

Super Power

Chapter 1021: Golden Flying Bug

Although Han Sen had received many presents from the creatures of the regions he and his party traversed, none of those gifts had yet surpassed the Blood Fruit and Dragon Saliva in terms of rarity and power. Those gifts, given to him by super creatures, were by far the best.

Upon nearing the exit of Ghost Mountain, they encountered another super creature. It was a giant ape, and it provided Han Sen with a small wine cup.

Han Sen could tell it was actually a geno item. But despite his close examinations of it, he couldn't really tell what purpose it might serve him.

The giant ape also aided them in travel. He grabbed ahold of every member of Han Sen's party and placed them all atop his shoulders. Then, he took off running for four days straight. The craggy slopes of the mountain soon gave way to an emerald, verdant expanse that was home to a number of horses, merrily grazing away the hours of sunshine.

"We are finally off Ghost Mountain!" Everyone was exuberantly happy.

The ape placed them down, roared at Han Sen, and then returned to the mountain.

Looking back to where they had spent so much time traveling, it was almost like a dream.

Everything they had been through seemed unbelievable, even to Han Sen.

Aargh!

Just as everyone was in chirpy spirits, a scream sounded from their midst. Liu Yuxuan was rolling on the ground in pain, shrieking in agony.

A wound had formed on his body, as if something had cut him badly. He was covered in blood, yet no one around him had done a thing.

As Liu Yuxuan screamed, he barely looked human. His body was being skinned by a phantom aggressor, and soon, his flesh started to get carved away in large chunks. Soon, it'd be down to the bone.

The wounds were not fatal, though.

"Kill me, please! I was wrong. I wanted Weiwei, and yet I was willing to harm and kill you to have her!" Liu Yuxuan's face was distorted and covered in blood. But the torture he was now under was so unbearable, he actually wanted to die.

Everyone understood what was happening. The spirit that owned Liu Yuxuan must have detected that he had left Ghost Mountain. Thinking that it was an act of disobedience, the spirit started to torture him.

Lin He grabbed his sword and plunged it deep into Liu Yuxuan's heart. As his life force left his body, his muscles relaxed and his face became softer. He looked free, as if he had been granted a release he had long wanted.

"There was no need for him to suffer. We are still the same kind. He may have deserved death, but not one that was brutally prolonged," Lin He explained.

Han Sen nodded. Even though he despised Liu Yuxuan and would have killed the man himself, he wouldn't have tortured him.

The others, seeing the way he died, were in shock. They were eternally glad they had not returned to the shelter and submitted themselves to the command of a spirit. One day, they could have ended up just like Liu Yuxuan.

To avoid his body being desecrated by creatures, Han Sen torched it until there was nothing left but dust.

When it was time for them to set out again, they were not too sure where to go. The only thing in front of them was a flat, plain field that went on as far as the eyes could see. So they picked a direction and went straight ahead.

The horse-like creatures were afraid of the passing humans, it seemed. Before they even got close, the horses would run off and maintain a lengthy distance.

After a while of travel, they suddenly heard a buzzing noise. Something gold was coming towards them from across the expanse. At first, it was alone. But later, more of the golden things appeared. After squinting to get a better look, the group saw that the creatures were golden, fist-sized bugs, and their numbers were many.

More and more emerged, until they started to blot out the sun and ink the sky. But since they were gold, they did not darken the field they traversed. Instead, the brightness of the region only increased. The area became almost blindingly bright.

"I wonder what these things will give us?" Chen Hu looked very excited.

Although Chen Hu did not personally receive any gifts or reap any specific benefits, he was excited to see what new thing they would bring.

But Han Sen was not in this mindset. His face changed and he said, "They are not here to bring gifts. Everyone, get ready to fight!"

"No way!" Chen Hu could not believe it.

The golden bugs closed in on them quickly. They swooped down low and tried to bite them in a hungry swarm.

With their gene locks open, the fighters raised their weapons to counter the assault.

Han Sen was ablaze with a red fire, and he commanded a phoenix to incinerate the bugs that were directly in front of him.

But the golden bugs were strange. When the phoenix slew them, it did not respawn and allow Han Sen another usage.

Even stranger, there was no announcement after the bugs died, and his Dongxuan Aura revealed nothing on those bugs. He didn't learn a thing.

The group of travelers unleashed everything they had as they fought back against the tide of insects, but the enemy's numbers were too many.

If a bug landed on one of their bodies, even mutant armor wasn't an effective enough resistance for the subsequent biting. The bugs would tear through their bodies in an instant.

Screams started to erupt from the group. When Han Sen turned to look at those who cried out, he found them soaked in blood.

Han Sen tried his best. He always did, but he knew he could not protect everyone this time.

Han Sen gifted the turtle armor beast soul to Lin Weiwei and said, "Put this on!"

After donning the armor, she was far safer—and she felt that way, too. The golden bugs could no longer nibble their way through that protection.

But it did nothing to alleviate the enormous swarm that assaulted the rest. There were so many, it was almost like a sandstorm of the fiends. And as for how they might get out of this predicament, Han Sen was short on ideas.

Aargh!

The people screamed. Many of the bugs were attached to Wang Yu's legs, which were being ravenously gnawed. Within a few seconds, nothing but the bones remained. He collapsed to the ground.

On the ground, his ability to resist was drastically reduced. Countless more of the bugs swarmed his defenseless body. He was being ravaged, and in a few seconds, ransacked bones were all that would remain.

Chapter 1022: Meeting Again

Han Sen's body surged with red fire, and the bugs that swarmed around Wang Yu were blackened and burnt. The man had been saved, but only barely. He could not stand up, let alone fight.

Chen Hu was next in line to suffer, though. He screamed, and Han Sen watched as he fell to the ground. A fireball was sent his way, incinerating the hungry bugs that sought to do him harm.

Han Sen was managing for now, but he knew he couldn't save everyone.

“Bao’er get these bugs!” Han Sen pleaded, but the baby did not move. Her eyes seemed fixed on something.

Han Sen knew he could escape and save his own hide, but he knew that would only result in the deaths of the people he had now spent much time with. Chen Hu, Lin He... they’d all die a gruesome death.

Lin Weiwei had been safe in the armor, but that too was now riddled with cracks. It wouldn’t be long before that broke, exposing her to the ravenous hordes of insects.

Bao’er continued looking in the same direction, not bothering to summon the gourd.

Han Sen suddenly heard an explosion in the sky above. A shockwave followed, almost knocking the fighters off their feet.

It was a howl, and it was familiar. It was reminiscent of the howling of a wolf, but it wasn’t quite the same.

When they were on Ghost Mountain, the purple wolf super creature heard this sound and left Han Sen and his people be.

Han Sen suddenly thought he might receive protection from the creatures, after the howl.

But the howl, as loud as it was, meant whatever made it was close. Han Sen wasn’t sure what would happen next.

And yet, nothing did. After a moment of anticipation, the bugs merely continued their onslaught without reprieve. It was disappointing, to say the least.

But in the next second, silver lightning tore the skies asunder. Its presence quickly surprised everyone, knocking them down to the ground.

As their hope had just started to wane, silver lightning descended from the sky like a river.

The bugs in the path of those lethal webs of windborne fire were destroyed.

Needless to say, it was shocking. Huddled together, everywhere outside their small portion of land was being ravaged by what felt like world-ending chaos.

All the bugs that sought to kill them were promptly electrocuted.

“No way...” A thought flashed through Han Sen’s mind, but it was so crazy, he wasn’t sure whether or not he was a fool to believe it.

There was a small shadow in the direction Bao’er was looking. It was headed towards them, emerging from beyond the streams of lightning.

It was a small, silver fox. It approached them slowly, with grace and elegance.

No lightning touched it; it was as if the curtain of silver fire parted for its entrance.

“No way...” Han Sen was speechless.

Han Sen now understood why the wolf king left them alone, and why the creatures had all started to be nice towards him. It was because something had been watching over him the entire time.

“Little Silver!” Han Sen shouted, running to greet his old friend.

The lightning broke away for Han Sen’s approach. He dropped to his knees before the fox and planted a big kiss on the much-missed creature’s forehead. Then, he ruffled the fur on his head.

The silver fox shoved his muzzle towards him and licked Han Sen’s hands. Then, he buried his head in Han Sen’s chest.

Bao’er squinted her eyes, looking furious at the silver fox. She seemed jealous that something else was obtaining Han Sen’s love.

The bugs had all gone. When the silver fox looked at Bao’er, it looked as if there was friction in both their eyes and an ignition of sparks.

But one second later, they looked away from each other.

Fortunately, Han Sen did not notice this brief stand-off. It was best that nothing spoiled the moment for him. Han Sen had wanted to discard the gourd once before, and had gone so far as to throw it away. But it was the silver fox that picked it up and brought it back, indicating Han Sen should hold onto it.

Strangely, after the occupant of the gourd emerged and met the person who had given it a father, they did not seem friendly.

Han Sen wished to say something to the silver fox, but suddenly, there was another explosion. A giant, golden bug emerged from the ground in a haze of soil.

Its lower body was like that of a snake, whereas its upper body was plated with a carapace that was not unlike a centipede. The creature’s head was like a scorpion, and a stinger-tipped tail swung from its back.

It looked evil, like a demon freed from hell itself.

Amidst the golden light that reflected from its shiny plating, the hideous creature roared. Chen Hu was grabbed and pulled across the disheveled field; as he went, soil and grass-stained his clothing.

After a roar, the golden bug’s tail started to move. It swayed from left to right, as if it was taking aim at Han Sen.

Boom!

Nine streaks of golden light were cast towards Han Sen, which twisted the very composure of space.

The silver fox leapt in front of Han Sen, amassing a massive vortex of silver power. It transformed back into the fierce lightning fox it could be.

Before the golden beam could reach its target, the silver fox roared as a big beam of silver lightning blazed back to counter it.

Chapter 1023: Attacking a Shelter

Silver lightning burst out of the silver fox and collided with the golden light.

Boom!

The golden light was fractured, and in a second, the atmosphere exploded around them in a blinding flash. A one-mile wide hole formed in the ground, and aside from Han Sen and Bao'er, everyone was blown away.

The streaks of the silver fox's lightning filled the exhibit of destruction, suppressing all the golden bug sought to do. Try as it might to break that oppressive power, the golden bug could not; all it could do was flail around helplessly.

The silver fox's fur gleamed. A silver aura formed around him, and it became brighter and brighter. It culminated in a wretched bullet of silver lightning. His target—the insect aggressor—shrieked wildly in agony.

Lin He was frozen as he watched the scene unfold. Even Han Sen was shocked. The silver fox hadn't been in the Third God's Sanctuary for very long, but he had already amassed a terrifying amount of power. He had managed to alter the minds and desires of the super creatures of Ghost Mountain, and promptly came to Han Sen's aid on the verdant expanse.

Of course, this wealth of power wasn't entirely down to the silver fox's own prowess. (Updated by BOX NOVEL.COM)

The silver fox had opened nine of his gene locks, but he had done so through the help of other super creatures. It was through their aid that he managed to open so many gene locks so quickly, and it was how he had obtained such fierce powers already.

The reason silver fox had received such treatment was his rarity. He had become widely respected throughout the creature kingdom, and that was down to his healing abilities.

Many injured creatures had kindly received the silver fox's healing. He was proficient with this talent, and grievous injuries were healed in no time at all. It was that which earned him this great respect amongst creatures.

Of course, only having nine gene locks open meant he could not even beat the white snake if it came down to a fight between the two.

Han Sen had nine gene locks open, as well, and when bringing fitness into the equation, the two were well-balanced. Just like Han Sen, the silver fox's fitness had not been able to keep up with the number of open gene locks. So, even in the Third God's Shelter, they'd make for a remarkable duo.

Boom!

The golden bug let out a shrill scream. It hastily dug back underground and disappeared, leaving behind stains of gold blood.

The silver fox looked like a simple fox again. It trotted over to Han Sen and started rubbing his head against Han Sen's legs again, just like he used to.

Han Sen picked the silver fox back up in his arms and said to him, "Well done."

Bao'er was sucking her dummy extra hard, upon seeing this. She was most certainly not happy.

No one dared remain in the area. Quickly, Han Sen and his party moved on. They eyed the silver fox with slight wariness because of the power they had seen him wield. He was quite a scary thing.

They looked at Han Sen with such strangeness, too. Han Sen was bringing it along with them, as if it was a pet. It was difficult to imagine what might happen to a man, should they incite the ire of the fox.

Han Sen had raised the silver fox since its birth, though, and there was no possible chance it would attack him. The only downside to the silver fox's presence was its tendency to keep creatures at bay. While this trait had its benefits, it made trying to hunt a touch more difficult.

But, after the golden bug was chased off with its injuries, it did not show up again, thankfully.

After another two weeks of travel, the group stumbled across humans. There were three of them, and they seemed to be collecting grass.

At the sight of them, the group was made extremely happy. If there were humans there, it might mean that there was a human shelter nearby.

When the three people saw Han Sen, they too looked happy. And without delay, both groups met up for a chat.

"This is not a human shelter." Chen Hu was disappointed.

The eldest man amongst the three was a fellow called Zhao Xin. He told them, "There aren't many humans here, but we belong to a royal spirit shelter. It's called the Sword-Furnace Shelter."

Lin He said, "Are there any other human shelters around?"

Zhao Xin regretfully informed them, "No, this area is under the control of spirits. It would be best if you return wherever you came from, lest the spirit become aware of your presence."

Lin He and Lin Weiwei looked at each other. They were saddened, upon hearing they had still not reached a location where they might safely settle down.

Han Sen asked, "Do you know of a place called Thorn Forest?"

Han Sen needed to know where he was, in order to let Moment Queen move the shelter.

They all shook their heads, much to Han Sen's disappointment.

Immediately, he asked a follow-up question. "Do you know if there is a king class shelter nearby?"

Everyone's eyes lit up, upon hearing this question. If there was no king class shelter, there was a chance they could claim the royal shelter for themselves. They most certainly had enough power, between Han Sen and his silver fox.

Zhao Xin shook his head and informed them, "I only know this is a royal shelter, and it's fairly remote. I don't believe there are any other shelters in the immediate vicinity."

"Brother Han, let's do this," Chen Hu and a few others said.

It had been too long since any of them had gone to the Alliance, and they all wanted the opportunity to see their family and friends again.

"Uncle San and Weiwei, what do you think?" Han Sen asked.

"Go ahead. If this doesn't work out in the long run, we can retreat to the Alliance forever," Lin He spoke with hefty gravity.

"If we let this opportunity pass us by, who knows when our next chance at a place of sanctuary will be?" Lin Weiwei said.

Zhao Xin looked at the party in shock, and he asked, "What are you guys talking about?"

"We are talking about becoming the new owners of Sword-Furnace Shelter," Han Sen answered.

"No! Even if you do take down this shelter, it ultimately belongs to Sword-Palace Shelter. If they send reinforcements here..." Zhao Xin quickly told them.

"Then I'll deal with them and take Sword-Palace Shelter for myself, as well." Han Sen spoke calmly, with perfect confidence.

Chapter 1024: Holy-Sword Emperor

"Brother Zhao, do you think they can do what they say they can?" Zhao Xin and the others hid amongst some bushes. While they watched Han Sen, the youngest of the three asked Zhao Xin the question.

"They sound confident, so they definitely possess some manner of strength. But even if they can take down this royal shelter, I'm not sure they have the strength to take down Sword-Palace Shelter." Zhao Xin paused for a minute, and then said, "Still, for now, if they can just manage to break the spirit stone here in Sword-Furnace Shelter, we'll be free."

"Then let us hope for the best and pray they are successful!" the young man said, his eyes also resting on Han Sen.

The three of them held their hands and prayed after this. If the group was not successful in liberating the shelter, their betrayal might later be found out. If it was, then the three of them who were under contract would most assuredly be given a torturous death.

After Han Sen and his people entered the shelter, the noise of explosions, clanging weaponry, and the shrieks and warcries of battle sounded from within the walls. The three of them sweated in anticipation.

It didn't last for very long. And after a short while of audible fighting, the city fell silent.

"Brother Zhao, why is it all quiet? Were they all killed?" the young man asked. (Updated by BOX NOVEL.COM)

"I don't think so." Zhao Xin wasn't entirely sure. It was strange, though; they had only been inside for a short while, so how could the battle have come to an end so soon?

The fear of the group being unsuccessful lingered on the minds of the three, and the idea that Han Sen might have already conquered the shelter in such a short time seemed too silly for them to even consider.

All of a sudden, a swordsman appeared from out of the gate. His build was heavy, and they recognized his figure all too well. It was a spirit of Sword-Furnace Shelter.

"We are done for," Zhao Xin quietly muttered. He hadn't expected them to be defeated so soon.

The two young men had hoped, more than anything, to return to the Alliance if they had been freed. But now? They didn't think that was happening anytime soon.

But then, after watching the spirit with bated breath, the tension in their contorted expressions loosened. They couldn't believe it.

Another person came out from behind the gates of the shelter, and as he stepped past, the spirit moved aside like a servant.

When Zhao Xin squinted to take a better look, that person was the young man who had told them his people could take the shelter and give them back their freedom.

"The royal spirit is obeying him?" Zhao Xin looked amazed.

"How could he have achieved all that so quickly?" The young man was in awe.

Han Sen bid for the three to emerge from the bushes and enter the shelter. After coming inside, they were able to confirm that Han Sen had indeed conquered the shelter and asserted control.

The bodies of slain creatures were strewn about everywhere. The shelter had been populated with a large sum of mutant creatures, but now they were all dead.

“Who are you people?” Zhao Xin asked in shock. If they possessed the power to oh-so-easily bring down Sword-Furnace Shelter, they couldn’t have been an ordinary bunch of adventurers.

“You aren’t aware of what President Ji’s son-in-law looks like?” Chen Hu smiled.

“You are Han Sen?!” the young person exclaimed with much glee.

Zhao Xin had been in the Third God’s Sanctuary for far too long, though, so the name Han Sen didn’t ring any bells.

But now, they could all use the teleporter. It had been many years since Zhao Xin had been to the Alliance—he had a lot of catching up to do.

Lin He and his group were supposed to stay for a while and protect the shelter, but Han Sen allowed them to return first. With the silver fox and Bao’er there, even if Sword-Palace Shelter came quickly for retribution, there’d be little the other royal shelter could do against the combined might of those two.

Han Sen gave them their places and explained to them what should be done, in the event hostile forces came to the shelter. Then, he too returned to the Alliance. It had been a while since he was last in touch with his mother and Ji Yanran, and so he sought to allay any fears they may have had for his well-being.

Inside a giant city, one that sat in the center of the glorious emerald expanses, many royal spirits had come together for a meeting. The leader amongst them wore green-plated armor, and he spoke to them all.

A swordsman spirit approached another royal spirit and whispered in his ear. When he heard the whispered words, the spirit’s face changed.

“My son, what is wrong?” Holy-Sword Emperor asked.

Ghost-Sword was only just a royal spirit. He hadn’t become a king spirit yet, but he was the strongest of Holy-Sword Emperor’s sons. With the possibility that, in time, he might be able to become a king spirit, his father loved him dearly.

“Father, a few humans stormed Sword-Furnace Shelter and took it from me. We should send reinforcements to slay them,” Ghost-Sword said, then gestured to the swordsman, who promptly left.

“Okay, then.” Holy-Sword Emperor did not think this matter was too concerning.

In that place, only super creatures could pose a threat to them. Humans were weaklings, and not a force worth worrying about.

Mostly, though, Holy-Sword Emperor’s placid reaction to the news was because he was in a good mood. He had just been the recipient of a treasure. It was given to him by an emperor spirit from Phoenix Desert.

With that treasure, he had a chance of transcending his own class to that of an emperor.

The power of an emperor was not far off that of a berserk super creature, and it was half a tier higher than that of a king spirit.

Spirits that had opened ten gene locks mostly moved on to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary.

The treasure he had received was from an emperor spirit that had gone to the Fourth God's Sanctuary. It was a very beneficial gift for spirits such as Holy-Sword Emperor.

He hadn't previously hoped he could achieve ten open gene locks, but now, he did.

A swordsman approached Ghost-Sword and whispered to him again. Upon hearing what the messenger said, his face turned green. He stood up.

Chapter 1025: Goodbye to Silver Fox

After a time spent in the Alliance, Han Sen returned to the sanctuary. As soon as he arrived, Bao'er leapt up to kiss his cheek and say, "Father, I missed you!"

"I missed you, too." Han Sen kissed her and then went off, looking for the silver fox.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura and found the fox lying atop the shelter's ramparts, just above the gate.

Han Sen took Bao'er with him to where the silver fox was and said, "Little Silver, I'm back. There is no need to guard so fiercely anymore."

The silver fox just continued staring in the direction he had been. Han Sen could tell the silver fox was concerned about something, but all that did was make Han Sen worry, too.

Han Sen frowned. Ghost Mountain was in the direction the silver fox faced.

Caringly, Han Sen went to stroke the silver fox's head and ask him, "Do you miss your friends?"

Han Sen believed the silver fox might have missed the fellow creatures back on Ghost Mountain, as they had treated him well for a long time.

Before he could receive a response, though, Han Sen's attention was snatched by the sudden sound of a cry. It came from Ghost Mountain.

The silver fox stood up in alarm, paying extra attention to the cry. He approached Han Sen's legs and rubbed his head against them.

Acknowledging something was wrong, Han Sen stroked the silver fox's face and asked, "What is it?"

Gently, the silver fox crooned as an answer. He jumped up, licked Han Sen's cheek, and then jumped off of the shelter's wall. The silver fox started to run in the direction of Ghost Mountain, but as it went, it repeatedly looked back at Han Sen.

Han Sen did not delay in going after the silver fox, but Little Silver kept on howling back at Han Sen—who sought to give chase—as if he was telling Han Sen to stay back and not follow him back to Ghost Mountain.

“What’s wrong, Little Silver? You can tell me!” Han Sen did not heed the silver fox’s warnings and continued pursuing him. Bao’er was left behind in the meantime, up on the ramparts of the shelter.

Han Sen thought about why the silver fox might not have come to see him in the very beginning, when he was up on Ghost Mountain. The silver fox had called off the super creature wolf. It was strange how he had only shown up after they exited the mountain.

Howl! The silver fox tried to warn Han Sen off and get him to stop following.

“Little Silver, is someone trying to bully you? Are you being threatened? What is that far-off cry?” Han Sen increased his speed, to catch up with the silver fox.

Although Little Silver was not a human, he was a creature Han Sen had raised since its birth. At one point, the silver fox was his most trusted ally and side-kick. He was family to Han Sen, and he couldn’t just let the fox run off into danger.

It was okay if the silver fox wanted to go back there to be with the creatures. Han Sen wouldn’t have forced him to stay with him, if that was the concern. But if something was forcing the silver fox to do something against his will, Han Sen wouldn’t stand for it.

Little Silver slowed down due to Han Sen’s repeated calls, but the crying noise from Ghost Mountain started up again. Little Silver barked at Han Sen, and then, with a bolt of lightning, ran off.

The silver fox was incredibly quick, and Han Sen had no chance of following him. The creature was going to leave his range of vision in no time.

With eight gene locks open, though, Han Sen did his best to try and catch up.

He had fallen behind, yes, but he still continued on his way to Ghost Mountain. That was where the silver fox was headed, after all.

The silver fox heard the upset howling again and stopped in his tracks.

Seeing him stop in the distance put a smile back on Han Sen’s face. But as he neared the silver fox again, and was close to catching up, Little Silver electrified him.

The silver fox barked at Han Sen, commanding that he stop following.

Bringing himself back up to his feet, Han Sen was not mad at his behavior. He said, “If you are willingly going back, I won’t stop you. But if someone is making you do something against your own will, I’m not leaving your side.”

Boom!

The silver fox shot Han Sen with another bolt of lightning, but after, he looked a little remorseful. He seemed to have been touched by Han Sen’s words, despite his initial reaction.

Shrugging off the pain, Han Sen continued to approach the silver fox.

Little Silver couldn't bring himself to shock Han Sen the third time, so he just barked, ran, and leapt up into Han Sen's chest.

"Little Silver, I don't want you to leave me." Han Sen stroked the silver fox's head with much love.

Little Silver licked his dear master's cheeks and barked quietly, as if he wished to speak with him in a common language.

But suddenly, the silver fox jumped away from Han Sen and made all his fur stand on end.

Han Sen suddenly felt a terrible presence drawing near. Turning to take a look at where it was coming from, he saw a black shadow approaching them from across the field.

The shadow was very slow, but every step made Han Sen feel as if the very world was under-threat. It was as if the world was shrinking, the nearer it drew.

Han Sen could sense a terrifying power residing within that black shadow.

Now, Han Sen believed he understood the reason why the silver fox had not revealed his presence as soon as he probably wanted to.

It wasn't that the silver fox did not want to be with Han Sen, it was this shadow that was stopping him. He only revealed himself when he did because it had been a life and death moment for Han Sen. The assault of those bugs out on the plains could have ended poorly for all the humans involved.

Staring at the scary shadow, Han Sen thought even the intimidation of the snake paled in comparison to it.

Chapter 1026: You Deserve It

When the shadow arrived, it felt as if the entire expanse had been veiled with a cloak of darkness.

The creature was a fox. It was different than the silver fox, not only in that its coat was black, but it had a look of murder in its eyes. It was evil.

It had nine tails that wagged strangely, and it gave the illusion of a warped dimension.

The nine-tail fox approached like a demon, and its oppressive appearance made Han Sen feel he could drop to the ground at any given moment.

The eyes of the phantom fox were frightening. The sockets were where they should have been, but they were empty. Sunken and empty.

The fox looked at Han Sen, and as it did, he felt a weight of doom press on his shoulders. The tyrannical feelings it exuded were suffocating, so much so, Han Sen felt short of breath.

Han Sen did not have an eighth sense, but he knew all too well that the fox wanted to murder him.

He felt as if he was encountering a twisted, vengeful ghost from the beyond. And it was then that it hit him; perhaps there was a reason the area was called Ghost Mountain.

“Is this why Ghost Mountain is called Ghost Mountain? Is it because of this ghost-like fox?” Han Sen mulled to himself.

Howl! The silver fox cried out at the ghost fox, as if it was begging it to let Han Sen walk away.

But it seemed as if the ghost fox did not care. It looked furious, undoubtedly angry Han Sen had taken the silver fox away from it.

Seeing the ghost fox approach, nearer and nearer, Little Silver straightened his hair with a charge of electricity. He growled at the ghost fox, as if he was telling it to stay away.

The ghost fox was irritated by Little Silver’s behavior, and it let out a horrid shriek. After it was over, its tail sprang outwards to attack Han Sen.

The silver fox was shocked, so it unleashed a barrage of silver lightning at the ghost fox in retaliation. Strangely, the lightning flashed through the body of the ghost fox and only scorched the ground behind it. It was as if the ghost fox was truly a ghost.

The silver fox unleashed more and more lightning, each discharge being stronger than the last. Try as he might, though, not a single one impacted or dealt damage to the shape of the foe that opposed them.

Han Sen turned into a phoenix and leapt towards the ghost fox.

But after unleashing a number of attacks, nothing touched the ghost fox. Han Sen felt like cowering in the ghost’s intimidating shadow.

Suddenly, Han Sen behaved as if he was possessed. Black smoke rose from his flames, and his eyes turned black as well.

Han Sen’s hands rose up of their own accord and placed themselves on his own neck. Then, he vigorously tried to strangle himself.

“You deserve it. Hahaha!” Han Sen squeezed his own neck with tremendous strength, wheezing out a cackle whenever he could. He had gone psychotic.

A tick-tick sound came from the neck, and it sounded as if it was going to snap any second beneath the horrid pressure that was being put upon it.

Han Sen had never had to deal with a power such as this before. Only his consciousness was free; everything else about him was under the control of the ghost fox who had disappeared into him.

The silver fox howled in fright over what had happened to his master. He couldn't do anything to save him, and he could only run around in circles.

The ghost fox had possessed Han Sen, and even though it was vulnerable now, if he attacked, he'd be harming his master.

Little Silver's eyes turned red, and it began kowtowing before the ghost fox.

"I told you; I'd grant him safe passage across Ghost Mountain, only if you remained my slave. You broke your end of the bargain, and now, he has to die." Han Sen's mouth spoke the words that the ghost fox desired, and did so with a spooky, empty tone that was devoid of all emotion.

The silver fox had no idea what to do. He didn't know if there was anything he could do. All he did was beg and beg for the safety of his master.

"Little Silver... don't beg. He isn't worthy enough to be your master." Suddenly, Han Sen had managed to regain some control.

The ghost fox was surprised at the resilience of its host. It had never expected that a possessed human could summon the will to regain command of their voice.

Not even super creatures could resist the powers of the ghost fox, so how a human had managed to do so was unfathomable.

To the ghost fox, the one-thousand-seven-hundred fitness the human possessed was incredibly weak.

Not wanting to risk him regaining any more control, the ghost fox decided to kill him outright.

The ghost fox strengthened its power, but strangely, it could not corrupt any more of Han Sen's body.

A holy light came out from Han Sen, and it seemed to be purifying and negating the effects of the black smoke. This humble light grew, until the darkness that surrounded him was wholly vanquished.

"Impossi—" The ghost fox sought to squeal a few words using Han Sen's mouth, but his attempt was cut short by the severing of the corruption.

Han Sen's black hair became a bright, stunning white gown, and it grew so long that it brushed the emerald grass.

His body was beaming with a holy light.

The nine gene lock super king spirit body was increasing in strength and magnitude.

The dark presence in him was ejected, and the form of the ghost fox returned. It looked at Han Sen in utter shock.

"How dare you make Little Silver cry. You know what? You deserve it!" Han Sen's eyes burned with the brightness of stars. A fist, imbued with the same power, was thrown towards the wretched ghost fox.

Chapter 1027: Killing Nine-Tail Ghost Fox

The ghost fox squealed as if it was trying to say, "I am indestructible, you are nothing!"

But in the next second, Han Sen's mighty fist was burying itself deep into the ghost fox's face. It annihilated the composure of its shadowy form and sent the beast flying.

The ghost fox wore an expression of complete incomprehension. It couldn't believe the human had actually managed to punch it.

Han Sen did not hesitate for one second, though. His anger was like the sudden eruption of a volcano, and he moved over to deliver follow-up blows. Approaching the fox, his arms swung wildly.

Pang! Pang!

Han Sen punched the nine-tail fox repeatedly. Blood squirted out with each brutish impact like flowers in the air.

The ghost fox was in shock at how the tables had turned on it. Han Sen was an oppressive tyrant, standing in front of it, beating it senseless. The crazy man's barrage of punches ruined its body into a sickly, disfigured mess. All it could do in response was scream, shriek, and squeal in agony and fright.

"Die! Die! Die!" Han Sen's fists were faster than any eye could track.

Katcha!

A fist opened up and grabbed one of the fox's tails. It ripped the tail off and cast it away like some joke.

The nine-tail fox could not hold back its pained cries. It tried to raise its claws in a hopeless defense, thinking it might be able to get away.

But Han Sen's fists of fury were too powerful. The nails and paws were shattered with no additional effort, and then, he teleported in front of the fox's face.

Katcha!

Han Sen grabbed the fox by the neck and reached around for another one of its tails. Effortlessly, another tail was torn from its flesh.

The ghost fox was in shock. It had resided on the mountain for countless years, but it had never been this scared before.

Han Sen was like a demon. Its ghost body was useless against the raging madman. The fox couldn't fathom trying to fight back anymore, and all it wanted to do was run off and retreat to some cave where it could lick its wounds.

Every step it tried to take, Han Sen was there with it. Another tail was ripped off.

Every time a tail was ripped off, it lost its shadowy, phantom-like illusion. When it hit the ground, it was an average, fluffy fox tail.

Han Sen chased the fox for three hundred miles. Over the course of this distance, the ghost fox was beaten until it continuously spilled blood from its mouth, and countless wounds checkered its body. Every now and again, a tail was ripped off and cast away, too.

When Han Sen reached the last tail, the ghost fox no longer looked like it had before. It had lost its translucent look and simply became a frail, beaten, black fox.

With Taia, Han Sen did not show any remorse or mercy. He cut the head of the fox clean off, from a strike that started low. The upward momentum sent it barreling through the air.

The ghost fox Han Sen had been savagely beating on was killed then and there. It wasn't in any particularly flashy fashion, just a clean, simple severing of its head.

"Super Creature Nine-Tail Ghost Fox killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly. You may also collect the Life Geno Essence."

After killing the nine-tail fox, Han Sen exited his super king spirit mode. It was incredibly draining on him, and he had been sapped of all strength. Now, he could barely lift a finger.

His bones felt like glass, as if they were fragile and ready to shatter. His flesh felt stressed, as if the entire composition of his body had been stretched. He was like butter, scraped over too much bread. His lifeforce was weak now.

It took him a whole hour of super king spirit mode to kill the fox. If he hadn't figured out how to kill it by tearing off its tails, he wouldn't have been able to finish it off.

The reason Han Sen was able to make a comeback and kill it, though, was all down to the ghost fox's underestimation of his power. If the fox had not tried to possess and toy with him for a while, he could have been outright killed before being given the opportunity to fight back.

If the fox had tried to kill him properly, it all would have been over for him.

Han Sen had more than a few tricks up his sleeve, and the ghost fox had no idea he was capable of unleashing such vast amounts of power.

The fox had been in charge of that mountain for countless ages. By killing the master of that massive region, it finally made him realize just how powerful and fortuitous he was to possess a super king spirit body.

"This hurts way too much." Whichever way Han Sen chose to move, it felt as if he was pressing his body against a thousand knives.

The silver fox had done nothing for a while. He had only followed Han Sen, staring at him with his mouth agape.

The ghost fox had been wickedly powerful for many years, and heaven knew how many good things it had eaten over the course of its time as supreme commander of Ghost Mountain. A super creature that had reached its ninth tier would most certainly not have been able to kill it. The fact that it was so far ahead of every other creature there was why it had been in charge. Even the silver fox had been forced to become its slave.

No one could have expected it to have been so simply killed by a human like that.

Han Sen summoned Thorn Baron, asking her to bring the fox's corpse with her.

Back in the shelter, he rested the following day and night. His body had moderately improved, but he was still very weak, and there'd be a while to go before he could make a full recovery.

Not even the silver fox's powers of healing were enough to fix him.

Han Sen had tried to use his own holy light to heal himself, but it was futile. It seemed as if only time possessed what it took to recover, this time.

The silver fox brought out the Dragon's Saliva Han Sen had been gifted. After eating a bit, Han Sen felt much better.

Still, with not much going on, Han Sen thought it'd be a waste to eat it now. Its recovery benefits could prove very useful in the future.

Han Sen dug up the Life Geno Essence. The silver fox circled him as he did so. With the saliva drooling from his mouth, it was obvious Little Silver wanted some.

With a wry smile, Han Sen gave the Life Geno Essence to the silver fox. He barked after accepting it, then ran off to enjoy it.

After trying to eat some of the ghost fox's tail, Han Sen found it to be inedible. So, he summoned the Disloyal Knight and got him to eat it.

The Disloyal Knight gobbled up all the meat it could, and was then sent back to the Sea of Soul. This time, it began to shine with a green light—it was evolving!

Chapter 1028: Ghost-Sword Comes

Now that the ghost fox had been slain, Han Sen believed he could ransack Ghost Mountain alongside Little Silver.

But the silver fox, after receiving the Life Geno Essence, disappeared for a few days.

Han Sen was still awfully weak, and was in no condition for solo travel. He thought the silver fox might have gone to the ghost fox's den, but Han Sen had no idea where that might have been. Since it was too dangerous for him to venture there in such a weak state of body, he didn't dare leave the shelter.

After a period of rest and recovery, Han Sen found himself nearing full recuperation. But just as he was, he was alerted to the nearby presence of a swathe of angry creatures and spirits.

The leader was clad in black-iron armor, and he wielded a black-iron greatsword. He rode atop a lion, whose fur was also black.

Many powerful creatures and spirits trailed behind him, as a wake.

They had come to the front of the shelter once before, but this was while Han Sen was back in the Alliance. The silver fox had been there at the time, and he managed to ward them off by incinerating a few.

Learning a high number of creatures and spirits had come for them, Lin He and Lin Weiwei returned to the Alliance so they could fetch Han Sen.

After returning to the sanctuary, Han Sen picked up Bao'er and ascended one of the shelter's watchtowers. There, he used his Dongxuan Aura to measure the strength of those that sought to oppose him.

Amongst the collective that had now gathered in front of the shelter, Han Sen espied the presence of a small sacred-blood creature that looked like a pigeon. This pleased him.

Sacred-blood creatures that were small in size were quite a rarity. He could finish that pigeon in one sitting, easy.

There were a few other sacred-blood creatures there as well, but they were too big and none tickled his fancy in particular. The second smallest was the black lion, but a preliminary examination suggested it would be inedible for him.

"Contemptible humans; how dare you assault and claim my shelter for your own? Lay down your arms and submit to slavery and I will spare your lives. This is the only offer for such mercy you will receive," Ghost-Sword Prince coldly proclaimed.

"What do we do? Should we return to the Alliance?" Zhao Xin's face seemed disturbed.

"Don't worry; it's only a royal spirit." After that, Han Sen turned his head to address the spirit below. He said, "Hm, this seems rote. How about we spice things up with a duel? If you defeat me, then by all means, enslave us all."

"Fine," Ghost-Sword Prince agreed.

Han Sen had embarrassed him, directly in front of his father, no less. Killing them all in a crude siege would have been too simple for Ghost-Sword Prince, so a duel for the regaining of the honor he thought he had lost was a concept he rather enjoyed.

Ghost-Sword did not think much of humans. He thought they weren't very powerful, due to most of the human population being mere slaves in the Third God's Sanctuary.

And he wasn't entirely wrong. Humans had become slaves to the overwhelming strength of spirits all across the Third God's Sanctuary, and humans of some renown were in very short supply.

Luo Haitang was a human of renown, but his time had come and gone.

Han Sen drew his Taia sword and leapt down to the grassy fields below. He said, "Come on, show me what you've got."

No human could talk to him like that, or so he thought. Being addressed in such a boorish fashion enraged him, so he spared no time in trying to swing his black-iron greatsword down on Han Sen.

It was a geno weapon he wielded. It might not have had the glow or sheen that was typical of such weaponry, but it had a dark and imposing figure. The sword itself looked powerful and unbreakable.

Dong!

Han Sen used his Blood-Pulse Sutra to perform a guard with Taia.

The force that came down on the sword was tremendous, and it knocked Han Sen back about ten feet. Still, Taia was left without a scratch.

"You must have a death wish, to willingly fight one such as I." After Ghost-Sword Prince finished speaking, he lunged forward for another strike.

Han Sen knew his power was weaker than the Prince's, who seemed reliant on the use of raw, physical damage. But since that was only one element of the fight, it didn't concern him.

Han Sen could have used super king spirit mode, but he didn't want to. He thought it'd be a waste of time and strength, using it on a foe he didn't deem worthy enough to be the recipient of its might.

Han Sen used Aero and Double Fly, and attacked like a dive-bombing phoenix.

Sword-Ghost's power was no joke, and each strike could have proven fatal if they met with their target. Fortunately, Han Sen was able to dodge each and every one, using stealth to insert hits of his own.

Ghost-Sword Prince felt as if he was doing battle with the air. Try as he might, he only broke the sky—he couldn't touch Han Sen!

Han Sen was silent the entire time, though. He was focused right now, and he was in the zone, entirely concentrated on honing and improving the skills he employed to fight the spirit.

It was difficult to find an opponent that was of a similar level as him, but here one was. If Han Sen had to take a guess, he'd assume the spirit had managed to unlock eight gene locks. He was nigh the perfect opponent to train and spar with.

"Weiwei, it looks like Han Sen can make use of both Heavenly Go and Seven Twist," Lin He said, correctly determining what moves Han Sen was making use of.

Lin Weiwei nodded, saying, "He learned Heavenly Go from Queen. As for Seven Twist, I have no idea where he learned that or from whom."

Lin He, as he continued to watch, said, "Little Han is quite a talented young chap. Even though he has opened one gene lock less than the spirit he battles with, he can keep up just fine and surpass his opponent. Han Sen is clearly winning. He really is the best of the best."

"Where did that fox go, I wonder?" Lin Weiwei was worried about Ghost-Sword Prince not keeping to his promise if Han Sen won the fight. If the creatures in his command still attacked, she thought the fox would be of great service to them.

"The fox isn't here, and if that spirit does not stay true to his word and attacks us anyway, I'm not entirely sure we can hold this place." Chen Hu had the same worry.

And just as Chen Hu said this, Ghost-Sword Prince commanded his followers to commence an attack on the shelter.

Chapter 1029: Striking Ghost-Sword

Han Sen wished to spar with Ghost-Sword Prince for a while longer, but the snake had commanded his troops to commence an attack on the shelter.

Han Sen opened his eighth gene lock, which made Taia gleam with a dark purple light and look like calcified blood.

He had managed to collect many sacred-geno points up to this point, so he'd be able to last a while longer.

Taia's blade swung right before Ghost-Sword's face.

And then, with a sudden blaze of additional speed, Han Sen kicked things up a notch. His fierce blade accelerated, forcing Ghost-Sword to raise his greatsword and attempt a block.

Dong!

But the greatsword did nothing to repel Taia. In an instant, the mighty greatsword was broken. Taia continued its forward thrust, directly towards Ghost-Sword's chest.

Taia was an incredibly strong sword, but its strength was determined by its wielder. If Han Sen wasn't half the man he was, the blade's strength would most likely have been similar to z-steel.

If you were a weak person, Taia would have been useless.

The Blood-Pulse Sutra imbued the blade with the power of blood, and it bolstered its strength by a huge degree. It lent it the mighty force that drove the current attack.

Ghost-Sword was too pompous to expect such a thing to occur, and so, it was too late for him to evade it.

Just as this happened, the pigeon on the spirit's shoulder flashed with a green light. It flew down to shield its master's heart.

"Awesome." Han Sen was made even happier. He had done all this for the sole purpose of killing that creature.

Blood sprayed everywhere as the blade severed the bird's head from its neck.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Green Falcon killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."

Ghost-Sword's disposition only curdled after this, though. Enraged, he drew a longsword to replace his now-broken greatsword and attacked Han Sen madly.

Han Sen's body looked red, but he did not dodge the attack. Instead, he allowed the longsword to pierce directly into his chest.

He didn't fall, though. Instead, he looked cold, as if this had all been predicted beforehand. It was as if the entire fight had been calculated already. He dashed forward and brought himself directly in front of Ghost-Sword.

This scared Ghost-Sword. He had expected to be able to cut Han Sen in half, but instead, he felt his own head depart his body. In Han Sen's hand, droplets of a red substance dripped from Taia's blood-soaked blade.

The army that had accompanied Ghost-Sword all fled, as he was zapped back to his spirit stone.

In the manic scramble of creatures that were tripping over themselves to escape, Lin He and a few others ran out to nab a few easy kills. They had never been so happy.

They used to be terrified of fighting, and they had only just escaped the coming of a spirit that sought to conquer them and had, in fact, succeeded. It was a great relief to see victory achieved so easily.

In the past, it took a large amount of planning with a high volume of people to secure a win, but this was swift and only required the help of a few individuals. It was unbelievable.

At midnight, in Holy-Sword Shelter, a man pounded a stone door with one hand, hold a torch in the other.

The door opened, and the man went inside and closed it behind him.

"Brother Seven, why are you here?" a bearded man asked.

Brother Seven set the torch in a wall mount, and with much excitement, said, "Junhao, Holy-Sword Emperor was just yelling at his son."

"The one he proclaims to love so much?" Qin Junhao asked.

“Yes, that one. He failed in trying to reclaim his own shelter!” Brother Seven said.

“Which spirit was able to beat a spirit that has eight of his gene locks open?” Qin Junhao wondered.

“It’s not even a spirit. It was a human. It was one of us!” Brother Seven couldn’t quell the giddy excitement that drenched his speech.

“Are you serious? How is such a thing possible?” Qin Junhao’s facial expression suggested that he was struggling to believe what he had just been told.

Brother Seven, finally starting to get a grip on his composure, explained, “I don’t know, but this actually happened. I got the story from the horse’s mouth; I heard Ghost-Sword talk about it himself.”

“That is good news, then. Finally, humanity seems to be accomplishing something in this place. I must tell you, though, this sounds like a person I’d very much like to meet,” Qin Junhao said.

“I’m glad you say that, for I would very much like you to go meet with this person,” Brother Seven said.

“How can I even arrange such a meeting?” Qin Junhao was stuck in this shelter, unable to leave.

“I have an idea, but they are probably unaware of Holy-Sword Emperor and what he is capable of. We have to warn this man, and the people that accompany him.” Brother Seven paused, and then went on to say, “Holy-Sword Emperor is on his way to Phoenix Desert. This is our window of opportunity to act. Now is the time we would do best to warn them.”

“But I can’t leave,” Qin Junhao said.

“I have a method, a way in which you can leave. But if you are caught, you will be in grave danger.” Brother Seven now spoke with a tone of dark gravitas.

“Danger means nothing to me, if it enables me to warn others and possibly save them,” Qin Junhao said with pride.

Brother Seven nodded and went on to explain his plan, and then he said, “I must accompany Holy-Sword Emperor. If you make it back to the Alliance, tell my wife I cannot return the favor.”

Qin Junhao looked shocked, and asked, “Is he going to Emperor Mountain?”

“Yes, he can go there now with the gift he was given.” Brother Seven now possessed a wry smile.

Qin Junhao quickly suggested, “Brother Seven, come with me. Perhaps we can return to the Alliance together?”

But Brother Seven shook his head and said, “You have to do this alone. You have a higher chance of making it by flying solo. If I come with you, they’ll immediately come after me, and we’ll both be killed.”

Qin Junhao wished to say something, but Brother Seven interrupted him and said, “When you find these people, tell them to return to the Alliance. Otherwise, they’ll never be given the chance to again.”

Brother Seven provided a map to Qin Junhao and said, “This is a map I have drawn. I have worked on it for many years, and it is done from memory. It includes the location of God Mountain. If humanity ever goes for a full-blown war with spirits one day, this may be of great service.”

Brother Seven spoke as if he'd be dying soon, and he gave many of his secret possessions to Qin Junhao.

Chapter 1030: Daddy is Popular

Han Sen, browsing the aisles of the supermarket, held Bao'er in his arms. He had spent so much time in the sanctuary, returning to the conveniences of civilization made for a nice change of pace. Updated by Boxnovel.com

Bao'er and Han Sen each had an ice cream, and they were delicious.

"Teacher Qu, Lanxi?" Han Sen caught sight of two people who were familiar to him.

One of them was a very elegant woman. Her full name was Qu Wange, and she was a lecturer at Saint Paul college. The other woman was Qu Lanxi, who Han Sen had met in the Third God's Sanctuary.

"Han Sen?" They were both quite surprised.

Han Sen was also surprised, especially at seeing them both together. They seemed rather close with each other.

"You two are good friends?" Han Sen guessed, unsure of the exact nature of their relationship.

"Lanxi is my big sister; I didn't realize that you knew her." Qu Wange smiled.

"When I first came to the Third God's Sanctuary, Lanxi helped me out a lot. I just didn't expect you both to be sisters." Han Sen smiled.

Qu Lanxi blushed and said, "Are you sure it was I who helped you? It was thanks to you that Chu Ming and I were able to return here."

Qu Wange chimed in to say, "Didn't you tell me it was San Mu who helped you?"

"I am San Mu." Han Sen smiled.

"Come to my home for dinner tonight, then. Our parents would really like to meet, greet, and thank the person who saved my sister," Qu Wange said.

"There is no need for that," Han Sen said.

"I have wanted to do this for a long time; so, if you really aren't busy, I would much appreciate it if we could have a get-together," Qu Lanxi pleaded.

"All right, then." They had endured many hardships together, so Han Sen wasn't entirely against joining her for a night.

"Is that your daughter, by the way? She's cute," Qu Wange asked.

“Bao’er? No, she’s just a humanoid pet beast soul. I treat her as if she was my daughter, though.” Han Sen had started to use that as an explanation for what Bao’er was, masking her true, enigmatic identity.

If it became known that Bao’er was a creature of sorts, one that could actually come to the Alliance, people would undoubtedly freak out. A ruckus would ensue, all with Han Sen back in the limelight again.

If there were other creatures that could come to the Alliance, things would be far more dangerous for humans.

And what’s more, he feared Bao’er might be taken away by the government if her nature was exposed. As such, he kept it a secret.

“That must be quite rare.” They looked at Bao’er with much surprise.

Bao’er reached out and said, “Beautiful aunties... hug me.”

Immediately, they were both smitten with Bao’er. They did not mind that it was a pet beast soul, as they had been told, and were keen to treat it like any ordinary baby.

While Bao’er could be sweet and had the naivety of an actual child, after the time he had spent with her in the sanctuary, Han Sen had come to know that Bao’er had an evil streak within her. She wasn’t entirely innocent.

Bao’er could even command Moment Queen to do things for her.

After Bao’er’s introduction to Qu Lanxi and Qu Wange, the baby was able to obtain many things Han Sen usually forbade. She had put on a front of being as adorable as possible, getting the two she referred to as aunties to buy her many things. Much of this stuff was just junk food.

Han Sen thought it was a waste, buying her such food. He believed it would be useless for her development.

Furthermore, Han Sen didn’t like spending too much, either. And with Bao’er’s belly being like a black hole, she could eat and eat and never be satisfied. He couldn’t risk spoiling her.

But on this day, those two girls greatly enjoyed feeding Bao’er whatever she requested.

“Have you been abusing her? Why is she so hungry?” Qu Wange stared at Han Sen with trepidation.

Han Sen shrugged and thought to himself, “It’s all fun, lollipops, and kisses for now. If only you had to take care of her for a few days, you’d understand how difficult she is to take care of.”

After their time shopping was over, Qu Wange drove Han Sen and Bao’er to their house.

Their parents greeted Han Sen very passionately. They were so grateful Han Sen had been able to deliver Qu Lanxi back to the Alliance without harm, after her many-year absence.

While Han Sen was in deep discussion with her parents, Qu Lanxi took Bao’er up to her room.

“Bao’er, does this dress look good on me?” Qu Lanxi asked, after placing Bao’er on her bed.

“No. You’re too old,” Bao’er said, with squinted eyes.

Qu Lanxi froze, utterly dazed from the response she had received from a baby. Her attitude was most certainly different than when she was around Han Sen. It was as if her cuteness had entirely evaporated.

“You are so old. And to wear such old-fashioned clothes, it’s no wonder you haven’t married yet. You’ll never wed anyone if you carry on like this.” Bao’er spoke with a deep, serious, and rough tone, all while she sucked her dummy.

Qu Lanxi had not expected a pet baby to insult her this way.

Bao’er placed her little hands below her jaw and said, “Yeah, I don’t think you’ll ever get married. Of course, if you aren’t against the concept, I can get my daddy to be your husband for a temporary period of time. You’ll just have to buy me good stuff for the duration.”

Qu Lanxi was still frozen, with her wide eyes staring at Bao’er.

Bao’er seemed to be adding something up with her fingers, and eventually, she said, “Daddy is popular, so this is going to cost you at least two hundred ice creams.”

When Han Sen was ready to leave, the sisters looked at him strangely. They avoided eye contact and didn’t even bid him goodbye.

But before they left, Qu Lanxi gave a lot of food to Bao’er.

“Bao’er, did you do something to offend your two aunties?” Han Sen asked.

“I behaved,” Bao’er said, as she munched on jelly.

Han Sen went home to rest for the next two days, but Lin Weiwei sent him a message. It told him that a person had come to the shelter and that he would like to meet Han Sen in the virtual community.

Chapter 1031: Phoenix-God Mountain

The reason they were to meet in the virtual community was because Qin Junhao had a contract with a spirit. He escaped from the shelter where he was held, so returning to the sanctuary might have resulted in a painful death.

When Han Sen went there to meet with him, he saw Lin Weiwei, Lin He, Chen Hu, and Zhao Xin standing next to a tall young man.

Lin Weiwei introduced this person to him, and Qin Junhao proceeded to explain the concerning matters to Han Sen.

“Me and Brother Seven thought you may be unaware of the existence of a king spirit. When I learned you had been able to kill a super creature, though, I fear we may have worried too much.” Qin Junhao sighed.

“No, this is important information. I’m glad to have learned this, and while we knew about super creatures and king spirits, we did not know there was a king spirit in the vicinity. If you hadn’t risked life and limb to inform us, we might have been caught with our pants down,” Han Sen said with appreciation.

Qin Junhao then said, “You are welcome. If you have someplace to run, it is best to move now. Else, stay here and never return to the sanctuary.”

Han Sen asked, “Brother Qin, aside from Holy-Sword Emperor, are there any other king spirits or super creatures we’d do well to know about in the region?”

Qin Junhao swiftly answered, “There aren’t any more king spirits. But super creatures? Yes. There are two of them. One belongs to Holy-Sword Emperor through a mutual respect, earned by him having saved the super creature’s life one time. The other super creature is there by contract.”

When Han Sen heard that there were two super creatures, he looked dismayed.

If Holy-Sword Emperor was on a journey to some remote desert, he might have had an easier time obtaining its spirit stone. But with news that there were two super creatures still there, guarding the shelter, he doubted he could pull it off.

Furthermore, if there were super creatures, the rest of the shelter had to be packed with sacred-blood and royal spirits. Han Sen could not kill them all at his current level.

He could enable his super king spirit mode, but he’d have one hour to complete the entire conquest. Even if he risked running inside for the sole purpose of obtaining the spirit stone, if it had been hidden, he wouldn’t have enough time to eliminate the enemies there and then commit to a search. His body would be practically crippled afterwards, too.

“Brother Qin, can you tell me about the Phoenix Desert and God Mountain?” Han Sen fancied the idea of slaying the king spirit, but he had to collect as much intel as he could.

“Yes, I can tell you what I know.” Following this, Qin Junhao told Han Sen everything he knew.

Phoenix Desert was a dominion of creatures now, but one-hundred-thousand years ago, an emperor spirit ruled the area.

This spirit’s title was Phoenix, and he was the most powerful spirit to have ever existed in the Third God’s Sanctuary.

But then he went to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, leaving no heir behind. Over time, Phoenix’s shelter became known as God Mountain.

Many warriors traversed those blistering deserts, all in search of God Mountain and the treasure it contained.

But nothing ever came of such searches. In fact, most never even found the fabled location known as God Mountain.

Holy-Sword Shelter was fairly close to Phoenix Desert, but try as he might, not even Holy-Sword Emperor had been able to locate God Mountain.

When Brother Seven entered the Third God's Sanctuary, he spawned in Holy-Sword Shelter.

Holy-Sword Emperor had just lost a fight, and in his foul mood, he planned on killing Brother Seven in a vain attempt to make himself feel better.

But Brother Seven managed to prove to the spirit that he would be useful. After being spared, he worked tirelessly in his service. Eventually, he helped Holy-Sword Emperor discover the exact location where God Mountain could be found.

"Brother Seven was good. He did something a king spirit could not!" Chen Hu said. Everyone shared this thought.

Qin Junhao said, "He's not a great fighter; the fortitude of his mind is his greatest asset. He is intelligent. He is a geographical professor, who just so happens to be well-versed in the arts of Feng Shui. While he proved to be of some worth, he was still hesitant about wanting to assist a king spirit. So, even though he helped him locate God Mountain, he made sure it would take a long time."

"Brother Seven is a good man," Han Sen said, admiring him.

"But still, it was all in vain," Qin Junhao continued to say. "Holy-Sword Emperor found a geno item. This item allowed him to find the entrance of God Mountain. He has taken Brother Seven with him, but Brother Seven said he would do his best to stop the spirit from obtaining a certain treasure, no matter what it took."

Qin Junhao sighed and spoke with remorse, saying, "Brother Seven is such an honorable man. He shouldn't be forced to die this way. I'm still only breathing because of him; I'd have died years ago, if it weren't for him. He's the one that bid me to come here and inform you of all this, too."

"You said he left a map that would show where the mountain is?" Han Sen asked.

"Yes," Qin Junhao answered.

"May I have a copy?" Han Sen asked.

"Of course. What do you plan to do with it, though?" Qin Junhao wondered.

"I want to go to Phoenix-God Mountain; maybe there is something I can do to help Brother Seven," Han Sen said, squinting.

Qin Junhao looked as if he was in shock, and he said, "No! You can't. That place is too dangerous, and Holy-Sword Emperor is most mighty and strong. And with Brother Seven's contract, there is no possible way you could save him."

"If there's a will, there's a way." Han Sen did not explain too much about what he was thinking of doing. More than anything, right now, he simply wanted that map.

Chapter 1032: There is Treasure

Han Sen reached the desert, map in hand.

It was very detailed, and there were many points of interest marked on it. Locating his exact position was not at all difficult.

Due to the silver fox's continued absence, Han Sen traveled there with just Bao'er.

Holy-Sword Emperor had not come alone, though, according to what he was told. Still, provided no super creatures were accompanying him, Han Sen thought he'd do just fine.

What Han Sen most feared was the mountain he was headed towards. It had once belonged to an emperor spirit, after all. He had no idea what to expect or what he might find once he reached it.

Carrying a parasol to deflect the brutal heat of that region, Han Sen traveled. Bao'er, who was in his other arm, had her tongue out like a puppy. It didn't seem as if she was too fond of the weather, either.

But suddenly, Han Sen stumbled across a dune that was littered with the remains of dead scorpions. They were muddy in color and fairly big. Each was about the same size as a small car.

There had to be at least three hundred of them all strewn about. Judging from the wounds they had incurred, each had been killed in a single hit.

Han Sen checked his map again, and it was noted that there would be a vast number of scorpions in a location that looked to be where he was at right now. He was on the right track.

"It looks like Holy-Sword Emperor passed through this way." Han Sen checked the wounds again, to see if he could estimate when exactly they had died. From what he could tell, they had been slain no later than one day before. He was close.

They were sacred-blood creatures, but Han Sen didn't bring any with him. They were inedible, according to Brother Seven.

This didn't just apply to the scorpions, either. Curiously, almost every monster that populated that desert had the strange property of being inedible. Their drop rate for beast souls was awful, too. As such, he couldn't expect to receive any, on his venture there.

Of course, that was what he had been told and what had been written on the map. Trying to have a nibble himself was the only way he could confirm whether or not it was true.

Brother Seven said, after killing a thousand monsters there, he had only been able to obtain one beast soul.

With the bodies there, at least, Han Sen knew he was headed in the right direction.

After four days of travel, Han Sen found himself almost walking in circles. One would have assumed Brother Seven's abilities of cartography were very poor, at first glance, but it really was a strange route he had to take.

But after seeing those bodies, Han Sen was confident he would ultimately be led to God Mountain if he stayed on the funny route the map said he had to follow.

And he wasn't wrong. Before long, a mountain came into view, its peak nestled above misty clouds.

It stood out, and was a striking sight. But it had just snapped into his vision in an instant, fairly close. He should have been able to see such a mountain from a long distance away.

As if it had appeared out of thin air, a massive edifice of stone was now ahead. He took a moment to take in its splendor, but wondered what was at the very top, at the peak that was hidden from sight.

The mountain was massive, though. It was difficult to comprehend its size, and it had to be many hundreds of miles in length.

It was decorated in a vast array of green plants, but the earth that composed it was like sparkling copper that gleamed in the midday sun.

The Phoenix Shelter had sealed up, and had indeed become a mountain like in the legends.

Not even other emperor spirits would be careless when approaching such a place. But the task that stood before him now was locating its entrance, and for such a big place, that wouldn't be easy.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to scan the nearby vicinity. He couldn't see any human or spirit ahead of him.

The map ended here, though. This was most likely because Brother Seven himself had never gone any further.

Regardless, Han Sen hopped to it. He had to find the entrance of that place as soon as he could.

Not daring to fly, Han Sen simply walked.

The mountain wasn't too steep, but the slopes were still wide. After a whole day of traveling, he was still on what could be considered the foothills.

The plants he had seen were all around. They were lovely there, and it was pleasant to know there weren't any nefarious beings lurking beneath their canopies. In fact, there were no creatures at all.

Han Sen grew concerned, though, unsure of how long it would take for him to circle the mountain, if that was what it was going to take to locate the entrance.

"Maybe I should head straight for the peak first?" Han Sen decided to venture straight up instead,

It took him a whole day of careful travel to get there.

Or so he initially thought, after reaching what he believed to be the peak, he saw an even higher one up ahead.

He continued his climb up this new mountaintop, but when he arrived at the top, it was to the realization that there'd be another peak to climb. The mountain seemed endless.

Han Sen decided to look down the way he had come. Even the clouds seemed far-off now.

"This peak isn't leading to a sky palace, is it?" he wondered, despite knowing shelters did not have sky palaces.

All of a sudden, Bao'er leapt out of Han Sen's arms. She kept on running in a direction, beelining there with sudden vigor.

"Bao'er, where are you going?" Han Sen called, chasing the runaway baby.

Something had clearly snared her attention and desire, and she crawled away so fast, she eventually disappeared from Han Sen's sight.

Taking a moment to scan the area, Han Sen found her again. She was climbing a tree.

Strangely, it was just a pine tree. But from its boughs, Bao'er jumped and disappeared again.

"Bao'er?" There was only one pine tree there, so how could she have just disappeared?

"Daddy, come quick! There is treasure." Han Sen heard her voice, but he could not see where she herself was. So, he followed where the sound came from.

Chapter 1033: Taking the Treasure

Han Sen climbed the pine tree, but still couldn't see Bao'er.

"Bao'er, where are you?" Han Sen shouted.

"Here." Bao'er's head popped out from behind a metaphysical wall the tree brushed up against.

Seeing just her head, looking at him from outside what appeared to be a stone wall, he was perplexed, to say the least. He reached over with his arm and tried to touch the same wall Bao'er's head was sticking out from, and much to his surprise, it went right through. It was an illusion.

The wall looked rock-solid, but that was only in appearance. There was nothing physical there, at all.

"Daddy, come!" Bao'er said.

Han Sen pulled his whole body through, and when he looked up, he noticed he was in a large cave. Looking back, he could see the pine tree he had climbed, and the rest of the environment. It was like a one-way mirror of sorts.

The cave didn't seem like anything special, though. So, what might have been hidden there was not immediately apparent. There were plenty of stalactites, but that was it, in terms of decoration.

Bao'er sat upon a rock, gnawing on purple mushrooms.

Han Sen saw there were many other such mushrooms near the rock she sat on, and he thought they looked delicious.

But he knew the more colorful a mushroom was, the more poisonous it could be. Back in the world of the Alliance, he wouldn't have dared to eat one.

Seeing Bao'er happily munching away, though, he knew they couldn't have all been bad. So, he decided to try one.

He picked one up and sunk his teeth into its moist cap. Then, he ate it all. He immediately felt really cool, as a chill ran up and down his body.

"Sacred-Geno Point +1."

That came as quite the surprise. He was more than happy, discovering the mushrooms there could provide him sacred-blood geno points.

He and Bao'er then stayed there for a while, merrily chomping on as many mushrooms as they could. Over and over, the announcements popped for Han Sen.

But after downing the fifth mushroom, the announcements stopped. He couldn't receive any more sacred geno points off them.

Bao'er continued to eat as many as she could, though. After a while, she sat back and burped. She was done, too.

Han Sen decided to poke about the cave some more. It seemed rather deep, and there could be plenty of spelunking to do before he was done exploring it all.

"Might I be able to enter the shelter from here?" Han Sen wondered to himself.

If the entrance was as well-hidden as this cave was, he imagined he would never find a way in.

He'd probably have to inspect every inch of the mountain to find another not-a-wall wall that may have existed, just like the one that had led him there. Such a task would take years.

The idea of continuing to explore this cave, though, concerned Han Sen. It felt as if he could no longer make use of Dongxuan Aura.

He tried using it and felt its radius shrink down to one meter. Then, nothing. He couldn't use it at all anymore.

That must have been why he could not sense the boons the mushrooms would have provided, and only decided to eat them upon seeing Bao'er enjoy them.

“Bao’er, come on. We should go deeper,” Han Sen said, and so off they went.

The cave was fairly straight, without any branching pathways. The duo walked for hours, and still, there was no end in sight.

The only remarkable thing to occur on that long travel was stumbling across another variety of mushrooms.

Bao’er was full, though, so she was not interested in eating them. Han Sen ate one, but found out they did nothing. There was no point increase.

So, he summoned Meowth and Golden Growler and got them to eat the mushrooms. He had continued feeding them waterdrops for quite some time, but it had been a while since the drops had influenced their growth. No longer did the waterdrops make them stronger.

After some more travel, Han Sen saw a light at the end of the tunnel. He was excited to see what might be ahead, but he doubted he’d find the entrance to Phoenix Shelter through that dingy cavern.

When he exited the cave, he was back outside. Strangely, though, there were no more peaks to climb. He had emerged on the absolute mountaintop.

When he looked down, the mountains looked like large lotus flowers. Every petal was one of the peaks. It was no wonder it had taken him a long time to reach the highest point.

Upon this main peak, there was a big tree. It had to be at least a hundred meters tall, but it was dead, dried up like charcoal. It was, however, hollow.

Also of note, the tree appeared to have been chopped in half. It must have been cut by some fearsome weapon.

“I wonder what sort of weapon would be able to cut through this tree?” Han Sen asked himself, as he examined the tree.

After noticing the tree was hollow, Han Sen decided to check it out. The space inside was about as wide as a basketball court.

Looking inside, Han Sen noticed a golden feather inside the trunk. It was there in plain sight.

The two-meter-long feather was shining gold, much like starlight. It was hot, too, even for Han Sen who was exceptionally talented when it came to dealing with fire.

It felt like metal when Han Sen touched it. And he tried lifting the feather by its hard tip.

Unfortunately, despite using all his strength, he could not move it. It was frighteningly heavy.

Chapter 1034: The Phoenix Descends and the Emperor Dies

Han Sen was shocked. He was a strong man, and he could lift even the heaviest of items. This feather, though, would require a heft far beyond his capabilities. U.pdated b.y boxnovel.com

It was heavier than any metal he had ever known. But not wanting to give up, Han Sen flexed and prepared to give it another go.

“Is this metal? Or is it the actual feather of some bird? Hmm, but if it did belong to a bird, how could such a creature possibly fly with a wing full of them?” As he thought, Han Sen tried dragging it from left to right.

The feather was almost like a hiltless sword. It made for a supremely sharp blade.

Han Sen brought out a z-steel stone and ran it against the feather. With remarkable ease, the z-steel stone was split in two as if it were made of butter.

Even with Taia, he had to use much strength to cut through things.

When Taia was in Han Sen’s hands, it could be used to slay super creatures in the Third God’s Sanctuary.

If Taia had been wielded by a mere evolver, its use would mean a struggle to kill a measly creature of even the First God’s Sanctuary.

But without much effort, weight, or force, the feather effortlessly cut the z-steel stone in two. It was like magic.

Perhaps its weight correlated to its strength, and that was why? Either way, it was remarkable.

Looking at the edge of the feather, Han Sen had a sickly feeling. It looked so thin.

Giving the feather another wiggle, he did so with greater care. It was almost frightening how sharp the feather was. It felt as if it had the power to tear through the fabric of space and time.

“This is quite the prize. Since I found this thing up here, on Phoenix Mountain, I will call it the Phoenix Sword.” Han Sen had never been proficient when it came to naming things.

Han Sen brought out his Taia sword. Their lengths were different, but they would make a fine duo. With them, he could practice Double Fly.

“I need to practice Double Fly. If I don’t, it would be a waste of two good swords,” Han Sen told himself.

If he left the area now, with Phoenix Sword, he’d have been satisfied. He didn’t even care much for finding a way into the shelter, anymore.

But he had initially ventured to this place in the hopes of rescuing Brother Seven from a callous spirit.

Han Sen left the tree with a renewed vigor for finding an entrance into Phoenix Shelter.

All of a sudden, though, he was hit with a strange sensation. It felt as if the mountain had been missing something.

God Mountain's peaks were like petals, but from where he now stood, he could see that there was something amiss.

He only noticed what was missing because he was at the highest point. Han Sen did not know much about Feng Shui, so if he had been farther down, he never would have noticed it.

Han Sen packaged the Phoenix Sword, picked up Bao'er, and went towards a parcel of the mountain that lacked the distinct features to have it fit in with the lotus-petal-collage.

It was situated at around the halfway point of the mountain. Not needing to fly, he just slid his way down.

He came to a stop on a stone platform, and he turned to look at a copper wall that skirted the back of it.

It had been dressed in a variety of vines, ones which Han Sen promptly removed, in the hopes the copper wall would be another metaphysical doorframe.

Unfortunately, after pressing against the copper in every way he could, nothing was revealed. It was solid.

He was stubborn, though. And he kept on feeling the copper wall, determined to find something. Eventually, his hands ran across a strange indent.

It was like a little slot, and around as thin as Bao'er's arm.

He brushed away more of the vines to reveal it as a written character. Removing more of these vines exposed a number of different words that were written in a language Han Sen was unfamiliar with.

Han Sen summoned Thorn Baron, to ask her if it was a language of the spirits.

Her answer was, "Yes, these are spirits words."

"What do they say?" Han Sen asked.

Thorn Baron had a curious, almost perplexed look on her face, and she said, "The phoenix descended on God Mountain and the emperor died."

Han Sen didn't really understand, and so he asked Thorn Baron if she understood.

She told him, "Well, I can read it, but even I am not sure what it all means."

"Does it say anything else?" There was very little to go on, so he thought there had to be more.

Thorn Baron frowned and just said, "The words are strange. They don't have meaning."

Thorn Baron continued reading the inscribed words, but they made little sense. There was no cohesion or form to what was written. It was all mumbo-jumbo.

Thorn Baron then said, "I know what each word means, but it's all jumbled up like nonsense. There is no meaning to what comes past the first line."

As they discussed this, the platform trembled as if an earthquake had just begun.

Chapter 1035: The Pilgrimage of a Thousand Birds

The platform lowered. It descended slowly, until it came to a stop before a stone door.

“Is this the entrance to Phoenix Shelter?” Han Sen was delighted, thinking he might have found it.

He looked at the many vines that draped the doorframe. They looked undisturbed, which told him Holy-Sword Emperor had not yet arrived. Or, if he had, the spirit had not come this way.

Han Sen summoned Sword-Furnace spirit. Treachery and danger might have lurked ahead, so he thought the spirit could make a fine decoy.

At Han Sen’s command, Sword-Furnace pushed the door open. Nothing out-of-the-ordinary occurred, it just opened like any average door might.

Beyond the door rested a stone staircase that descended a very long way down. Eventually, the stairs took a turn. What lurked at the bottom, Han Sen could not yet tell.

Along with Bao’er, Han Sen stepped inside. Sword-Furnace led the way, and after some time venturing down, they arrived before a palace.

Surprisingly, there had been no danger, and nothing inherently peculiar stood out to them. Even the door of the palace seemed normal.

The door was ajar, and from what he could see from where he stood, there were many copper items inside. There was a furnace, a ding, and a number of statues; all wrought from copper.

Going inside, he noticed statues on either side of the entrance hall. They all depicted birds. There was a peacock, a crane, a sparrow, and even one of bees.

The walls had mosaics and plaques, with themes and designs all revolving around birds. Across the ceiling, there was a painting of a grand purple peacock. Across the tiled floor, there were many illustrations of cranes.

It was like a museum, dedicated to birds and birds alone. An image of a bird adorned everywhere that Han Sen looked, and even the pillars of the hall were decorated with pictures or carvings of them.

Han Sen wandered around the palace for some time, but strangely, he did not come across a single image of a phoenix.

“Is it because Phoenix Emperor resembled a phoenix, anyway?” Han Sen guessed.

Aside from the statues and the other bird-based decorations, there did not seem to be anything of value. The only thing of note was the throne.

“Phoenix Emperor must have sat right there. But why do only paintings and statues remain here?” Thinking of this, Han Sen then told Sword-Furnace to examine the throne more closely.

The throne was engraved with a number of bird illustrations, just like everything else in the palace. After Sword-Furnace had finished investigating the seat, Han Sen decided to sit on it.

After Han Sen sat down on the throne, it suddenly seemed as if the statues before him were alive. It seemed as if they were there, ready to obey him.

“This Phoenix Emperor dude had taste,” Han Sen thought.

It was strange, to imagine Phoenix Emperor spending so much time and effort to merely be able to sit there and enjoy the artwork and the feelings they elicited.

It was a unique sensation, but it was only achievable by sitting down on the throne.

With Phoenix Emperor’s power, he could have most certainly gathered a flock of genuine birds. It was weird to see such focus and time given to the creation of fake ones.

Han Sen continued sitting on that throne, observing the birds in a new light. Eventually, though, his face turned dim.

Following a tingling sensation, the birds did indeed start to look more and more alive. Eventually, he was stricken with the feeling that the birds were about to fly towards him.

Everything seemed so real. They may have actually been statues, but they were shaped, sculpted, and built in a way that was as convincing as a real bird.

And what’s more, no bird looked alike. They each had a personality, despite being constructed objects. Many might have appeared rather similar, but there were minor variations to make even those stand out from their inanimate peers.

“Was this his study room, maybe?” Han Sen felt as if he had learned something, through this idle observation.

Han Sen had once learned Heavenly Go and Seven Twist, which he later combined into Aero. This technique was associated with birds.

After watching the birds for a while longer, he felt as if they were somehow related to the self-taught Aero talent.

By simply watching the birds before him, he felt as if he was given a greater understanding of Aero. He was learning a lot about birds, all by simply watching them. He realized there were many things about birds he had never seen or even considered before, and it was like his mind had breached a veil, and he’d now be operating on a higher plane of existence. He was in a different world now.

“I didn’t know I could do that,” Han Sen thought, considering the new options that were opening before him.

Han Sen then focused his attention and examined every bird individually. They weren't alive, but every time he looked back to a bird he had previously looked at, it would seem different.

Han Sen stood up to take a better look.

Before Han Sen sat on the throne, he hadn't noticed anything peculiar about the hall. After sitting on the throne and standing up again, his perception of everything had changed.

It was like a 3D picture. At first, the image of the hall was plain and meaningless.

But now, looking closely, it was as if a lock had been broken. He could see things differently, from a multitude of different angles.

The hall, of course, had been designed better than any 3D image ever could. Its depth was unparalleled, and you'd discover and learn a number of new things, depending on where you stood.

Everyone had a different personality, and everyone saw things differently.

The birds were this way, as well. They all looked unique, and when he looked at them from different angles, he felt differently about them.

Han Sen did not know how others felt, but he felt as if he had just entered a treasury. It was a treasury of knowledge, and what he had learned about Aero there was different than anything he could ever learn from reading a book.

Chapter 1036: Alu-Alu

Somehow, Han Sen's Aero activated. He felt incredibly light, as if he could shoot off into the skies at any given moment.

As Han Sen continued his observation of the birds, he suddenly heard a rumble. He turned around and saw a wall on the left side of the hall rise up. Inside, there was a room.

A three-meter-tall spirit was standing inside, and just a mere glance was all it took to recognize how monstrously powerful he was.

He possessed three eyes, all of which gleamed silver like the spirit's hair. They looked alive and dripped with excitement.

"A hundred-thousand-years. I, Xie Qing, am free once more!" He wasted no time, calling out at the top of his lungs. He was oozing a fever-like excitement.

Han Sen watched the spirit with great surprise.

When he arrived there, his Dongxuan Aura had been unavailable. As such, he had been unable to detect the presence of the spirit.

If the spirit had been trapped there for such a long period of time, there must have been something special about him.

Han Sen wasn't afraid, though. And he wouldn't be, even if the spirit was a king spirit. He could always use his super king spirit mode, after all.

"What are you looking at? Get over here and bow before me!" The spirit, who proclaimed himself to be Xie Qing, commanded.

"Are you talking to me?" Han Sen asked, in shock.

He had mistaken Han Sen, a human, for a spirit. That was quite the error of judgment, not something likely to be done by a king spirit.

Han Sen believed, if he had indeed been trapped down there for a hundred-thousand-years, the spirit would still believe humans to be primitive wildlings. Perhaps such a mistake was warranted, and maybe he didn't even know anything about humanity occupying the shelters at all yet.

"Are you a creature?" Xie Qing frowned. Perhaps he had been trapped in there too long.

"No; I'm a spirit. I'm just special." Han Sen held his fist as he talked, and he continued, "I am San Mu, my king."

"You are just a royal spirit, aren't you? What is so special about you, exactly?" Xie Qing eyed Han Sen with suspicion. Still, there was a glimmer of a certain satisfaction, having heard Han Sen refer to him as a king.

"Did you open my cell and free me?" Xie Qing King asked Han Sen.

"I was simply walking around here, admiring the place. The wall opened up of its own volition," Han Sen explained.

Xie Qing King looked at the room and said, "That cheap turkey! He used me to clear the invaders of this place. He played me like a d*mn fiddle, and I waltzed right into his trap!" Xie Qing King said, as he looked at Han Sen. "You said your name is San Mu? Follow me! When I claim the treasure, left behind by that turkey, I'll give you a small portion as a reward."

"Thanks." Han Sen bowed.

Han Sen preferred peace. There was no need for him to create any more enemies if he could avoid it.

Plus, the king spirit had not shown an ounce of hostility. Therefore, there didn't seem to be any particular need to kill him.

"Is that a baby?" Xie Qing King asked, as he looked at Bao'er.

"Yes, it is my daughter. Her name is Bao'er," Han Sen said.

Xie Qing King responded, "You are so weak. Why would you even waste time having a baby?"

Han Sen thought it obnoxious. Powerful people always felt like only they should have babies.

Xie Qing King observed the hall as they went, seemingly lost in thought.

Xie Qing King walked across the hall to its other side and said, "This way. It's high-time we checked out the turkey's treasury."

Han Sen guessed the turkey he was referring to was Phoenix Emperor. Believing that the spirit indeed knew the way there, he saw no problem following him.

But in the next second, Xie Qing King's fist blazed with a silver light. Then, he broke a wall that had been decorated with a number of avian symbols.

"Alu-Alu-Alu!" Xie Qing King shouted, as he continued to punch the wall. He punched through a meter-thick wall of solid stone.

Han Sen was shocked, at what the spirit had just suddenly managed to do.

Earlier, he had tested it himself with his new Phoenix Sword. With a strike, he could only plunge it a single inch into the wall.

Furthermore, Han Sen had been afraid of traps, so he had spent most of his time in the shelter with much care. This spirit seemed to be a little on the reckless side.

"What are you doing over there? Come here and stay close." Xie Qing King frowned, and then he went on to mumble, "I can't believe I brought a dumb*ss with me."

Han Sen did not pay much heed to the insult he had been given, and he just followed as the spirit wanted him to.

After exiting the hall, they came to a branching corridor.

Han Sen wondered which way the spirit might decide to go, but again, he just started to chant "Alu-Alu." Then he smashed the wall ahead of them with his fist.

In this way, they went on for some time. Han Sen stayed close behind, as Xie Qing King broke down wall after wall. He imagined the spirit would eventually get tired of doing that, but he never seemed to. He just kept on going, wall after wall.

"He's pretty cool," Han Sen said to himself.

Chapter 1037: Petrified

Xie Qing King must have broken down a dozen walls, each one a shortcut through what had to be some manner of maze. There were countless branching pathways, each guided by thick walls that were around one meter tall. It was in this wall-breaking way that they proceeded.

Alu-Alu!

Another wall was smashed through. Beyond it, something new greeted their eyes. It was another palace, just smaller in size than the previous one. It did, however, have a pool at its center and a tree in the middle of that.

The tree was strange. It was two meters tall and it only had two leaves to its name.

Between the leaves was a sole grey fruit. It was hefty-looking—around the same size as a football—but it looked slimy and sickly.

“Holy-Jade Fruit.” Xie Qing King looked at the fruit with much excitement. He reached out and tried to grab it.

But before he could, the fruit broke. From within its sticky interior, a juice oozed out.

Xie Qing King’s face suddenly became ghastly, and so he punched the fruit away.

The ooze of the fruit splashed across the tiled copper floor, and after a moment’s rest, started to violently corrode the copper surface.

Han Sen was well-aware how solid that copper was, so it was frightening to see the potency of that juice. If it touched a human, Han Sen couldn’t imagine the pain that would befall its victim.

Xie Qing King’s hand suffered a couple drops of that corrosive liquid, and it had damaged his hand a good deal; it gushed blood.

The juice was no joke, if it had also managed to pierce and ravage his hand while it was still ablaze with the powerful silver light.

All Han Sen could think was how thankful he was, to have decided to hang several meters behind Xie Qing King. If he was any closer, he could very well have been sprayed by that horrendous fluid.

“King-Corpse Juice; that d*mned turkey. It is only fortunate I have trained in the ways of combatting evil. A splash of this stuff is all it takes to fell even the most powerful spirit.” After explaining, Xie Qing King punched the tree and snapped it in two.

When it broke, a grey mist seeped from the two broken ends. Suddenly, he was petrified and rendered unable to move.

Han Sen was shocked, seeing another trap immediately spring out to get Xie Qing King.

Phoenix Emperor must have known what sort of person he was. Ordinary people wouldn’t have punched the tree right after a spoiled harvest, but Xie Qing King did. Knowing he’d react this way, Phoenix Emperor had constructed another surprise trap for when he did.

The King-Corpse Juice was merely a red herring, and it wasn't actually the planned way to stop Xie Qing King. It was not half as efficient as a substance that could petrify. Han Sen had no clue what it was, but it had worked without fault. In an instant, a king spirit was wholly petrified.

As Han Sen inched forward to inspect the tree, Xie Qing King started to shout. "He put Stone-Jade Miasma inside the tree. Pah! Weak. He'll need to do better than that to petrify me. I'm going to dig his corpse up!"

Xie Qing King had managed to regain control of his eyes and mouth, but his body was still frozen stiff.

"What are you looking at? Are you going to help me or what?!" Xie Qing King yelled.

"How can I help you?" Han Sen asked him. It was no wonder Phoenix Emperor imprisoned him down there.

If he had known about him being locked up, Han Sen would not have helped him out. The spirit may not have been hostile, but he was not the same species and could not 100% be trusted.

Xie Qing King responded, "That sneak knew I'd use my Evil-Breaker Power to smash that tree containing the Stone-Jade Miasma. I have been petrified, yes, but only my exterior has been. Break the stones that encompass me and I will be free."

"But I am so weak," Han Sen pretended.

Xie Qing King said, "But you have to try. Typically, only his Undying Flame can break these stones, but it's worth a shot."

Han Sen looked at Xie Qing King and thought him to be strangely naive. He wondered why the spirit was so sure Han Sen would both be willing and able to save him from his entrapment.

Han Sen then recalled the time he had spent in the spirit base, and how lower-tier spirits would blindly follow one who was superior and provide them spirit geno points.

A real spirit would attempt to save Xie Qing King, no matter what it took.

But Han Sen was just a human, and he felt no obligation to save or truly follow a spirit who may have been superior to him.

"Hurry! The stone is starting to settle inside my flesh, strengthening. If we co-operate, perhaps the combination of our powers will be enough to break this curse," Xie Qing King pleaded.

Han Sen wondered whether or not he should reveal who he truly was. But just as he considered doing so, he heard a wall on the side of that chamber begin to rise.

"Someone is here!" Han Sen looked around, checking to see if there was someplace he could hide.

Xie Qing King noticed this, as well, and so he stopped talking.

Han Sen saw two men standing behind that risen wall. It was a human and a spirit, and they were both visibly surprised to see Han Sen there. They had obviously entered expecting the place to be empty and free of others.

“Who are you?” the spirit asked, staring at Han Sen. His power looked crushing, as if he could squish him like a bug.

Han Sen thought to himself, “This must be Holy-Sword Emperor. The human next to him must be Brother Seven.”

Chapter 1038: The View That Contains a Thousand Birds

“Who are you?” Holy-Sword Emperor asked.

“That is of no concern to you,” Han Sen said.

Holy-Sword Emperor balked and pulled out his sword. Without delay, he thrust forward, taking aim at Han Sen’s forehead.

Han Sen leapt away like a bird, evading the attack with ease.

Holy-Sword Emperor raised his arm and pointed with his fingers. Suddenly, they all took on a life of their own, each one becoming a free-thinking sword. The index finger was thin like a rapier, whereas the middle finger was hefty like a greatsword. The thumb was like a plump dagger.

The five fingers became five different swords, and swiftly, they went after Han Sen.

Holding Bao’er, Han Sen rode the air and dodged every finger that wished to skewer him. Despite the spirit’s grand display of power, none of his attacks found their target.

Holy-Sword Emperor was wielding ten swords, one for each finger. Each one weaved between each other, striking with an unbelievable amount of precision and speed. Han Sen did not believe any other spirit he had come across could have managed to achieve such finesse with a weapon.

As Han Sen danced through the air, his mind recalled the birds in the palace.

As the swords launched towards him, his mind flashed back to a movement he had witnessed off one bird. He applied it to Aero and evaded whichever sword came for him, alternating through the vast array of different movements he had learned.

Han Sen was incredibly happy at what he was able to achieve. He had only opened eight gene locks and had eighteen hundred fitness—figures which made him weaker than king spirits—but that did not matter.

Han Sen was able to dodge every single attack that came his way, from a foe that should have been out of his league. What he had learned from the birds was incredible.

Of course, much of what he was doing now was all thanks to Aero. If he didn't have it, even if he was a king spirit without it, he'd have been unable to pull off half the graceful evasions that now came to him effortlessly.

Holy-Sword Emperor's senses had been restricted in this place. Although it did not stifle the power he possessed, it made him unable to determine Han Sen's actual power.

Xie Qing King, on the other hand, had a third eye that enabled him to now see more of who his follower actually was. He could most certainly tell the power Han Sen held. And as he watched with great interest, Holy-Sword Emperor had yet to determine whether the foe he was battling was a human or a spirit.

Han Sen maintained a firm grip on the baby, as he pranced through the air. Continuing to evade with such grace and finesse was a remarkable feat, and a display of fantastic talent. Although he may not have been able to correctly gauge who his enemy was, Holy-Sword Emperor was at least aware Han Sen was a powerful person.

Brother Seven was not aware of who Han Sen was, and he could not determine the level of power he possessed, either. The only thing he could tell was that he was a human. He knew this from the structure of his face and the clothing he wore.

He had heard of humans being able to effectively do battle with royal spirits, but he had never heard of a human being able to compete with a king spirit.

The person was very young, too. It greatly surprised him how brilliant the young man was. Regardless of what was going on or what would happen later, he knew he was witnessing something quite brilliant.

Plus, to top it all off, he was holding a baby. To engage in battle as he was doing, Brother Seven was in immediate adoration.

"Have humans really become this strong?" Brother Seven wondered to himself, in awe.

He knew it was only natural for humans to improve and become stronger and better able to compete with the spirits; it was an inevitability of the passage of time. But this was far beyond his wildest expectations of what was possible, at their current stage in time. Whoever this person battling Holy-Sword Emperor was, he was strangely powerful.

Holy-Sword Emperor, frustrated with his inability to determine who his foe was and how powerful he might have been, decided to up his game. He split his swords into a hundred smaller versions. The stakes had been amped up, and it actually put Han Sen into some degree of danger.

Even though Han Sen was continuing to use Aero, it was difficult and far more trying for him to dodge his aggressor's attacks now.

Three minutes later, he slipped up. A sword nicked his arm and broke the sacred-blood armor there.

"I was almost expecting a challenge. I see the truth now; you are nothing but a wimp. You are a coward that can only flee to and fro, not daring to face me like a proper opponent," Holy-Sword Emperor taunted Han Sen, and then fired a greater number of swords in an attempt to finish him off.

Han Sen knew the odds were lop-sided from the get-go. The only reason he was still alive was due to Blood-Pulse Sutra.

But due to the buffs being unable to increase his fitness level, he hadn't been able to open more gene locks.

If Han Sen's Blood-Pulse Sutra could go higher than eight, he'd have a power that was equivalent to two thousand fitness.

But Han Sen's base fitness was still only one thousand eight hundred, and because of this, he could not continue this way forever.

And adding to that, the more Han Sen dodged, the more the callous spirit wanted his blood.

Suddenly, Han Sen had an idea. He dive-bombed down with haste, landing directly behind the still-petrified Xie Qing King.

Holy-Sword Emperor had been fixated on Han Sen the entire time, and had initially believed the calcified Xie Qing King to be an inanimate statue. So, he did not relent and simply decided to blast the statue with all his might.

"My Emperor, the time is now!" Han Sen happily proclaimed.

Boom!

The statue shattered, and a man drenched in blood appeared. A silver light encompassed his body, healing his wounds. In the time that it took Xie Qing King to take two steps, he became fully healed.

"Good job; you were smart to save me." Xie Qing King laughed out loud, having come to really like Han Sen.

"Thank you very much; it was my pleasure." Han Sen feigned happiness, but in his heart he thought, "You'd still be a rock if I was able to kill Holy-Sword Emperor with my super king spirit mode."

Holy-Sword Emperor looked upon Xie Qing King with remarkable shock, and he actually exclaimed, "Xie Qing King!"

Chapter 1039: Let Them Fight, Grab the Spoils

Han Sen was shocked, to say the least. He had not expected the two to have known each other. He was hoping Xie Qing King would be freed to eliminate Holy-Sword Emperor, but that wasn't looking likely now.

"You remember me?" Xie Qing King asked, with a smirk.

While he was petrified, he had hidden his powers. Now, he did not have to.

Holy-Sword Emperor forced a smile, saying, "I had only just been born during the times you fought in the spirit base. You were a person I greatly admired; I cannot say I expected to see you here."

Holy-Sword Emperor was lying; he did not mean a word of what he said. One-hundred-thousand years ago, Holy-Sword Emperor was nothing.

But back then, Xie Qing King was not an emperor, just as he wasn't now. With Han Sen referring to him as one, though, he was taken aback and unsure of what to say.

Holy-Sword Emperor had not known of his imprisonment here. Xie Qing King hadn't actually ascended from king to emperor status, it was just Han Sen attempting to mislead Holy-Sword Emperor.

Xie Qing King was made glad, upon hearing that Holy-Sword Emperor knew his name. He did not pay much heed to Han Sen, since he wasn't on the same level as him. This was different than the way he felt about Holy-Sword Emperor, who was.

Xie Qing King's silver eyes rested upon Holy-Sword Emperor, and he asked, "Have you found anything?"

"This is where Phoenix Emperor once lived. There is treasure here, but evidently, it is well-hidden," Holy-Sword Emperor quickly explained.

"Really?" Xie Qing King did not believe him.

Han Sen then chimed in to say, "I am not sure if he has recovered anything from this place, but I have heard he was able to obtain a certain geno item. That is how he was able to enter this place. Everyone knows because he held a big and fanciful celebration for it."

When Han Sen said this, Holy-Sword Emperor found himself wanting to swiftly explain.

But Xie Qing King cut-in before him, saying, "Give me that item or die."

"My Emperor, I..." This was all Holy-Sword Emperor was able to mutter before Xie Qing King swung forward with silver light.

Holy-Sword Emperor was not going to hand over the item he much cherished, so he decided to flee.

"If only running was so easy." Xie Qing King ran after him, and both spirits disappeared.

"Are we the same kind?" Brother Seven mumbled to ask, once the spirits were gone from sight.

"Do you know the Water Pavilion?" Han Sen asked, out of nowhere.

Qin Junhao told Han Sen that, if he saw Brother Seven, he should ask this. It would confirm that he was an ally.

When Brother Seven heard what was said, he happily exclaimed, "Junhao made it to Sword-Furnace Shelter?!"

“Yes, he’s taking a well-earned vacation in the Alliance.” Han Sen smiled, and then went on to ask, “So, you are Brother Seven?”

Brother Seven nodded and said, “I did not expect someone to be here, and neither did I expect that someone so young could ever possess such frightful power. If Holy-Sword Emperor survives this ordeal and decides to attack your shelter with all his might, at least you can return to the Alliance safely.”

Han Sen smiled and said, “Smoke and mirrors; I’m not actually that strong. The info you provided us saved our lives. I have come here to bring you back. Holy-Sword Emperor doesn’t currently know what you’re up to, so he can’t kill you with the contract you have signed. It’s best that we take this opportunity and return to the Alliance while we still can.”

Brother Seven shook his head, though, and said, “It’s not worth the risk. There is treasure here, and if we are able to retrieve it, humanity as a whole will improve. It is of vital importance, and it is imperative that we claim it before they do.”

“But you are under contract. Holy-Sword Emperor can easily take it from you,” Han Sen said.

But Brother Seven said, “I know. But now that I have met you, things have changed. Are you willing to go with me to get the treasure?”

“Treasure? Where do I sign?” Han Sen paused for a brief moment, but then backtracked to say, “But I’m serious, you should return to the Alliance. Tell me where the treasure is, and then go. You can return once I have slain Holy-Sword Emperor.”

Brother Seven admitted with a wry smile, “Well, I actually don’t know where it is.”

He went on to say, “Holy-Sword Emperor’s treasure is a map. It leads to an item, located in the Phoenix Eye. But the location of the Phoenix Eye is ever-changing, so I have no idea where it might be.”

“I’ve been known to risk much for obtaining treasure. But I’m telling you, your life is far more important than what any item can do for you.”

Brother Seven said, “I am not concerned with myself right now. Come, we should find it. Once we claim it, you can ensure it stays out of their hands.”

Brother Seven then brought out a compass. He looked at it with a concentrated expression, as if he was trying to deduce something complex.

After a minute of silence, he said, “Follow me.”

Brother Seven led them in the direction Han Sen had come from. He passed three of the broken walls Xie Qing King had smashed through.

Han Sen followed him with Bao’er still firmly in his arms. It seemed no matter what he pleaded, Brother Seven was determined to stay.

At every turn, Brother Seven consulted his compass. It meant their passage was rather slow. Four hours later, they reached a dead-end; a ten-meter-tall door barred their way. It was a double door, and each side was emblazoned with the painting of a phoenix.

Chapter 1040: Phoenix Headlight

Han Sen wanted to approach the doors and examine them, but Brother Seven stopped him and said, "This place is dangerous. Don't do anything reckless."

"Isn't that where the Phoenix Eye might reside?" Han Sen asked.

Brother Seven turned to look at the images of a phoenix and said, "A phoenix is a bird that has died, and is then reborn from the ashes of its prior form. Typically, dead is dead, and you don't get to come back from that. But there have been rare instances of resurrection in the past."

Brother Seven noticed that the claws of each phoenix were painted around the door knockers. Each door had a knocker.

When Brother Seven saw this, he said, "On my signal, we knock on the door three times."

Han Sen nodded and moved over to the left door's knocker.

The door was massive. It would have been impossible for one person to use both door knockers at the same time, so the duo had to co-operate.

Brother Seven reminded Han Sen to knock three times, and three times only. He looked nervous.

Han Sen wasn't really sure what was going on, so he wasn't feeling any sort of pressure.

Brother Seven gave his command, and then they used the door knockers three times.

Their knocking was perfectly in sync with each other.

"Back!" Brother Seven shouted, which prompted them both to retreat away from the door a little. Then, they watched what might happen.

Bao'er was still there, suckling her milk bottle. She watched with as much curiosity as they did.

The screeching of two phoenix birds sounded. The images came to life, and they left the door to fly around together.

Han Sen had maxed out his fire geno points, but even so, the heat the phoenixes were emitting was incredibly hot even for him.

The doors slowly opened to reveal a large hall. They could see two lanterns there, still lit after all those years.

Brother Seven stepped inside and said, "Quick; when the phoenixes return to the doors, they will close."

Han Sen walked past both creatures, feeling as if his hair was being singed.

Just as they both entered the hall, the phoenixes returned to their doors, and the doors silently closed.

The hall before them had nine lanterns, each shaped like the head of a phoenix.

But aside from that, there was nothing else of particular interest. There was, however, another room they could enter at the back. No light came from within, so it was pitch-black.

Brother Seven muttered to himself, "Two phoenixes together, and the lanterns split them up. I didn't know spirits practiced Yin Yang."

"Brother Seven, care to speak up? What does that mean?" Han Sen asked.

Han Sen was a proficient fighter, but that was about it. He wasn't really educated in the subjects that Brother Seven was.

Brother Seven then said, "Phoenix Emperor is not a person."

"He is a spirit," Han Sen replied.

Brother Seven then said, "I mean, he is not a sole person. There are two."

"Are you saying there are two of these emperors?" Han Sen asked with much shock.

Brother Seven responded with a nod. "There is a male and a female phoenix. 'Phoenix Emperor' is a title given to a pair of spirits."

"Or maybe they are together, in a two-for-one way?" Han Sen suggested.

Brother Seven agreed and said, "It is possible, but they would still wield two separate powers."

Brother Seven looked at a lantern to his left and said, "This is the fire. It represents Yang."

Brother Seven then looked to the right lantern and said, "This is the blackfire. It represents Yin."

Han Sen noticed the fires did indeed look different.

"Do they mean different things?" Han Sen asked.

Brother Seven explained, "The living fire is Yang. It guides you to life, survival, and prosperity. The blackfire is Yin, which guides you to hell."

Brother Seven looked towards the black hallway ahead and said, "That is a path that straddles the line between Yin and Yang. I am not sure what danger, if any, will await us. If we seek to survive, we are going to need a lantern. But..."

"But what?" Han Sen asked.

"The phoenix lanterns are for the living. We have to bring them, if we want to survive. But even so, that doesn't seem quite right." Brother Seven paused for a brief moment of contemplation, and then went on to say, "This is a path between life and death."

"Then which lantern are we to pick?" Han Sen asked.

"I don't know. Whichever we choose, there is great risk. This is a test of this Phoenix Emperor; and he is smart, whoever he is." Brother Seven had a wry smile.

"Well, if we aren't going to get any answers there's no use debating is there? Let's give it a go." Han Sen picked up a lantern without consultation, and went on to say, "I'll go first and check it out."

Han Sen didn't know anything about the matters Brother Seven was talking about, so he was not very concerned with the need to be careful. If Phoenix Emperor was ahead, and he had to fight him, Han Sen was confident he could just use super king spirit mode to defeat him.

"Hang on," Brother Seven said, as he stopped Han Sen. "Think of a word in your mind. It can be any word. And now tell me what it is. I can predict, from your word, whether your selection of lantern is good or bad."

Han Sen smiled and said, "Prediction is pointless. We can't change our destiny; a decision is a decision. Being able to predict things is a waste of time. I'm going; good lantern or bad."

After that, Han Sen lifted his lantern and walked forward into the dark place.