to say that,” Yan Dan said. “Your talent and potential are greater than mine. You are stronger as well. We have a chance.”

Yan Bei Fei shook his head. “I checked the roster. If nothing goes awry, we will encounter Zhuo Dong Lai in the top eight.”

“It’s him!” Yan Dan’s face changed.

Yan Bei Fei’s eyes looked aflame. “That’s good. I will use all the power to prevent Zhuo Dong Lai from breaching the top eight. I will clear a path for you to get to the top four. Do not disappoint me.”

Yan Dan looked serious. He bowed on the ground and said, “Dan will go into the top two.”

### **Chapter 3167 Yan Bei Fei**

When the matches started, Bao’er and Feng Yin Yin only used their gene races to fight. They did not bother going into the battlegrounds, so there was no reason to fear for their safety.

When Han Sen saw the small flying fish, which was under Bao’er’s control, enter the space battleground, he knew it would be difficult for her to lose.

Han Sen thought about it. He combined with the blood god dragon and went through the god light screen to enter the space battleground.

The blood god dragon was very strong, but it still hadn’t absorbed the blood dragon god pulse to become a God Spirit gene race. If he encountered an opponent with a God Spirit gene race, beating such a fiend would be an incredibly tough task.

Yan Bei Fei was a royal of the Yan Kingdom. There was no guarantee that he did not have a weird gene race up his sleeve. Therefore, Han Sen decided to take part in the fight. He did not want to risk being kicked out from the god fights in the first round.

Chen Seven was in a good. He made his king-class gene race ascend to adult mode. He was ready to fight in the god fights.

He did not have any lofty, high-rank expectations. If he could at least perform reasonably well in the god fights, perhaps the God Spirit he believed in would be more impressed with him. That meant he had a chance to receive a better God Spirit Blood – Pulse.

The god fights were only for humans to participate in. For God Spirits, it was like a trial.

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The God Spirits could see their believers fight. By watching them, the God Spirits could measure the strength of someone and see if they had a bright future ahead of them or not. If there was a member of its congregation that did not look outstanding but performed really well in the god fights, they might be given a second Blood-Pulse.

Of course, it had to be a sensational performance. If it was nothing special, the God Spirits were unlikely to be tempted. Of course, that all came with the caveat of it being a very low chance of occurring.

Although Han Sen had the authority of a God Spirit, the God of Wealth only had Feng Yin Yin. He had already given her the highest-class God Spirit Blood-Pulse, so there was no need to test her. Aside from that, every time Feng Yin Yin won, the God of Wealth received some god power as a reward. The higher the rank Feng Yin Yin earned, the more power the God of Wealth could receive. If Feng Yin Yin won first place, the power reward given to the God of Wealth was quite shocking. It would have been enough to compose another god base.

It was a shame that even though Feng Yin Yin had the gold wing peacock king, it was unlikely she could emerge victorious as first place. So, Han Sen did not place that much hope in her yet.

Chen Seven's target was lower. He only wanted to display a decent performance. When he noticed his first opponent was a nameless God of Wealth member called Ingot, he was delighted.

He was afraid to meet members of a famous God Spirit. Putting aside the 12 Annihilation God Spirit members, even a Disaster God Spirit member was unlikely to be something he could overcome.

Chen Seven investigated all the known God Spirits. The God of Wealth didn't appear to be an Annihilation or Disaster God Spirit. It was also not a famous Destroyed God Spirit. He had never heard of the name Ingot either. Therefore, he thought he had a good chance of winning

When Chen Seven saw a white jade flying fish, which was about a foot long, appear in the battleground, he almost laughed out loud.

Obviously, his opponent was too scared to enter the fight and had only sent a gene race in. He kept his cool and made no fuss.

The small flying fish looked like something of a joke. It was tiny, and it had wings. It looked cute but being cute was completely pointless. Seeing its face, it looked like one slap would be enough to send it flying.

"Don't blame me, Chen Seven, for being cruel. Blame it on the world for being too cruel." Chen Seven laughed. He summoned his king-class gene race tyrannosaurus rex king. Facing that small flying fish,

Chen Seven did not plan on entering the fight himself. He wanted to use the tyrannosaurus rex king to crush the small flying fish in a flash.

The adult body of the tyrannosaurus rex king was large. It was three stories high. When it landed on the battleground, it raised its head to the sky and roared. The roar was enough to shake the mountains and rivers. It looked like a mean and violent beast. It was a big difference compared to the cute, small, and docile-looking fish that merrily flapped its fins.

“Number Seven, you are the best! It is no wonder you are my son.” “Brother Seven, you are the best!”

“Son, muster the courage to bum rush the enemy.”

“Old Seven, murder that small fish. Do not play nice. Being nice to the enemy is being cruel to yourself.”

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Chen Seven’s friends and family were watching the video in front of a god temple. They were very hyped in their support of Chen Seven.

Although he could not hear their voices, Chen Seven was exuberant. He commanded the tyrannosaurus rex king to rush the small flying fish. It opened its bloody mouth and tried to swallow the small flying fish.

Seeing the small flying fish about to be swallowed, Chen Seven and his friends and family thought it was already over.

In the next second, the small flying fish spit out some small fire. It was not much. It looked like nothing hazardous. It looked like the small spark of a tiny, freshly ignited flame in front of the tyrannosaurus rex king. It landed on the tyrannosaurus rex king’s nose.

Boom!

Suddenly, the tyrannosaurus rex king was burning. Within the blink of an eye, it turned into charcoal. It was like a black charcoal statue had been placed there, depicting a monster with its mouth open wanting to bite into food.

The wind blew. The charcoal-looking tyrannosaurus rex king turned into dust and vanished.

Chen Seven and his friends and family were crazily excited a second ago. Now, they looked petrified. Their mouths were agape, and their eyes were open wide. It looked as if they might roll out of their sockets.

They suddenly felt that the world was f\*cking cruel.

Chen Seven instantly reacted. In a whoosh, he departed the battleground. He was afraid to go any closer, fearing the small flying fish would toast him too.

“My tyrannosaurus rex king...” Chen Seven kept running away while crying. His heart was broken in little bits.

When Han Sen entered his battleground, Yan Bei Fei was already waiting for him.

His title was Flying Yan Swordsman. A knife was attached to his waist. The knife was called Flying Yan. It was one of the seven most famous knives in the history of the Yan Kingdom. It had been crafted out of the bones of a rare gene race.

No matter how good a knife was, it was useless if its owner was no good with it. Yan Bei Fei was a good knife owner. He had the Yan Kingdom's inheritor Blood-Pulse, which was imparted to him by Empty God. He also had the power of a powerful gene race. Regarding his fierceness, the most important thing was the fact that he could use all of that at max capacity. Once it left its scabbard, the Flying Yan knife was something no one had ever survived.

Yan Bei Fei noticed his opponent was wrapped up in a red air that veiled his face. His eyes became blurry.

He did not know what his opponent was like. Seeing him combine with a gene race, he knew his gene race was different. To Yan Bei Fei, there was no difference. Even if his opponent had an ultimate god-class gene race, he could kill it. "I do not want to kill people today," Yan Bei Fei said to Han Sen as he looked at him. He knew it was overwhelmingly possible. If it was possible, he preferred to not have to use the knife.

"I do not like killing either," Han Sen said.

"Oh," Yan Bei Fei replied. He said nothing else. He knew Han Sen's answer, so he grabbed the knife on his waist.

### **Chapter 3168 Yan Return**

Yan Bei Fei gripped the handle of the knife as his entire body summoned a strange and mysterious aura. His body did not move, but it looked like it was emitting some light. It was like time was coldly fading.

Han Sen was still casually standing where he was. It did not look like he was going to fight. Instead, he just watched Yan Bei Fei with interest.

Ever since he had come to this world, humans mainly used power from the outside. It was rare to witness an elite use their own powers.

Alongside the likes of Jian Bu Gu, Yan Bei Fei had to be a rare elite. He had practiced a knife mind, which was what Han Sen was best at.

Han Sen was interested to see what level Yan Bei Fei's knife skills were.

Han Sen looked at Yan Bei Fei and thought, "Using gene race powers to practice a knife mind is such a complicated game. This is interesting," Upon seeing Han Sen not bother to make a move, Yan Bei Fei shouted, "Fight!"

"I will fight when I need to," Han Sen coldly replied.

After Han Sen said that, the nobles and teenagers from the Yan Kingdom watching Yan Bei Fei were all riled up and angered. They thought Han Sen was very ignorant. Yan Bei Fei had the title of Flying Yan Swordsman. Aside from his knife's name, Flying Yan, it primarily described how fast he struck. When he thrust the knife out of the scabbard, it always determined the end of someone's life.

Han Sen wanted Yan Bei Fei to strike first. From what they could tell, he looked like a simpleton with a death wish.

"What a crazy and ignorant man," a nobleman from the Yan Kingdom said. "He wants Mister Yan to strike first. This man will be slashed, and he will not continue living."

"How dare he play cocky before Flying Yan Swordsman," the princes of the Yan Kingdom angrily said. "He must have a death wish."

Yan Bei Fei was not thinking of things the same way as the nobles of the Yan Kingdom. Although Han Sen was just casually standing where he was, he felt as if he was facing off with a mountain.

Yan Bei Fei knew he had encountered an elite. He had never heard of Dollar before, but he knew he was very strong.

Yan Bei Fei realized that, but he did not fall back. His will for fighting grew stronger. He steeled his will to not feel any fear. It did not matter who his opponent was. He was confident that he would emerge victoriously. If he didn't, he would lose before things truly got going.

The aura around Yan Bei Fei's body was stronger. When it reached the top, it suddenly disappeared. His presence looked like it was something that used an endless abyss for a stomping ground and made all others unable to find a bottom. Looking at him made one feel as if one had fallen into the abyss.

Yan Bei Fei suddenly moved. The Flying Yan knife rushed out of its scabbard. The knife had no shadow. It was like it vanished in the air.

Zhuo Dong Lai was watching. When he saw Yan Bei Fei's knife, he complimented him. "Flying Yan moves, and all becomes silent. Heads roll across the floor without knowing what happened. Very good Flying Yan Swordsman. Very good Flying Yan sword skill. The most powerful knife on earth."

The Yan Kingdom's nobles complimented him too. They did so despite not knowing what was great about it.

Yan Bei Fei unleashed his strike, but he had been unable to take Han Sen's head off.

Yan Bei Fei's knife was very fast. It was so fast that most people could see the knife light. Han Sen saw it, but he did not just watch it. He fell back a little and dodged the Flying Yan knife. "Yan return!" Yan Bei Fei did not feel bad about his knife missing. His knife mind did not relent. It accelerated. At the same time, the Flying Yan knife returned to its scabbard.

His movement created an overbearing, ultimate knife power that came out of Han Sen's back. It was faster and crueler. It was even more brutal than Yan Bei Fei's slash. Yan Bei Fei poured his Blood-Pulse, gene race, power, and talent into that knife skill. He planned on using Yan Return for Zhuo Dong Lai, but he felt threatened by Han Sen. He could not help but use the secret skill Yan Return. He wanted to kill his opponent and strike down Han Sen, who was extremely strong.

"Very good Yan Return," Zhuo Dong Lai said in shock. "It is incredible. If that was me down there, and I did not know this, I would have been hurt."

Yan Dan had already finished dealing with his opponent. He came back and saw Yan Bei Fei using Yan Return. He frowned.

He remembered Yan Bei Fei's first opponent was a nameless person. How was he able to push Yan Bei Fei into using Yan Return? He remembered that Yan Bei Fei had only learned that secret murderous skill in the past two years. He never used it on a whim. Only Yan Dan knew that Yan Bei Fei had Yan Return.

Yan Dan thought he would see it when Yan Bei Fei fought Zhuo Dong Lai, but he was seeing it now. It was clear how scared he was.

In the next second, Yan Dan's shock became something unbelievable. Yan Bei Fei's opponent made a single dodge to evade Yan Return's knife air. It seemed to be a very light move. It was as if it was done casually.

Even Zhuo Dong Lai's face changed. He looked at Han Sen with a strange expression.

Yan Bei Fei shouted. His body was like a mountain, and his knife was like a Flying Yan. Knife air shook the sky and slashed toward Han Sen. Yan Bei Fei kept slashing until the sky and the ground changed color, and the suns and the moons stopped glowing.

Han Sen behaved as if it was nothing special. He moved his feet and traveled through all the knife air that shocked the sky. From top to bottom, he had not used his skills. Yet, Yan Bei Fei's knife skills had not come close enough to ruffle his sleeves.

"Since when did such a powerful elite enter this universe?" Zhuo Dong Lai was shocked. He looked at Han Sen with eyes that were on fire. Han Sen's body looked like it was on fire. Zhuo Dong Lai wanted to see who this person was.

Yan Dan's face looked dim. He understood Yan Bei Fei. Yan Bei Fei's knife was too heavy. Yan Return was his absolute best skill. If those two skills were unable to harm his opponent, he knew who was going to lose.

The people of the Yan Kingdom were shouting. For a nameless, small character to compete against Yan Bei Fei in such a way was too shocking. They could not believe it.

At this time, everyone looked at Yan Bei Fei's opponent. They did not know who he was. Before this, no one cared who Yan Bei Fei's opponent was or which God Spirit he belonged to.

Aside from his opponent being some kind of famous elite, they did not think Yan Bei Fei could ever lose. They had only glanced at the roster and seen it was some unknown person. They did not even remember the name of the opponent and God Spirit. After checking it again, they were confused.

“Dollar? God of Wealth? Can someone tell me who this is?”

Even people like Yan Dan and Zhuo Dong Lai were just as confused as everyone else. A competitor could have a random name, and many people used fake names, but the name of a God Spirit could not be faked. They had never heard of this God of Wealth. They also did not know what level they were.

“Does anyone here know which God Spirit God of Wealth is?” Yan Dan looked at his teammates, but they all looked confused too.

“Dollar? God of Wealth? Interesting.” Zhuo Dong Lai looked at Han Sen with great interest.

### **Chapter 3169 Not Really Nice Skill**

Han Sen was disappointed. Yan Bei Fei’s knife mind was not bad, but there was still a distance between it and the universe of kingdom’s truly top-class elites.

Yan Bei Fei suddenly stopped unleashing his knife skills. He stopped attacking Han Sen and held a knife up to the sky.

Yan Bei Fei looked at Han Sen and asked, “Do you use a knife?”

Han Sen did not use a skill. Yan Bei Fei was a swordsman, so his keen senses noticed something.

Han Sen looked like he was complimenting him. Although Yan Bei Fei’s skills were not something supreme, the potential was still there inside him. He would have plenty of time to improve in the future.

“Not bad,” Han Sen said with a nod. “You seem to know a thing or two.”

“Regarding knife skills, I am not as good as you. I lost this fight.” Yan Bei Fei said that, but he still went on to say, “But this is a fight I must win. Therefore, I apologize.”

After that, Yan Bei Fei’s body was ablaze with a space-ripping power. The wings of a blackbird arose behind him.

“Who is Dollar? How was he able to force Yan Bei Fei to use the noble Yan family’s rare gene race, rip space nine-rob Yan.” The nobles of the Yan Kingdom saw Yan Bei Fei’s body look weird. It gave them all a shock.

The rip space nine-rob Yan was a gene race of the Yan Kingdom’s royal ancestors. It had been living for a few dozen generations, but it had yet to reach ultimate mode. It still only had an adult body.

It was incredibly hard for rare gene races to evolve. Even with a lot of resources, success was not always guaranteed. That was the case with this rip space nine-rob Yan. Throughout its entire life, it had to endure nine robberies to reach ultimate mode. The Yan Kingdom did not have many generations. It had only experienced eight sky robberies. As such, it had failed to reach ultimate mode.



Even so, since competitors in the god fights could not combine with a God Spirit in the god fights, it was the biggest amount of power he could muster.

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Every kingdom had God Spirit gene races. In an event like the god fights, no one dared to use one. It would have also exposed the potential trump cards of a kingdom and likely result in other kingdoms trying to take advantage of them.

Therefore, of the gene races that could take part, the strongest potential gene race was a rare gene race with an ultimate body. The rip space nine-rob Yan was almost that strong.

If it were a normal fight, Yan Bei Fei would have rather lost than use the rip space nine-rob Yan. This time, he needed to help Yan Dan. No matter what it took, he was not going to lose. The moment he finished combining with the rip space nine-rob Yan, Yan Bei Fei's entire body was like a god in the sky. Every move he made was able to tear through space. It carried a powerful space power. Han Sen looked at Yan Bei Fei and coldly said, "That is nothing. A gene race is an extension of one's power. Bring out your best power!" "As you wish. I will try my best this time." Yan Bei Fei slowly put the Flying Yan knife back into its scabbard. He touched the handle again.

Time appeared to freeze. Space was frozen too. When Yan Bei Fei drew the knife, space looked like it had been ripped by his strike. He carried an incredible speed and power as he slashed toward Han Sen.

The knife, which ripped through space, was like a teleportation strike. Ordinary humans were unable to dodge something like that. It was a shame that Han Sen was not a normal human. He was excellent when it came to teleporting, and he had fought against elites that could infinitely teleport. A power like that was something people believe resulted in a one-hit kill. To him, it was not going to be as effective as the Yan Return.

Han Sen sighed. He raised his right hand and used his palm like a knife. He moved his body. He was going to go against Yan Bei Fei's rip space knife air.

Like a fleeting shadow, Han Sen and Yan Bei Fei suddenly had their backs facing each other. Ordinary people had not been able to see what happened.

Yan Bei Fei slowly turned around. He asked Han Sen, "What was that knife skill?"

"It was just a random wave. It was not a knife skill." After Han Sen said that, he did not look back at Yan Bei Fei. He merely walked to the exit.

Blergh!

Yan Bei Fei's chest gushed blood. Several knife marks appeared across his shoulders and all the way down to his belly. They dyed his armor red. His body fell out of the space battleground.

The nobles and young people of the Yan Kingdom watching the fight went silent. No one believed that after using the ultimate gene race rip space nine-rob Yan, the very famous Flying Yan Swordsman of the Yan Kingdom was killed with one hit.

“Very good, but not really a knife skill. I am afraid this person’s knife skills are too rare.” Zhuo Dong Lai looked at Han Sen with a strange sort of stare. He looked as if he was ready to fight.

He was supposed to just watch Yan Bei Fei. He did not expect to witness this turn of events.

“Go and dig me up some information on this. Find out where the God of Wealth Temple lies.” Yan Dan looked calm as he made his commands. In his eyes, the zest for murder blazed.

Yan Bei Fei was not born from the same mother, but their relationship was like that of real brothers. He was going to avenge Yan Bei Fei’s death no matter what it took.

“Dan, I could not help you this time.” Yan Bei Fei was shaky as he walked out of the screen of light. He was covered in blood, but he was not dead.

“Brother Two, you are not dead!” Yan Dan was as much shocked as he was happy. He quickly ran forward to hold Yan Bei Fei. “That person kept me alive,” Yan Bei Fei said. “That guy is certainly mysterious. My knife skills were like child’s play in front of him. You will have to be careful when you encounter him.” He then passed out in Yan Dan’s arms.

Yan Dan shouted, “Hurry! Get a doctor to heal Brother Two!”

Because it was just the beginning, no one thought Yan Bei Fei would lose. Not many people believed the fight would be that exciting. Aside from the nobles of the Yan Kingdom who focused on Yan Bei Fei, very few people watched that fight.

People quickly noticed that Yan Bei Fei had been kicked out in the first round. It shocked everyone. When they looked at Yan Bei Fei’s opponent, their faces were frozen. The names Dollar and God of Wealth were too strange for them to comprehend.

In the Yan Kingdom, those two names had become famous. No one knew the names before, but now everyone did.

That was especially true about Dollar. When the Yan Kingdom’s nobles and civilians talked about what happened, their teeth felt itchy.

Killing people was just having heads strewn across the floor. Yan Bei Fei lost. When Han Sen said that it was just a random wave and not a knife skill, it humiliated the people of the Yan Kingdom. They thought Han Sen had deliberately humiliated Yan Bei Fei.

They did not know that Han Sen really did randomly wave. He did not employ any knife skill. Han Sen was merely being honest.

In this world, what hurt people the most was the truth. So the people of the Yan Kingdom hated Han Sen to the bone. They wanted his next opponent to teach him a lesson. They wanted him to get stepped on and humiliated.

No matter what, the people of the Yan Kingdom remembered Dollar and God of Wealth. It was like sharp knives had been used to carve those names in their hearts. They could not forget this, even if they wanted to. It was a bloody humiliation.

**Chapter 3170 Zhong Miao Yin**

When Han Sen won, Feng Yin Yin and Bao'er had already achieved victories of their own and returned. They had easily crushed their opponents.

Feng Yin Yin was delighted, but Bao'er was upset. "I couldn't go in and play. It was so lame."

"What is the point of fighting and killing? Why not just have a pet and take your fish for a walk? Isn't that interesting?" Han Sen laughed.

"The opponents are too weak," Bao'er said as she lifted her small lips. "This is pointless."

"From now on, there will be a lot of elites," Han Sen said to comfort her.

They left the God of Wealth Temple and returned to the Feng family residence. Jian Bu Gu already had lunch prepared for them.

"Mister Jian, this meat pie is very nice." Han Sen and Bao'er, the two of them, each held a meat pie. They kept scarfing the food down, dishing out compliments.

Bao'er had only mentioned once that she wanted to eat a meat pie, but Jian Bu Gu had immediately gone to learn a few recipes and tirelessly practiced them. On this day, he finally finished a meat pie that tasted very good. No one who tried it could stop eating.

It was unknown what kind of meat Jian Bu Gu used, but he had cut it very thin. It was likely thinner than a cicada wing. There was no point in describing the taste. The texture of it was soft. It melted in one's mouth. There was also pastry on the outside that was delightfully crispy. After taking a bite, the juice came out with the meat and combined with the pastry. Eating it was like going to heaven.

"Mister, your compliments are too lofty," Jian Bu Gu answered with a smile. "It was just something small that I learned. I used to hobo everywhere. I never had the money to afford a hotel and eat food, so I learned to do things myself. Ergo, I learned how to cook pretty well."

"Old Jian, with your skills, you would blow up the entire universe if you opened up a restaurant." Bao'er had oil all over her face. She kept talking as she chewed.

"I am glad you like it, Miss Bao'er." Jian Bu Gu smiled at Bao'er as he spoke.

In a god temple, Rocky Dee was watching the roster of the god fights. He paid attention to Dollar's name.

"Dollar is probably Han Sen. He has the God of Wealth Blood-Pulse. When did this God of Wealth appear? When Han Sen broke my underworld silhouette power, was that done through the power of the God of Wealth?" Rocky Dee liked talking to himself.

A dragon maid politely said, "Mister Minister, Han Sen has defenses. It will be harder for us to kill him now. Why don't we wait a little bit?"

Rocky Dee laughed. "There is no need for us to wait. These god fights are the perfect chance."

The dragon maid was surprised to hear that. She was confused, so she said, "The god fights are fights between main god members. We should not get ourselves involved in such a thing."

Rocky Dee smiled. He looked at the roster and saw Yan Dan. "Of course, we cannot join the god fights, but we can find someone to talk to. I am sure this fellow will not reject our offer."

"Mister Minister, do you want to lure Dan Yan to the dark side?" the dragon maid thought. She thought that was wrong. She said, "Yan Dan is an inheritor Blood-Pulse of Empty God. It will be hard to lure him to the dark side."

"No, no, no. We will just give him a tincture of aid," Rocky Dee said with a smile. "There is no need to push him into the dark side. That would be a bit too much."

Han Sen and the others did not have a powerful opponent up next. They all proceeded to the next round with ease. Even Feng Yin Yin had it easy.

During the fourth round, Feng Yin Yin met a famous person from the Qin Kingdom.

It was Zhong Miao Yin, who was one of the other three big singers of the Qin Kingdom like Feng Fei Fei. She was very famous in the Qin Kingdom. She was above Feng Fei Fei in status.

Zhong Miao Yin was not more famous because she was better than Feng Fei Fei. They were both special in their own way.

Feng Fei Fei was elegant, whereas Zhong Miao Yin was cute. Their genres of music diverged and did not overlap. Zhong Miao Yin's fame was greater than Feng Fei Fei was because Zhong Miao Yin was the child of the singer king Zhong Li Qing. She was born noble, so her identity was higher than an ordinary singer that rose to stardom.

Zhong Miao Yin had a lot of fans all over the seven kingdoms. For this fight, many people across the kingdoms made sure to pay attention to the battle.

Zhong Miao Yin's voice was very pure, and she had a lovely presence when she was young. She combined with a high-class gene race. A holy god light sound surrounded her. She looked like a fairy that had descended onto the earth.

"Miss Miao Yin must win..."

Seeing Zhong Miao Yin on the battleground, lots of fans were screaming hard enough to break their throats even though she could not hear them.

At the same time, a golden peacock flew into the space battleground. It was the gold wing peacock king Han Sen had given to Feng Yin Yin.

“How dare she! She is fighting with our Miao Yin Goddess, and she does not even show up. She only sent a gene race to fight. This is insane.”

“Her name is Lucky too! I bet this fighter’s power is as bad as her name since she doesn’t dare to fight Miao Yin Goddess directly.”

“I think so too. I have never heard of the God of Wealth before. It must be a low-class God Spirit. It won’t be like our Miao Yin Goddess. She has a sonic Annihilation God Spirit Blood-Pulse.”

Regarding Feng Yin Yin only sending out a gene race to fight, Zhong Miao Yin fans were very angry. They kept complaining. Feng Yin Yin thought it was fine. She did not want to win. Winning or losing did not matter to her. She did not care about losing to Zhong Miao Yin.

When Zhong Miao Yin saw the gold wing peacock king flying, she was not in the mood to fight a gene race. To do so made her look low. Instead, she summoned a gene race to battle the gold wing peacock king.

It was a god-class sonic god bird. Zhong Miao Yin had raised it to possess an ultimate body. It was very powerful. It was a top-class gene race with sonic elements.

The sonic god bird flew to the gold wing peacock king. It also made a bird-like sound. Many shockwaves erupted. Everything that encountered the shockwaves was turned to dust.

The sonic god bird’s gene skill was Shaking Sonic. It was a powerful area-of-effect skill.

The gold wing peacock king ignored Shaking Sonic. Its eyes turned gold as it flapped its wings. It suddenly turned into a bolt of gold light. It was like it was cutting the sky like a screen. It broke the sonic powers and went across the sonic god bird.

Suddenly, there was a sad sound. God blood was everywhere. The sonic god bird was cut in half by the gold wing peacock king. It died right where it stood.

Before the frozen fans could react, the gold wing peacock king’s eyes shone with an evil light. It opened its mouth and sucked the sonic god bird’s body up. The sonic god bird’s body and blood were pulled into its belly. “Holy sh\*t! What is going on?” Han Sen was surprised when he watched this scene.

When normal gene races were tamed, without the master’s permission, they would not consume another gene race. Even if they wanted to eat, they would require the approval of the master.

Now, the gold wing peacock king was openly eating the sonic god bird aggressively. Feng Yin Yin did not command it to do that either. He knew that because Feng Yin Yin’s face was full of surprise.

“Is there something wrong about this gold wing peacock king?” Han Sen wondered.

The gold wing peacock king was a mutant god-class gene race, but its origins were weird. It came from a mysterious stone stove. Han Sen always wondered why the mysterious stone stove possessed a gene egg.

### **Chapter 3171 Absorbing a Gene Skill**

The gold wing peacock king swallowed the sonic god bird's body. The gold light glowed even stronger. The peacock opened its beak and made some bird sounds in Zhong Miao Yin's direction.

Suddenly, shaky shockwaves were felt throughout the place. It was the sonic god bird's shaky shockwave from moments before.

Han Sen was shocked. Other people might have thought the gold wing peacock king already knew sonic shockwave, but he knew that none of the gold wing peacock's three gene skills were a sonic element. Thus, it was impossible for it to be using the shaky shockwave.

Zhong Miao Yin quickly gathered up power and fought the shaky shockwave. Fortunately, she always used the shaky shockwave. She was very familiar with it, so she knew how to break it.

"Stop!" Zhong Miao Yin shouted one word and some invisible, godly power made the shaky shockwave stop nine feet away from her.

Seeing her appear so powerful, Zhong Miao Yin's fans swooned with happiness. Many of them screamed out their support at the top of their lungs.

Zhong Miao Yin was just as much shocked as they were. Her shouting involved the demon sound beast gene combination skill demon sound seal. The demon sound seal was able to restrict the sonic god bird's shaky shockwaves. The demon sound beast and sonic god bird had practiced the sonic sound seal before. She discovered it was able to stop the shaky shockwave.

This time, the demon sound seal only protected her in a nine-foot bubble. It had been unable to stop the shaky shockwave completely. It proved to her that the gold wing peacock king's shaky shockwave was stronger than the sonic god bird's version.

Zhong Miao Yin was shocked. She saw the wings on the gold wing peacock's back spread. It had become a gold peacock shield. It released 10,000 gold lights. It resulted in a sky full of arrows that came violently raining down on Zhong Miao Yin.

Zhong Miao Yin had a hard time blocking the shaky shockwave. She did not have any more powers to block the scary, sky full of arrows. Although she felt bad about doing it, she had no choice but to concede and depart the space battleground. Thus, she escaped the crisis of being turned into a hedgehog.

"Oh, my God! He used a gene race to beat Zhong Miao Yin, one of the three big singers."

"What was that gene race? That was too scary." "I don't know who the owner of the gene race is. Is one gene race really that powerful? If the owner went and fought, I wonder how powerful such a combo would be."

Everyone went to look at who Zhong Miao Yin's opponent was. When they saw who it was, they were very surprised. Obviously, the name Lucky was an alias, but the title God of Wealth was nothing false. Yet, none of them had heard of a god being this strong before.

When the Yan Kingdom's people saw God of Wealth's name again, they were given a fright. "How is this God of Wealth and its members so powerful? Earlier, Dollar had used one skill to defeat the Flying Yan Swordsman. This time, Lucky only sent out a gene race to defeat Zhong Miao Yin, one of the three big singers of the Qin Kingdom."

"What is this God Spirit called God of Wealth?"

"I want to go to God of Wealth Temple to have a look."

Along with the Yan Kingdom's people, many other people were starting to pay attention to the God Spirit known as God of Wealth. After the list was investigated, they learned there were three members of God of Wealth taking part in the god fights. One of them was called Dollar. He was the one who had knocked out Yan Bei Fei.

Ingot and Lucky had been winning too. No one had been able to stop them. What was particularly scary about them was that they had not revealed themselves in the battlegrounds. They had beaten all of their challengers by merely using their gene races. Many people paid attention to the God of Wealth, Dollar, and the others. Han Sen did not know anything about it. Even if he did know of the traction he was garnering, he wouldn't have cared.

Han Sen was busy investigating the gold wing peacock king. It now the shaky sonic shockwave in its skillset. It had obviously come from the sonic god bird.

"The gold wing peacock king now how this kind of power. So, does all it have to do is consume another gene race to get another gene skill? If it eats a lot of gene races, it will earn many." Han Sen knew Bai Mo would not put any ordinary gene egg inside that mystery stove.

Back in the day, Bai Mo accepted a quest from Qin Xiu to find a way to revive Qin Wan'er. He had discovered the black crystal stone and the stone stove that possessed The Story of Genes from an old tribe.

Qin Xiu had taken the black crystal stone to the geno universe. Bai Mo had investigated the stone stove.

Bai Mo died a very long time ago, but the gold wing peacock king's eggs were burning in the stone stove day and night until Han Sen found it and hatched it.

Although the gold wing peacock king was already a top-class gene race, Han Sen always wondered if it was a mutant god-class gene egg. He did not think Bai Mo cherished it that much.

Judging from Bai Mo's identity, he might have hidden a gene egg there. But inside the stone stove, it was the gold wing peacock king.

"It looks like there is more than meets the eye with this gold wing peacock king." Han Sen had no idea what use the gold wing peacock king had. He had waited a long time to see its true potential.

There was one thing known for sure. The gold wing peacock king was able to keep eating gene races to evolve and develop its skillset. Regarding the direction it could evolve into, whether it would end up as a God Spirit or a gene race, Han Sen could not accurately predict the outcome.

Han Sen and the other two from the God of Wealth kept fighting and kept winning. They were unstoppable. It was only a matter of time before they breached the top 100. God of Wealth and the three aliases they used were already being discussed across the seven kingdoms.

The nobles of the seven kingdoms fervently debated what level of God Spirit the God of Wealth was and how its agents were so strong. They wondered about the true identity of Dollar, Lucky, and Ingot too. People like that were definitely not nobodies. Feng Fei Fei sadly returned to the Feng family castle. She wanted to perform well, but she had suffered bad luck. She encountered a powerful elite, so she just fell short of the top 100.

Feng Fei Fei was not too disappointed. She rushed back to the Feng family castle, wanting to ask if Feng Yin Yin had heard about Dollar, Lucky, and Ingot.

Feng Fei Fei wanted to know who the consuming god was as well as who those three people were.

There were no matches that day, so Feng Yin Yin had remained home. When Feng Fei Fei kept asking her, Feng Yin Yin replied, "Are you asking about those three people? Of course, I know them."

"Who are they?" Feng Fei Fei curiously asked.

"It is San Mu, Bao'er, and me." Feng Yin Yin pointed at her nose as she answered.

"What? It's you guys. Which one are you?" Feng Fei Fei looked at Feng Yin Yin strangely.

"My nickname is Lucky." Feng Yin Yin was being honest.

Feng Fei Fei looked at Feng Yin Yin as she asked, "Where did you get the powerful peacock gene race?" She looked super weirded out.

"San Mu let me borrow it," Feng Yin Yin replied.

Feng Fei Fei's expression looked even more strange. She did not say anything. On the inside, her heart struggled. She thought, "Han Sen and Little Yin are not related, yet he treats Little Yin very well. Is he hitting on Little Yin? But Little Yin is just a kid. How could he..."

### **Chapter 3172 Misunderstanding**

"Fei Fei, do you have something to say?" Ever since Feng Fei Fei had returned, Han Sen felt as if she had been looking at him differently.

Feng Fei Fei felt weirded out. She strangely looked at Han Sen. She hesitated for a while before mustering the courage to finally ask, "Mister Han, do you like Yin Yin?"

"Of course, who wouldn't love a cute little girl like Yin Yin?" Han Sen replied with a laugh.



Feng Fei Fei had a nasty flare of the heebie-jeebies. She thought, "Is that so? It is no wonder he has done so much for Yin Yin. He has been crazily helpful, even going so far as to give Yin Yin a mutant eight sound bug. He even gave her an Annihilation inheritor Blood-Pulse and an extremely powerful gene race."

After thinking about all of that, Feng Fei Fei's heart was starting to be poisoned with a tincture of sourness. She once thought Han Sen had done as much as he had for Feng Yin Yin because he liked her.

Now, it seemed as if that was not the case. At the very least, Han Sen hadn't tried to do anything too sordid to her. Even though Han Sen lived in the Feng family's castle, he never spoke with her too much.

Everything was explained. Han Sen was not there on her behalf. He was only in the castle for Feng Yin Yin. "Mister Han, Yin Yin is only a child." Feng Fei Fei did not know what else to say.

Although Han Sen was an excellent man, he was already the father of one child. Feng Yin Yin was just a kid. To let her marry a single father was something she could not accept.

"Don't worry, Yin Yin knows her stuff. She knows how to measure things and make sound decisions. She will not be led astray." Han Sen thought Feng Fei Fei was suggesting that he had been spoiling Feng Yin Yin too much and risked turning her into a spoiled brat. When those words entered Feng Fei Fei's ears, they made her face start looking even weirder. She gnashed her teeth and said, "Mister Han, you are free to say that, but Yin Yin is too small. She cannot really explain how she truly feels. She is not ready to be a stepmother just yet. Please, give her some time. When she grows up, she can choose as she sees fit. If she still decides to be with you, then that is fine. I will not stand in the way."

Han Sen was frozen. He had a strange and shocked expression. "What? No. Um, what are you talking about?"

"I am sorry, Mister Han. I cannot let Yin Yin be with you right now." Feng Fei Fei lowered her head and bowed.

"Pffff!" Han Sen almost spat out all the water he had in his mouth.

"Me... you..." Han Sen had never thought about things this way before. After a while, he looked at Feng Fei Fei and displayed a wry smile. "Miss Feng, I think you've been overthinking this. Your imagination has really gone places! I am not interested in underdeveloped girls. I love large and mature women. The type with a big booty. Even if I was to search for a woman to involve myself with romantically, it would be someone quite like you, Miss Feng. What kind of man do you think I am?"

When Feng Fei Fei heard what he had to say about himself, she profusely blushed. "No..." Han Sen was too nervous. He felt as if he had said too much. He realized he had said something wrong. "Mister Han, I understand what you are trying to tell me." After that, Feng Fei Fei blushed and left.

"No, I do not think you understand. That is not what I meant..." Han Sen was frozen. He did not know how to explain it to her.

Before Han Sen could formulate a sentence of some shaky cohesion, Feng Fei Fei was long gone. He was left alone.

Han Sen felt depressed about it, but he also felt a nasty chill run down his spine. It was like there was a spirit staring at him from behind. Han Sen turned around to have a look at what it might have been. He saw Bao'er holding Small Cat. She was sitting on a small, flowery altar. Her were flashing with a weird type of light. She was also smiling at him.

"Dad, I saw everything that happened there." Bao'er's lips were lifted. She smiled at Han Sen.

"What do you want from me?" Han Sen knew that explaining this to Bao'er was probably a futile endeavor. That little girl always wanted to cause chaos.

Bao'er ran into Han Sen's arms. She grabbed Han Sen by the neck and acted as cute as she could. "I know you love Bao'er the most. You love me more than anyone, so I would never think of selling you out. Whatever happens here will be kept on the hush-hush. That is a promise I can keep for you. I will not let my Mom know, but..."

Han Sen once made a deal with Bao'er that he had to go to a street to eat snacks or some other unfair treaty like that. It had satisfied Bao'er, that little demon. "Who did I provoke?" Han Sen glumly sighed.

The god fights were still going on. After reaching the top 100 rankings, the performances of Dollar, Lucky, and Ingot caught the eyes of many more people. The small flying fish that no one knew about was now a hot topic. It was now a creature recognized by all.

Because of the small, flying fish, many people were trying to guess who Ingot was. At the very least, Sky King knew that Ingot was Bao'er. "An Annihilation God Spirit gene race has joined the god fights. Isn't that cheating?" Sky King was happy this had happened. Because people could not combine with God Spirits to fight, ordinary elites would not use a God Spirit gene race. So, the small flying fish in the god fights was like a big fish in a pond full of small fish. It was a boss.

This boss was going up against Sky King's sworn enemy, God Word King. How could Sky King not be happy about that?

Sky King could not wait to see God Word King square off against the small flying fish. He suspected the small flying fish would chase him into the sky, where there was no way out, and then chase him to the ground, where there were no doors.

"Even God Word King has not yet exposed his trump card Risk, which will be him using a God Spirit gene race. I am only afraid he is not the opponent of the small flying fish." Sky King felt very cocky about the outcome. It was like he could picture the God Word King being fried alive by the small flying fish.

In fact, the elites of all the other kingdoms turned their focus to this fight. It was a fight with one of the God of Wealth's team, which consisted of three people. They were to square off against a real, overbearing elite. They hoped this fight would make Ingot show her true self. They wanted to know who Ingot was.

On the day of the fight, it was not just the Qin Kingdom tuning in. The elites of every other kingdom were keen to spectate this fight. The other fights, which were supposed to have many viewers, did not have many people watching

Even Dollar's and Lucky's matches did not have many people watching them. After all, their opponents were far weaker than the God Word King. There was nothing particularly interesting about their fights to watch.

When the match started, people saw the jade white flying fish enter the space battleground. It flapped its white wings and sailed slowly through space. It looked like a lazy, small fish that was afloat in a sky of water. It did not look as if it was harmful at all.

Now, people of the seven kingdoms knew how scary that flying fish was. It even turned god-class gene races into dust.

Everyone waited for God Word King to show himself. They wanted to watch this fight, which could shock the world. They even imagined the master of the small flying fish would show themselves to fight God World King

It was a shame the small flying fish's master did not show up. It looked like it was going to use the small flying fish to fight.

Using a gene race to fight an Annihilation God Spirit Blood-Pulse was more ignorant than words could describe. People were earnestly hoping to watch a good fight.

Time went by, but God Word King had yet to reveal himself.

"Is God World King forfeiting?"

"Impossible. People like God Word King would not give up, no matter what. It doesn't matter how strong that gene race is. God World King is the strongest."

"Why has God World King not shown himself yet?"

Everyone was talking about it. When the space battleground's time limit ended, God World King had yet to show up. People were able to confirm that one of the Qin Kingdom's two kings with a different surname, God World King, had thrown in the towel. He did not dare fight the small flying fish.

### **Chapter 3173 Zhuo Dong Lai**

All the people throughout the kingdoms were in complete shock. An inheritor of a Blood – Pulse from one of the 12 Annihilation God Spirits, God Word King, had chosen not to do battle. It made Ingot, who was the least threatening of the three God of Wealth members, suddenly very popular.

Everyone started to gossip about why God Word King had decided to avoid fighting. They wondered if it was because he didn't think he could win or if it had to do with something else.

Sky King felt a bit depressed. He had not expected God Word King to give up the fight. He wondered, "Where did God Word King get this news from?"

A middle-aged man, who looked like a scholar, was in God Word King's manor. He was watering the flowers. He kept watering the flowers while he spoke to himself. "On Sept. 18, which is today, I should not go out, make use of any type of weaponry, or try getting into a fight. I should not do anything of the sort."

Meanwhile, Bao'er thought this turn of events was very boring. She wanted to play, but her opponent had given up. It upset her.

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Her feelings of dismay only increased when God Word King completely gave up the fight. The fun she had been looking forward to was delayed.

Since God Word King had given up, no one dared to fight the small flying fish. All future opponents gave up the idea of fighting her, so Bao'er was able to climb the ranks without anything impeding her progress. She did not have to do any more fighting.

Compared to the others, the gold wing peacock king had faced quite a few challengers. The fights were all very close, but the gold wing peacock king was able to gobble up a few more gene races.

Han Sen noticed that the gold wing peacock king was not able to eat just any gene race it wanted. It had to eat bird gene races. It also was able to absorb god-class gene races. As for taking a gene race's power, that did not seem to be something that was guaranteed. Sometimes it worked, and sometimes it didn't work. The gene skill it adopted also seemed to be rather random. Han Sen had yet to figure out a pattern for why it did what it did.

Regarding Han Sen, he had been leveling up fine. The blood god dragon with the blood dragon god pulse crushed practically every enemy he went up against. Soon enough, Han Sen found himself ranked among the top 16 fighters. After reaching that rank, he imagined he would get into the top eight before too long. To enter that highest echelon, he had to go up against Zhuo Dong Lai.

Han Sen had heard that person's name before, but he did not bother trying to find out who he was. He had heard about him simply because the man was too prestigious of a character. Zhuo Dong Lai was a student of Sky Group from Wu Wei Dao Palace. The legends surrounding him claimed that his parents were once being chased, so they sought refuge inside a god pulse. His mother was pregnant at the time, and she gave birth to Zhuo Dong Lai inside that god pulse.

According to the legends, when Zhuo Dong Lai was born, a purple air was released and landed on him. A lot of purple mist seemed to have targeted him. Mysterious text had also appeared. After examination, it was revealed he had been born with a God Spirit Blood-Pulse. Because of that, people called him the man who was blessed by the gods. It led to him receiving the name, Dong Lai. Zhuo Dong Lai was taken in as a student of Wu Wei Dao Palace's Sky Party Leader, who was the leader of the biggest of the nine sects of Wu Wei Dao Palace. Within a dozen years, he was able to reveal his horns. He was extremely

popular and famous in Wu Wei Dao Palace. People claimed he was the greatest student Wu Wei Dao Palace had claimed in more than a thousand years.

Some legends also stated that Zhuo Dong Lai singly fought off students from each sect while they all came at him together during Wu Wei Dao Palace's nine-sect competition. At the time, he was laughing and chatting as he managed to beat down each of the nine students coming at him. He was then drawn into the skill pool and given the alpha's inheritor gene race.

There were too many fantastical legends about Zhuo Dong Lai. If someone gathered and wrote down all of the legends, a storybook could have been created.

Han Sen remembering things about Zhuo Dong Lai was not a testament to Zhuo Dong Lai's legacy and strength. It was because the name held a special memory in Han Sen's heart.

Back in the Alliance, a demi-god association featured a man named Zhuo Dong Lai. He practiced the Purple Manor Sutra. It was one of the hardest Xuan Men geno arts to learn.

Back in the day, Zhuo Dong Lai wanted Han Sen to be a student so he could give him the Purple Manor Sutra. For some reason, there was still this lingering sense that he had always missed a great opportunity. When Han Sen learned that Zhuo Dong Lai had died, he felt sad. He was sad that the Purple Manor Sutra had no heir to learn it.

When Han Sen heard the name Zhuo Dong Lai, it triggered a tidal wave of memories. It was something he could not forget.

In Sky Party, Zhuo Dong Lai was sitting in a stone pavilion. He stared at the fish in the pond.

An old man, who looked rather dull, came to sit down in the same stone pavilion. He looked at Zhuo Dong Lai, who was perched in a frozen position upon the banister, and said, "Brother Zhuo, you will be fighting Dollar tomorrow. What do you think? Are you sufficiently prepared?"

"No," Zhuo Dong Lai casually said. His eyes were still fixed on the fish in the water. He did not move much.

"The leader is hoping you will be able to win this next fight," the elder said with a frown. He was feeling a bit angry, but he managed to keep it down.

Zhuo Dong Lai finally turned around and asked, "What if I am unable to claim victory?"

"You have one of the alpha's four rare gene races, and you have the purple mist holy clothes," the old man said. "If you want to win, then I do not see a reason why you cannot win."

Zhuo Dong Lai coldly asked, "What? Do you mean using a God Spirit gene race in the god fights? Do you want me to make a God Spirit mad?"

The god fights were opened because the God Spirits wanted to test their followers. A God Spirit gene race was like an extension of the God Spirits. Using a God Spirit's power to fight would likely embarrass

the God Spirits. In a worst-case scenario, they could take back the God Spirit Blood-Pulse. That was why no human used a God Spirit gene race in the middle of a god fight.

The purple mist holy clothes were one of the four rarest gene races in Wu Wei Dao Palace. They had already combined with an Annihilation Blood-Pulse. They had become god-class gene races.

The old man wanted Zhuo Dong Lai to use the purple mist holy clothes. There was an 80% to 90% chance that doing so would provoke the God Spirit and incite its wrath. "But Brother Zhuo, you do not care about that," the old man said with a smile. "So, what? Who cares if you make it mad?"

"Is that really what the teacher wants?" Zhuo Dong Lai calmly asked. "The leader has not said anything, but I suspect he wants you to win, Brother," the old man said. "After all, you are very talented. You will be the next to assert leadership in the Sky Party. The teacher will want you to do something that can cement your fame and legacy. In that way, when he gives you the throne, people from the other parties will not be able to whisper a single negative word about his decision."

"If things are truly that way, please go and tell the teacher I will try my best." Zhuo Dong Lai suddenly looked depressed. He stopped looking at the old man and went back to the stone railing. He cradled his jaw in his hands as he watched the fish swim.

"I hope you succeed, Brother Zhuo, and I hope you become famous," the old man said as he left. After he turned around, he looked disdainful.

"Famous, huh?" Zhuo Dong Lai lifted his lips. He looked disdainful too.

"That is fine. Maybe this Dollar will be an interesting guy." After a while, Zhuo Dong Lai stood up. His eyes looked focused. He was emitting some light. In the dark night, there was some weird purple light.

On the day of the fight that determined the top 16, many people had a hard time deciding which fight to watch. Everyone who had come this far was famous across the entire universe. They had all shocked the world in some capacity, and it sucked having to miss out watching any of them.

After hesitating for a while, many people settled on watching the matches that featured members of the God of Wealth. They were particularly keen on watching Dollar's bout.

### **Chapter 3174 Purple Mist That Comes from the East**

Everyone chose to watch this fight because God of Wealth's name had become rather outstanding in the fights. Three people from the same God Spirit had already reached the top 16. It was a magnificently rare achievement.

Plus, his opponent was to be the supremely talented young man from Wu Wei Dao Palace, Zhuo Dong Lai, whose name was already known throughout the world. Aside from the Qin Kingdom, the power of the Wu Wei Dao Palace was something that lurked in the dark fringes. To the other six kingdoms the power of the Wu Wei Dao Palace was considered the greatest in the universe.

Zhuo Dong Lai's name instantly attracted people's attention. It was unknown how many young men must have treated him like an idol, but it had to be a lot.

“Brother Two, who do you think will reign as victor?” Yan Dan was going to watch the battle with Yan Bei Fei.

Yan Bei Fei’s wounds had yet to recover, so he was still looking a little bit pale. He sat in front of the god temple and looked at the god screen. He looked at the screen. Without a shadow of a doubt, he immediately said, “Dollar.”

Yan Dan nodded and said nothing in return. Yan Bei Fei saw his face. He knew for a fact he was thinking differently.

“Mister Crown Prince, Zhuo Dong Lai is very powerful,” Yan Bei Fei said. “Even if I do not try my hardest and still fail to beat him, I guarantee I will be able to make him bleed. As for this person, Dollar, he makes me feel rather hopeless. Something tells me we are not on the same level.” He was afraid that if Yan Dan ended up squaring off against Dollar, he would be careless. Carelessness often proved fatal.

Yan Dan replied, “Dollar might be very strong, but one power can level down 10 times. Zhuo Dong Lai was blessed by a god, and he has the gene race given to him by the Wu Wei Dao Alpha—the purple mist holy clothes. I am afraid Dollar will not be able to gain an advantage over him with that.”

“The purple mist holy clothes are powerful, but would Zhuo Dong Lai dare to whip it out in the middle of a god fight?” Yan Bei Fei looked surprised as he spoke.

Yan Dan laughed. “Even if he did not use it, someone will let him use it.”

“Do you happen to know something you aren’t letting me know about, Mister Crown Prince?” Yan Bei Fei sensed that something was veiled within Yan Dan’s words.

Yan Dan had a sip of tea. He laughed and said, “Back in the day, when Sky Group Leader took Zhuo Dong Lai, he treated him like a son. He tried his best to teach him. He treated him like the future leader of Sky Group as he raised him. Besides his talent and personal effort, Zhuo Dong Lai has been able to achieve as much as he has mainly because of the way Sky Group Leader treated him. He was half of it.”

“What does that have to do with Zhuo Dong Lai using the purple mist holy clothes?” Yan Bei Fei asked.

Yan Dan sighed. “The saddest thing in the world is a hero getting old. When a person becomes old, they think about a lot of things. That presence of a hero will be ground away by the furious, unceasing advancements of time. By the time they are done, all they have left are favors and calculations. Sky Group Leader is very old, but he still managed to have a son in his old age. Before he died, he was able to have a son.”

Yan Bei Fei suddenly understood. “He did have a son. Of course, he hopes his son can succeed on the throne and lead Sky Group. With Zhuo Dong Lai in Sky Group, not even his son will be able to overcome Zhuo Dong Lai. So...”

Yan Dan laughed. "Because of that, the relationship between Sky Group Leader and Zhuo Dong Lai has not been too good the past two years. Even us outsiders can clearly see that. Zhuo Dong Lai and Sky Group Leader, one of those two, is going to end up hurt."

"Does that mean if Sky Group Leader has some notion of that, Zhuo Dong Lai might use the purple mist holy clothes?" Yan Bei Fei now seemed to understand everything. While the two were talking, a shadow was rushing into the space battleground. It was the famous teenager genius, Zhuo Dong Lai.

Zhuo Dong Lai was wearing snow-white clothing. He had very long hair. It flowed like a waterfall. He had not combined with a gene race. He just sat atop a white crane. He slowly flew to the space battleground. "He is certainly scarier than he was one year ago," Yan Bei Fei seriously said. "When I saw him last year, I was able to gauge his strength at 30%. Now, I am no longer able to calculate him. He only just turned 20, right? The Genius of the Sky, those four words, I believe are only suitable for this man, Zhuo Dong Lai."

"So, Brother Two, who do you think will win today's battle?" Yan Dan asked with a smile.

Yan Bei Fei hesitated a little but still said, "Dollar."

Yan Dan looked at Yan Bei Fei with shock. "Do you really think Dollar can win against the purple mist holy clothes?" Yan Bei Fei shook his head and looked bitter. "Maybe it is because I have been traumatized, but while Zhuo Dong Lai and his purple mist holy clothes are supremely strong, they will still not be enough to overcome Dollar. He will not lose." Yan Dan receded into deep thought. Yan Bei Fei's heart had always been strong. He knew if Yan Bei Fei was that scared of Dollar and even had trauma, then Dollar had to be someone quite different. He was a foe who needed to be treated with great caution.

A shadow suddenly flashed into the space battleground. A blood-like flame surrounded the shadow that had entered the space. It stared at Zhuo Dong Lai, who was sitting upon the white crane from afar.

"You are finally here." Sky King had guessed that Han Sen was Dollar a long time ago, so he was very interested in seeing what would happen during this fight. He wanted an example of Han Sen's true power to see how strong he really was.

Rocky Dee was tuning into this fight too. He wanted to know how strong God of Wealth was, as it was supposedly backing Han Sen.

Everyone who was focused on this fight sat at the edge of their seats in giddy anticipation. They stared at the god light screen waiting for the two scary elites to start fighting.

Han Sen was looking at Zhuo Dong Lai. He started to look weird.

He had been thinking for a while about whether or not this Zhuo Dong Lai was the same Zhuo Dong Lai from the Alliance. As he looked at him, he almost wanted to forget about his guessing.

The Zhuo Dong Lai from the Alliance was old. He had a beard like a goat. He was not ugly, but he was far from what could be defined as handsome.



This Zhuo Dong Lai had a jade face and black hair. His eyes were like ink, and his body was very long and strong. Although he was sitting, he exuded a presence that placed him far away from being a commoner.

As for his appearance, he was at least a lot more beautiful than the old man Han Sen used to know.

Zhuo Dong Lai checked out Han Sen too. He did not even look as if he had come there to fight. He seemed rather relaxed as he asked, "Aside from knife skills, what else are you good at?"

"I know a bit about everything," Han Sen replied. "I am a jack of all trades and master of none."

"A bit is enough," Zhuo Dong Lai said with a laugh. "I have recently made strides with my swordsmanship. Are you interested?"

"I know a few sword skills. I can play with you." Han Sen looked at Zhuo Dong Lai with interest. He thought this person was intriguing "That is great. I have spent a year training with the sword, so I only know one sword skill. Will you try to combat my Purple Mist That Comes from the East?" Zhuo Dong Lai stood up and balanced atop the white crane. He put his left and middle finger together to perform the beginning of a sword skill.

Zhuo Dong Lai did not combine with a gene race, but he had purple air manifest around him. It was like a mist from the east. The purple mist gathered around his fingertips.

At this moment, the whole audience was unable to control themselves. They had to stare at the mist gathering around his fingertips. It felt like the ground, sky, and space around them had been wholly swallowed by that purple mist. Nothing else could be looked at.

In Wu Wei Dao Palace, an old man screamed, "One Dollar Sword Mind."

### **Chapter 3175 One Sword Destroys a Kingdom**

"How is that possible? Hasn't he only been practicing sword skills for a year?" The old man looked at Sky Group Leader high above with shock.

Sky Group Leader saw the god light screen was displaying a bit of purple mist. After a while, he sighed and said, "Zhuo Dong Lai really is some strange sort of genius, which is very rare to find."

The old man looked rather perplexed, but he did not know how to respond.

One Dollar Sword Mind was not just any sword mind. It was a top-class geno art of the Wu Wei Dao Palace. It was created by the Wu Wei Dao Alpha.

Everything in this world started with one. One becomes two. Two becomes three. Three makes 10,000 things. One Dollar Sword Mind started a path to the infinite.

The whole Wu Wei Dao Palace legacy started with one. A gene race of any element was able to practice with the One Dollar Sword Mind. The sword mind would become a One Dollar Sword Mind, and a knife mind would become a One Dollar Knife Mind.

Any Wu Wei Dao Palace student could try their hand at learning the One Dollar Sword Mind, but the one who could truly be exceptional with the mind was considered a rare and prestigious student in Wu Wei Dao Palace.

It took Sky Group Leader 30 years to start basic proficiency with the One Dollar Sword Mind. He finally had entered the door to the big path.

Zhuo Dong Lai had only practiced his skills with a sword for a year, yet he already had One Dollar Sword Mind. It was very hard to believe.

Han Sen saw the purple mist swirl around Zhuo Dong Lai's fingertips. His eyes turned bright at the sight.

In the universe of kingdoms, people rarely saw people practice the power of their minds. Zhuo Dong Lai's sword mind was far greater than that of Yan Bei Fei. It made Han Sen's heart feel a twitch.

Han Sen used his finger as a sword too. He pointed it at Zhuo Dong Lai's fingertips from afar.

Before the sword could move, the sword mind was already breaking through the sky.

Suddenly, the entire audience felt as if two sword minds were rising. They did not see any knife lights or sword shadows, but it was enough to make people feel a chill. It was like some scary swords were piercing their bodies. It made them want to fall back.

After people reacted to this, they noticed the sword mind was only inside the space battleground. It was unable to hurt them as they watched.

"That's a very powerful sword mind!" Yan Bei Fei's face changed.

He wasn't the only one who was shocked. The nobles of all the kingdoms were frozen as they watched.

Han Sen and Zhuo Dong Lai casually moved at the same time. They suddenly reached a spot where the two men could wave their arms for sword airs to cross each other. They did not have the powers of destroying the sky or destroying the ground. Nothing was brought any harm, but it gave people the feeling that an entire army was being slaughtered. Just watching them fight was enough to make people's blood boil. They wanted to go and kill as well. They wanted to see their blood spill across the yellow sand.

"Today, I have noticed what can be accomplished if one takes up the sword," a noble who practiced with a sword said with a sigh.

The humans of the universe of kingdoms were obsessed with power, but they lacked power themselves. Thus, the fight between Zhuo Dong Lai and Han Sen was a unique one to witness. It opened people's eyes to what was possible.

The skills of both men seemed fairly normal. They did not use any powers that could break mountains and rivers. There were no bright lights. Still, every thrust of a knife went into one's heart. Even the audience felt a chill in their hearts.

In a sword palace to the east, a white-bearded old man sighed and said, "Practicing with the sword costs 50 springs and autumns. Only by watching this sword fight can I truly realize what it means to take up a sword."

Han Sen was getting excited. He had been in the universe of kingdoms for a long time. On this day, he had finally encountered an elite.

No matter how strong someone's power was, their power still came from the outside. Only self-knowledge and one's willpower defined and made someone truly strong. Han Sen thought elites like Zhuo Dong Lai had a powerful sense of willpower and faith. He did not just have extreme power.

Han Sen used all of the sword skills he had learned to do battle with Zhuo Dong Lai.

Zhuo Dong Lai only knew one skill, which was Purple Mist That Comes from the East. He kept on using it, but it had many different facets. There were many layers and moves to use within the same skill set.

One Dollar Sword Mind provided two machines. Four machines resulted in four elephants. Four elephants turned into gossip. To be able to bring a sword skill to this level, it was obvious that Zhuo Dong Lai understood a lot. He was a swordsman who was as good as Lone Bamboo.

He was also different from Lone Bamboo. Zhuo Dong Lai's sword skills were bright and obvious. They gave people a sense of righteousness. As a person, along with his sword, he gave people a sense of hope and not destruction.

Suddenly, Han Sen fell back. He ran away from the battleground.

Han Sen frowned and looked at Zhuo Dong Lai as he asked, "Why do you want to die?"

Zhuo Dong Lai's sword skills kept pushing forward, making the fight very intense. In the most intense moment, there was no sense of victory. Han Sen felt he was driving toward death.

Zhuo Dong Lai happily laughed. "I owe someone a life. Now, he wants to take it back. Therefore, I must pay. To be able to die against a swordsman of your talent, I can only say it has been worth it."

"Can the life you owe only be paid back with your own life?" Han Sen asked with a frown.

"Yes," Zhuo Dong Lai said with a nod. "Without him, I wouldn't be here today." Han Sen replied, "Fine. Use all the power you have to fight me. I want to kill a strong swordsman, not a man with a death wish." The blood dragon god pulse exploded. His blood-red dragon air almost looked solid. It was like a blood dragon was surrounding Han Sen's body.

"OK." Zhuo Dong Lai looked at Han Sen and nodded.

The purple air was like a mist that appeared on Zhuo Dong Lai. It turned into a purple and misty pair of clothes that draped over Zhuo Dong Lai's body. They created 10,000 purple lights, which made him look like a purple sun god king.

His black hair turned purple. The light was like a sun that gave people warmth.

His eyes were like a sun in the sky staring at everything.

A scary presence suddenly covered all of space. It was like the whole battleground only had light left in it.

“Zhuo Dong Lai used purple mist holy clothes.” Yan Bei Fei sighed.

The purple mist holy clothes moved. It did not matter if Zhuo Dong Lai died or not, but no God Spirit would allow their members to fight a God Spirit’s power to win in a god fight. His God Spirit Blood-Pulse would be taken away. This just proved his God Spirit was no good.

“This strong power matches your sword skills,” Han Sen said with a nod.

“In that case, come,” Zhuo Dong Lai said. “Let me die when it is the brightest time in my life.” His fingers were swords again. This time, it was not just a purple light that appeared on his fingertips. The entire sky looked like it was overwhelmed with a purple light. It seemed as if it all stemmed from his fingertips. The purple mist holy clothes were surrounded by a holy light. It was like 10,000 misty lights were there.

Zhuo Dong Lai waved his sword. Countless misty lights moved. They unceasingly came roaring at Han Sen. Suddenly, the sky, ground, and space only had a purple sword light in it. It was like a flood or a disaster drowning space. The power of a sword could kill a god or a Buddha. Even a sky full of God Spirits would change their expressions at this sight.

The Annihilation God Spirit gene race’s purple mist holy clothes gene skill and purple mist holy light buff released a misty light that was like Zhuo Dong Lai unleashing a full-power attack. It was too scary to imagine. “Back in the day, Wu Wei Dao Palace’s alpha used one sword to destroy a kingdom,” Yan Dan said with a sigh. “Today, Zhuo Dong Lai is doing something similar. It is a shame he was born in the wrong place and grew up with the wrong person.”

### **Chapter 3176 Losing a Blood-Pulse**

“Although Zhuo Donglai did not combine with an Annihilation God Spirit, every sword light power is like an Annihilation God Spirit’s attack. This scary power is so shocking. No wonder the Wu Wei Dao Palace Alpha once used the purple mist holy clothes to strike down a kingdom with a single sword hit. It was so overbearing, so how does Han Sen hope to compete against it?” Sky King squinted his eyes as if he was watching a movie.

Rocky Dee sighed and said, “Back then, the Wu Wei Dao Palace Alpha really was a genius who shocked the world. Even our leader made sure to avoid him. It is a shame that he chose not to join my God Chaos Party. If he had, I could have guaranteed him the chance to become someone really big.” Everyone had their will stolen by that beautiful sword. They felt as if they could not beat it.

Han Sen saw the scary sword mind coming for him, but he was not afraid. He used his finger like a sword and pointed it at Zhuo Donglai’s attacks, all of which were headed for this direction.

No sword air shook the sky. He did not muster a powerful sword light. It was like he was gently threading a needle. He did not even try to compare his might with Zhuo Donglai's sword skills, which were shaking the sky.

When Han Sen thrust forward, the entire audience's heart brimmed with shock. They all felt as if the knives were striking their hearts and perforating them. Some people felt terrible about it, so they fell back. Many people coughed out blood in awe of the sight. Even though the powerful elites had calm hearts, they looked shocked.

This was the spirit sword skill Han Sen had learned from Six Paths Emperor. The spirit sword skill was not a spirit body sword skill. It was a sword skill that went straight to one's heart.

This was a sword skill that depended on one's heart and will. The sword pointed straight to the heart. If one's heart was lacking in some way, it would be harmed by the sword. This skill had a name, but it meant nothing. It had a spirit, but it was not solid.

The spirit sword did not have the power to harm anyone, but people who were struck by the spirit sword skill would make themselves their enemy.

Zhuo Donglai looked at Han Sen's sword, which was coming for him. It was like he had suddenly fallen into the grasp of a terrible nightmare. His mind was flooded with all sorts of weird scenes. The guard he had on his will was lost. The strongest purple air coming from the mist was broken. It simply vanished.

"What kind of evil sword skill was that?" The nobles of the seven kingdoms were as much scared as they were shocked. They did not understand what kind of power Han Sen had just used to enable such a weird effect on his opponent.

They always thought the actual power was the base. They forgot about the power they had inside them. Not many people saw how truly amazing Han Sen's skill was.

Only some top-class elites had been able to witness the granular details of Han Sen's sword skill. They could not help but compliment him profusely, comparing him to a god when it came to his prowess with a blade.

Han Sen frowned and looked at Zhuo Donglai. Because the spirit sword skill was powerful, he did not think Zhuo Donglai would be defeated by the spirit sword skill so easily. He felt as if there was another reason for Zhuo Donglai being broken.

Suddenly, some god light appeared in space, and a light came down after. It landed on Zhuo Donglai and made his body possess some strange blue light. It was like some power was being pulled away from his body. "Blood-Pulse is taken..." Yan Bei Fei let out a long sigh.

By now, everyone was able to understand what had happened. The God Spirit Blood-Pulse that a God Spirit had given to Zhuo Donglai was being taken away. The God Spirit Blood-Pulse was leaving him. The

blue lights, which kept shining on him, gradually wore away the gracious image of power that was once Zhuo Donglai. It was like the man's life force was slowly escaping him. He was sort of like a dead person.

Boom!

As Zhuo Donglai's God Spirit Blood – Pulse faded, his purple mist holy clothes were snatched from his body.

To the humans of the universe of kingdoms, the God Spirit Blood-Pulse was the base in which to control gene races. Now, Zhuo Donglai's God Spirit Blood-Pulse had been taken back. The purple mist holy clothes, which was a rare gene race, were no longer bound to him. They had been set free.

Sky Group Leader looked happy about it. The elder on his side looked happy too. He said, "The purple mist holy clothes are now free. They will return to the pool. When Little Brother goes into the pool, you and I can help him. Little Brother will be protected by the gene race. Then, he can carry on the legacy of the Sky Group."

Sky Group Leader wanted to force Zhuo Donglai out. It was not just because he wanted him to quit fighting for the Sky Group Leader position. The most important reason was for him to obtain the purple mist holy clothes for himself.

Without actual power, even if the Sky Group Leader forced his son to take on the mantle of being the next Sky Group Leader, he would not be there for long.

If he could get aid from the purple mist holy clothes, the Sky Group Leader's seat was solidified.

Sky Group Leader had been planning this for a long time. If the purple mist holy clothes returned to the pool, he had a secret skill and treasure to bolster his son's power. Even though he had wasted his life and all his efforts, he wanted a future for his son.

Although Sky Group Leader felt guilty about Zhuo Donglai, the nature of a real bloodline and an old body and heart still ensured he would do all that he could for his son.

What made Sky Group Leader and the old man feel weird was the fact that the purple mist holy clothes left Zhuo Donglai's body but did not return to the pool. It floated in front of Zhuo Donglai as if it was looking at Zhuo Donglai. The purple mist flickered like a robe of cloth made of sky mist.

A man and some clothes were floating. The man was old like dry grass. The clothes were shining with a misty light. The scene was very weird. Zhuo Donglai's God Spirit Blood-Pulse had been taken away, and the mysterious light disappeared into space.

Zhuo Donglai had lost all the power he once had. He no longer looked like a god. His long purple hair had no more purple mist. His black hair was gone too. His long hair had become white. It was like he had grown old overnight.

Seeing a powerful and pretty man reduced to that drove many women and ladies to feel sorry for him. It made the waterworks come on. They sobbed for their loss.

Many powerful elites felt it was a great shame. They could no longer watch a rare, talented person like that come to such an end. "Sky Group Leader, this guy is too much." In Wu Wei Dao Palace, some people felt extremely sorry for Zhuo Donglai, but that was Sky Group's business. Even if they wanted to exact vengeance, they were not able to.

At this time, the purple mist holy clothes continued to float with a purple mist. It was like a God Spirit was descending. It was releasing an endless holy presence of purple mist.

"Are the purple mist holy clothes going to return to the pool?" Sky Group Leader felt terrible about this too. When he saw the purple mist holy clothes rise, he felt excited again.

In the next second, Sky Group Leader's eyes opened wide. He looked on in utter disbelief.

The purple mist holy clothes descended onto Zhuo Donglai, whose hair was now totally white. They draped and clothed him again like a godly robe. Purple air endlessly covered the sky, making Zhuo Donglai's body brim with purple air. His presence recovered quickly. He was like some god who had just woken up from a long slumber.

"How is that possible? Impossible... Zhuo Donglai no longer has a God Spirit Blood-Pulse. How can the purple mist holy clothes still select him? That is unbelievable..." Sky Group Leader stood up. He stared at the purple mist holy clothes and Zhuo Donglai in utter disbelief.

### **Chapter 3177 Breaking the World**

Han Sen complicatedly looked at Zhuo Dong Lai, who was exuding a strange sort of power that was different from the power elicited by the purple mist holy clothes.

Zhuo Dong Lai's body emitted a purple mist and glass-like words. The words looked as if they had been branded onto Zhuo Dong Lai's flesh. It was like when he was born, it had already been carved into his flesh.

"The rumors are true. Zhuo Dong Lai really is a man who was blessed by a god. Those mysterious words... Are they the words that he was born with?"

"Special people really are special people, even though he might not have a God Spirit Blood-Pulse."

"The face of the Sky Group Leader must be looking rather funny right now."

Many of the elites in the world were looking rather strange. Many of them felt happy about what was happening, whereas others felt extremely jealous. Only Han Sen's feelings could not be described.

The mysterious text on Zhuo Dong Lai read, "Purple Manor Sutra." Although Han Sen had never bothered to learn the Purple Manor Sutra, seeing Zhuo Dong Lai use it, he still knew some of it.

Upon seeing the text, it was obviously Purple Manor Sutra's content. "Now, I see! He is Zhuo Dong Lai reborn. When he was reborn, he could not erase his thoughts and memories of the past. They were deep inside his soul and bones. It was always there inside his blood. How stubborn of a man must he be?"

He forgot who he was, but even the reincarnation process could not scrub him clean and prevent him from carrying on the legacy of the Purple Manor Sutra. Did he encounter something lucky before his death? Did the Purple Manor Sutra residing inside his spirit go with him through his death?" Han Sen was shocked.

After seeing the Purple Manor Sutra, Han Sen finally knew why there was no support of a God Spirit Blood-Pulse. He also now understood why the purple mist holy clothes still decided to cling onto Zhuo Dong Lai.

In that world, everything had a cause. The purple mist holy clothes and the power of the Purple Manor Sutra had their main and opposite sides. They were two different existences.

If Zhuo Dong Lai was one day able to use the purple mist holy clothes and Purple Manor Sutra's power, it meant that he had reached a level that would enable him to break the world.

It was a shame that Han Sen's power was too weak at it was, and the power of the Purple Manor Sutra was restricted by the forces of that universe. The only reason it was showing itself now was that the power of the Purple Manor Sutra was triggered by the purple mist holy clothes.

Zhuo Dong Lai still had a way to go before breaking the world. To ordinary people, his chance of breaking the world was much higher. To say he was a talented genius was exactly right.

When ordinary people were reborn, they were not permitted to cling to the memories of their past life. Yet, he had kept a geno art from his past life. If someone like that was not called a genius, then geniuses could not exist in that world.

When the Purple Manor Sutra's text started to fade, Zhuo Dong Lai woke up. Although he had lost his God Spirit Blood-Pulse, the feelings he gave off were much more powerful.

Before, the purple mist holy clothes were just clothes that existed around him. Now, the purple mist holy clothes were part of his body. They gave people the feeling that he was the holy clothes, and the holy clothes were him.

"Now is the time we can decide the victor," Zhuo Dong Lai said to Han Sen with a smile. His smile was like a spring sun that could melt the sun. It made people smile along with him.

The young girls and women were watching with eyes that glowed.

"OK." Han Sen nodded. He saw Zhuo Dong Lai start with Purple Mist That Comes from the East. He did not use a sword skill again.

Zhuo Dong Lai's sword mind and spirit were already perfect. Using a spirit sword path was not going to work on him.



Zhuo Dong Lai turned his two fingers into a sword and pointed them at Han Sen. This time, there was no power like 10,000 swords coming together. There was just a little bit of purple light that came flying over to Han Sen.

When the purple light was flying, even the sky and ground shook like there was some purple air coming. They were going to the purple light. It was like all the power of the sky and ground were focused on that purple light.

The purple light got close to Han Sen, which made the purple air heavier. It started from a small dot and formed a line. From a line, it turned into a sword. The purple air gathered to form a sword. It was like a life force that had just been born. It made the chaotic sky and ground have infinite changes. One sword split up the sky and the ground. Han Sen felt as if there was no going back. One sword power could split the sky and the ground, but he was just a person. In Wu Wei Dao Palace's main sect, a man locked down in a tower opened his eyes. He said to himself, "The sky and the ground are reincarnating. They are ending so they can begin anew. Purple Mist Comes from the East... One sword that can break the world... Wu Wei Dao Palace finally has someone that has awoken. Which group is he from to become like this?"

"Wu Wei Dao Palace has another very strong elite. It will be very difficult for the Qin Kingdom to improve with this" A king stood before a god. He looked at the power of the sword and looked sad.

Han Sen was confused. He thought Zhuo Dong Lai had the conditions to break the world, but breaking the world would still take a while.

He never thought his sword had reached the max. It went from Yang to Yin. It went from positive straight to negative. He had used another way to combine and reverse the break world power.

Han Sen had made a mistake with this assumption. The break world power on display did not come from Zhuo Dong Lai. It came from the purple mist holy clothes. The purple mist holy clothes followed Wu Wei Dao Palace. Wu Wei Dao Alpha had unlocked a shortcut to breaking the world. Now, it was accepting Zhuo Dong Lai so he could use its power.

Although Zhuo Dong Lai understood, his power still had not reached that level.

Seeing the sword come, it was like the sky and the ground was crushing him. It made Han Sen feel incredible amounts of restriction. Ever since the fight with Rocky Dee, Han Sen had yet to encounter another incredible type of power that could be put on par with what was used against him. He felt as if his heart was going to get ripped apart.

Han Sen was standing in the air. His long hair waved with the wind. He felt as if there was an emotion within him that he could not accurately discern. He had an urge to improve. After coming to the universe of kingdoms, Han Sen had been fighting all types of power. Throughout it all, no one had been able to touch his heart.

Even Rocky Dee had made Han Sen feel as if he was a character that would be hard to get rid of. It never invoked real emotion in Han Sen's heart.

Now, Zhuo Dong Lai understood how to break the world. He achieved his super sword, which struck fear into Han Sen's heart. It gave him the feeling that he wanted to practice.

Xuan Yellow Sutra and Blood-Pulse Sutra ran through Han Sen's body at the same time. These two opposite powers ran at the same time, but they did not create conflict with each other.

Han Sen had tried to do this many times, but it had never worked. Now, it was triggered by Zhuo Dong Lai's sword mind. It was like he had just received the aid of a god. The two powers ran through his body with friction. It was not like before. It was working.

The sword light did not go back. It went forward. Han Sen stepped forward and slashed with his hand. It was like a ship breaking against rough waters. His hand felt as if great waves were crashing against him. It felt as if there were 10,000 mountains and hellish creations trying to stop his bob and roll.

"Open!" Han Sen's eyes were on fire. His entire body was burning with a life force that one could not see. His hands were like axes as he slashed toward the sword light.

One purple and one red halo flashed in space, but only for one second. No one could see what was going on.

The two bolts of lightning disappeared. The two cracks in space did not heal. A small crack appeared in the fabric of space. It was defined by the shape of an X. It burned in space. It seemed as if it would never fade.

Everyone felt their hearts tremble. They were still trying to remember how good this was. Han Sen and Zhuo Dong Lai had somehow ended up standing in front of each other, and Han Sen's hand was up against Zhuo Dong Lai's neck.

### **Chapter 3178 Life Belongs to You**

"Zhuo Dong Lai lost?" Yan Dan looked on in disbelief.

It was not just Yan Dan feeling that way. All the elites from every kingdom were now reeling in shock. Zhuo Dong Lai, who had almost broken the world, still lost. The incredible sword he had used was still incapable of defeating Han Sen. "He lost." In an old tower, the person inside looked surprised. Wu Wei Dao Palace had not had someone in its ranks who could break the world in many years. Now, someone had managed to achieve the One Dollar Sword Mind. He was able to use one sword to break the world, but he still lost the fight.

"In the years I have isolated myself, what happened here in the universe?" A person was deep in thought.

"I lost," Zhuo Dong Lai said after lowering his hands.

Han Sen looked at Zhuo Dong Lai and asked, "Now your life belongs to me, right?"

"Yes, my life is folded to you now," Zhuo Dong Lai said with a serious nod.

"I will have you do one thing for me, and you will not reject me," Han Sen said with a smile.

“My life is yours,” Zhuo Dong Lai said. “You can do whatever you want with it, but this life is cheap. If you want to use me to take the life of another, I do not think I will be able to do that.”

Han Sen shook his head. “I do not want you to kill people for me. I want you to leave Wu Wei Dao Palace and obey the God of Wealth. You must become a member of God of Wealth.”

“OK. I will pay back whatever I owe to Wu Wei Dao Palace. You are the one calling the shots now.” Zhuo Dong Lai did not ask any questions about the deal. He just simply agreed.

Han Sen put his hand on Zhuo Dong Lai’s neck. He touched Zhuo Dong Lai on his shoulder. He got closer and whispered something into his ear. He then smiled and started to depart.

Zhuo Dong Lai nodded and departed the space battleground. Han Sen did the same and left the space battleground.

“What? That person who just broke the world is going to betray my Wu Wei Dao Palace.” The person inside the tower had a very strong will. He almost did Sky and Man Combined Together, but now he was very angry.

The elites and students of Wu Wei Dao Palace felt the same way about things. Zhuo Dong Lai was such a powerful character, and now he was going to abandon Wu Wei Dao Palace.

The people who knew what was going on inside Wu Wei Dao Palace could not really hate Zhuo Dong Lai for what he did.

Zhuo Dong Lai returned everything he was able to. Sky Group Leader wanted his life and God Spirit Blood-Pulse. He also wanted his purple mist holy clothes. Zhuo Dong Lai could have left, but he didn’t. He returned everything that was given to him.

Zhuo Dong Lai no longer had the God Spirit Blood-Pulse of Wu Wei Dao Palace. The purple mist holy clothes left him. His life belonged to Dollar. Whatever Wu Wei Dao Palace had given him was returned. He betrayed Wu Wei Dao Palace, but the people of Wu Wei Dao Palace could not find a reason to hate him.

“Sky Group... Sky Group... What have you guys done?” A party leader in the Wu Wei Dao Palace was blisteringly angry. He waved his sleeves and turned a mountain into flat ground.

“He is an elite who can break the world, yet he just betrayed Wu Wei Dao Palace!” King Jing Zhen slapped the table and laughed. He almost had tears come out because he was laughing so hard.

“Wu Wei Dao Palace... Sky Group... This is interesting...” Yan Dan looked on strangely. He looked as if he wanted to laugh, but he held it in.

“Who is this God of Wealth God Spirit? How can there be some powerful existence like that? Now, Zhuo Dong Lai is in its ranks. This rhythm goes against the sky. Of the 12 Annihilation God Spirits, are there that many scary elites in their ranks?”

Everyone was suddenly wide awake. Out of the 16 rank fights that determined the top eight, there were another two God of Wealth member fights going on.

Everyone watched the fights with Ingot and Lucky. Ingot’s fight had already come to an end. Just as they thought, Ingot achieved victory and gained a place among the top eight.

Lucky’s fight was still happening. There had yet to be a winner determined. Many people watched the fight.

Compared to this, the fights won by Han Sen and Ingot weren’t half as bad. Unlike Zhuo Dong Lai, who had used a God Spirit gene race, the others were just two scary gene races in a heated battle.

Lucky’s gold wing peacock king had been seen many times. The gold wing peacock king’s opponent was a gene race too. The masters had not shown themselves on the battleground.

It was like no one recognized the gold wing peacock king, and no one knew what the other gene race was called. They could only tell it was a white tiger.

The white tiger was about two feet long. It looked like a juvenile. Still, a small tiger like that was having no issue fighting against the gold wing peacock king. In fact, it was doing rather well against it.

Ha Sen sensed that the small tiger was a rare gene race, but it had not evolved enough. Otherwise, the gold wing peacock king would have been unable to fight it.

He looked at Feng Yin Yin’s opponent. That person’s name was Little White. The God Spirit it belonged to was Moment God.

“One who pledges allegiance to Moment God, huh?” Han Sen developed an evil grin. If his God of Wealth Temple could have Moment God, he wondered what sort of god could actually reside in Moment God’s temple.

The small tiger was weird, but it was just a baby. It had not yet grown up. It was unable to defeat the gold wing peacock king. After a while of battle, the gold wing peacock king damaged it quite a bit.

The small tiger’s master summoned the tiger back. It did not want the little tiger to die.

Feng Yin Yin smoothly proceeded to the top eight. Everybody from God of Wealth, the three of them, all reached the top eight. Among the top eight, three of them hailed from the same God Spirit, which was extremely rare. It made the God of Wealth’s name blow up in the universe. “What kind of level is God of Wealth’s God Spirit? How come we have never heard of it?” “It must be a high-class God Spirit. Otherwise, why would so many scary elites become a member of it?” “I want to go and see the God of We Temple. If that God of Wealth looked at me and made me become its member, I would most assuredly be blessed.”

“Do you guys not remember the gold pillar when the god fights started? Do you think that might have been a beam of light belonging to God of Wealth?”

“I think it very well could be. I say, why else would there be a pillar that was brighter than the current 12 Annihilation God Spirits?”

“I think the gold pillar came from the Gold Crystal System. Does the God of Wealth hail from the Gold Crystal System?”

Everyone in the universe was guessing where the God of Wealth Temple came from. They also really wanted to uncover the identities of Dollar, Ingot, and Lucky. Some nobles actually sent out people to the Gold Crystal System to seek out the God of Wealth Temple.

It was a shame the God of Wealth was guarded by Sky King’s big dragon riders. No one was able to get close, so no one was able to find the god temple they sought.

Only one person was able to get past the big dragon riders. This person went to God of Wealth River and headed into the God of Wealth Temple. This person went in front of the god statue, put down a droplet of blood, and became a member of the temple. The dragon maid went back to Rocky Dee and said with a bow, “Mister Minister, I have done what you wanted me to do.” “Good job,” Rocky Dee said with a laugh. “The real good stuff is going to start. I hope Han Sen will not disappoint me.”

### **Chapter 3179 Fighting Yan Dan**

The fights whittling down the roster from eight to four annoyed Han Sen. His opponent was going to be Yan Dan from the Yan Kingdom. That was fine with him, but Bao’er and Feng Yin Yin had to fight each other.

Regardless of who won, one of them would lose a slot that cost a lot of god power to get.

There was nothing he could do about it. Feng Yin Yin did not want to win. She said she would leave the fights and return the gold wing peacock king to Han Sen.

“Bao’er, you must work hard and win the part I have lost,” Feng Yin Yin said as she stroked Bao’er’s head.

“I will,” Bao’er said as she blinked her eyes.

In the Yan Kingdom, King Yan Yun Xiao secretly met with the crown prince, Yan Dan.

Yan Yun Xiao looked very grave as he asked, “My son, do you think you will be able to defeat Dollar?”

“Truth be told, I am not confident,” Yan Dan replied. “That Dollar is an impossible character to predict. If he can break Zhuo Dong Lai, who wielded a power that could break the world, I think he must be an elite who can break the world too.”

Yan Yun Xiao nodded and said, “You are correct. Those kinds of elites are like phoenix feathers and Kirin horns in this world. All of them are so good like the sky, but they are scary. However, they are still beatable. Powers to break the world are taboo ones abandoned by God Spirits. There are a lot of taboos in this world, so getting that kind of power may not be a good thing.”

Yan Dan just quietly listened to his father speak. He knew Yan Yun Xiao had likely called him over for another reason. "Those powers are strong, but the powers of a God Spirit can still combat it," Yan Yun Xiao went on to say. "If you say that a break world power is a sharp blade, then God Spirit powers will be a shield. You can use the power of a God Spirit to restrict break world powers."

"But the god fights do not permit you to combine with a God Spirit," Yan Dan said. "We can only depend on our God Spirit Blood-Pulse. It will be very hard to break the world."

"Of course, it will not work if you are left to depend on your own powers, but it is not as if there is not another way." Yan Yun Xiao pointed at a rectangular wooden box on the table and said, "Dan, my son, open the wooden box."

Yan Dan's heart jumped. He seemed to think of something, so he happily opened the wooden box and looked inside it. His eyes turned bright. He seemed surprised as he asked, "Father, is that the Yan Kingdom's sacrificial god tool, Flying Yan Spear?"

A short spear was inside the wooden box. The spear's body was made of black metal. There was a mysterious symbol on top. The spear's head was very strange. It was like a flying Yan that was pulling its wings back.

"Not bad," Yan Yun Xiao said with a laugh. "This is the Yan Kingdom's sacrificial tool, which has been passed down the many generations. It is the Flying Yan Spear. The sacrificial tool was placed on this table day and night, gathering God Spirit power. When humans get their Blood-Pulse tested, they sacrifice a morsel of their blood. This sacrificial tool contains the blood of countless members, and it has absorbed the blood of those members. The Yan Kingdom's sacrifice is the Flying Yan Spear. It was placed on the god table for Empty God. After many generations of kings have gone by, I cannot imagine how much blood from members it has managed to absorb to have the powerful power it wields."

"In Long De King's time, the Yan Kingdom was thrust into a crisis. We had to use the sacrifice to defeat the evil and help our country prevail against that crisis. The Flying Yan Spear left the god altar that time, and we had to produce a new spear on the god altar. The new Flying Yan Spear was special too. It was made from a rare gene race's horn. It had god power cultivating it day and night, and it was dyed with the blood of our members. It has been here absorbing them throughout many centuries of our glorious kingdom. The godly power it contains can be no worse than the first Flying Yan Spear. In the end, when our kingdom prevailed and overcame that crisis, the two Flying Yan Spears were always kept atop the god altar. They can only be used when there is a big crisis."

Yan Yun Xiao stroked the Flying Yan Spear. With an overbearing presence, he said, "The Flying Yan Spears are not a God Spirit, but their power can rival a God Spirit. They can be a fine substitute for Empty God. With the aid of these two spears, even if you square-off against an elite who can break the world, you will have no issue."

"Father, do you want me to use the Flying Yan Spears to combat Dollar?" Yan Dan looked at Yan Yun Xiao with shock.

The Flying Yan Spears were very important to the kingdom. No one ever thought they would see them used unless there was a major crisis. To learn there were two of them going to be used now might have been seen as overkill.

Yan Yun Xiao saw the worry scrawled over Yan Dan's face. He sighed and said, "Right now, it is just you and I, a father and son, here. As a father, I am not going to hide things from you. Our Yan family is the weakest ever seen in the Yan Kingdom. Things have only gotten worse in the past few years. Other kingdoms might not do much for a rare gene race, but to the Yan Kingdom, it has been many years since we had a rare gene race. It would be excellent if we managed to get one more."

"Do not worry, Father," Yan Dan said with seriousness as he bowed. "I will try my best. I will try to get first place on behalf of the Yan Kingdom in these god fights and claim a rare gene egg for us."

"As a father, I believe in your abilities," Yan Yun Xiao said with sharp eyes. "You are a very smart person. The whole of the Yan Kingdom is putting its hopes in you. This time, using the Flying Yan Spears is not for the sole purpose of obtaining a rare gene race. It is merely because I want the people who want to take advantage of the Yan Kingdom to know we still have mighty people in our midst and cannot be bullied so easily."

"Yes," Yan Dan replied. He sighed on the inside and thought, "Is the Yan Kingdom that bad that we need to use this trick to show off? It looks like the situation in the Yan Kingdom is in direr straits than I thought."

"The Flying Yan Spears were blessed by Empty God's god power," Yan Yun Xiao said as he put the wooden box in Yan Dan's hands. "They can work as a substitute for Empty God. Only the Yan Kingdom's royal Blood-Pulse can enable one to use them. With the power of your talents and the two spears, I think you will be able to fight Dollar." It was like he had just given him a 1,000-pound burden.

Upon receiving this request, Yan Dan felt a lot of pressure fall upon his shoulders.

"Do not worry, Father. I am going to win." Yan Dan accepted the wooden box and spoke with utter seriousness.

He was still wondering whether or not he should use it, but now he was fairly certain of his decision. If he was unable to defeat Dollar, he would have to use it. He had to win no matter what.

The fights whittling down the roster from eight to four did not occur simultaneously. The fights happened sequentially. The first fight featured Bao'er in a contest with Feng Yin Yin.

All the audience hoped to see ones from the same group killing each other, but Lucky decided not to join the fight. Therefore, Ingot was able to reach the top four. The second fight was between Dollar and Yan Dan. It was unknown whether or not it was a coincidence, but the fights with the God of Wealth all came first.

In the geno hall, a God Spirit walked in. His right hand was placed on his chest as he bowed to the leader. He said, "Mister Leader, the fight between Dollar and Yan Dan is about to begin."

The leader of the hall squinted his eyes. The two sides of the hall had 12 powerful God Spirits. They all looked at the floor in space. In that space, it was recognized as the god space battleground.

### **Chapter 3180 Fighting Yan Dan (Two)**

When Han Sen entered the space battleground, Yan Dan was already waiting inside.

Upon seeing Han Sen arrive, Yan Dan immediately combined with his gene race. His back featured a spread of glorious bird wings. His power vastly increased in a short amount of time.

“Isn’t that Yan Bei Fei’s rip space nine-rob Yan? It looks like Yan Dan wants to fight Dollar to the death this time.” Sky King noticed the difference in Yan Dan’s demeanor, so he could not help but express his surprise.

In fact, most elites who knew anything about the Yan Kingdom could tell Yan Bei Fei was using his rip space nine-rob Yan.

After combining with it, Yan Dan’s body brimmed with a scary power movement. A gray presence spread across his body, covering it in a gray fire. He grew a horn on his head and a snake tail on his backside. “It’s the Yan Kingdom’s demon-eyed unicorn snake! He has combined with two gene races. They are adult classes. Yan Dan should not be able to do much more than that.” The demon-eyed unicorn snake was a very famous gene race in the Yan Kingdom. Many people knew about it.

In the next second, Yan Dan’s presence exploded. Red flames blew up across his body. He looked like a volcano in the midst of an eruption. It turned everything around him red. Several fiery, red feathers spread across Yan Dan’s back. They were like the feathers of a phoenix.

“Huh? Southbound leaving bird... Another rare gene race that happens to be in ultimate mode. This time, the Yan Kingdom really has invested quite a bit.” Sky King looked at Dan Yan with genuine shock.

It was not as if he was shocked that the Yan Kingdom possessed so many rare gene races. He was more shocked that Yan Dan could use three rare gene races and combine with them all at once.

That required a high level of body fitness. If ordinary humans tried to do something like that, the chances of success were low. Most people who tried were usually overwhelmed by the power of the gene races and ended up self-destructing.

Yan Dan seemed to be displaying trouble, but he ultimately managed to do it. His body released three distinct colors-red, gray, and black-in the shape of fire. His entire body looked like a demon god descending. It was an incredibly weird and strange sight.



Han Sen did not react to the spectacle, but the nobles of all the six kingdoms were incredibly shocked. Even King Jing Zhen looked surprised as he remarked, "What does Yan Yun Xiao want? This is just a god fight, yet he brought out the Flying Yan Spears. Is it really worth all of this?"

When Rocky Dee witnessed the reveal of the Flying Yan Spears, he was also shocked. "He has even brought out the two sacrificial god tools. Clearly, I might have underestimated the Yan Kingdom's desire to fight and win. This is going to be interesting."

"If you win, it is legal," Han Sen coldly said. "If you lose, it is illegal. It doesn't really matter."

"Well said. In that case, we must certainly try our best." Yan Dan did not wish to waste any time. Combining with three rare gene races put a lot of strain on his body.

Yan Dan put all of his scary power into the Flying Yan Spears. The black bodies of the spears emitted a scary fire. They were like demonic spears wreathed in a hellish fire.

"Combining the powers of three rare gene races to use the Flying Yan Spears is bound to unleash an attack even greater than if Empty God himself walked down here and tried attacking," Thousand Mile Reach said.

Jia Shi Zhen shook his head. "It might be even scarier than that. The Flying Yan Spears are two sacrificial god tools. They are sacrifices of Empty God himself. Yan Dan must be an inheritor of Empty God. If he uses it with three rare gene race power buffs, it will be scarier."

Before Thousand Mile Reach said anything in response, Yan Dan's hands wielded the Flying Yan Spears. The pair of short spears were already coming for Han Sen from space. At that moment, the once lost short spears had become a black demonic Yan. They broke space and came flying toward Han Sen. That Empty God power came from Empty God. It made the demonic Yan disappear in space. When they appeared again, they were piercing through Han Sen's body.

The power of those attacks was stronger than Zhuo Dong Lai's Purple Mist That Comes from the East. In Han Sen's eyes, he was not at all interested in it.

Yan Dan's power was full of outside power. The outside power was overwhelmingly strong, but he could hardly hold on. No matter how strong that power was, Han Sen would not see it as anything else except a mask. Han Sen used his finger as a sword. He pointed at Yan Dan. He was going to use the spirit sword skill.

Blergh!

Yan Dan immediately felt the spirit sword skill's sword mind. His crushed heart finally broke. He spat out some blood. The power around his body erupted into chaos. He coughed up some blood due to the power inside his body being messed up. The three gene races uncombined from his form. The Flying Yan Spears lost control and fell out from the nothingness.

The elites of all the kingdoms gasped. Yan Dan had put a lot of effort into his attack, but Han Sen had been able to wreck his attempt with just a finger.

Yan Yun Xiao's face looked ashen. He expected Yan Dan might lose, but he did not expect his son to lose that way. He did not expect one sole finger to be his bane.

Yan Dan had not expected such a result. He had prepared for so long, yet he had been hit like that and made to lose badly.

Rocky Dee was excited. He looked at Yan Dan with eyes that were on fire. "Right. It is this look. It does not matter if you are a god or a demon. If you don't have stubbornness in your heart, then you are nothing but rubbish. That is the right kind of stare. That is the stare an elite should have. Bring it out! Right now, that is what you need!"

Yan Dan wiped the blood from his mouth. He stood up. He did not care what it took. He was determined not to lose. Yan Dan could not lose. The Yan Kingdom could not afford another loss, which was why he was going to keep on fighting. It did not matter how much it cost. He had to win.

He pulled something out from his chest. Yan Dan held it tightly in his hands. He briefly looked frozen. He then used all his strength to crush whatever was in his hands.

Many weird powers came out from his clenched fist. The powers floated into Yan Dan's body like a blizzard of snowflakes. The moment the power touched down on him, it was absorbed into his skin.

When the weird power melted into him, Yan Dan's loose body presence was back in full force. The three gene races were resummoned, and they combined with him.

This time, Yan Dan's body did not look exhausted. It was like he was happily eating rice and drinking tea. It was now that easy for him. Yan Dan's face even managed to muster a smile.

"Dollar, our fight has just begun!" Yan Dan opened his eyes and looked at Han Sen. His eyes had turned pure black. There were no pupils or white of the eyes to be seen. It was like he had the eyes of a demon.

"You are not Yan Dan." Han Sen frowned. He looked at Yan Dan and asked, "Who are you?"