

Super Power

Chapter 1041: Phoenix Eye

Brother Seven looked to where Han Sen had picked up his lamp, and then his face changed.

“The fourth lamp; that was supposed to be a lamp of the living. Now, its light symbolizes death. He is going to die!” Brother Seven ran towards the lanterns and picked up the seventh lantern. Then he followed after Han Sen.

Han Sen had only been inside for ten seconds, but that was already enough for him to have disappeared from Brother Seven’s sight completely. He was gone.

The light cast from his lantern could only illuminate a single meter ahead of him. The darkness there was suffocating, and almost physical.

Brother Seven called out for Han Sen, and walked at a very brisk pace in the hopes he could catch up. His calls garnered no response.

Suddenly, a strange noise sounded. And then, Brother Seven felt as if countless monsters were lurking just beyond his sight, watching him.

He kept on walking, confident in the knowledge he had selected the correct lamp. With it in hand, he knew he’d be able to catch up with Han Sen eventually.

The seventh lantern, the one he had selected, was called “The Lamp of the Returning Soul.” The fact that it expelled the thick mucus of darkness around him was the only comfort available on that black road. But it wouldn’t last. Those who made use of it would perish, eventually.

Brother Seven was on a suicide run.

He knew this, but he didn’t care. He had much respect for Han Sen, in the brief time he had known him, and he would gladly lose his life if it meant securing Han Sen’s safe return.

As he marched through the black hall, led by the flickering flame, its warmth suddenly depleted. Then, the fire of the lantern turned black. Darkness did not resettle over the hall; instead, it was lit up. But it was lit with a thousand braziers of blackfire. Han Sen was nowhere to be seen, but Brother Seven knew he was not alone. In that hall, staring at him, were countless monsters.

A second later, they were pouncing towards him.

Brother Seven quickly made use of his Purple Light, but it could only extend to a range of about three feet.

He swung his sword and slashed one beast, but another monster used its vile claws to grab the blade as it slowed. The rest of the monsters did not even slow as they came for him.

Brother Seven realized he was going to die, but he did not care for himself in this affair. He only hoped Han Sen would see his light and return safely.

Seeing countless monsters, jaws agape, all aimed for his head, arms, legs, and torso, Brother Seven closed his eyes in acceptance of his fate. But then, the sudden flash of a red light made him reopen them. A flame had appeared, and it incinerated the monsters directly in front of him.

The red flame replaced the black flame of his lantern, as all the monsters around him burst into flames. Soon, they were nothing but sizzling cinders in a mound of ash.

A man appeared in his sight. He was holding a lantern, and the flame upon it resembled a bird.

“Han Sen!” Brother Seven called out.

“Didn’t I tell you to wait? What are you doing here?” Han Sen smiled.

“I...” Brother Seven could hardly speak, shaken from his close call. “You practice fire hyper geno arts? Which one?”

Han Sen nodded and said, “Phoenix Flame, actually.”

Brother Seven then said, “It is no wonder, then. I worry too much, it would seem.”

Han Sen appeared to have been touched by something, and he said, “Thank you, Brother Seven.”

Brother Seven, with a wry smile, said, “For what? I didn’t do anything. But this place is not safe. We should depart it quickly.”

Han Sen nodded, and then led the way forward with Brother Seven close behind.

The red flame of Han Sen’s lantern illuminated far more than Brother Seven’s. But even so, it was of little aid. The murky dark was as stifling and threatening as ever, skirting the fringes of the light’s strength.

Many strange noises could be heard from the darkness around them. But even after a while of walking, no monster revealed itself in their light.

Han Sen smiled and said, “This phoenix lantern is quite the treasure, in itself. It can boost the power of one’s strength when wielding fire. We should take the rest of the lanterns with us when we leave.”

Brother Seven said, “Ordinary fire cannot light the lanterns, but your phoenix fire is a deadfire. It is strange how you managed to light up a lantern of the living with such a flame.”

Han Sen’s Phoenix Flame had been boosted by Blood-Pulse Sutra, which was how he had managed to incite a living fire.

They trudged through that mire of black for a long time.

When they reached the end, it came about as a light in the darkness. Seeing it was a massive relief, and they raced towards the light once it greeted their sight. Neither of them could wait to leave the black path behind them.

But when they moved from the darkness and into the light, they both froze.

It was as if they had exited the entire shelter. Above were the clear skies, all graced and warmed by the radiance of sunlight.

But strangely, everything was black below it. The trees, flowers, soil, and stone; all of it was pitch black.

Nothing was with a rightful color, and it was as if the entire landscape had been subjected to a bitter firestorm of great malevolence that charred it all.

But still, despite the color, everything looked as if it was thriving. There were leaves on the burnt-looking trees, and they grew in abundance.

The entire place was like an ink painting, save for the ordinary sky.

“Brother Seven, what is this place? It looks as if we’ve somehow managed to exit the shelter.” Han Sen was confused.

Brother Seven brought out his compass, and with much joy on his face, said, “We haven’t left Phoenix Shelter. Not at all. This is it, we’ve made it; we’ve reached the Phoenix Eye.”

“This is the Phoenix Eye?” Han Sen asked with shock.

It was difficult to imagine they were still within the confines of a shelter that had been buried by a mountain. They were both almost speechless.

Chapter 1042: World of Charcoal

“This cannot be incorrect. This is indeed the Phoenix Eye,” Brother Seven reaffirmed.

“Then where’s the treasure?” Han Sen saw a mountain range in the distance, which only told him this place was massive. Locating anything there might be far more difficult than expected.

Brother Seven looked back at his compass. He said, “This is strange. I cannot tell which direction we must go now.”

Brother Seven touched the black grass on the ground, and when he looked at his hand, it was covered in black soot. The ground really was like charcoal. Then, he said, “I have no idea whatsoever what purpose this place serves, in a shelter, but I am certain some power presides over this place. A dangerous presence remains, one that keeps this world like one that was built from charcoal.”

“It’s best we don’t split up,” Han Sen said, as he looked around.

Brother Seven nodded, and he knew Han Sen would protect him.

Han Sen was not very proficient when it came to discovering paths and going in the right direction, so he allowed Brother Seven to lead.

Although Brother Seven was just as clueless about where the treasure might be found, he was good at planning routes.

As they walked, the landscape remained the same. The mountain, trees, and flowers were all still black.

There was great variation in the size and shape of the flowers and trees. There were thick, giant trees, and lots of tiny little flowers. Black as they were, they looked like motionless statues. They looked as if they could never die, and they'd be preserved in this state forever.

Bao'er thought the flowers looked incredibly pretty, and she wanted to hold one. But upon being allowed to touch one, the flower quickly collapsed into a mound of soot.

"What kind of power can incinerate things like this?" Han Sen was quite surprised.

Brother Seven could only say, "I have no idea, but if we encounter whatever has done this, we are sure to meet a swift end. Rather than cooked, I'd wager we'd be vaporized."

Han Sen did not expect Brother Seven to be so light-hearted, and of a mood to actually make half a jest.

But suddenly, they heard a noise coming from a distant black forest.

When they tracked down the noise, they saw a white ram, grazing on the black grass of a meadow.

The contrast between the white ram and black earth was striking.

"There are creatures here?" Han Sen was moderately relieved, upon coming to learn this.

The place had previously felt like a warped, alternate dimension. Seeing something else alive there made the place feel a little more real.

If this was all a hallucination, however, whoever created it had to be a supremely powerful being.

But if it was real, as he hoped, then at least he could use his powers.

Bao'er, seeing the fluffy ram, quickly ran over to it. She leapt onto its back and grabbed its horns—she looked exuberantly happy.

The ram was alarmed by its sudden mounting, and it took off running into the forest.

Han Sen quickly gave chase, as the last thing he wanted right now was to lose Bao'er. If he lost her now, it'd be difficult to find her again.

Han Sen guessed the ram was a mutant creature, and his hypothesis was correct. He and Brother Seven caught up with the ram with ease, and when they did, Han Sen grabbed the creature by its head.

The ram went soft and fell to the ground, with Bao'er clapping.

Brother Seven wished to say something, but his face immediately changed.

"Han Sen, let go of the ram," Brother Seven pleaded with anxiety.

"What is it?" Han Sen picked up Bao'er and turned to look at what had startled Brother Seven.

There were many more rams and sheep approaching. Their numbers had to be in the hundreds, and they all looked displeased and hostile.

The first ram they saw was fairly small in comparison to these others. Their horns were massive and sharp like blades.

The first ram was a mutant creature, but Han Sen guessed the others had to be sacred-blood creatures. With their power, all combined, they'd make for frightening foes.

Han Sen's fitness was only equivalent to that of a sacred-blood creature, so he could easily find himself skewered and trampled to death if he did not use super king spirit mode.

"You guys have cute children! I was just giving this one a hug; I wasn't being rough..." Han Sen started to stroke the mutant ram's head, and helped it get back up to its feet.

He didn't want to incite the ire and fury of the rams. To survive a stampede by those woolly fiends, he'd have to use super king spirit mode. But it was a draining talent, and he only sought to use it during the times where he absolutely had to. Not knowing what lay further ahead on this journey, too, he favored not making use of it now.

The hundreds of rams and sheep then baa'd with rage.

The rams started to rush towards Han Sen like a legion of superspeed tanks.

Han Sen grabbed Brother Seven and took off into the air in flight.

Han Sen didn't want Brother Seven to get hurt, so he thought it best to take the man to a safer spot before deciding what to do next.

But unfortunately for them, the rams were able to jump fifty meters high.

Han Sen swooped through the air like a bird, effortlessly evading the airborne attacks of the rams. He may have been safe and out of their reach, but the rams followed wherever he flew. And as they went, a chorus of baa'ing constantly sounded.

The rams were very powerful, and they each had to be sacred-blood in class.

Han Sen initially believed losing their pursuit would be easy, but he was quickly proven wrong. And as he tried to escape, he noticed the white rams and sheep were starting to turn black.

The rams and sheep that banded together to assault Han Sen once looked like a cloud that was chasing him, but now, they were all black like an oversized chip of charcoal.

It was clear to see their speed and power had increased, following their change in color. But suddenly, Han Sen heard another sheep bawl.

There was a black male ram that looked different than the others coming. It ran and leapt towards Han Sen.

“Super creature?!” Han Sen’s face changed.

Chapter 1043: Getting a Super Beast Soul

Han Sen’s Aero did not make him any faster than the black sheep headed his way. When the fluffy fiend reached the peak of its jump, it glided towards him like an aggressive storm cloud.

“It is a super creature!” Han Sen returned Brother Seven to the ground and told him, “Go on ahead first.”

Brother Seven said, “Remember the peak that is shaped like a cow? I will meet you there.”

Brother Seven took off running, not wanting to slow him down. He knew he was being more of a burden than a boon, by accompanying Han Sen to this place.

Seeing him go, Han Sen started running towards the ground-borne cloud of sheep.

When the black super sheep saw Han Sen run towards the flock, it swiftly returned to the earth. It sought to protect its kin, but Han Sen was dangerously close to them already.

One of the black sheep reared its horns and tried ramming Han Sen with them. Seeing it come, Han Sen easily dodged out of the way and turned to provide a deep cut to its belly with Taia.

When Taia sliced across the black sheep’s belly, it was split wide open with the sound of cut metal.

Han Sen did not stop there, though. He resumed his race to the flock.

But another black sheep stepped forward to stop him. In response, Han Sen brought out his Phoenix Sword and hit the sheep, despite it still being wrapped up.

Katcha!

The cloth that packaged the Phoenix Sword did nothing to cushion the blow. When the sword landed on the sheep, the cloth that was neatly wrapped around it was torn to shreds as the sheep was cut in two. The sword, combined with the power given from Blood-Pulse Sutra, was terrifying.

“Berserk Mutant Creature Devilhorn Sheep killed. No beast soul gained. This creature cannot be consumed.”

Han Sen froze a little, upon hearing this strange announcement. It was a berserk mutant, much to his surprise.

Holding two swords, Han Sen continued his sprint to the crowd of rams and sheep. He started to slaughter them, all the while avoiding the attacks of the ram king that had now come near.

After Brother Seven had finished scaling the mountain, he turned to take a look at what was going on with Han Sen. He saw him, butchering the sheep like a madman. Nothing was able to prevent him from doing as he pleased, not even the sheep king.

“How is Han Sen so powerful? We could do with a few more humans like him here,” Brother Seven thought, as he continued running to his proposed rendezvous point.

Han Sen suddenly found himself having a good deal of fun, effortlessly slaying a bunch of sheep. By turning black, it seemed as if the sheep and rams could only bolster their defense—which still wasn’t enough, anyway. Their attempted attacks were pitiful, too.

The sheep king roared at the merciless, raging wolfman, but it was cut off by the other sheep that were scurrying about in fear.

The sheep king commanded them to back off and run away, though, which broke Han Sen’s momentary cover. It resumed its hunt of Han Sen, with a blisteringly quick speed.

The horns were like black crystals, sharp enough to cleave and sunder mountains.

Han Sen used his Phoenix Sword to fight back. Suddenly, both the sword and horns collided.

Dong!

The horn was delivered a deep scratch mark, but Han Sen was sent flying back into the forest.

Boom!

Han Sen was knocked through a dozen charcoal trees before coming to a stop. When he came to, the air was choked with soot. The disturbed ash hung in the atmosphere, clogging it like a thick mist.

Blergh! Han Sen coughed out some blood, and he noticed his armor had been heavily damaged. Cracks ran all across it.

Bao’er looked at Han Sen with much worry, but before he could comfort her, he had to return his focus to the sheep king. It was already on its way over, to finish-off the intruding human.

Han Sen’s black hair turned white, as his muscles grew in size exponentially.

With the sheep king now directly in front of him, Han Sen slashed.

Dong!

Han Sen was knocked back a few steps, and so was the sheep.

A horn had been severed with the accompaniment of an explosive cracking sound, which quickly frightened the sheep.

Han Sen followed up with his sword, attacking the sheep again.

The king leapt out of the way and tried to counter with its other remaining horn.

But this was expected, and the sword followed its jump. It swung past the other horn, cutting it off. Immediately, the sheep king shelved its plan for revenge and planned to escape.

Using Aero, Han Sen caught up to the sheep king that was trying to escape. He slashed its body, which turned out to be sturdier than the horns. A fair cleft was delivered, but it wasn't enough to draw blood.

The sheep king squealed, wanting to escape with even greater haste.

But Han Sen wasn't feeling merciful. He remained behind the sheep, striking and striking again from behind. No matter how many times he hit it, though, no blood was drawn.

When the other sheep caught sight of their beloved king getting beat up, though, they ran off.

Katcha!

Han Sen finally had success, and it came in the form of a simple beheading. With a mighty strike, the sheep king's head was lopped off.

"Super Creature Devilhorn Sheep King killed. Beast soul gained. Its flesh is inedible and there is no Life Geno Essence for retrieval."

Han Sen was shocked once again. This was the first super creature he had ever killed that didn't provide him with a Life Geno Essence.

"This is strange, indeed. And even for a super creature, this thing seemed rather weak." Still, he had managed to obtain its beast soul. And having received it, Han Sen was more than pleased. He had a look in his Sea of Soul, to examine his latest beast soul.

Chapter 1044: Nirvana Lake

Devilhorn King: Polluted Beast Soul Weapon Type

Han Sen was taken aback. This was a unique beast soul, and its description was unlike anything he had ever seen before.

Han Sen summoned it, and it was a scimitar. It seemed like a weapon, forged of black crystals not unlike the original creature's horns.

When Han Sen examined the corpse of the dead king, it started to crumble away and disintegrate into soot. It was soon indistinguishable from the ground of that black land.

The black crystal horn remained behind though, like a chip of charcoal.

But when Han Sen touched it, that too crumbled away and scattered like dust.

Suddenly, Han Sen's body felt extremely weak.

He hadn't used the whole hour of super king spirit to defeat the beast, so it wasn't as bad as last time. But just as Han Sen decided to go looking for Brother Seven, his blurred vision saw someone coming towards him. It was Xie Qing King.

"Why is he here?" Han Sen wondered to himself in disappointment.

Xie Qing King was headed right for him, and when he arrived before Han Sen, the spirit asked the very same question, but aloud. "Why are you here?"

"I grabbed the person that accompanied Holy-Sword Emperor. He brought me here, but we got split up when encountering a lot of very nasty sheep. I don't know where he is now." Han Sen paused for a moment, and then went on to ask, "Did you catch up with Holy-Sword Emperor?"

"No. He ran off, but not without losing his treasure to me." Xie Qing King held out an item for Han Sen to take a look at.

It was a leather scroll, with a gold phoenix painted on it. It looked very alive; like a bird that was truly above and beyond the strength and comprehension of any other bird that existed.

When Han Sen saw the picture, he felt as if he had been struck. It reminded him of all the birds he had seen, back in the palace.

The phoenix on the painting was stood there, delicate and proud. But at the same time, it appeared as if it was flying.

"This painting is Phoenix Emperor's treasure; he must have drawn it after seeing all the birds laid out before him in the hall," Han Sen theorized.

Han Sen thought about the palace, and now, looking at the picture presented, he realized it was the complete set.

"Do you understand?" Xie Qing King asked.

"No, but that human seems to. If you see him, maybe you can ask him?" Han Sen was worried Xie Qing King might mercilessly strike down Brother Seven if he encountered him.

Xie Qing King put the picture away. He then picked up Han Sen and started flying.

Han Sen knew he meant no harm, so he didn't try to resist the free lift.

Xie Qing King flew at an obscene speed, and it seemed as if they traveled thousands of miles in no time at all. They came to a stop near a lake.

“My Emperor, where is this?” Han Sen asked, as he observed the lake.

“Is this where the treasure resides?” Han Sen wondered.

Xie Qing King did not answer, and instead, chucked Han Sen directly into the water. Then, he himself jumped in. It was as if they were going to have a bath together.

Han Sen believed there to be something strange about the lake, but when Xie Qing King jumped in, he felt safer.

Han Sen felt as if all his dirt was being cleansed and rinsed away. His Dongxuan Aura seemed to be recovering, too.

Bao'er was also there, and she merrily swam and splashed about in the waters of the lake.

“Emperor, this lake is fairly fancy!” Han Sen feigned surprise.

Xie Qing King replied, “Of course it is. This lake is composed of the tears of the fiery phoenix. The water is restorative to one's body.”

“Tears of a phoenix, you say?” Han Sen looked at Xie Qing King in awe.

Xie Qing King, without beating around the bush, said, “Do you know why that turkey called himself Phoenix Emperor? It was because he grew a holy tree. That tree gave birth to a pair of fruit. In each fruit was a phoenix with ten gene locks open. When they went to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, however, the male died. That's why this place was ruined. The tears of the other phoenix, in the loss of its partner, is what formed this lake. By bathing here, we can rinse ourselves of any debilitations we may have incurred.” After a brief moment of silence, Xie Qing King went on to say, “I went to the treasury but there was nothing there. I think the turkey must have hidden his treasure somewhere in this place. We should resume our search later.”

Han Sen thought of the giant tree he had stepped into before entering the shelter, and asked himself, “Was that the holy tree he talked about?” He then went on to think, “Hmm, remember that etching near the entrance? Didn't it say, ‘The phoenix descended on God Mountain and the emperor died’? By descent, does it mean the phoenix died and fell to the ground? And the emperor died with it? Is the emperor dead someplace here?”

“We'll be here for another seven hours. It looks like you were injured pretty badly, following your wrestling match with the sheep. Stay here and you'll be right as rain before you know it,” Xie Qing King said.

He hadn't known when it occurred, but Bao'er had climbed on top of Xie Qing King's head. Needless to say, he was surprised and a little fearful.

But it was unjustified, because Xie Qing King did not mind at all. He was fine with the baby there, and he was not angry or annoyed. He simply allowed Bao'er to pull his hair and squeeze his cheeks.

Han Sen wanted to call her back, in case she made him mad. But all of a sudden, he felt something touch his waist. It gave him quite the shock.

Chapter 1045: Strange Fish

Han Sen lowered his head and saw a fat goldfish swimming towards him.

The goldfish was around the size of a hand, with a tail that was reminiscent of a butterfly wing. Its head was peculiar, almost like a lionhead goldfish.

As it swam towards Han Sen, its tail wagged and fluttered behind it merrily.

He scanned the creature and could not detect the presence of a strong life force. If he didn't know any better, it could have very well been an average fish.

Han Sen backed away from it, but it followed him across the pool.

Although he was wise to exercise caution, he knew the fish wasn't aggressive. If it had been, it would have bitten him already.

The goldfish swam behind Han Sen and circled the Phoenix Sword he was carrying on his back.

"There is more to this goldfish than meets the eye. It is here, of all places, and in a pool formed by the tears of a phoenix. And what's more, it is showing interest in my Phoenix Sword. The feather of its composition might actually have belonged to one of those phoenix's, too." Han Sen had a lot to think about lately.

The lionhead-like fish continued to swim around and around the sword with keen interest.

Han Sen decided to tap the goldfish with his finger to see how it would respond. His finger prodded the creature, but it didn't pay any mind. It continued to circle the sword, showing no fear at his presence or attention.

Han Sen decided to grab the whole goldfish and see if he could detect a life force by bringing it out the water. He did this, but could not detect anything. Queer behavior aside, it really did seem like an ordinary goldfish.

"Can a run-of-the-mill goldfish really live in a place like this?" Han Sen wondered.

Bao'er decided to jump back into the water and swam over to Han Sen with haste. She had seen the goldfish in Han Sen's hand, and she wanted to touch it herself.

Watching the playful baby approach, the fish wriggled its way out of Han Sen's hand, hopped back into the water, and swam behind him for cover.

Bao'er looked angry after seeing its behavior, and so she tried to swim around and grab it. Fortunately for the fish, Han Sen stopped her.

"Go play someplace else." Han Sen pushed Bao'er away.

The fish was an interesting little thing, and so Han Sen didn't want her to kill it. If there was a benefit or purpose to this fish, he'd rather discover what it was before it died. A needless death would be a waste.

Bao'er gave a stern look to the goldfish and then swam away.

Han Sen scooped the fish back up in his hand to give it another look. He couldn't espy anything special about it, and he didn't think it was a sacred-blood creature in disguise, either.

But appearances were often misleading, so Han Sen's wasn't so quick to believe it was just an average goldfish.

Han Sen placed the fish down just outside the pool. In a weird display, the fish did not simply flop around like he suspected it would. Instead, it transformed into a little red bird.

Han Sen's eyes opened wide, for this was the first time he had seen something like this. It most certainly caught him off-guard.

Han Sen picked up the bird and returned it to the water. When submerged, it transformed into a fish again.

"Wow, that is very weird." Han Sen watched in disbelief as the lionhead goldfish-bird-thing returned to swim around his sword.

Han Sen turned to look at Xie Qing King and noticed his eyes were still closed. It seemed as if he was still unaware of what was going on.

Han Sen decided to take the goldfish back out of the water. Like before, it transformed into a bird. But strangely, it did not fly. He suspected that the bird was too plump for proper flight, as all it did was take a strong hop up onto his shoulder. When there, it pecked the Phoenix Sword on his back.

"This thing must be special. I wonder if I can bring it with me?" A streak of greed flashed across Han Sen's eyes.

The bird seemed resistant this time, as if it did not want to leave the shoulder nearest his sword.

Remaining in the pool for seven hours would take a long time, and while he did not mind waiting, he didn't want Xie Qing King to find out about the goldfish-bird he had discovered.

But suddenly, a sharp cry echoed across the sky.

Han Sen raised his head in response, and when looking up, he saw a raven circling the skies above them.

“So noisy,” Xie Qing King said, before the raven exploded in a messy puff of feathers. A weird spectacle, considering the spirit did not even move.

Han Sen thought that would be it, but more ravens came.

The bodies of these ravens were on fire.

Han Sen’s Dongxuan Aura had mostly recovered by now, and he was able to feel them approach before they actually did.

He could also tell that these ravens were mostly mutant class, but were stronger than the sheep he had encountered earlier. Furthermore, there were at least a thousand of these black, fiery birds.

Xie Qing King looked annoyed by the raucous cawing of the ravens that had suddenly appeared overhead. He stepped out of the lake and flew up into the skies in a rage to begin murdering the murder.

He pummeled them into oblivion, and blood and feathers rained down around him.

The strange situation only became stranger. When the blood and feathers reached the water, an invisible force pushed the mess away, to avoid polluting the place. Nothing spoiled the tears of the lake.

Han Sen donned his armor and flew up as well, to aid Xie Qing King in killing the birds.

As he had expected, the announcement confirmed that they were indeed mutant creatures. Their official name was “Fire Raven,” and like the other creatures he had killed in this weird location, they were inedible.

Han Sen suddenly heard the cry of another raven. This screech was different from the others he had heard, so he looked around to see which bird had made the noise. And when he turned around, the sky was ablaze with a fierce red fire.

Chapter 1046: Fight It

“Hide in the lake and only come out when I call you,” Xie Qing King commanded, as he saw the red inferno that was consuming the sky.

Han Sen spared no time in agreeing, and so he quickly set about returning to the lake. He could feel a horrible power and presence headed his way, and it was better if he did not have to be the one to face it. That, and the fact he had now come to trust Xie Qing King, made him happy to oblige the request that he return to the restorative waters of the lake.

Xie Qing King was always alone. He never took on spirits, and neither did he ever contract creatures.

He had only recently been released from a hundred-thousand-year imprisonment. This incarceration changed him, and this is what led him to take on Han Sen as a protege. Unfortunately for him, Han Sen hadn’t been entirely honest about his identity.

As Han Sen watched the red sky ablaze with a violent firestorm, he suddenly saw a fireball come hurtling towards them.

The fireball was then joined by an additional three. And as they came, they toppled trees and relit the already fire-ravaged land. Only the lake was still cool.

“They’re not fireballs! That’s four super creatures!” Han Sen was worried, and he feared for Xie Qing King’s wellbeing. He had no idea if he could deal with such a threat.

But before he could voice any concerns, Xie Qing King had rushed ahead to meet the fiery felons. He re-entered the lake, but not without grave worry. If Xie Qing King fell, or if the fire-wreathed ravens came for him, Han Sen did not know whether or not he could make it out alive. He was still fairly weak, so he wouldn’t be in a prime condition to escape.

Xie Qing King’s body gleamed like a beacon of silver light, and he flew to engage the four renegade stars.

As Han Sen watched the violent suns, he could barely see the shape of the ravens inside the burning plasma of their power. But still, they were massive, and their wings had to be at least a hundred meters long. They looked as if they’d be able to incinerate the coldest, most frozen lands.

“These guys are all stronger than that sheep king, for sure.” Han Sen gasped in shock.

Xie Qing King was not at all fazed, though. The orbs spewed wretched fire as the birds within cawed callously, but he did not fear them.

The landscape turned from black to red, and Han Sen felt as if he was living inside an active furnace. The fire was so hot, even the rocks of the mountainsides began to melt.

Fortunately for him, the lake remained cool and unaffected by the whirlwind of fire that encompassed it.

Streaks of flame overwhelmed Han Sen’s vision of the sky, until there was nothing but a manic red blur above the surface of the lake. In the occasional lapse, he could catch sight of mountains crumbling, but that was it.

Han Sen could now only hope that Xie Qing King would emerge victorious. The spirit was communicative and friendly, but the birds weren’t. If the spirit was killed, Han Sen would be unable to talk his way out of that situation, for sure.

The fire that ripped through the sky looked as if it could bring the entire world down.

The atmosphere was burning fiercely, and seemed like even gold could be melted within a few seconds of entry there.

Fortunately, Han Sen had maxed out his fire geno points and practiced Phoenix Flame. If he had not, he would have been cooked alive for just poking his head above water.

Suddenly, Han Sen heard a raven unleash a screech. One of the orbs came hurtling down like a meteorite, crashing into a nearby mountain. Following its descent, the mountain started to crumble and cave in on itself, half-burying the fiery bird-beast.

The bird king's body was crushed by the rubble, as lava streamed out of it like a substitute for blood.

When Han Sen squinted to get a better look of the king, he noticed it was missing a wing. It looked as if it had been ripped off. There was also a deep gash right across its throat.

The bird king was still alive, but it could not get up. It let out the occasional dying screech, but that was all it could do.

Han Sen thought to himself, "That's a super creature. Should I finish it off?"

The temptation was difficult to resist. He knew doing such a thing was reckless, as the tornado of fire was still continuing to tear up the encompassing landscape. He didn't even know if he could withstand a lick of those flames.

The other three bird kings were raging even harder now, too, to pick up the slack left by their fallen companion. The fires lashed the sky even harder, picking up trees and rocks, throwing whatever they could all about.

As the bird died and the flames subsided, the lava that was its blood began to solidify.

"YOLO!" Han Sen placed Bao'er in the water and ran out of the lake. He dashed and danced between the raging fires to reach the dying bird king.

Han Sen had Aero to aid his evasions, but that was about it. He was still too weak to use it for fighting, and he didn't have a bow to shoot it from the safety of the lake, either.

Han Sen just had to get in close and deliver a firm slash with his Phoenix Sword.

As he raced through the blazing fields, he felt as if he had taken a dip in a pool of lava. He activated Phoenix Flame for increased resistance, but the atmosphere around was still blisteringly hot.

"This is frightening, to be honest. If anyone else took a step out here, they'd be burnt to a crisp," Han Sen thought, as he made his way to the fallen bird.

The fact that there had been four of the birds made the fire so terrifying. Had there been only one, Han Sen thought he might have stood a chance of taking it down.

He possessed Phoenix Flame and maxed out fire genes, and for now, it was enough to keep him safe as he sprinted towards the dying bird king.

Chapter 1047: Killing the Gold Bird

The fire of the fallen king had been almost wholly extinguished. A few short puffs of fire rose from its beak, but that was the extent of its capabilities. Its lava-like blood had solidified, and the bottom half of its body was ravaged to smoldering cinders.

Han Sen drew his Phoenix Sword and delivered another strike to its exposed throat, making it gargle in pain as it helplessly drowned on its own blood.

Seeing that it was unable to resist, Han Sen delivered another slash. And then another, and another, and another. He kept going until the raven's head was wholly separated from its brutalized body.

"Super Creature Three-Claw Gold Raven killed. No beast soul gained. Its flesh is inedible and there is no Life Geno Essence for retrieval."

Han Sen was disappointed that he didn't receive another beast soul.

But the other three fiery super creatures were angered even further, noticing that their brother had been picked on like so. They changed target away from Xie Qing King and went directly towards Han Sen instead.

Han Sen had known the risks, but he wasn't quite expecting them to come for him so suddenly. He was in grave danger and he knew it, so he didn't waste a single second before activating Aero and flying away to dodge the birds that were now out for his blood.

Xie Qing King caught two of the birds, but one of them was still free to chase after Han Sen.

It was blisteringly fast as it pursued Han Sen, and it was directly behind him the entire time. Its talons were ablaze and raised, ready to tear into him.

As the talons drew nearer, Han Sen could feel the sweltering heat they emitted growing even hotter.

With a quick roll to the side, Han Sen evaded the talons the exact moment they were to strike him.

The gold raven cawed, and a whirlwind of fire rolled out of its wretched smoking mouth. It looked set to swallow Han Sen.

But in response, Han Sen doubled-down on the powers of Aero and Phoenix Flame to become a fiery bird himself. He soared through the fire and emerged from the other side unscathed.

The gold raven was maddened at its inability to catch up with Han Sen. It screeched repeatedly, as it kept on trying to grab him with its talons. Han Sen was flying at a ridiculously fast pace, but whenever the bird caught up and was ready to grab him, he'd evade to the side and avoid it. It went on like this for some time.

Han Sen then decided to use Aero and Phoenix Flame in conjunction with the phoenix techniques he had learned in the hall earlier, and this imbued him with an incredible feeling. He had never felt so free and so alive, as he weaved a thread through the skies with grace.

He almost felt as if his mind was struggling to keep up with his body, and that his body was the one doing everything for him.

He was reacting to the bird's attacks before his mind even realized what was going on; he was like a passenger in his own body.

This was very different to what he was used to. Generally, Han Sen would have to think on his feet and calculate quickly, gauging what would be best for the situation he was in. This was particularly necessary for certain skills like Heavenly Go, which required a lot of forward-thinking and solid assessment of an opponent to dodge effectively.

After combing the phoenix techniques with Aero, Han Sen no longer had to spend time thinking. He was like a wild animal, reacting to threats spontaneously.

It was rather strange at first, but he soon got used to it. He ultimately found it better this way. Allowing his body to immediately dictate the responses necessary for combat while he focused on other things was a fabulous improvement.

Even though he was a quick thinker, the time it took to plan an evasion was precious. Things could change in a split-second when fighting a monster this fearsome. Negating that time spent thinking was an incredible boon, and it was one that bolstered Han Sen's confidence and overall abilities a great deal. The firestorm bird, that had nine of its gene locks open, could not inflict a single point of damage to Han Sen, now that he was doing this.

And this was greater than it sounded, for the difference between the eighth and ninth gene lock was massive. And what's more, Han Sen was only using seven of his genes locks. He was shocked at how effective the phoenix techniques were.

Of course, his fire geno points and Phoenix Flame were a great boon to this, as well. If a normal person had attempted to do what Han Sen was doing, they would have been burned to death before leaving the ground.

Han Sen was overwhelmed with confidence, and his abilities were only improving as he went. He felt as if there was no gravity, and that he was free to move in any way he desired.

But then, the gold raven screamed as its black body turned red. It fired a geyser of violent, killer flames unlike anything Han Sen had ever seen. It didn't hit Han Sen, but he immediately felt as if his armor was melting.

Han Sen dodged it with ease, but he couldn't give the geyser of fire a wide enough berth to avoid all its heat. The sacred-blood armor he wore suddenly turned to molten liquid. The heat had its effect on Han Sen himself, as well, and he quickly felt as if he was slipping into a vat of lava.

Just as Han Sen planned to use his super king spirit mode again, though, he felt that heat blown away. The heat that soaked him disappeared, as a normal temperature returned.

The little bird, that was once a fish, appeared on Han Sen's shoulder, sucking up all the fire in the atmosphere. It looked so pretty.

“It really was special.” Han Sen was ecstatic.

With the bird removing the heat all around, Han Sen was no longer afraid of the fiery raven. And without that insufferable temperature, Han Sen was freer than ever, and now there was no way the Three-Claw Gold Raven could catch him.

Han Sen was not able to kill the bird, but at least he could survive its attempted oppression.

Another raven let out a shrill screech from elsewhere, and when Han Sen turned to take a look, he saw Xie Qing King tear one of the birds in two. Scorched feathers and blood formed a cloud around him.

The other bird was flying towards him as this occurred, but Xie Qing King was like a devil. He noticed it come, and he quickly turned to punch it. He punched it repeatedly, all the while proclaiming, “Alu-Alu!”

The bird was twisted and disfigured like a pretzel by the time its pummeling was done. With the final hit, the raven’s broken body was sent flying several miles away.

Chapter 1048: Gold Raven Beast Soul

“Good job. Go take a rest,” Xie Qing King said. His silver armor was in bad shape, and he was bleeding from the wounds he had sustained. Still, he had managed to push through and eliminate the three remaining birds.

Han Sen felt great relief following the end of that fight. There was one thing he had learned from this ordeal, though. It was to never mess with Xie Qing King. If Han Sen ever had to fight him, he knew he wouldn’t win; not even if he used his super king spirit mode.

While they rested, Han Sen went to check on the bird Xie Qing King had punched away. It was actually still breathing, just barely.

“I’m good at cleaning up people’s messes.” Han Sen approached the wounded bird with his Phoenix Sword.

He slashed its neck twenty times, and on the final strike, the spine was broken through and the entire head was severed.

“Super Creature Three-Claw Gold Raven killed. Beast soul gained. Its flesh is inedible and there is no Life Geno Essence for retrieval.”

Han Sen was so delighted, he felt intoxicated. He even thought he was dreaming for a moment, learning he had received another beast soul.

Even if he could not find or obtain the primary treasure of this strange realm for himself, all the trials he endured thus far had been worth it.

Han Sen looked at Xie Qing King and thought to himself, “He’s so nice. He’d be even nicer if he helped me kill more.”

But Han Sen's wish was unlikely with Xie Qing King. The spirit enjoyed punching, and more often than not, his punches ended up messily exploding of their recipients.

"My Emperor is so powerful! You are the greatest spirit in the sanctuary!" Han Sen complimented Xie Qing King with surprising sincerity, swiftly returning to his side. While he did admire him a great deal, he was hoping the expression of such gratitude would convince the spirit to go a little easier in the next battle, and provide Han Sen with a few easy finisher-kills.

But as Han Sen complimented Xie Qing King, the spirit suddenly collapsed.

Han Sen saw his wounds were oozing silver blood. Many of the wounds were deep enough to reveal the bones inside.

Xie Qing King was strong, that could not be denied. But he was a hulking titan that preferred to withstand hits and power through a battle; he wasn't one for dodging. Going up against those four birds in that way had been a reckless thing for him to do.

Fortunately, Han Sen was able to draw one of the ravens away. If his greed hadn't gotten the best of him, and Xie Qing King had to fight all of them himself, he might not have survived.

Seeing Xie Qing King sitting on the floor, bleeding, Han Sen wondered if he should kill the spirit now while he had the chance. And while he may have indeed had the opportunity and capability to do so, he noticed that Xie Qing King's spirit stone was nowhere in the vicinity. Killing him now would just make him upset, and that would not be good.

Han Sen ran over to Xie Qing King and used his holy light, saying, "My Emperor, are you okay?"

Xie Qing King frowned and said, "Your healing is useless for a body as marvelous as mine. Take me to the lake, if you want to see me healed."

Han Sen already knew the ability was useless, though. After all, it was an ability he had learned in the Second God's Sanctuary. He only used it to appear kinder, more faithful and appreciative.

Han Sen then picked up Xie Qing King in his arms and took him over to the lake.

He hoped Xie Qing King could heal. If Holy-Sword Emperor showed up again, he would most certainly be back with a vengeance—especially towards Han Sen.

With Xie Qing King there, though, Han Sen hoped the spirit could protect him and defeat Holy-Sword Emperor once and for all. But for that to happen, he'd have to be healed.

"I don't think Holy-Sword Emperor knows about this place, though. Does he? Regardless, I just need to get this dude patched up," Han Sen thought to himself.

But just as Han Sen finished thinking, a shadow flickered over the gentle waters of the lake. It was Holy-Sword Emperor. Speak of the devil.

Han Sen wanted to slap himself in the gob.

“How dare you show yourself in front of me like this,” Xie Qing King coldly said.

Holy-Sword Emperor merely smiled and said, “I know you were born many years before I was, but you’re not an emperor. Our powers are similar, I now realize. And now, with you being injured, you stand no chance. Give me the scroll you stole and I’ll let you live. Either that, or I’ll kill you and take it by force.”

“Did you just threaten me?” Xie Qing King’s eyes looked murderous, as his stare drilled into Holy-Sword Emperor.

“Yes. And I’ll act on my threat if you don’t do as I have just told you.” Holy-Sword Emperor returned his gaze. He had been hidden out of sight for quite some time, spying on him.

“It looks like the spirits of today have changed; they do not acknowledge those who should be their superiors.” Xie Qing King stood up, as lake water dripped from the cuts it was working to fix.

Xie Qing King had been grievously injured, but he still stood up straight and strong. He was a renowned fighter, someone whose strength and power had been greatly admired in the past. The way he stood now resembled the glory of his hey-day, and this struck fear into Holy-Sword Emperor and his smug face.

Injured or not, people who possessed such power were always scary.

“Fine. I won’t kill you, in respect for who you once were. But that scroll was mine, and you stole it. Give it back to me and I’ll walk away,” Holy-Sword Emperor asked, with a softened tone of voice.

Xie Qing King stepped forward; his naked, dripping body that was covered in cuts was quite impressive to Han Sen.

“The scroll now belongs to me, fool. I’ll kill you in a single punch, punk. Who do you think you are, talking trash to an OG like me?” Xie Qing King spoke calmly, but the words were infused with a profound malevolence. It was frightening to hear him talk like that.

The silver blood in his body burned like veins of virgin, mithril ore. His entire body was suddenly set ablaze with silver fire. Seeing power that simmered like that would strike fear into a god.

Chapter 1049:

Holy-Sword Doll

“Xie Qing King, if you do not know when to relent, then do not blame me for the actions I take.” Holy-Sword Emperor’s fear soured and became anger when he saw how cocky and boisterous the old spirit continued to be.

Holy-Sword Emperor raised his hands as he had before, and his ten fingers quickly became ten lethal swords. But it went above and beyond what Han Sen had previously endured. The ten split up into a hundred. The hundred split up into a thousand. The thousand then split up into ten thousand.

A ten thousand-strong army of swords departed the caster's hand, flew up high, and hung in the air. They cloaked the entire sky, making the world below look doomed.

Han Sen was shocked, seeing all those swords hovering above the lake with their pointy ends facing down. He grabbed ahold of Bao'er and readied himself to escape.

Xie Qing King was unfazed by this threat, though. The silver that coursed around and across his body burned brighter than ever.

The swords began to drop. But just as this occurred, the light inside Xie Qing King seemed to diminish and look almost wholly extinguished.

Yet he did not retreat or step down. As the color faded away, he just stood there, watching the swords fall like rain.

Boom!

As the Storm of Swords began, the color of the skies changed. The world was about to become a ragged pincushion.

As Xie Qing King witnessed the descent of all those swords, his silver light return brighter than ever before, like a flashbang. As that light encompassed the area, he threw a punch upwards as if to knockout the sky itself.

Boom!

The silver light annihilated the mist of swords as if they were all composed of wafer-thin, brittle copper.

The silver light then moved towards Holy-Sword Emperor. The spirit's face was one of utter shock, but it didn't last. Within the course of the next second, he was vaporized by the fallout of that blinding flash.

When the light subsided and the sky cleared up again, Xie Qing King coldly said, "No one threatens me."

After that, he fell to the ground. All the healing he had received was gone again, and the wounds across his body opened up once more. The lifeforce was now so low, he could pass for an ordinary human.

With Bao'er, Han Sen stepped forward to examine Xie Qing King. When they did, they noticed his lifeforce was in a state that was beyond recovery; he was dying.

Being so injured and casting an attack like that anyway could be ruinous. It was fortunate he did not outright die through some sort of wicked implosion, brought on by the buckling of a weakened body trying to cast such a terrifying attack.

But Han Sen admired him even more now. The bravery he displayed was exemplary.

Han Sen was considering using the silver fox's healing power to try and save him, or at least stop the bleeding, but suddenly, a noise sounded. Holy-Sword Emperor was still alive, crawling to his feet from beneath a mound of broken sword pieces.

"No way! I saw him explode. He was vaporized!" Han Sen looked on in disbelief.

Xie Qing King was in an equal amount of shock. He mumbled, "There is no way you survived that attack of mine."

Holy-Sword Emperor coldly growled, "You really are good. You broke my Storm of Swords; if it wasn't for my Holy-Sword Doll, I'd have been killed. Using it now was a grand loss, but it will have been worth it, if it has granted me the opportunity to kill someone as prestigious as you."

When Holy-Sword Emperor said this, he ran towards Xie Qing King in a huff. Then he stepped on his face.

Holy-Sword Emperor made it sound as if he didn't mind the loss of the Holy-Sword Doll, but in truth, it bitterly stung him. It had cost him a fortune to grow it.

But he hated Xie Qing King, and having his scroll of the phoenix stolen drove him mad. He hated his guts.

Xie Qing King looked at Holy-Sword Emperor with eyes that were filled with disdain.

Holy-Sword Emperor hated that look, so he rubbed his foot in his face harder and applied as much pressure as he could.

Suddenly, a golden light appeared and Holy-Sword Emperor felt a strange power approach. It was Han Sen, clutching his Phoenix Sword.

"You are just a human; do you really wish to threaten me with that? I can kill you in the blink of an eye. But unlike this prehistoric fool, you won't respawn." Holy-Sword Emperor knew Han Sen was a human, and he thought that Xie Qing King had simply taken Han Sen as an average human slave.

"You're right; I can't respawn." Han Sen smirked, and then went on to say, "Killing someone in battle is fair play, but humiliating someone like him is wrong. You can't humiliate him."

Hearing this, Xie Qing King's eyes jumped a little. What he was now thinking about, though, none could guess.

"Hahaha! You can't tell me what to do. No one tells me what to do, ever! You are in no position to lick my boots clean, let alone lecture me about humiliating an old fart that's past his prime." Holy-Sword Emperor brought his foot down harder, and then barked, "I will break your limbs one by one, boy. And I'll make you watch how I slowly torture and humiliate this worthless spirit. And once I'm done with him, I'll skin you alive and wear you for a coat!"

Holy-Sword Emperor summoned a few more swords and fired them towards Han Sen.

Han Sen swung his sword to knock the incoming projectiles away. Then he said, "Don't embarrass me with such lame attacks. Come on, show me what you've really got."

Han Sen knew Holy-Sword Emperor would come for him eventually, and a fight between them was inevitable. If he wanted to maintain his control of Sword-Furnace Shelter, though, he had to learn how to beat the spirit. Now was the time he could put his strength to the test.

“D*mn you!” Holy-Sword Emperor now felt like the one being humiliated. He couldn’t believe a human was brazen enough to speak to him like that.

Another ten thousand swords were summoned, all propped up in his direction, prepared to skin Han Sen alive.

But Han Sen was still calm, and all of a sudden, the wings of a crow formed upon his back.

Chapter 1050: Becoming a Gold Raven

When the crow wings spread, Han Sen transformed into a raven. He had shapeshifted to appear just like the Three-Claw Gold Ravens he and Xie Qing King had just done battle with.

And indeed, that was the beast soul he had just received—it was a shapeshifting beast soul. It made him resemble the fierce creature he had just triumphed over.

The moment he transformed, the swords took flight against him. But before they found their target, Han Sen flapped his wings and was suddenly ablaze with the wild dance of searing flames. Without hesitation, he flew forward to meet with the Storm of Swords.

Katcha!

When the swords came into contact with the ravenous fires that encompassed Han Sen, they smoldered down to the ground like molten jelly.

“Impossible!” Han Sen soared through the wall of swords uninhibited, as each sword melted when it entered the proximity of his malevolent fires. Holy-Sword Emperor’s face could not help but droop.

He could now assess Han Sen’s power, and he could feel the full strength of nine gene locks firing on all cylinders.

Han Sen’s Blood-Pulse Sutra had now unlocked its ninth gene lock. Previously, he had been too weak to do so, due to his fitness being too low.

By using this beast soul, though, it imbued him with the required strength to activate the ninth tier. As a gold bird, he was a raging, avian fiend of nine gene locks.

Han Sen, upon using it now, also noticed his Phoenix Flame and his proficiency with the handling of fire elemental skills were given a buff.

The gold raven was a creature associated with the element of fire, which was not unlike a phoenix. This beast soul and its shapeshifting ability was a good match for Han Sen, who was skilled in its powers already. There was great synergy involved.

Like a phoenix, he'd be able to fly high and see the breadth of the world.

No sword could stop Han Sen in this form.

Holy-Sword Emperor's face changed, and he realized a shift in tactics was required. Quickly, he brought the swords to form a cross-hatch net structure to surround him like a bubble. In this way, he removed his foot from Xie Qing King's face and launched himself towards Han Sen.

The phoenix became semi-transparent, and as if through magic, breached the veil of swords without receiving a single point of damage.

In the eye of that hurricane of swords, Han Sen reached out his talons to strike. Holy-Sword Emperor sought to dodge, but he soon realized he'd be unable to do so. Han Sen's approach was too fast.

Phoenixes were champions of the skies, and there was no possible way for Holy-Sword Emperor to beat such a creature when it came to pure, unbridled speed.

Holy-Sword Emperor only had one thing left he could do, and that was to meet Han Sen's talons with his black sword.

Dong!

The talons collided with the sword. It was Holy-Sword Emperor who was sent flying, with his weapon now enwreathed with a hungry flame. When he landed, he attempted to put out the fire, but there was nothing he could do against that insatiable fire. He could only watch the metal of the blade burn away.

Han Sen was merciless. He let out an ear-piercing screech and resumed his assault on Holy-Sword Emperor.

As he tried to combat the incoming threat, Holy-Sword Emperor was forced to summon his dual backup-swords.

Like a javelin of wrathful fire, Han Sen accelerated on his approach. Holy-Sword Emperor knew he'd be unable to accurately gauge the correct timing for striking Han Sen with his blistering speed, so he could only flail his swords around like a madman, in the hope he'd get lucky.

In the blink of an eye, Holy-Sword Emperor's weapons were ablaze with more starved flames. As the blades were ravaged, a number of painful scratch marks suddenly formed across his body and face.

Holy-Sword Emperor was delivered another shock. He did his best to avoid the blitzing bird, but he was repeatedly burned and cut.

As this occurred, Han Sen's body was gunning at a speed much faster than his mind could keep up with. He himself was in disbelief over the powers he was wielding, and if he didn't know any better, he'd believe he was teleporting from place to place with the insane pace he was moving around at.

The lagging shadow of a phoenix was the only thing that could be seen attacking Holy-Sword Emperor. Over and over, Han Sen ran him through with his talons raised.

As his weapons became wholly consumed by fire, Holy-Sword Emperor threw them away like a fiery torch that was about to burn his hand. The scratches that accumulated across his body began to itch and burn, and soon after, he himself was set ablaze. With his body on fire, he began crying aloud in agony.

"I'm going to kill you!" Holy-Sword Emperor managed to sputter, but that was the last thing he could say. He exploded and returned to his spirit stone.

Han Sen's body returned to that of a human. After the battle, he was confident he now had what it took to do battle with any king spirit. With the gold raven beast soul and his ninth gene lock open, he had everything he needed.

Xie Qing King looked at Han Sen with a complicated expression. He didn't know what a human was.

"My Emperor, allow me to return you to the soothing waters of the lake," Han Sen said. And then, he proceeded to do just that.

Han Sen was not planning to kill him. He preferred peace to incessant fighting, even with spirits.

"What is a human?" Xie Qing King asked, while he was in the lake.

Han Sen explained what humans were and did not hide a thing. It would only be a matter of time until he found out, possibly through the explanation of another spirit, so there was no need for Han Sen to be misleading.

Xie Qing King sounded very interested in who they were, and he asked, "The teleporters in our shelters take you to the Alliance? But why have I never been able to make use of them?"

"I don't know, either." Han Sen did not know why spirits and creatures couldn't use the teleportation devices in the shelters of the sanctuaries.

After his explanation, Xie Qing King seemed very interested in learning more about the human world and their many cultures. He asked Han Sen many questions.

And to the best of his abilities, Han Sen answered.

"My Emperor, I should go now. It is my hope that, when next we meet, we won't consider each other enemies." After bathing together for a few hours, Han Sen said this and prepared to leave.

"Hang on," Xie Qing King said, to stop Han Sen from leaving for a moment.

Han Sen turned around, wondering what else the spirit might want to know.

"Let me come with you. I would like to see for myself what humans are like. I want to see the things you have told me about," Xie Qing King requested.

"About that..." Han Sen hesitated for a moment, so he could think about how he could best articulate what he wanted to say. Most human technology could not be used or brought to the sanctuaries, after all.

But if Bao'er was able to enter the world of humans, what was there to say spirits could not?

“You are a good person, and you are a skilled fighter. But when you fought Holy-Sword Emperor, he was already damaged. That is how you killed him. If he assaults your shelter, with his super creatures in tow, there is no guarantee you can withstand and survive such a conquest.” Xie Qing King squinted.