

Super Power

## Chapter 1051: A Card

Han Sen conceded and decided to oblige Xie Qing King's desire. Once they exited there, they would travel to Sword-Furnace Shelter together.

For Han Sen to allow this, though, he had to have something in return. For Xie Qing King to remain at Sword-Furnace Shelter, he would have to aid Han Sen in taking down Holy-Sword Shelter.

After their discussion, Xie Qing King remained in the lake to heal. As he did, Han Sen went off on his own to search for the treasure ahead of him. When he was feeling better, Xie Qing King said he'd follow.

Han Sen was initially concerned about venturing through the strange land alone, but now that he had received his new beast soul, he was more comfortable in doing so.

With his current fitness, he could shapeshift and do battle for a good while before becoming exhausted.

The only problem with using the gold raven beast soul was the fact that he could only make use of one of the skills he frequently used as a human. All he could use was Aero.

When Han Sen transformed, he was essentially a fire super creature. There was a chance he might have even been stronger than Xie Qing King himself.

He was curious about the nature of the gold raven beast soul, though. The beast soul he received from the sheep was polluted, whereas this one wasn't.

Han Sen guessed it might have something to do with the fire element.

Han Sen got back to exploring the strange place from above, airborne. After flying for a while, he caught sight of a few creatures that looked like the sheep. He killed one and discovered that they too were inedible.

It had been a while since he saw Brother Seven, and while he held some worry for his well-being, Han Sen also wanted to find the treasure.

Han Sen spent the next few days flying around, but he could find neither hide nor hair of Brother Seven or the elusive treasure that had led him down there in the first place.

So he decided to return to Cow Mountain that Brother Seven had once mentioned as a potential rendezvous point.

Han Sen could not find anyone there at first, but then a weird figure caught his eye. There was a cave in the distance, and a dirty person emerged from that dark hole.

“Brother Seven!” Han Sen ran over to the man.

“I knew you’d be back!” Brother Seven immediately placed something in Han Sen’s hand. “I found this in the Phoenix Eye. Take it back.”

“What? Are you not coming back with me?” Han Sen asked.

“I need to return to Holy-Sword Emperor. I can only assume some trust has been lost between us, and I should work on restoring some of it. I could die at any second, remember? But I’m going to tell you about a certain place, and you’re going to have to go there. All the intel I have gathered is there.” Brother Seven repeated this statement a few times.

Han Sen looked at him with admiration. Brother Seven was the sort of fellow you would not meet every day. There were many sides to his character, but all of them good.

“I will take down Holy-Sword Shelter, just you watch. I will give you back your freedom,” Han Sen said with assurance.

“I know you will.” Brother Seven nodded with a smile.

Brother Seven was feeling a jittery hope he had not felt in a long time.

“Come on, let’s get out of this place,” Brother Seven said.

But Han Sen shook his head and told him, “I’m waiting for someone. You should go on ahead of me.”

“Who can you possibly be waiting for, in a place like this?” Brother Seven asked, humorously.

“Well, it’s not really a who. It’s not a person, per se.” Han Sen explained the events that had led to him encountering Xie Qing King, and the peculiar alliance they had forged.

Brother Seven did warn him, though. He told Han Sen, “You should still exercise caution around him. If he did, by chance, turn on you, you might be too weak to save yourself. And if you were unable to defeat him, I don’t fancy the chances of others.”

“I understand,” Han Sen replied.

Han Sen might have felt this way himself, but he had become a lot more confident in his abilities. If Xie Qing King did try something, he was sure he could respond to the threat appropriately.

Still, Han Sen kept the precautionary words of Brother Seven in mind. It was only wise to stay on one’s toes.

After all, Han Sen’s power mostly came from external forces. His actual fitness level was far below what he would have liked.

Han Sen waited a few more days, and eventually, Xie Qing King came to meet him at the exit to that place.

“My Emperor, did you find the treasure you sought?” Han Sen asked.

“No, and I give in for now. I have no idea where that blasted turkey kept their belongings.” Xie Qing King then eyed Han Sen suspiciously, before asking, “And what about you? Did you find something?”

Han Sen shook his head and said, “No, but I fear for my shelter.”

Han Sen did not care if Xie Qing King believed him, because technically he had not lied. He didn't find anything; Brother Seven had just given him something.

It was a gold card, shaped like an arrow. There was a phoenix on the front and a woman's face on the back.

Han Sen had never seen Phoenix Emperor before, so the spirit's appearance was always up for debate. While the initial assumption might have been that it was a man, it could very well have been a woman. And now, Han Sen suspected it was, and the image of the woman's face might have actually been a representation of the elusive Phoenix Emperor.

Aside from that, Han Sen had also received another treasure, one that had presented itself to him. It was the weird fish-bird, and it had yet to leave Han Sen alone. It insisted on following him, in continued admiration for his Phoenix Sword.

Either Xie Qing King believed Han Sen or he didn't actually care, but whatever the case may have been, he did not ask again. Currently, he was keen to see Han Sen's shelter and meet the other humans that were said to be there.

Han Sen brought Xie Qing King there, just as he had promised. He also made sure to warn Lin He and his people to be respectful and avoid doing anything that might infuriate the man.

Xie Qing King had promised Han Sen he wouldn't hurt anyone, but who knew what he might do in a fit of wall-punching rage?

Xie Qing King observed the people of the shelter with keen interest, and he was particularly fascinated with their clothing. Over and over, he made requests for Han Sen to show him items that humans frequently made use of.

## **Chapter 1052: A Door to a New World**

Han Sen left Xie Qing King in the shelter and returned to the Alliance. Xie Qing King had said that he wanted to read some human books, and while Han Sen was happy to oblige, he didn't have any books he could give the spirit. After all, Han Sen could not risk leaking important human information.

The deal was still in place, too, in which Xie Qing King would help Han Sen eliminate Holy-Sword Emperor and conquer Holy-Sword Shelter. So, by giving Xie Qing King books as requested, Han Sen thought he'd be in a better mood to assist.

Han Sen tuned into a TV show discussing classic books and composed a list from that.

Then, Han Sen purchased a number of the books, in physical format, and placed them in a box to give to Xie Qing King.

“A separation of race does not abolish the concept of friendship between them. We should treat those of a different species or race with a greater respect.” When Han Sen was done on Skynet, he said this as he returned to the shelter.

He had only been gone a day, but when he got back, he discovered Xie Qing King had been impatient while he was gone. And through his inability to wait, he had gotten mad and almost destroyed the place.

People had become scared of him by this point, and now, most people decided to remain in the Alliance until he was no longer around.

Only Bao'er was unafraid of the big lug, and she frequently had fun riding around on his head.

“What are these things?” Xie Qing King asked with wide eyes, upon seeing the boxes.

“You will see, soon enough.” Han Sen gave him a smile, but then went on to ask, “By the way, how do you feel about books? I could bring you some, but I am unsure whether or not you would be able to read them.”

“The human language is simple. Compared to the language of spirits, it is d\*mn near babyish.” Xie Qing King sounded passive aggressive, but he returned a smile, all the same.

“Well, that's good! I brought you some books, many containing illustrations. Perhaps you can learn more about humanity through them. Humans make excellent storytellers.” Han Sen pushed the box to Xie Qing King and said, “And that's what's in the box; loads of such books. I can bring you others if you don't like them, too.”

“Okay.” Xie Qing King was appreciative, and he did like Han Sen quite a bit.

“I am also going to prepare some human food for you. And I've actually brought a variety of snacks with me for you try, as well. Snacks are a staple of our culture!” Han Sen then presented a number of snacks and laid them out for Xie Qing King.

Xie Qing King thought there was much to like about the human race, and they were composed of good people. Or at least, even if the others seemed weak, Han Sen was decent.

Han Sen had also requested the delivery of a sofa so Xie Qing King could be more comfortable. And while the spirit relaxed, Han Sen got to cooking up a storm. Compared to spirits, he was a master chef. His cooking skills were near-enough divine.

Of course, the primary reason for spirits' lack of interest in food was the fact that they did not have to eat. All they ever ate were fruits that proved beneficial to their development.

“You don’t have to cook. I don’t eat. Just bring me more books,” Xie Qing King said, after finishing all the books that he had just been given.

“But I have to cook you something. Fine dining is a cornerstone of human tradition. Cooking for others, or relishing the cooking of others, is incredibly important. So, you must try the food I am preparing,” Han Sen explained.

“Hmm, all right then.” After agreeing, Xie Qing King watched Bao’er open a bag of chips. Curious, he did the same.

As Han Sen continued to cook, Xie Qing King developed a fondness for the chips he had just consumed.

A door to a new world had opened before Xie Qing King.

Han Sen, in the meantime, occupied his mind with a plan of attack for how he’d deal with Holy-Sword Shelter. For as long as that place remained active and controlled by Holy-Sword Emperor, he would not feel safe.

Suddenly, Ji Yanran called Han Sen.

“When are you coming back?” Han Sen asked her.

And to this, Ji Yanran said, “I don’t think I can. Not for a long while, leastways. Our discussions with the shura are still ongoing, and we’ve just been talking about investigating a bunch of new crystallizer ruins that have been discovered.”

“You’re co-operating with the shura?” Han Sen was quite shocked to hear this. The truce was still active, but he had thought that the tensions were still quite high. He never would have thought that relations with the shura would have advanced enough to allow a joint archaeology project with them.

But Ji Yanran explained, “In some places, the aid of the shura is imperative. We need them.”

“But you are only just an evolver; why are you leading?” Han Sen frowned.

“They picked me.” Ji Yanran smiled and then went on to say, “To them, I’m pretty much a princess. They sent a royal shura prince to escort me, so it’s not as if I could have declined their request.”

“There’s a royal shura with you?” Han Sen’s face became dour.

“Don’t worry. Human surpassers are also coming with me,” Ji Yanran said, to alleviate his concerns.

“I’m coming with you,” Han Sen swiftly said.

But Ji Yanran responded, “The people going with me have opened eight of their gene locks. And that aside, only sixteen people can go. There’ll be eight humans and eight shuras.”

“I don’t care. I’m coming with you.”

Ji Yanran wished to continue their talk, but Han Sen hung up. He then went to contact Ji Ruozhen.

“Why are you letting your daughter go to a place so dangerous?!” Han Sen said, his voice clearly upset.

“This is an important matter of the Alliance, and it is a privilege for my daughter to do this,” Ji Ruozen explained.

“She is my wife, too, remember? Shouldn’t I have a say in this?” Han Sen did not wait for a response, and immediately went on to say, “If you want her to go so badly, I’m going with her.”

“Eight people is the max. I’m sorry, but we already have the best available people going,” Ji Ruozen said with a frown.

“You can either let me go, or I take her away from there.” Han Sen was firm in his stance on the matter.

### **Chapter 1053: Battling Shura Again**

The shura agreed that Han Sen could take the place of one other human member on one condition: he would have to defeat the shura leader to prove himself.

“We can pick whoever we want to go, so why should we require their permission now?” Han Sen frowned, upon hearing the terms for his acceptance.

“We are co-operating with the shura. We need to take their views into consideration and deal with the entire matter responsibly. Things were settled, but it was you who wanted to change what we had already established. It is only fair for them to make a request, in exchange,” Ji Ruozen explained.

“Fair enough,” Han Sen said.

Han Sen knew there was a limit to the number of people who could go, and there was a certain requirement of strength needed to be shown for going.

Only surpassers were able to go. Only they possessed the minimum requirement of strength, and the maximum, also. Demi-gods were considered too powerful, and were forbidden from entry.

For the shura, only fighters of the third rank could go. Any higher than the third rank would also be deemed too powerful. At the third rank, they would have a fitness of around the two thousand mark on the human scale.

This was actually a little higher than the humans who were going though, where the average sat at around one thousand eight hundred.

But with that being said, humans had advantages elsewhere, which helped level the playing field. Unlike the shura, humans could open gene locks and wield elements and hyper geno arts. The shura had to rely on raw physical strength.

Han Sen took a spaceship to Tans for the fight that would determine whether or not he could accompany the expedition. He knew full well who his opponent was going to be, as Ji Ruozhen made sure to give Han Sen all the details. While he wasn't fond of the way Han Sen was forcing his way in, he didn't want him to get hurt or go in without a clue of what he was going up against.

His opponent's name was Yu Tuoshan. He was the seventh son of the current shura queen. On the human metric, his fitness had been calculated to be two-thousand-one-hundred-and-forty-three.

The other seven shura were bound to be of similar strength, as they were all regarded as elites.

As Han Sen journeyed to his fight, the shura held a meeting for themselves.

"My Prince, you can allow Lou Lan to fight in your stead," the chief of the shura team said.

"He beat my brother, Yu Qielan! This is my fight; vengeance is needed!" Yu Tuoshan implored.

"Do not worry; he is merely a human surpasser. And he has only just become one. He is probably still suckling at the surpasser teat. You can beat him with ease, My Prince," Lou Lan said.

"Indeed I can, all without hassle. His power is nowhere near the strength of a third rank fighter of ours."

No one believed Han Sen could beat Yu Tuoshan.

The chief wished to say something, but Yu Tuoshan interrupted him and said, "It is time for the pride of that Han Sen to crumble like a castle to the ground. I am the one who will beat him, end of story."

The chief tried to say nothing more, as he pretty much agreed with Yu Tuoshan. Han Sen hadn't been a surpasser for very long, so it was likely his strength wasn't comparable to them or even the other humans that sought to go with them.

Only the most elite of the surpassers were able to fight against the third rank shura. For the humans that hadn't reached their stage, their fitness would be too low to compete.

When Han Sen arrived, the preparations for a fight had already all been established. There was no need to visit the base, and instead, he was able to go straight to the arena.

If Han Sen failed, he couldn't join the operation. Therefore, there was no need for him to go, anyway.

Inside the training room, an audience of humans and shura had already assembled. They were excited to see the fight.

"This is crazy! Being the president's son-in-law means squat. Hierarchical status means nothing when it comes to doing battle. I mean, how many gene locks could this kid have unlocked in the little amount of time he has actually been in the Third God's Sanctuary?" An old man frowned.

Not even the humans sounded pleased with the circumstances that brought about this fight and the possibilities of what might happen during it.

“Teacher Zhao, you shouldn’t say something like that. Age and time spent somewhere do not always correlate to strength. If that was true, you should be the strongest man here, you old geezer! You’re a hundred years old, aren’t you?” a middle-aged man said.

“Ji Hailan, Professor Bai is the strongest. But Han Sen has only been there for a year. How many gene locks can you realistically expect him to have been able to open? If he makes it onto the team, he’ll just be someone else you’ll have to babysit,” Zhao Yongbo said.

Ji Hailan laughed in response, saying, “Keep any opinions and questions of your own to yourself, where they belong. We can take care of ourselves, so just mind your own business. If Han Sen can’t beat the shura down there, he’ll most likely be killed. He’ll be dead before we even have to babysit him.”

Professor Bai then stopped them and said, “Stop it, you two. These aren’t matters for you to concern yourselves with. Keep your attention on your own missions.”

The shura looked more excited than the humans did, this time. They leveled up quickly, and they could achieve their third rank before the age of forty. Compared to the humans, they were quite young.

“Lian Chan, what are you doing?” Lou Lan asked, watching another shura woman use her communicator.

“I am streaming the fight,” Lian Chan responded.

“Put it away. If the chief sees you, it’ll be bad,” Lou Lan said.

“The Prince is going to win, that much is obvious. It’s only fair that the rest of our people get the opportunity to see how cool he is,” Lian Chan said as she continued to adjust her camera’s position to capture the entire arena.

Lian Chan was from a big royal family of the shura, and she was of a lineage that had many shura kings in the past. Even though the Yu family was in charge now, she and her family still possessed a great deal of influence.

Lou Lan didn’t think there was a need to stream, but he wasn’t too concerned about her desire to. Allowing the shura to watch a guaranteed victory would be an excellent morale-boost that the people of the shura sorely needed.

## **Chapter 1054: Shura Punch**

“Lian Chan is streaming! Hmm, but that place doesn’t look remotely shura. There are human artifacts everywhere.”

“That’s because it is a human place. I wonder what My Goddess is doing there?”

“Say something, My Goddess! What is this place you have gone to?”

“It looks like a fighting arena. Are humans going to fight us again?”



“Whoa, is that Yu Tuoshan? Who is his opponent, I wonder?”

“Really? Yu Tuoshan is there?”

“Who is stupid enough to challenge him?”

“Look! A human has gone up as his opponent. He looks a bit young, though, doesn’t he?”

“Why are they putting some kid up against Yu Tuoshan? I hope they don’t get mad when this child gets beaten to death.”

“Hahaha!”

Everyone believed Han Sen was too young to stand a chance. After all the years spent fighting humans, they had learned a lot.

Due to the advent of sanctuaries, humans became stronger the older they got. Someone who was that young was typically quite weak.

Lian Chan did not want the chief to find out she was streaming, so she stayed silent with the camera positioned just right.

Han Sen, who was now on stage, looked at Yu Tuoshan. Just as the intel stated, he had a muscular body that was complimented by purple eyes that glared wildly.

The purple horns protruding from his forehead were another confirmation that he was royal.

Shura dictated royalty differently than humans did. The shura monarchy was not based on lineage, and the heirs of a king would not always ascend the throne following their passing. It was possible for any shura to become king, but they had to prove themselves as the most powerful of their kind, bar none.

The shura were so strong because of their culture, which revolved around fighting.

Han Sen and Yu Tuoshan eyed each other from opposite ends of the arena.

The shura disdained humans, and it was no different for Yu Tuoshan. Unlike many of the others, however, he would not underestimate an opponent.

Yu Tuoshan observed Han Sen carefully, placing much faith in what his eyes and gut instincts were telling him. It was very much the same way for Han Sen.

After giving him a good look, Yu Tuoshan could detect an aura of some power in his rival. His caution was appropriate.

Han Sen’s eyes were calm and full of confidence. It was a common look for him, but the shura believed there were generally only two reasons why an opponent would appear this way.

First, Han Sen could be a reckless character, uncaring for who he fought against.

Or secondly, Han Sen was confident in his own power after a careful examination of Yu Tuoshan himself.

Yu Tuoshan did not think the president of the Alliance would allow his daughter to marry someone so reckless, so Han Sen had to possess some amount of power.

Still, he wasn't afraid. Yu Tuoshan was firm in the belief he'd win, and that hadn't changed. But his excitement had increased, learning his opponent wasn't going to be a total wimp.

"I am Han Sen. Please go easy on me," Han Sen said.

If Han Sen won, they'd have to go exploring the crystallizer ruins together. Having an enemy for a companion on such a venture would be pointless.

The shura were still lacking an understanding for the subtleties and undertones of human emotions, though. They simply believed Han Sen was afraid. The fact he was just being polite never crossed their minds.

"Humans are so lame! Is that kid scared already?"

"Has he peed himself yet?"

"Haha, can you blame him? Our prince is far too powerful."

"Humans can be tricky, you know. Perhaps the boy is trying to lull the prince into a false sense of security, by presenting himself as a weak child?"

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Whatever their opinion of Han Sen was, it was in some capacity bad.

"Humans have been known to fake things before," Lian Chan said.

The beliefs and traditions of the shura and humanity could not be more different, so right now, it really was difficult for the shura to believe Han Sen was just being polite.

"I know what you're doing, but I'm not going to hold back," Yu Tuoshan said, staring at Han Sen with his bloodthirsty eyes.

In response, Han Sen spread his arms and said, "Please do."

Yu Tuoshan's muscles were like steel pistons, immediately launching Han Sen's way.

The fist made the air ripple with shockwaves. It traveled at a blistering pace, in a bid to finish Han Sen in a single opening move.

"Shura Punch." Many of the shura were shocked to see this skill used.

It was a punch every shura knew of, as it was a basic starter skill.

That being said, it made for a great canvas. Countless shura had modified it, using it as a template for new skills of their own.

It was nothing entirely special, but it was solid. It couldn't be knocked, really.

Its simplicity was reflected in its appearance, but that's not to say it looked fragile or weak in any way.

Han Sen hit back with Sonic-Thunder Punch.

Yu Tuoshan's flesh and bone trembled with the simmering power that carried his strike, and effortlessly, it destroyed Han Sen's attempt.

Boom!

When their fists collided, Han Sen was knocked back a few meters, with skids marks tracing his knockback.

"This shura really is strong. Maybe I am a little out of my league here," Han Sen calmly thought to himself.

### **Chapter 1055: Unbelievable**

"Haha! Fighting with a shura? The lad is out of his mind!"

"A human with that measly level of fitness chose to fight with our prince? How stupid is he?"

"Human bro, let me teach you a skill. It involves spinning your body repeatedly. If you do that, you might last a few seconds longer."

"He should make use of the Toyama theory, and use the landscape and geography of the arena to his advantage. Oh, wait a minute... the arena is flat. May God have mercy on his soul."

The shura thought Han Sen's decision to engage in this fight was so far beyond dumb, it was unwittingly hilarious. They mockingly devised methods how the human on stage might last a little longer. The stream was a meme-field.

Lou Lan laughed and said, "Are we positive this kid didn't just come here to waste our time just to have a laugh?"

Lian Chan commented, "He's only just become a surpasser, hasn't he? What other kind of performance can we expect?"

"Don't underestimate him. This human is strong," an elderly shura dourly said from beside Lou Lan.

The two looked at the old shura and said, "Uncle Gu Na? Isn't he far weaker than the prince, though?"

Gu Na shook his head and said nothing more. He kept his eyes fixed on Han Sen, watching him with keen interest.

Without a reply, an unease settled on the minds of the two shura ladies. They did not say anything more, either.

Gu Na was the only one there who was not a royal shura, but he was two hundred years old. For the white-horned shura that he was, the third rank was the highest rank that could be achieved.

So, while Gu Na was merely an elite soldier, it was something that had not denied him a valiant history. He had participated in numerous battles over the years, and he had received a number of medals for the incredible service and heroic deeds he had performed.

He had been chosen for the expedition into the crystallizer ruins because he was very powerful, in a capacity that did not exceed the maximum allowed ballpark of strength for the people who went. He also had extensive experience and had seen much, over the course of his long lifetime.

Still, due to his lower hierarchical prestige and age, the younger sorts like Lou Lan and Lian Chan didn't often care for the words he spoke.

Yu Tuoshan threw a punch in Han Sen's direction again. It came fast and hard.

Han Sen didn't seem keen to dodge, however, and decided to meet his opponent's fist with his own.

The humans believed Han Sen was being stupid, trying to push in such a manner. They believed he was foolish in trying to match the shura's strength directly.

"I fear we already know who has won, as if it wasn't obvious beforehand," Zhao Yongbo said dismally.

Ji Hailan said nothing, but Han Sen's behavior was strange.

Only Bai Yishan looked at Han Sen with a modicum of happiness.

Others may not have recognized the punch Han Sen was using, but he did. And that was because he was the one who had created Yin Yang Blast.

It was a dangerous talent. As such, its learning was forbidden, and it seemed likely that ruling would stand for a long time to come.

Bai Yishan felt a great sense of pride and accomplishment whenever he saw someone use a technique he had created. This was especially true for Yin Yang Blast.

Still, he didn't understand exactly how Han Sen proposed to block or deflect the shura's punch with this strike.

Yin Yang Blast was only effective against enemies that were of the same tier as the caster. Everyone thought Han Sen was considerably weaker, and as such, he thought the power of the skill would be squandered.

But Bai Yishan also knew something else, and that was about Han Sen's character. He knew Han Sen was a highly proficient fighter, and his head was always screwed on correctly. Han Sen wouldn't do anything that might result in his loss, so he put the doubts out of his mind out and waited for what was to unfold. He wanted to see how far the skill could go.

When the moment of collision came, Han Sen's fist opened up to reveal his palm. In a split-second, he changed his method of attack to grab Yu Tuoshan's fist.

To the onlookers, it seemed like a pointless change. The general assumption was that fists were always stronger than palms.

Yu Tuoshan believed Han Sen had underestimated him snidely, so he resolved to hit his opponent even harder.

But when the fist came into contact with the palm, everyone was shocked.

There was no noise; it was as if the force of Yu Tuoshan's incoming fist had simply refused to exist and had canceled itself. There Han Sen stood, with his fingers wrapped around the shura's fist firmly.

And then, with a slight movement, Yu Tuoshan's entire body was cast away like a doll.

Boom!

Yu Tuoshan's body was thrown through the reinforced glass that separated the stage from the audience and crashed into a few chairs.

Everyone was shocked, unable to believe what had just happened. The way the shura had been tossed away seemed so very easy and light, as if he was no heavier than a crumpled piece of paper to Han Sen.

Lian Chan's eyes were wide open in bewilderment.

The viewers of the stream had all gone quiet, and an unsettling silence began to choke the viewers both online and offline. Their all-powerful prince had been chucked away by a human. In the aftermath of such a shock, not one word was spoken or typed.

"Awesome!" Bai Yishan was the one to break the gripping quiet, and he sounded far happier now than he did whenever he won fights of his own.

But Bai Yishan wasn't just happy over Han Sen's victory, he was overjoyed in seeing that the skill he had developed could be dexterous enough to overcome and defeat a shura.

### **Chapter 1056: Giving Up Victory**

What Han Sen had just performed was not exactly like Bai Yishan's Yin Yang Blast. It was a modified variant which employed twists Han Sen had decided to incorporate himself. One new component was a simulation of Bao'er's energy flow.

Yu Tuoshan's punch was supposed to hold the power of a bulldozer, which should have annihilated his opponent. And in essence, it was. Through a simulation of Bao'er's energy, Han Sen was able to absorb all of the strength the shura had put into his strike and reverse it. It was very promptly returned to the sender.

Still, this should have come as no surprise; after all, the skill was based on Yin Yang Blast.

The royal shura was strong, and he hadn't been wholly defeated yet. After crashing into the audience, he stopped for a moment to get a sense of what had happened, and then immediately hopped back into the arena.

"Since I was thrown off the stage, does that result in an immediate victory for you?" Yu Tuoshan asked, with surprising decency.

Yu Tuoshan did not believe he had lost. And he believed he had somehow been tricked by Han Sen, and the window for this to occur was through his own recklessness and underestimation of his opponent.

Being a prince of the shura, there were certain behavioral standards he had to uphold. So, before striking again and resuming the fight he did not believe he had lost, he had to ask Han Sen's permission first.

Everyone then looked at Han Sen, to see what response he'd give. The judge wished to declare that leaving the arena should have made the shura forfeit, but these circumstances were more than unexpected, and so he hesitated.

"Of course not," Han Sen answered.

The shura all felt relieved. It would have been far too embarrassing for them, if Yu Tuoshan was to lose in such a way.

"At the very least, this Han Sen fellow is quite honorable," Lou Lan said.

"Yes, but our prince needs to be more careful henceforth. Even if that doesn't count as losing, it was still an ugly and embarrassing thing to witness," Lian Chan said.

In the stream, others were feeling relieved, as well. But their confidence in victory had most certainly been sapped by some degree.

"This guy is strange. The prince needs to be careful."

"He has some balls, though. I'm surprised they're not weighing him down."

"Tricks and nothing more. The prince, being wise to them now, should have no problem defeating that human."

"Beat him, My Prince!"

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Many of the shura watched intently, as did a number of humans who had tuned into the same stream. Everywhere, there was a sudden surge of excitement for this battle.

Also tuning into the stream were peacekeepers of the planet, who had previously been stationed there to ensure nothing ill came from any flared tempers between visiting humans and the shura that originally inhabited the place.

Zhou Ping had been on the planet for many years, and in that time, he had dealt with a tally of negotiations higher than he could count. He had also been the victim of constant bullying and disrespect by the shura.

The planet was shura territory, after all. As such, he knew he should have expected less-than-favorable treatment.

The only thing that ever brought a smile to his face was seeing a shura lose to a human in some capacity. Needless to say, the stream was quite thrilling to watch.

Humans always had to appear intimidating to be successful in negotiations.

But now, with the truce in play, their days on the planet had actually become more difficult.

When Zhou Ping had nothing to do, he'd often watch the streams of beautiful shura women.

Lian Chan was a beautiful and powerful royal, and the source of many men's fantasies.

On this day, when she began streaming, Zhou Ping tuned in to watch. There, he saw Yu Tuoshan engaged in a fight with a human.

Immediately, he recognized the human on-screen was Han Sen, and so he called for all his workmates to gather and watch the fight alongside him.

When Yu Tuoshan was thrown away, the boisterous shura all fell silent and the stream was dead. Zhou Ping and his crowd, though, were the complete opposite; they felt immeasurable excitement.

"Awesome!" Zhou Ping exclaimed.

Although they were not formally acquainted with one another, they felt a great pride in watching Han Sen do what he did.

Overall, what they felt was strange, and it was a feeling that only came from circumstances in which a triumph was achievable against all odds or if you were hopelessly outnumbered.

"Wait a minute; why is he giving up his chance of a guaranteed victory?" An officer did not understand Han Sen's decision to give the shura prince another chance.

"If he stops fighting now, he will have just won the match. The shura would not believe it to have been a fair fight, or a victory for Han Sen brought on through actual battle," a white-haired officer explained.

Then, he went on to say, "If Han Sen carries on fighting and can keep up a similar performance, he will be admired all the more."

"But if..." A younger officer tried to speak, but his words immediately dropped into miserable silence. His meaning was clear to all there, however.

They were worried Han Sen might not be able to engineer another win.

Han Sen was too young, they thought. Many humans could beat high-level shura, but they were all far older than he was.

At the same age, it was far more difficult for a human to triumph in such fights. For someone as young as Han Sen, it was nigh impossible.

If Han Sen gave up his chance of victory now, could he do it again?

The elderly officer said, "If a victory was achieved through luck, and it was perceived that way, it'd reflect worse on the person than if they were to simply lose."

Understanding his actions more, the officers all looked at Han Sen with greater admiration. In unison, they said, "What a lad! We need more humans like him."

### **Chapter 1057: Bullying the Shura Prince**

Zhou Ping looked at Han Sen. He and the others agreed with what the old officer had told them, but they really did not want the human competitor to lose.

Yu Tuoshan looked at his opponent and said, "I must say I never expected to encounter a human as honorable as you."

"Our culture is richer than you might think; we're not all composed of heartless rabble. Maybe when this is through, you can consider trying to learn more about us?" Han Sen was not fond of this compliment, as it suggested something quite sour.

"Let's strike." Yu Tuoshan's muscles suddenly rippled and exploded with a number of green, pulsating veins.

The muscles now looked like steel cannons, and the shura's once-pretty face looked hideous and demonic.

"If he's transforming now, he must only now be preparing to fight for real. This time, he means business," Ji Hailan said, with a frown.

"Desperate times call for desperate measures," Zhao Yongbo said.

Ji Hailan replied, "Of course, that's what Angel Gene specializes in."



“You...” Zhao Yongbo’s face looked like he had been delivered a very personal insult.

“Stop arguing,” Bai Yishan said, to quell any possible bickering that may have arisen.

Back in the arena, Han Sen watched Yu Tuoshan transform but remained unfazed. He stayed motionless.

After the transformation, he noticed Yu Tuoshan’s lifeforce had increased considerably. The prince was now of much greater strength than Han Sen.

And again, he was unfazed. Raw strength was not absolute, and it was only one component of the art of combat. Han Sen had more than a few tricks up his sleeve, ready to deal with this simple, brutish threat.

Yu Tuoshan was not as strong as a king spirit of the Third God’s Sanctuary.

When it came to fitness, Han Sen was lacking against king spirits, too. But his skills and abilities were, for all intents and purposes, just as strong.

Yu Tuoshan believed Han Sen was weak, but the truth was the opposite, and Han Sen knew it.

Raw power wasn’t the end-all.

Han Sen had been fortunate, though. His experiences during his time in the sanctuaries had led to him having nine open gene locks at a fitness level that was believed to be almost impossible. No one had ever achieved what he had done before.

Yu Tuoshan noticed Han Sen wasn’t moving an inch, so he took the opportunity to strike. As if his arm was a blade, he swung it towards his despised opponent.

He was using Shura Slash this time, wanting to ensure he ended the fight now and avoided allowing any more unfortunate mishaps to occur.

Yu Tuoshan’s hands were like metal cannonballs, nearing Han Sen at a frightening pace with the plain desire to break him.

“Ah, that is the prince we all know and love. Witness the power, people! If Han Sen even thinks of blocking those fists, he can say goodbye to his hands.” Lian Chan’s smug attitude had returned.

This was partially true for all the shura now. Excitement and fervor had returned to them in spades, which made Zhou Ping worry quite a bit.

Shura Slash was devastating against most humans who were unfortunate enough to be at the receiving end of it.

While it appeared fairly ordinary, the power it delivered was more frightening than any weapon.

Yu Tuoshan had reached the zenith of what was possible with this skill. He had mastered it, well and truly, and it would bring ruin to any human that sought to withstand it—or so it was believed.

Everyone thought Han Sen would dodge the strike, but just like before, Han Sen reached out his hand and attempted to grab his opponent's fist.

"Fool!" Lou Lan said.

The shura who watched the stream yelled in delight.

But Han Sen was successful. He grabbed Yu Tuoshan's hand, and the metallic cannonballs were brought to an abrupt stop.

His hands were like pythons, and following the stop, Han Sen lifted Yu Tuoshan into the air and threw him down on the ground.

Boom!

Han Sen walked forward and grabbed the shura by the waist, piledriving him into the ruined floor of the arena.

Roar! Yu Tuoshan raged like a monster. He leapt to his feet and ran towards Han Sen.

Boom!

Han Sen side-stepped, grabbed the shura's arm, and suplexed him into the ground.

The third-rank shura prince's nose snapped.

Given a breath, Yu Tuoshan got back to his feet and tried to madly attack Han Sen once again. But it was like they were stuck in a loop because the same thing started to happen over and over. The prince would be thrown to the ground by Han Sen's mountain-strong muscles, before leaping up to try again and falling prey to the same parry.

Everyone was quiet. There was no booing, and neither was there any thunderous applause. There was just silence. It was incredibly difficult to fathom what their eyes were relaying to them; they were now actually witnessing Han Sen bully a shura prince.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Despite the countless times he was thrown to the ground, Yu Tuoshan refused to concede. And eventually, he was spending more time on the ground than on his feet.

Yu Tuoshan's hard body was as flimsy as an old dishcloth now.

It was a horrifying scene, one that nearly petrified all those who watched.

### **Chapter 1058: The Strongest Genius in History**

"Turn off the stream," Lou Lan quickly said.

Lian Chan agreed. She hastily turned it off, with her face drained of all color.

She had planned to allow everyone to watch a shura prince destroy a petty human to raise morale, but clearly, her plan had backfired.

With the stream turned off, the people who had tuned in to watch now wondered whether or not what they had seen was real.

They couldn't believe a shura prince could have been bullied so cruelly by a young human like that.

Zhou Ping and his people could hardly contain their excitement, though, as it had been a long time since they felt such pride in their human brethren.

"I'll beat you next time," Yu Tuoshan wheezed, as he was carried out of the arena by paramedics. He was looking poorly, drenched in green blood.

"Power is not everything. You should work on the finesse of your skills. Just so you know, you lost to Yin Yang Blast," Han Sen said.

"Yin Yang Blast? I'll remember that." Yu Tuoshan coughed. He was determined to remember the name of that skill, in case the shura were ever able to learn it.

When Bai Yishan heard Han Sen say this, he was happier than ever.

"Teacher Zhao, take care of Han Sen," Ji Hailan ordered.

"Hmph." Zhao Yongo scoffed.

Ji Hailan was utterly delighted, following what they had just witnessed. He quickly brought Han Sen over, for personal introductions with the other members of the expedition.

Ji Hailan introduced Bai Yishan, who was the strongest of the team and a professor.

Bai Yishan said, "There is no need for an introduction with me. I'm closer with Han Sen than any of you lot are."

Everyone looked at Han Sen and Bai Yishan, and Ji Hailan was prompted to ask, "Really?"

Han Sen nodded and explained, "The skill I used was devised by Professor Bai. He just never took me as a formal student."

Professor Bai had tricked Han Sen into learning Yin Yang Blast, but he still took his time with Han Sen seriously. He taught him many things, and although it wasn't an official teacher-student relationship, it felt like one.

Bai Yishan, with a wry smile, said, "I can't accept you as a student. Whenever we meet, something bad tends to follow. Many of my Saint Hall licenses were taken by you, after all."

Ji Yanran was the official team leader, but Bai Yishan was the authoritative figure amongst them.

Ji Hailan was more than glad their relationship was this good.

When the introductions were over, someone came over to ask about Yin Yang Blast.

They were shocked, learning Han Sen was able to defeat the shura prince by using it.

If Han Sen had created it, they wouldn't have asked him to learn it, out of respect.

But they had now learned that Professor Bai had invented it, and as such, they were keen to ask about it. They all believed it should have been on sale in the Saint Hall.

Who wouldn't want a hyper geno art that powerful, right? But Bai Yishan explained that it had been banned. Han Sen was just fortunate enough to learn the skill before it was forbidden.

This disappointed everyone. While it was good to learn more about Han Sen's technique in beating the shura prince, it was pointless if there was no chance of them ever being able to do the same.

Someone then started to wonder what it might take for the skill to get unbanned.

Bai Yishan had helped out Han Sen a good deal, so if there was anything Han Sen could do to return the favor, he would have jumped at the chance. And if there was indeed a way to get Yin Yang Blast unbanned, Han Sen would have relished the chance of making this happen.

With Bai Yishan there, though, there was no need for him to explain to the crowd why the skill was as powerful as it was.

If anyone asked, Han Sen could just tell them, "You want to know why? Unban the skill and you can find out."

With Bai Yishan there to explain the skill's intricacies, everyone's desire to learn this skill only continued to increase.

Still, Han Sen was being misleading. The reason Yin Yang Blast had been so useful in defeating the shura prince was due to Han Sen's simulation of Bao'er's energy flow. Without that, even Yin Yang Blast wouldn't have stood against the might of Yu Tuoshan.

The close-quarter combat skills of the shura were incredible. Using Yin Yang Blast the way Han Sen had would fail for all the others.

After Yu Tuoshan was healed, they all went off to the crystallizer ruins as planned.

But the word of their battle spread quickly throughout the Alliance.

Zhou Ping had made sure to record the stream, and he distributed the highlights of the fight to his close friends in the Alliance.

He hadn't wished for it to be widely distributed, but the fight was so amazing, his friends couldn't help but share it as much as they could. It didn't take long at all for it to go viral. And what made it even more sensational was the fact that it had originally been recorded by a shura and had leaked from a stream in shura territory.

Because of confidentiality agreements, humans weren't supposed to leak this.

But someone had the balls to, and once it was uploaded to Skynet, there was no chance of recovering it. Needless to say, everyone in the Alliance was shocked.

The two fighters in the video were recognizable, too; the human, in particular. That was Han Sen, and most people were familiar with him.

What made the video so shocking was Han Sen's age, not just his already-prestigious identity.

A young human had beaten a third-rank shura. It was all so very glorious.

Han Sen's reputation was now even higher than a number of demi-gods. He was given a new nickname: The Strongest Genius in the Alliance.

### **Chapter 1059: Unicorn Beetle Mutation**

Asleep on the spaceship, with Ji Yanran in his arms, rested The Strongest Genius in the Alliance.

Ji Yanran had avoided watching the fight against the shura prince. She had been unable to cope with the thought of Han Sen being savagely beaten or even killed, all in the desire to accompany her on an expedition. She waited outside until news of what had occurred was known. A wave of relief unlike any other washed over her, upon hearing about Han Sen's victory.

He had to have been tired, though. It was now morning, but Han Sen was still fast asleep.

Still, in space, there was no day or night cycle; therefore, it did not matter what time he chose to wake up.

All of a sudden, though, Han Sen felt an itch. He scratched it away, but it returned to plague his nose. Han Sen's sneeze woke him from his slumber.

He discovered a green unicorn beetle had climbed onto his face and had almost scrambled up into his nostrils.

Han Sen pulled it away and put the familiar beetle down on the bed.

Han Sen had received this beetle from a crystallizer ruin long ago.

He'd had it for a very long time, but there was nothing special about it he could tell. It was a strange creature, though. In the years Han Sen had kept it, it hadn't had to drink or eat at all. It had remained the exact same as it was the first day Han Sen came into ownership of the insect.

There was one other curious aspect to the beetle. Han Sen had discovered that, if left alone without interaction for a long time, the beetle would begin to appear lazy and lifeless. And it was during this state that the creature's colors would also begin to fade or at least lessen and dim.

If Han Sen ever wished to reverse this status, all he would have to do was pick it up, interact with it, and take it around with him for a few days.

These peculiar aspects aside, for all intents and purposes, the beetle was a lame creature that provided no obvious benefit. Or at least that was how it appeared, as Han Sen was still of the belief it was special and it had a purpose. Whatever that purpose was, he just hadn't been made privy to it yet, he thought. The expedition he was about to embark on would be dangerous, though, so he made sure to bring it with him, hoping it'd prove useful somehow.

Ji Yanran was still sleeping while this occurred, so Han Sen removed himself from the bed with great care, as not to disturb her.

Suddenly, the green plating of the beetle looked strange. The creature became translucent, revealing the presence of gears and cogs inside it, all in delicate motion. It was not unlike the inner-workings of an old watch.

Han Sen was surprised, to say the least. Over the course of the last few years in which he had owned the beetle, he had yet to see anything remotely similar to this occur.

Just as Han Sen approached the little creature to examine it, there was an announcement from the ship's speakers.

"We will be arriving at APX-706 shortly. Please convene at the meeting room before arrival."

The announcement startled Ji Yanran from her sleep, so she quickly removed the blanket. With the slender curves and succulent portions of her divine body now on full display, Han Sen was suddenly overcome with the desire to return to bed—with her.

Unfortunately, now was not the time for that. They both got changed and went to the meeting room, as instructed.

Han Sen took the beetle with him, placing it in his pocket. He was going to check it out once the meeting was over.

The shura and humans gathered in the meeting room. Once there, they were shown an image of the planet on a projector screen.

The ruins they were going to examine were quite different from the ones Han Sen had seen before. The entire planet was crystallized, but it wasn't obvious at first glance.

On the surface of the planet, it looked like any other lush planet would. The geography was wild and inviting, cloaked in thick and unspoiled greenery.

The planet's atmosphere was primarily comprised of nitrogen and oxygen, making it an ideal candidate for future human colonization, as well.

Eventually, the spaceship touched down with a rumble.

After they discussed what needed to be done on their mission, they separated again. They were going to start their investigation in three hours.

Due to the injuries Yu Tuoshan had incurred, they were already two days late in beginning the operation.

When the time to embark on the expedition came, the crew left the ship inside their warframes. While the atmospheric conditions had been revealed to be fine, the use of warframes was just protocol for the initial exploration of an unexplored planet. It was a precaution.

As Han Sen guided his warframe, he examined the unicorn beetle he had brought with him.

After arriving at the planet, the cogs inside the beetle had been running faster than ever.

Han Sen wasn't sure what it meant, but it interested him enough to spend most of his time examining it.

Aside from those movements, though, there was nothing different about the creature. Even the beetle's lifeforce had remained the exact same.

Eventually, they arrived at their desired location. Swiftly, they established a base of operation and proceeded to the entrance of the ruins.

Surprisingly, at the entrance of these ruins, there weren't many indicators of past crystallizer habitation. The presence of crystallizer technology was quite low, actually.

One thing Han Sen did find, though, half-hidden beneath the dense undergrowth, was a twenty-meter wide black crystal roulette board.

On that board, you could espY the presence of many lines and symbols that were commonly associated with the crystallizer civilization.

There were also markings on the board that extended all the way across. They were like partitions, or the slices of a cake that resulted in twenty portions.

Four of the slots possessed a warning sign of sorts, but Han Sen wasn't exactly sure what they meant or what they might have been indicating. No one else did either, just as no one knew what might be found deeper inside the ruins.

When Han Sen first saw the roulette board, though, he was shocked.

The symbols were identical to the ones on the beetle. They were ones he was very familiar with. He didn't even have to take another look at the beetle to confirm this.

"Are these two things connected, by some chance?" Han Sen wondered, as he placed his hand inside his pocket.

He was going to touch the beetle, but he felt something else instead. He brought his hand back out of his pocket and noticed his fingers were bleeding from a newly-formed wound.

**Chapter 1060: Wrong Delivery**

Han Sen frowned. He had been stung by something. On his hand, there was a red dot that oozed a droplet of blood.

Han Sen scanned the wound and was relieved to learn he had not been poisoned or infected by the stinger, whatever it was.

Han Sen's fitness was high, too, so the wound healed almost instantaneously. There was no lasting pain, either.

He pulled open his pocket to get a look at what was going on with the beetle, and determine why the docile creature had seemingly attacked him, all of a sudden.

The beetle had never been aggressive before, and it was the slowest little thing Han Sen had ever seen in his life. It was a genuine slowpoke.

As such, he was both surprised and concerned to realize he had been stung by it.

But now, with the pocket open, Han Sen was shocked after taking a look—the beetle was gone!

Han Sen patted his body all over and spun around in search of it. No matter where he looked, he couldn't find it. It really did seem as if it had vanished.

Unfortunately, now was not the time to go off hunting for his missing beetle. Everyone was currently lined up beside the roulette board, as General Reg explained the objectives of the operation in detail.

The roulette board was the entrance to the ruins, and each block was one point of entry that provided enough space for only one person. There was also a power check enabled, barring anyone who was too strong from entering.

The rules of entry were quite strict, as only one lifeforce could enter a square at a time. If you had even a renegade ant on you, it would be detected and you wouldn't be allowed to enter.

Demigods were prohibited from entering, as they were too strong. Therefore, only surpassers of a certain tier and third rank shura met the correct requirements.

Strangely, four warning signs were active. They were next to the entry points, indicating they had previously been used. Each entry point could only be used once, and the way you went in was the only way you could come back.

The researchers who had come before them had tried to drill beneath the roulette to avoid this, but after reaching a depth of about ten thousand meters, they ran into a crystal wall that extended to the core of the planet. There was no end, and so they had to stop.



It was after reaching this wall that many curious events started to happen.

They had conducted four test expeditions of their own into that place, but few of the researchers ever returned. Not much had been explored, so there was little information they could provide, and it was mostly useless.

Han Sen and his team's ultimate goal on the expedition, though, was to retrieve purple crystal cores.

Neither the Alliance nor the shura had explained to them what the purpose of these items was, but that did not matter. This was the task given, and it had to be done.

Furthermore, when they entered, they'd be going in without warframes or guns. If they brought such equipment in with them, they'd be attacked for certain.

Eight shura and eight humans now took their positions, one standing on each block. Support researchers pushed the button to begin the operation, and after a low hum, all sixteen of them suddenly disappeared from thin air. They were in.

Han Sen felt as if something was amiss. He was wary, and perplexed by the similarities between the symbols on the beetle and the ones outside the roulette. Still, he knew it best not to dwell on the matter. For now, the beetle was gone, so if it could have been a help, it was too late.

Han Sen blinked and took notice of his location inside the ruins. There were no buildings or structures around him. He was standing in a field, as if he was out in the countryside, except, strangely, the place had been ruined by some sort of catastrophe like an earthquake.

In the distance, Han Sen did make out the presence of buildings. But they were in a state of decay, with many having fallen. Furthermore, judging from their architecture, they had clearly not been built by the crystallizers.

When Han Sen turned to take a look in the other direction, his face completely dropped. He expected to see Ji Yanran, his people, and the shura—but they were all gone! Han Sen was all alone.

“Did they not make it through? We teleported inside together, though. Where are they? They should be here! Hmm, what is this? Items belonging to only a few of the researchers who were last inside?” Han Sen stood there for a while with an ill feeling in his stomach, acknowledging they hadn't all teleported to the same location.

Han Sen looked around. The researchers had given him an idea of what to expect once inside, and some vague details for the environment he'd be in, but it was all bogus. Wherever he was now was not the location the surviving researchers had gone to. The landscape was entirely different from what had been described to him.

“What is going on?” Han Sen was primarily concerned about Ji Yanran, and he was deeply worried about her well-being; particularly so, if she was stranded somewhere else all alone.

Gritting his teeth, Han Sen took off flying into the sky. Before searching for the rest of his crew, he had to get a better grasp on the lay of the land around him.

With his Dongxuan Aura active, Han Sen looked all around. But try as he might, he could not espy the presence of a single lifeforce. There was only rubble and a land in disarray.

No matter where he flew, the landscape looked the same. There was nowhere unique, and no landmarks to keep track of where he was. The lands were all plain and in various states of ruin.

Han Sen frowned, not even sure which direction he should be going in.

As Han Sen wondered, he suddenly heard a strange noise sound from an old ruin nearby.

It was very weird, similar to the sound one would make when using fingers to break an egg.

Han Sen looked in the direction of the noise and saw some green water leaking from the ruin.

Looking closer, though, Han Sen noticed that it was not water. It was a stream of green beetles. There were countless numbers of them, all coming for Han Sen.

“What is this?” Han Sen watched them with interest. They were practically the same as his beetle, just smaller.

But there was another difference. They didn’t have any symbols on their backs.

In Han Sen’s daze of wonder, the beetles drew nearer and nearer. When they were right before him, they parted and went around Han Sen. Fortunately, he was not a target of any ire they might have possessed.

Han Sen was not sure what they were after, but the beetles continued to gather around him, forming a path that led to the old city ruins.

The unicorn beetles then assumed a posture to suggest they were kowtowing before him.

### **Chapter 1061: Sunset**

Han Sen was taken aback by the gesture. He looked down at the bugs all around him and asked, “Can you guys hear me?”

There was no response. And while Han Sen looked at them all in confusion, a beetle leaped into flight and hovered before him. It made a queer noise before turning around and flying off towards the old, decayed city.

Han Sen continued to stand still, unsure of what was going on. After a while, that same beetle returned and started to fly around him. From what he could tell, this was the beetle’s way of telling him to hurry up.

Han Sen nibbled his lips and decided to follow it.

Since he was there, he thought he might as well poke about the old city and see what he could find. If the beetles sought to do harm, surely they would have attacked him by now.

And judging from their current posture of praise or worship, Han Sen was positive that wouldn't change anytime soon.

After Han Sen started moving, the other beetles paced behind him diligently. They followed his every footstep, like the coming and going of a tide.

Before long, Han Sen had made his way into the city center. Everything there was in crumbling ruin, all except for one thing: a temple. This peculiar temple was immaculate and untouched.

The flying beetle landed on the temple's stairs and made a noise to Han Sen, indicating he should continue following it and go inside.

Han Sen scaled the stairs, but the beetles did not follow. They all knelt as he ascended, and looked exuberantly happy.

Han Sen summoned beast soul armor, pushed open the door to the temple, and stepped inside. The place was old, and dust caked each and every surface.

The temple was devoid of statues, but there were a few dings about. Curiously, they were all empty.

As Han Sen looked into a corner of the temple, he was shocked to find a crystal vase there.

Han Sen could tell that the vase was not built from ordinary crystal. It had instead been forged from a unique variety of crystal, laden with symbols that looked like machine parts or cogs.

Finding curious items and artifacts inside a crystallizer ruin was par for the course, but this vase particularly surprised Han Sen.

It was completely transparent, but its shape and form were stark and unmissable.

Han Sen went to look inside the vase and was even more surprised to see a woman inside it.

The girl was sitting at the bottom, hugging her knees. She had blonde hair, but Han Sen could not see her face.

There were no shura horns to be seen, and she had human ears, but she was naked.

The long blonde hair helped to dress some of her exposed parts, though.

"Human? Is she one of the missing researchers?" Han Sen looked at the woman in the vase and wondered who she might be. Instinct told him that she was very young, though, and she couldn't have been a researcher if that was true.

Han Sen knew that two humans and two shura had gone inside the ruins to explore before their arrival, but only one of each had come back.

If the girl was one of those researchers, he wasn't going to just ignore her.

Han Sen then noticed the vase was sealed, and not with a lid. The whole thing was complete.

The crystallizers had strange technology, and their creations were always unique. This had always been true, so this vase's structure was not exactly a surprise.

Han Sen spoke with a soft voice, gently asking, "Can you hear me?"

He received no response, so he asked with a louder voice. Again, he received no response. He asked several times, with a voice that became louder each time. It seemed as if she couldn't hear him.

Han Sen touched the vase with care, unsure of what might happen. Fortunately, nothing out of the ordinary occurred.

When he felt safer in its presence, Han Sen started to knock against it.

The girl seemed to hear that, and showed a reaction. After seeing her move slightly, Han Sen knocked again.

She woke up and looked around for the knocking noise, and that was also when Han Sen saw what she looked like in full. She seemed to be around eighteen years old, and she was ravishingly pretty.

Curiously, her eyes were the same golden color as her hair.

Judging from her appearance, she seemed to be a human girl.

Han Sen again thought she might indeed be the human researcher. Her appearance did not betray this notion, as even forty-year-olds could maintain the same beauty and grace as an eighteen-year-old in that day and age.

When the girl saw Han Sen there, her eyes blinked to get a clearer view, as if she had indeed just woken up.

She stood up and beat against the vase. Her mouth moved, as if she were saying something, but Han Sen couldn't hear a thing.

All Han Sen could do was read her lips, and from what he could tell, she was saying, "Save me."

He brought out a paper and pen and wrote down a few words he could show her.

"Who are you?" He wrote, wanting to learn about her identity.

Han Sen had to be wary and maintain vigilance at all times. You could never guess what tricks or traps might be waiting for a person inside crystallizer ruins.

The lady blew air onto the cold crystal of the vase and wrote, "Sunset, of Blue Blood Special Forces. Rank: Colonel."

This confirmed to Han Sen that she must have been one of the researchers, and now it looked as if she had been trapped there.

“Stand back; I’ll break the crystal,” Han Sen replied.

Acknowledging what he wrote, Sunset took a step back.

## **Chapter 1062: Best Lead**

Han Sen’s fist blazed with the power of Phoenix Flame. With his seventh gene lock open, he punched the vase.

He felt as if he had almost broken his knuckles. When the fire dissipated, the vase stood still as if it was untouched.

The punch was the strongest he could give, barring any buffs. But with the vase standing still, not having moved even an inch, Han Sen knew he’d need a lot more strength. He frowned in contemplation.

Han Sen unsheathed Taia and used it to strike the glass. Even that proved useless, as all that was drawn upon the crystal was a white mark similar to if you had just scratched your arm.

Han Sen was surprised, to say the least. The weight and hardness of the vase far exceeded his unluckiest estimations. This was not at all what he was expecting.

All he could think of now was of how much of a shame it was that Phoenix Sword could not be used outside the sanctuaries. It might’ve proved more useful.

Han Sen tried a few different skills to test their effectiveness. Unfortunately for them both, nothing seemed to work.

Sunset’s initial glee seemed to wane. She looked disappointed, but that just gave Han Sen even more of a reason to try. Not wanting to let her down, Han Sen tried summoning his Devilhorn Sheep sword. With it in one hand, and Taia in the other, he repeatedly slashed the vase in the hopes it’d break.

Han Sen wasn’t willing to sit back and watch, or even walk away from her, while she was trapped in there. He’d do whatever it took to get her out.

But unfortunately, Taia and the Devilhorn Sheep sword were not enough to break through. They did, however, leave marks. It could obviously be damaged, and if that was true, Han Sen’s determination would only increase. There had never before been something unmanageable for him. He had always overcome every foe, so he wasn’t going to let an inanimate vase be the object of his defeat.

Han Sen then thought he could try his super king spirit mode, or at the very least use the gold raven beast soul. He’d do anything he could to save her.

Still, he continued to try with the swords he had been using, but it was all to no avail.

“Just go. It won’t break,” Sunset wrote.

Han Sen paid no heed to the message and continued to hit the vase until his hands bled and his muscles quivered. Stubbornness was what kept him from giving up, but he knew if he kept going, his hands would break before the vase ever did.

He didn’t have enough power, and even with remarkable weaponry, he couldn’t deliver the force needed.

Han Sen bit down on his teeth and transformed into a gold raven. The gold talons turned red, and they furiously attacked the crystal surface of the vase.

Pang!

He had nine gene locks open on his Blood-Pulse Sutra which powered his gold raven beast soul, and this actually got him somewhere. Cracks were now beginning to form on the vase.

Han Sen did not relent. He continued to strike the vase with a wretched speed and power, until the artifact began to tremble.

Sunset held her fists up in excitement, watching the cracks begin to grow and web their way across the surface.

Han Sen could barely believe how strong the vase was. Although cracks were starting to form, after a long time, it still didn’t look ready to shatter.

Eventually, even Han Sen’s talons began to bleed with the repeated strikes.

But he thought success was close, and he thought right. So, he didn’t give in or relent for one second. He went on and on, battering the vase with every ounce of strength he could muster.

Boom!

He did it. Eventually, the cracks gave in and the composure of the vase shattered like rain.

Sunset was in disbelief. She was incredibly happy at first, but then she started to cry.

“Are you okay?” Han Sen returned to his human form and offered her a hand that was drenched in blood.

He removed his coat and then gave it to her, so she had something to wear.

He would have given her a beast soul set of armor if he had been able to transfer beast souls outside the Alliance. Alas, he could not, so this had to do for now.

Sunset accepted the coat and put it on, covering her naked body. She was rather petite, so the coat was more like a long dress that reached below her bum. Although he wouldn’t tell her, Han Sen couldn’t help but think about how s\*xy she was.

Han Sen could do little but ask, “Why were you trapped here?”

But Sunset did not respond. She stood where she was, simply staring at him.

Han Sen believed she might have been in shock, following her ordeal. He comforted her by saying, "Let's get out of here first, then. I entered this place alongside a few others, but I have been unable to locate them."

When he turned to leave, Sunset remained where she was. She continued standing there, simply staring at him.

"What are you waiting for?" Han Sen frowned.

Sunset had a surprisingly rough voice, and she said, "My time is up. Remember what I tell you now and do not forget a single word."

"What time? What are you talking about?" Han Sen frowned again.

Sunset said, "My name is Sunset. I am a Colonel of the Blue Blood Special Forces. I am Han Jingzhi's adjutant and an investigator for the Secret Service's Seventh Team."

"What?" Han Sen looked at her as if he was seeing a ghost. His lips quivered.

"You are Han Jingzhi's adjutant? You are an investigator of the Secret Service's Seventh Team?" Han Sen's voice trembled, and his muscles twitched.

He did not know whether or not this was some cruel joke, but this was the best lead he had found so far.

### **Chapter 1063: Blasphemy**

"It's good that you know about Instructor Han and the Seventh Team." Sunset nodded as she spoke, and she proceeded to say, "Now, again; listen to every word I tell you."

Sunset told Han Sen, "Our team accepted an order that commanded us to breach another dimension. Things went wrong upon going there."

"What happened?" Han Sen asked.

"I don't know." Sunset shook her head.

"What? How can you not know? Have you not been to the sanctuaries?" Han Sen's eyes were wild with a desire to know. If she was truly a member, she would know what had happened, surely.

"The sanctuaries? Is that the other dimension?" Sunset asked, almost as if she was speaking to herself.

"How can you not know about the sanctuaries? Upon first spawning in the First God's Sanctuary, you are given the basics and need-to-knows right away." Han Sen was starting to believe she was pulling his leg.

Sunset looked at Han Sen and asked, "First God's Sanctuary? The first? Were more discovered?"

Han Sen looked at Sunset in disbelief, finding it difficult to determine whether or not she was joking.

“Just tell me about this other dimension, this ‘sanctuary,’ as you put it. Explain to me as plainly and as concisely as you can,” Sunset asked.

Han Sen noticed her face was quite serious and that this was a genuine question. So, he spared no time in explaining to her what the sanctuaries were.

He told her how they had been constructed and what the creatures and spirits were like, having adapted to their presence. He explained what he could in a few minutes.

When Sunset heard what he had to say, a strange look fell across her face. She then said, “If what you are saying is true, then this is not the place we found. The Seventh Team did not breach this sanctuary.”

“Are you saying you found another dimension, separate from the sanctuaries?” Her words were challenging Han Sen’s ability to believe her, and he was starting to think she was a liar.

Humanity came to know about the existence of sanctuaries through the Seventh Team; they were the ones who discovered them. In the years that followed, humanity started to evolve at an alarming rate.

Sunset stroked her hair and said, “Where we went was not the sanctuary you have described. Or at least, it may have been a sanctuary... just not one that is known to you. When we breached this new dimension, we spawned someplace together.”

“Where did you spawn?” Han Sen harbored many doubts about whatever she was going to tell him, but he still wanted to hear what she had to say.

Sunset wore a confused look, and she explained, “Where we went to, it was like God’s Kingdom.”

“God’s Kingdom?” Han Sen again thought she was referring to the sanctuaries. The sanctuaries could, after all, be referred to as a place of miracles and could believably be described as God’s Kingdom. Han Sen told her, “Yes, the sanctuaries are amazing. I wouldn’t be against referring to them as God’s Kingdom.”

Sunset shook her head and explained, “You misunderstand me. I’m talking about God’s Kingdom. I’m talking about the actual Kingdom of God.”

“Okay, then what does God’s Kingdom look like?” Han Sen’s curiosity had not lessened, despite the pinch of salt he was carrying.

“I cannot describe it,” Sunset said.

“That’s convenient. Then just tell me about the environment there. What did you see?” Han Sen asked.

“If I was able to describe this place and encapsulate it in mortal words, it wouldn’t be a kingdom that belonged to God. The beauty of this place cannot be aptly put into words,” Sunset told him.



“All right. Well, what did you want to tell me earlier?” Han Sen wasn’t really sure how to deal with this entire situation anymore.

“If you find Han Jingzhi, you must kill him.” Her words made Han Sen’s blood run cold, and he was unable to lax the instant stiffening of his muscles.

Han Sen recalled his encounter with Qin Huaizhen, and how he had been told to be wary of Han Jingzhi. He had died before he was able to learn more, but now he had met Sunset, who seemed to be on the same level. What she had just plainly told him was in-line with what he had previously learned, too.

As to why the Ning family said Han Jingzhi had saved their family, he did not know.

And the Qin family as a whole respected him. If Han Jingzhi really was not the likable, respected person Han Sen had previously believed him to be, wouldn’t Qin Huaizhen have warned his family?

Han Sen couldn’t wrap his head around what was going on, so he asked, “Why should I kill Han Jingzhi?”

Sunset looked strange, as if she was not expecting this response. Her words in return were simple, but perplexing. She said, “Do you believe in God?”

“I believe in something, for sure. I’m not an atheist, but I don’t follow the teachings of any religion in a devout manner,” Han Sen explained.

Sunset then asked Han Sen, “Would you believe me if I told you we saw the face of God?”

“Oh, really? What does he look like? I haven’t seen God before, so I’m curious.” Han Sen wasn’t sure if she should be taken seriously.

“Again, if I could explain it, it would not be God.” Sunset paused briefly, and then went on to say, “Bring this news to the rest of the Qin family; Qin Huaizhen must be told to kill Han Jingzhi.”

“Do you know who I am?” Han Sen asked.

“I see that you possess what is left of Taia, so I can only assume you are from the Qin family. Are you?” Sunset asked.

Han Sen shook his head and said, “No. I was given Taia as a gift, more or less. But you should know my surname is Han and that my great-grandfather is Han Jingzhi.”

Sunset looked at Han Sen in shock, and she exclaimed, “What? But he didn’t have an heir! Even if your great-grandfather is called Han Jingzhi, it has nothing to do with him. Them both having the same name is a coincidence, nothing more.”

“Couldn’t he have had a bastard son?” Han Sen frowned.

“Of course not,” Sunset said, with assurance.

“Then at least tell me why he must be killed.” Han Sen felt as if the conversation was going around in circles.

“He must die because he is blasphemous,” Sunset said.

**Chapter 1064: Stone Ding**

Han Sen now knew why Sunset asked him if he believed in God.

But Han Sen still thought he was missing a piece of the puzzle. After all, why would she want to kill Han Jingzhi, if he had only said something blasphemous or comical towards God?

"It does not matter if you believe he should be killed or not, just deliver this message to Qin Huaizhen. Han Jingzhi must die," Sunset said.

Han Sen, with a wry smile, said, "Qin Huaizhen is dead. He has been for a while."

"What? Qin Huaizhen is dead?" She suddenly looked angry. She grabbed Han Sen and shouted, "You're a liar! He can't have died. I thought he used..."

Sunset's dialogue trailed off, but her now-psychotic look remained fixed on Han Sen.

"Why are you sure he cannot be dead? He really is." Han Sen then went on to tell her about Qin Xuan's story.

"No, that's wrong. He's immortal. You're lying!" Sunset became hysterical.

Han Sen frowned, but he knew he had stumbled into something rather big. Something profound and complex was going on, and this was the biggest thread to its unraveling he had yet found.

Han Sen then told her, "If Qin Huaizhen really did not die, then there is one other possibility."

"And what possibility might that be?" Sunset asked.

Han Sen then proceeded to tell her of his encounter with Qin Huaizhen beneath the Black Desert, and what had occurred there.

"Qin Haizhen... why would he have gone there?" Suddenly, Sunset's face went all pale. She carried on to say, "We were wrong. We were tricked!"

"What's wrong?" Han Sen asked, knowing the truth was so close, at long last.

Sunset seemed a little mad now, as if she had blown a fuse. She repeatedly mumbled how something had gone awfully wrong, and about how she and the others had been tricked in some way.

When Han Sen wanted to ask again, he noticed something amiss with her face. It didn't look as pretty as it had earlier. It seemed aged.

She looked older and older, as wrinkles crept across her face. Her soft skin started to hang like a leather sack, and her hair turned grey and thinned. She was drying out.

“Your body!” Han Sen shouted.

Sunset looked at her hands, and she herself looked shocked. She tried to compose herself, and when she did, she looked at Han Sen and said, “Find Han Jingzhi, and tell him about me and Qin Huaizhen. If he didn’t die, then maybe... maybe...”

Before she could finish, her lifeforce was switched off. Her body had withered to become an old skeletal husk. The moment before she died, she collapsed into Han Sen’s arms and said one last word.

“Wrong.”

After that, there was nothing more. She was gone. In a few seconds, she had died of old age.

When her eyes closed for the final time, Han Sen saw the fading flicker of hatred and regrets going with her.

“Where did they go and what did they do?” Han Sen’s mind was in disarray over what he had learned and what he had not.

It made him sad to see such a beautiful woman grow old and die right before him.

Han Sen stood there for a while in thought, but when he decided it was time to move on, he first chose to dig a grave for her inside the temple.

Han Sen wouldn’t have been able to take her back home, and neither could he explain who she was or why she was there.

Han Sen had heard many things, and while some questions were answered, the answers themselves just brought more questions with them.

Han Sen left the temple. When he exited, he saw the green beetles were still there waiting for his return. Just as he wished to leave, though, the green beetles built a wall to prevent his passage.

“What else do you guys want from me?” Han Sen frowned.

He initially believed the beetles had brought him there in order to save Sunset, but seeing as she was human, perhaps her being there was all circumstance. Perhaps they wanted something else.

Perhaps it was indeed a coincidence, and Sunset really didn’t have anything to do with the beetles.

Han Sen tried to walk around the wall of beetles, but they scurried over to prohibit his passage.

He took a few steps back, as if he was returning to the interior of the temple, and watched the beetles disassemble their wall.

Thinking it best to oblige their desire, he walked back inside to see if he could find any particular item they might have wanted.

Aside from the now-broken crystal vase, though, there was nothing. There were only the stone dings left in there.

There were three of them in total. Each was one meter in height.

“Do they want me to move these things outside for them?” Han Sen wondered.

He approached one of them, and with his power, managed to lift it up and bring it outside.

When Han Sen brought one of them out, the beetles looked happier. Then, they quickly parted to form a path that Han Sen should follow.

Han Sen looked to the end of this new trail and noticed that it led to another building. But that one was not exquisite like the temple was. It was like the rest of the area’s buildings; half-collapsed and in decay. There was only one room left that was intact.

Han Sen walked there, stone ding in hand. He was quite interested in seeing what the beetles were ultimately up to.

### **Chapter 1065: Black Unicorn Beetle**

Approaching the ruin, Han Sen spotted a well inside. Upon going closer for a look, he noticed it was filled to the brim with water.

Aside from that well, which was in fairly good condition, everything else inside the house was a mess. The place had been in decay for a long time, it appeared.

After putting the ding down, Han Sen watched the beetles gather to pick it back up to carry it themselves. Interested in what they sought to do with the ding, he stood back to observe them.

Splash!

The beetles, after lifting up the ding, chucked it into the well.

Han Sen was not sure what their goal was. Had they gone to all this effort, just so they could throw a ding into a well?

After they did this, though, the beetles formed another path for Han Sen. This time, it led all the way back to the temple. It seemed as if they wanted Han Sen to collect the other two dings.

They were obviously capable of carrying the dings themselves, so it was likely that they were scared of the temple for some reason. And because they were scared, they needed Han Sen to go inside and fetch the dings on their behalf.

Han Sen went into the temple and brought both dings out with him.

The beetles picked them up and led Han Sen back to the house. When they arrived, they lobbed those dings into the well, as well. After that, they all circled the well and kowtowed before it. Han Sen thought it was rather amusing.

Not long after, a noise emerged from the well. The water inside it began to bubble and boil, as steam started to rise.

Han Sen took a step back, surprised by the sight. He used his Dongxuan Aura, but could not discern any lifeforce.

The water of the well suddenly quelled, and silence returned. But then, just as Han Sen thought it was over, something emerged from the water with a big splash.

Something that looked like a black crystal zipped out of the water into flight.

It turned out to be another unicorn beetle, but it was black and not green. It was also larger than the others, and they seemed to worship it. There were symbols etched across its plating, and images of gears. It was actually very similar to the one Han Sen had.

When the black beetle shot out of the water, Han Sen was taken aback. He immediately readied himself for a fight.

But the black unicorn beetle didn't seem to be aggressive. It slowed down and merely hovered in front of Han Sen.

Han Sen then felt a pain surge from his hand. He noticed the symbol of a green unicorn beetle was etched into his hand, which was rapidly starting to crystallize.

"Maybe it wasn't missing, after all? Did the beetle combine and merge with my hand?" Han Sen was shocked, to say the least.

As his hand lit up, the gears on the inside of the black beetle began to spin.

Suddenly, it transformed. Previously, the bug had only been the size of a fist in front of him, but now, it was the size of a truck.

Han Sen was dazed by the spectacle, and all of a sudden, the green light of his hand began to pulsate brightly like a beacon. The black beetle approached slowly and put out its tongue.

Han Sen then noticed its tongue was like a cockpit.

"Is this supposed to be some sort of control room?" Han Sen was rather shocked. The green light flashed continuously.

Han Sen was very curious right now, so he approached the control platform that had emerged from the creature's mouth.

There was a seat there, and when he sat down, the tongue-platform was pulled back inside the beetle. Near his hand, Han Sen noticed a handle of sorts. He pulled it with his hand, and then everything lit up.

He suddenly felt as if the black beetle was becoming a part of his body.

Han Sen wanted to move forward, and when he thought of this, the beetle's legs started to move.

When Han Sen thought of flying, the beetle did just that. It spread its buzzing wings and became airborne.

"Mind control? Nifty." Han Sen was delighted.

Mankind had spent much time trying to develop purely mind-controlled devices, but the technology was still a long way off. Machinery still had to be guided mostly by hand.

But this beetle responded to the directions of his mind. The technology on display here far exceeded the capabilities of humanity.

"This must be an aircraft belonging to the crystallizers. Do they have sensors and weapons, I wonder?" And as Han Sen thought of this, a holographic map was displayed right before his eyes.

"Ah, now this beats radar!" To say Han Sen was pleased would be an understatement. This technology was far more advanced than what humans had. Even the sensor alone was a technological marvel, as he could zoom in on any part of the local geography with incredible precision—all with the power of his mind.

Han Sen scanned the nearby vicinity, and he discovered the presence of another lifeform, a few thousand miles away. It was Bai Yishan.

He was alone, though. With Ji Yanran still missing, he was quite worried.

Han Sen looked elsewhere and found a band of humans and shura together. Further away, he found Ji Yanran. Unfortunately, she was being chased by a few robots.

"I have to get there quick!" Han Sen thought to himself.

Boom!

The black beetle's bum started to spit lasers, and without hesitation, took off flying at an insane speed. It was heading for Ji Yanran.

Han Sen's socks almost left his feet at the blistering speed he was going. The machine was far quicker than any warframe or aircraft mankind had developed.

## **Chapter 1066: Big Plunder**

Ji Yanran's situation was bad. She had not teleported with the others as expected, and she had been left all alone.

She set out in search of Han Sen but had an unfortunate encounter with crystallizer robots.

Ji Yanran was weak, and only an evolver. For her, dealing with the crystallizer robots would have been nearly impossible. Therefore, all she could do was run.

Eventually, her pace slowed down as she became exhausted. It was at this moment that the robots were able to catch-up and surround her.

Seeing the robots surround her, Ji Yanran's hope for survival was depleted.

The robots raised their hands, each preparing to fire their lasers at Ji Yanran to eliminate her.

But just as she closed her eyes in acceptance of the death she was now to suffer, something big and heavy appeared to crush the robots.

The hulking robots were all shattered in an array of sparks and electrical fires. It was a shocking twist of fate.

But any happiness she may have felt over her salvation soon vanished. Seeing the titan that now stood in front of her, it didn't take long for hope to take its leave once more.

She was unable to deal with the robots, so taking on a giant black beetle was sure to be even more difficult.

Pang! Pang!

A few more robots took to the field. With their arms raised, they fired laser beams at the beetle.

But it was like water spraying the steel hull of a ship. Not a single mark or scrape was left on the shell of the beetle.

Boom!

A horrible light shot out of the beetle's eyes, cutting down the robots in less than a second.

Ji Yanran did not know why the crystallizer machine was attacking its own, but it did not matter. She had accepted the fact she was likely to die there, all alone.

Then, when one leg of the giant beetle pierced the ground directly in front of her, she closed her eyes and thought to herself, "This is all my fault. I pray he can escape this place alive."

Ji Yanran closed her eyes, but the death she expected did not come. After a while, she opened her eyes again.

Ji Yanran believed she might have been dreaming for a second, as Han Sen was there, standing in front of her with a smile.

“Am I dreaming? Or have I died and gone to heaven? Did you not make it out, either?” Ji Yanran lifted her fingers to brush his cheeks.

“Nope. This is just my new aircraft. Want to go for a ride?” Han Sen invited her inside with a cheeky grin.

“Wait a minute; this is your...?” Ji Yanran stared at the giant beetle in utter disbelief.

Han Sen picked her up and took her inside the control room with him.

Boom!

The beetle shot up into the sky, faster than any aircraft they had ever been on.

Han Sen flew around like a jet, blasting any crystallizer robots he came across along the way. As they went, Ji Yanran had to ask, “What is this machine?”

“I found it in a ruin. I can only suspect it was a crystallizer warframe.” Han Sen then went on to ask, “Is that a purple crystal core?”

“Yes.” Ji Yanran looked happy.

Han Sen fired a light to a purple core down on the grasslands below. In an instant, it was sucked into the beetle.

“Baby, hold on tight. This is going to get a little wild,” Han Sen warned her.

Then, the beetle started flying even faster. It spun around and eliminated a few crystallizer guards that were ahead. He zipped left, right, and center, collecting a multitude of purple crystal cores.

When he was done, Han Sen used his holographic map to survey the entire region and track the location of his teammates. Fortunately, none of the others were in any danger.

But they were each traveling at a very slow pace, not wishing to be hasty.

It was most likely due to the fact they had all been split up, and they were each exercising caution by moving slowly but cautiously.

Han Sen paid little mind to this, though. He continued flying on his own, out in search of the purple crystal cores that were their objective.

Unless the beetle attacked first, the guards would not respond to the aircraft. He blended in. So, with no threat, there'd be nothing to slow him down.

He did not want his teammates to see him operate the machine, either. If they did, it'd cause a lot of trouble for him, and the machine would end up being confiscated by the Alliance. Since this all had something to do with his hand, too, there'd be nothing but trouble for Han Sen.

He wouldn't mind Bai Yishan seeing it, but if the others did, the Alliance would most certainly take it away.

As far as the operation was concerned, the only thing Han Sen was unsure about was the purpose of the purple crystal cores. He had no clue what they could be used for.



Before he managed to obtain the black beetle, he'd had no way of hiding some for his own examination. Attempting to swallow a core and smuggle it out that way would've been impossible. He would've been scanned.

But now that he had this beetle, he could collect as many as he wanted and smuggle them out by shrinking down the beetle.

"I'm not greedy, but without this black beetle, I doubt the others will be able to obtain many themselves. It's only fair that I get to keep a few for myself, if it means the bigwigs who ordered this operation also receive far more than they expected to." Han Sen gave himself an excuse that worked.

"Once I've got all the purple cores, I think I'll kill all those shura," Han Sen thought.

"We are cooperating, but we are still enemies. This truce is a farce, and we all know it." Han Sen believed the more he could kill for the Alliance now, the fewer enemies they would have to deal with in the future.

Han Sen would be able to pin their deaths on the crystallizers with ease, and killing them would be swift and painless with the beetle, anyway.

### **Chapter 1067: Really Rich**

Before he did anything else, Han Sen wanted to collect as many purple crystal cores as he could. When the operation's timer ran out, it'd draw suspicion if he was to remain and not leave.

But he had plenty of time, and for the next four days, he stayed in his beetle and went around collecting as many purple crystal cores as he could find. On this fourth day, he discovered quite the staggering landmark: it was a giant hole in the ground, or rather, a crater left by some meteorite.

It was fifty miles in length, and after a preliminary scan, Han Sen was able to detect the presence of more architectural ruins at its center. This must have been the heart of the entire crystallizer region they had come to examine.

Save for that one temple Han Sen found, there was nothing complete there anymore. Everything around was in various states of decay.

"It looks like something horrible befell this place. And judging from the crater, that might be literal," Ji Yanran said, as she stared at the monitors.

"What could cause something like this?" Han Sen thought the crater was rather ominous, and it was teetering on the brink of being absolutely frightening.

The crystallizers weren't known for cheap construction. They built their civilizations to last, and their structures were incredibly hardy. Average buildings of theirs had been known to withstand atomic bombs.

But the city there was in absolute ruin, and the landscapes all around were ravaged and desolate.

“There must be a trace or lead we can follow up on. We should go out in search for it,” Ji Yanran said.

Han Sen scanned the ruins with the gizmos in his beetle, but he couldn't find anything to indicate what had caused the devastation.

What Han Sen was able to detect, though, was the presence of more purple crystal cores. There were lots of them, and Han Sen hypothesized the region they were in now had to be some sort of warehouse for them.

Han Sen used the beetle to dig them up, and with the abundance that were there, it took a few hours to collect them all.

“We are going to be rich! There's over a thousand of them.” Han Sen was very enthusiastic over the result.

Han Sen poked about some more, but couldn't find a lode that contained as many as the one he had just unearthed.

When Han Sen returned from that place, though, everyone had left already. It was supposed to be a ten-day operation and now, with the timer expired, people were happy to leave.

“D\*mn. I was going to kill those punk shuras.” While that was disappointing, he didn't let it weigh on him. The riches he had found more than made up for the lack of shura-killing.

“We have to go now. If we remain any longer, it might draw suspicion.” Ji Yanran looked at the vast number of cores they had collected, and went on to say, “What are you planning to do with them?”

Ji Yanran knew Han Sen wasn't the sort of person to so willingly hand out what he had collected.

“I'll think of something. But you should take a few of them with you.” Han Sen then took Ji Yanran back to her spawn point.

After that, he rode his beetle back to where he had spawned in.

He put away the black beetle, which reverted to the size of a small green beetle, and gave it a scan. Nothing could be detected, and certainly not the massive amount of purple crystal cores that were still inside it.

After pocketing the beetle, he teleported back. Everyone was there, waiting.

Han Sen handed in eleven of the crystals, and after a scan, he was free to go.

The researchers did frisk and find the little beetle, but it released no energy. Therefore, they did not care.

Feeling relief, Han Sen was happy he was able to get away with the motherlode, scot-free.

“You and Ji Yanran are our best soldiers, no doubt,” General Reg complimented Han Sen, following the hearty load he had delivered.

Looking over towards the shura, their faces seemed glum. He wondered what had happened to them.

Back on the aircraft, Bai Yishan told Han Sen that they had not managed to collect many at all.

They claimed it was because there was something wrong with their teleporter, and so everything they had prepared had been rendered useless. As such, they were only able to bring back one or two each.

One of the shura had managed to collect three, but there were none with a higher amount than that. The name of the shura who had collected these was Gu Na.

The shura were initially happy with the amount they retrieved, but their faces quickly turned sour when they saw Ji Yanran return with eight. Their faces practically curdled when they later saw Han Sen come back with eleven.

“I shouldn’t have handed in that many. It may seem a bit suspicious,” Han Sen thought to himself.

For a dozen cores to make the shura incredibly jealous, Han Sen realized the items were more precious and valuable than he initially thought them to be.

When his thoughts returned to the fact that he had collected well over a thousand, though, his heart started to pound with an uber amount of excitement.

“First off, I need to find out what exactly these purple crystal cores are.” Han Sen made that his primary objective.

But before Han Sen went off to find out what they were, Ji Yanran approached him with the knowledge already secured. And she was well aware he had kept the rest of the purple crystal cores they had collected.

The roulette no longer worked now, and it prevented anyone else from entering. That, combined with the shura already knowing, meant the Alliance had no reason to withhold the information from Ji Yanran.

When Han Sen heard what she had to say, he started to cackle like a madman.

“A thousand? I’m going to be rich! I’m going to be really rich!”

## **Chapter 1068: Scary Weapon**

Han Sen could not wait to sleep on a bed of those purple crystal cores. Doing so would be better than rolling on a bed of cash.

Ji Yanran and Han Sen were not professional scientists, so the correct terminology escaped them. What they did know was that the purple crystal cores were anti-material weapons. They were explosive devices that released obliterating energy upon detonation.

The Alliance had similar weaponry, but nothing that came close to the sheer devastation the purple crystal cores could unleash. If they were ever to be used, though, they'd need a detonator.

It took only one core to blow up an entire battleship.

Scanners could not detect their presence, and no known weapon could work as a deterrent. They were always primed for use, so they couldn't be disarmed or disassembled, either.

As for the previously mentioned need for a detonator, that was where the humans and shura now turned their focus. They had to find a way to use the crystal cores, because no one in either government had figured out a way in which they could be triggered to explode.

Han Sen, however, had.

The beetle he had come into possession of could load up the purple crystal cores as a manner of artillery. They could be fired from the machine with ease.

The beams Han Sen had fired before also used an energy that was not too different from that of the purple crystal cores. Put simply, the cores contained something very similar, but condensed.

The beetle could either fire the purple crystal cores in one shot, or refill the energy lasers for a more controlled and precise method of annihilation. With the lasers, you could use as much or as little of the energy as you wanted and make it last.

If the energy of the core was unleashed all at once, the explosion was enough to destroy a Star-Class Super Battleship.

The thought of such destruction, all residing at his fingertips, made Han Sen shiver. It was no wonder why the humans and shura worked so hard to obtain these purple crystal cores. Which species would shy away from the greatest weapons of mass destruction they had ever seen?

Han Sen, having obtained a thousand of the weapons, figured he could dominate the galaxy.

Not that he wanted to. He wasn't interested in controlling many people, or later having to focus his attention on suppressing rebellions. It'd all be too much hassle.

Still, with the beetle, Han Sen was a force to be reckoned with. He could go up against any faction in the Alliance and come out on top—no sweat.

If Angel Gene sought to provoke him once again, he could promptly blow them all into smithereens.

Unfortunately, the beetle could not be used in the sanctuaries.

But that was the only downside. It was a shame, though, considering he spent so much time there. Opportunities to make use of the beetle would be extremely rare, if they showed up at all. For this reason, Han Sen was secretly hoping a band of Alliance brigands and cutthroats, or corporate bigwigs, would suddenly try to kill him. It'd give him a nice reason to make use of the beetle.

Since this was unlikely, though—considering his prestige and everything—he felt the weapon would go to waste.

Back in the Alliance, their efforts in the crystallizer ruins were worthy of medals. The humans obtained a tally of cores that was far greater than what the shuras were able to.

And back in the sanctuary, when Han Sen saw Xie Qing King, he was so shocked he felt his socks slip off his feet.

The spirit was wearing a well-ironed white shirt. On his face was a nice pair of sunglasses. He wore long boots and was decked out with various accessories and jewelry. For all intents and purposes, he was blinged out. The coup de grace for his fashion was the presence of an obnoxious, gold skull necklace that was hanging across his chest. When Han Sen saw him, he had a beer in one hand and a comic in the other. All the while, sausages were sizzling on a barbecue.

“What’s up, my brother?” Xie Qing King made a crazy gesture with his hands. Han Sen had no idea what it meant, but it did look rather gangster.

Han Sen’s eyes twitched. He wondered what on earth the spirit had been up to in his absence, and whether or not the books and comics he had brought him were a bad influence.

“Where did all this stuff come from?” Han Sen sat down and asked him. He had not bought most of the stuff that was there now.

“Lin He bought them for me. He seemed willing to buy whatever I mentioned. I must tell you, humans are cool. I like you guys a lot, yo.” Xie Qing King performed another gesture. Han Sen assumed it was one in praise of humans, but he couldn’t be entirely sure.

Han Sen then thought to himself, “Is it any surprise, with your crazy fists? What idiot would deny your requests, eh?”

“Listen up, bruh. I need to go to the human world, you hear me? I gotta’ go, you know? I want to fly an aircraft, pilot a warframe, and start shooting rockets out of cannons, fool!” Han Sen had never seen Xie Qing King so enthusiastic before.

“Holy crap; what have we done? I only gave him romance comics.” Han Sen looked at the comic he was holding, and he was surprised.

It was the latest issue of Guts, Guns, and Warframes. Much of it was about war and heroes making use of high-explosive devices. Han Sen would have never bought a comic like that for him.

When Xie Qing King finished the material Han Sen had given him, others must have brought him the rest. And in Han Sen’s absence, Xie Qing King became this... monstrosity that was now before him.

Fortunately, the comics of the Alliance were all about heroic humans committing deeds of good. The heroes usually triumphed over evil, even if they did use a variety of high-tech weaponry along the way. The last thing Han Sen wanted was for Xie Qing King to be influenced into becoming some cackling, cliché villain.

Still, his new style was embarrassing. Han Sen had no idea where such a clash of styles could come from, and all Han Sen could do was shake his head and cringe.

“My Emperor, is it time we exact our revenge on Holy-Sword Emperor?” Han Sen encouraged him.

“H\*ll yeah. We need to go f\*ck that punk up, yo. Those who diss me gon’ get their lids peeled, bruh.” Xie Qing King flipped a bird to the high heavens.

Han Sen was cringing until his teeth ground, but he couldn’t help be a little interested in what Xie Qing King had read, to prompt such a large change in dress style and dialogue.

“Oh, and one more thing, kid. Don’t you be calling me an emperor anymore, you feel me? The word ‘emperor’ is too high-class, and we be needing something from the streets. Call me Brother King, you got it?” Xie Qing King put on a baseball cap and turned it back, then he slinked his way over towards the exit of the shelter.

“Sure... whatever you want...” Han Sen’s lips twitched.

Although Xie Qing King was strange, at least he still wanted his revenge on Holy-Sword Emperor. With his power still there, and his friendliness towards humans still intact, that’s all that really mattered.

Thankfully, he hadn’t been inspired by reading material that would prompt a desire for world peace. The last thing he wanted was Xie Qing King reading about the virtues of Gandhi.

“I need to talk with Lin Weiwei about the do’s and don’ts of what to give this guy,” Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen and Xie Qing King set off towards Holy-Sword Shelter. There was not much need to prepare, as there would only be two super creatures and one king spirit there. It would be an easy fight.

### **Chapter 1069: The Conquest of Holy-Sword Shelter**

Inside Holy-Sword Shelter, Holy-Sword Emperor’s face was green. The other spirits there were all in fear.

Han Sen and Xie Qing King were not sneaky in their approach of the shelter. Fearlessly, they waltzed before its gate. Before they had come, though, they had made stops at twelve of Holy-Sword Emperor’s other shelters, including Sword-Palace Shelter. They were each claimed, resulting in the destruction of Holy-Sword Emperor’s son’s spirit stone, too.

Holy-Sword Emperor knew they were a force to be reckoned with, so his first idea was to run. But with his spirit stone embedded in his shelter, he knew fleeing would be futile.

“Xie Qing King, I won’t forgive you for this!” Holy-Sword Emperor exclaimed, before running towards his treasury.

He opened the vault, and with great care, opened a certain metal box that was within. He picked something up, his expression emotional and complex.

Han Sen was a little disheartened. Initially, he had only wanted to come straight to this shelter, so he could slay Holy-Sword Emperor and be done with the primary local threat.

But Xie Qing King had told him that to preserve their honor, Han Sen would have to take down all of Holy-Sword Emperor’s lesser shelters before tackling the big one.

“Why is he just destroying all the spirit stones? Can’t he save some for me?” Han Sen wondered to himself.

Xie Qing King was nabbing all the glory, leaving only the bones for Han Sen to pick through. All he was able to get was the flesh of sacred-blood creatures, and that was only because Xie Qing King did not need or want any himself.

Han Sen swore to never fight with him again, unless it was an emergency. He was too arrogant and selfish, he thought.

If Han Sen was strong enough, he might even have tried to kill him.

As disappointing as all this was, though, he couldn’t deny how good it felt. There he was, in the Third God’s Sanctuary, steamrolling through a multitude of shelters as if it were no more difficult than a Sunday drive. With no force able to oppose the duo, it felt pretty good.

Bao’er had also accompanied Han Sen, and she was sitting upon his shoulder. In her hands, she played with the bird-fish thing.

Now, they were marching directly before Holy-Sword Shelter. Standing before its gates, Xie Qing King yelled, “Hey, yo! I am the Super Emperor, and I am the one who knocks... because I’m polite. Of course, if you keep this gate shut, I’ll just have to tear the gate down. It’s in the way of me killing you. That being said, if you’d like to concede, you may.”

If there was anyone else around, Han Sen would pretend he did not know him.

Xie Qing King was obviously having fun, though. He made another strange gesture and said, “I’m-a give you fifteen minutes to decide, punk. If you want mercy, you better get out here.”

Han Sen spent that time observing the shelter that was before him. He couldn’t help but admire the grandeur of the place. It was a massive walled city. But it was disturbingly quiet. There was no noise coming from beyond the gate, and there seemed to be no creatures manning the ramparts or watchtowers.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to scan the area, and that was when he saw Holy-Sword Emperor, standing above the gate.

A hundred-meter-tall creature stood behind the king spirit.

In the sky, there was an ape flying around with bat wings. It was like a creature risen from the pits of hell. Or Oz.

“Xie Qing King, we are both king spirits here. There is no need to take things to such extremes,” Holy-Sword Emperor began a speech.

Although Han Sen’s golden raven was strong, he wasn’t entirely sure it’d be enough to take on Holy-Sword Emperor or his pets.

He couldn’t kill a fully-healed Xie Qing King, either.

In response to Holy-Sword Emperor, Xie Qing King immediately said, “Cut the crap, fool! You either fight me like a man or get down on your knees.”

“Fine. But let it be on your head.” Holy-Sword Emperor started his signature move. A thousand swords rose from his hands, and he sent them all flying down towards Xie Qing King.

Xie Qing King then said, “That old chestnut? Oh, please!”

Xie Qing King threw a punch and generated a shockwave that knocked all the swords away. The entire skill was canceled by that single throw of a fist.

Roar! The hundred-meter-tall beast leaped down towards Xie Qing King and Han Sen.

In that creature’s mouth, Han Sen saw something swirl. It was like a blood-red sea. If he was sucked into that vortex, he didn’t fancy his chances of survival very much.

Han Sen received Brother Seven’s information, so he already knew what to expect from the two super creatures of the shelter.

“Then we fight to our deaths, I take it?” Xie Qing King leaped into the sky with a silver light and threw a punch towards the super creature before him.

The hit landed, and it sent the super creature reeling backwards in agony. As it suffered the power of that blow, it screamed in pain. Still, it tried to use its talons to grab Xie Qing King’s head.

Xie Qing King threw an uppercut towards the incoming talons, eliminating its advance and giving the monster very sore fingers. The punch was stronger than the monster’s attack had been, and the additional force sent the creature flying away.

The other super creature swooped down with its bat wings to attack Xie Qing King, but it was a futile attack. Xie Qing King was so fast, he even had the time to reapply gel on his hair.

Seeing this, Han Sen felt another stabbing cringe. Xie Qing King was now like a slut, reapplying makeup and pushing up her boobs before meeting new clientele.



Xie Qing King knocked away the airborne monkey, and with the coast clear, Han Sen took off running to get Holy-Sword Emperor's spirit stone.

Holy-Sword Emperor saw this, and so he quickly fired his swords Han Sen's way.

Han Sen transformed into a black raven. He was enveloped in a raging fire, which accelerated his pace. He effortlessly evaded the barrage of swords that were coming for him.

All the swords were broken and burnt. They smoldered and melted inside the ruthless flames that were left in Han Sen's wake.

"You took advantage of my injuries the last time we met, human. Do you think you can defeat me this time?" Holy-Sword Emperor looked enraged, and he drew out a single, menacing greatsword.

### **Chapter 1070: Copper Statue**

The sword lit up, and red flames burst out to color the sky.

Han Sen combined his phoenix techniques with Aero, which put him at an advantage. The greatsword's power was almost as strong as Han Sen, it just fell a touch short.

Han Sen used his gold raven for the pursuit and evasion. Nothing else compared to its advantages there, but it did prevent him from using a multitude of other skills. The abilities he frequently used in battle were off-limits, so using the gold raven for actual combat was fairly pointless.

"Humanoid Shapeshifter beast souls are better; I'd do well to find one of those," Han Sen thought to himself.

But for now, Han Sen blazed through the streets like a phoenix. When choosing to engage with Holy-Sword Emperor, he struck from a dizzying array of different angles.

With the speed at which Han Sen came for Holy-Sword Emperor, the spirit could do little to fight back, and so he was forced onto the defensive, using his greatsword to block each attack.

When the time for him to attack did come, though, each hit was like a wave against Han Sen. Fortunately, he was able to slice and deflect each attack with his wings.

He then used Dongxuan Aura to scan the shelter. Aside from Holy-Sword Emperor and the two super creatures, there really was nothing else living there.

"Where has everything gone? Has he evacuated the shelter of its inhabitants, in the knowledge he was going to die?" Han Sen frowned.

With his fight against Holy-Sword Emperor starting to look like a stalemate, Han Sen decided to fly off in search of the spirit hall.

The shelter was very large, but at the speed his transformation allowed him to travel, locating it would not take long at all.

Han Sen's blood-wings burnt everything in their path, and if he wished to look inside buildings, he simply sliced the roofs of houses off.

Han Sen's gleeful destruction of the shelter infuriated Holy-Sword Emperor all the more, and while the spirit tried to pursue his feathery nemesis, he could never catch up.

After a few miles of flying, Han Sen found a hall which contained a peculiar statue. In its chest was a sword-shaped spirit stone—undoubtedly Holy-Sword Emperor's, Han Sen thought.

Delighted with his quick discovery of it, Han Sen made his way over.

A look of shock came over Holy-Sword Emperor's face, and realizing he had no other option, he brought out the item he had taken from the treasury vault. He said, "If you won't allow me to live, then we can die together."

Han Sen paid no heed to what was spoken. With the spirit stone directly in front of him, he wasn't willing to give it up now.

Holy-Sword Emperor, seeing no change in Han Sen's course of action, destroyed the item in his hands.

The item was black, and it was shaped like an egg. Upon breaking it, something came out.

It was like a black liquid, and it gushed out from the remains of the impossibly small, egg-shaped item. Quickly, it began to dye the entire hall black.

"The spirit stone is mine!" Han Sen suddenly saw black, as if something had turned off every light in the world.

This was unexpected. Even in the darkest of nights, Han Sen could see fairly well. He tried scanning the vicinity but found nothing. Strangely, he then began to feel something pulling his body.

When Han Sen regained control, he was able to see clearly again. He was still in front of the statue, as if nothing had changed.

But when Han Sen raised his head, he was frozen.

Han Sen saw a giant face in front of him that was bigger than the palace itself. It smiled as if it were a Buddha.

But its facial features most certainly weren't like that of a Buddha. It was a woman's face, curtained by long, delicate strands of hair. The woman's face looked as if it could swallow Han Sen whole at any second.

Strangely, though, it wasn't alive. It was just a statue, one that had been made from copper.

Han Sen tried not to think too much of its sudden appearance, so he leaped back up and grabbed the spirit stone before doing anything else.

Holy-Sword Emperor, seeing his stone taken, stood there saying, "I was going to try and grab Xie Qing King, too. But you have been a thorn in my backside for as long as he has. You will do. See you in h\*ll, squirt."

After that, Holy-Sword Emperor's sword gleamed before his body exploded in a haze of light.

The moment he exploded, the spirit stone shattered in Han Sen's hands.

All Han Sen could present was a wry smile, as it had been a while since he had last seen a spirit kill itself.

All of a sudden, Han Sen's figure returned to that of a human again. He floated upwards to get a look at his surroundings. Judging from what Holy-Sword Emperor had told him, nothing good looked set to happen.

When Han Sen reached the sky, his face became glum at what he saw.

A large portion of the shelter had been torn away, as another part of the shelter was lifted into the sky by the statue's hand. The statue was unbelievably massive.

And now, Han Sen could what this statue of a woman looked like in full. She was clad in armor, and she possessed wings. A strange light glowed around the statue, with a skirt of black mist around that.

### **Chapter 1071: Devil's Realm**

Han Sen was shocked. The black mist grew to swallow the entire area. Inside, his Dongxuan Aura had been throttled, and its effective radius had been brought down to a mere ten meters.

"What the h\*ll is going on? Where am I?" Han Sen examined the area and stumbled towards the first building he could see.

Han Sen could not make out anything in that mist, but he could see this one building as clear as day. It was visible, and yet it must have been at least one hundred meters away.

Han Sen poked around his current vicinity, but he could not find anything worthwhile in the midst of that black fog.

"I should have waited for Xie Qing King and allowed him to take the spirit stone." Han Sen had gone for the spirit stone first to see whether or not Holy-Sword Emperor would obey him. The spirit had gleefully opted to kill himself, which unnerved Han Sen.

Suddenly, the sound of a baby crying emanated across the black-choked cobbles around him. It was spooky, and it immediately made both him and Bao'er alert.

The red bird was disturbed, too. It tucked its head into Bao'er's clothing, prompting her to say, "It's okay. Don't be afraid."

Suddenly, a monkey with wings appeared before them through the darkness. It was veiled in a shroud of deeper black, and it did not look too different from the super creature they had encountered in Holy-Sword Shelter.

As it came closer, Han Sen was able to sense that it was different, though. This one was only a sacred-blood creature.

Han Sen pulled out his Phoenix Sword and spared no time in swiping it against the monkey's claws. Effortlessly, they were sliced off, squirting inky blood.

The monkey was aggressive right off the bat, so Han Sen had to react accordingly. Following its bloody nail-cutting, the monkey then tried to lunge forward and capture Han Sen in its fanged mouth.

Katcha!

Han Sen swung his sword again and lopped its head off.

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

"This must be the same type of monster I saw back in Holy-Sword Shelter. I've unwittingly stepped into another realm of sorts, but I can only suspect it to be a place Holy-Sword Emperor himself has been in before. And if he was able to come here and later leave, I should be able to do the same." Han Sen mulled his current predicament in his head.

Brother Seven once told Han Sen that one of the creatures of Holy-Sword Shelter swore allegiance to Holy-Sword Emperor because it had been saved, once upon a time.

Now that Han Sen thought about it, he guessed it might have been that monkey.

Han Sen returned his attention to the statue before him. He reevaluated it, and came to the conclusion that it wasn't a jolly woman as he had initially guessed it to be.

The ears of the humanoid statue were pointy, and she had wings and a tail that ended like an arrowhead. It looked like the common depiction of a devil or succubus.

Han Sen tried to contact Moment Queen for assistance, but he was unable to. This told him that this location was not ordinary and getting out would be a trial.

He fingered the Dragon Blood ring and summoned Dragon King. Dragon King was weak, and when he spawned, he appeared as nothing more than a scrawny little dragon that hovered in circles.

“My power fades every time you summon me,” Dragon King said, but then said nothing more. His attention had been immediately snagged by the statue in front of them.

Dragon King exclaimed to Han Sen, “Dmn it! Why are you here?”

“I’m interested in knowing where here is, first and foremost.” Dragon King seemed to be familiar with the location, which was good news for Han Sen.

“Get out of here. You must go at once!” Dragon King pleaded with worry.

“How? I don’t know how to leave,” Han Sen explained.

“What do you mean you don’t know how?” Dragon King was visibly panicked, and he swiftly moved on to ask, “Then, how did you get here in the first place?”

Han Sen explained the events that had transpired in Holy-Sword Shelter, and what had led him up to this point. When he was done with his story, Dragon King looked surprised.

Dragon King was no longer able to speak in hushed tones, it appeared. Again, he shouted, saying, “That \*sshole is cruel. He used a Devil Orb to send you here. Oh well, I guess we better get comfy and await our inevitable deaths.”

“He used a Devil Orb? To send me here to this... what would you call it? Devil Realm? What is so special or unique about this place, exactly?” Han Sen asked.

“Special?” Dragon King shook his head and prepared himself to explain. “Back in the day...”

Dragon King’s speech was abruptly cut short by some unknown force.

“Back in the day, what?” Han Sen asked.

“Look, you just need to know the danger you’re in. This place harbors countless creatures, ones that are all hungry. There are also cracks in this dimension,” Dragon King explained more succinctly.

Han Sen smiled in response, saying, “You do know we are both in the same boat here, yes? By helping me, you’re helping yourself get out of this mess. If you’re hiding something from me...”

Dragon King seemed to ponder something for a moment. When he was ready to talk again, he said, “This is Ancient Devil Emperor’s Shelter. There was once a war, and one consequence of it was a shattering of the dimension. For some reason, the creatures in this place grew stronger and leveled up. Even in my prime, I would not dare venture here.”

“Someone fought this Ancient Devil Emperor so hard that this was the aftermath?” Han Sen asked in shock.

Dragon King eyed the surroundings and said, “This is the entrance of the shelter. Scale this statue that’s in the image of a devil-woman, and after a hundred-thousand stairs, you will be inside the shelter in full. Unfortunately for you, the stairs have been destroyed.”

## **Chapter 1072: Devil Fang**

“What was the Devil Orb you spoke of?” Han Sen asked.

“Ancient Devil Shelter possessed a tree, cultivated by an emperor. The tree itself was simply named ‘Devil.’ If it bore fruit, it would have been able to create demonic dimensions. Unfortunately for Ancient Devil Emperor, he was unable to find success in this venture.”

Dragon King paused briefly before resuming his speech. He took a deep breath and explained, “This Devil tree was destroyed during the war, but the wood of the tree splintered to form little Devil Orbs. When destroyed, these Devil Orbs contain the power to transport others to this Devil’s Realm.”

Han Sen was disappointed, learning the orbs were a one-way ticket.

Again, though, he heard the distant sound of a baby crying. It was exactly the same as what he had heard earlier.

Dragon King also heard the noise, and he told Han Sen, “Devil Fangs have found us. They remain in a constant shift of mutations. They could be super creatures; we should go!”

Han Sen asked, “Go where? Can we reach the shelter that is high above?”

“Of course not; that is where the super creatures reside. Who knows how strong they have become?” Dragon King preached.

“Then where in the sanctuaries can I go?” Han Sen asked.

Dragon King did not know where they could go, either. There were cracks everywhere in the fabric of this dimension. They couldn’t just flee senselessly.

When a dimension gets distorted or twisted or broken, going in one direction could leave you going in another.

Dragon King caught sight of a Devil Fang racing out from the black mist, but much to Han Sen’s relief, he was able to gauge its strength as being only sacred-blood in class.

Suddenly, a dozen more raced out of the black. Their ravenous, hungry maws snapped towards Han Sen.

Dragon King swiftly returned to his ring, but he couldn’t be faulted for this. He really was in a state of weakness, and he’d have been unable to deal with a single one of the fiends, most likely.

Han Sen drew Taia and Phoenix Sword and remained as fearless as ever. With Bao’er and the bird atop his shoulders, he ran forward to greet the monsters.

When a sword cleaved its way through a Devil Fang, green blood gushed from the fleshy crevices. Using Double Fly, Han Sen was able to effortlessly slay four of them. The rest weren’t waiting around, though—they were still coming.

Even when Han Sen hewed the limbs of the creatures off, they still wriggled their way forward for a taste of his fresh meat.

Green blood started to form a pool around Han Sen, and the level rose the more he killed.

After killing a dozen of the Devil Fangs, their numbers were replenished with a greater sum that lurked in the darkness out of sight. Now, another fifty sought a taste of the human.

But Han Sen was unfazed. He carried on fighting as his clothes became drenched with the green blood. Even Bao'er's face had been splashed with the stuff, which made her quite angry.

Not happy with the constant soaking, Bao'er brought out her mini-gourd and pointed it towards the monsters.

The group of Devil Fangs that remained were immediately frightened by its power of suction, and they tried their best to scramble away to safety.

But it was useless, and they were each and all sucked into the gourd.

A few dozen Devil Fangs were sucked into the gourd in nearly an instant. Others that were thinking of taking their fallen brethren's places now had second thoughts, and they elected to stay away.

Han Sen was delighted, as it had been a while since he had received Bao'er's support. He kissed her and said, "Good job! You make daddy proud."

"I am good," Bao'er said, with a smug grin.

"You are the best." Han Sen looked to the Devil Fangs he himself killed. Then, he got a fire going so he could cook them.

Han Sen was starving after all the fighting, so now was a good time to cook and eat. While he ate, he could also mull his predicament and figure out how he might leave the realm.

Devil Fangs were ugly, but the meat appeared similar to beef. So, they at least looked tasty. Han Sen cooked it to the accompaniment of a mouth-watering sizzle.

Bao'er sat down near the fire, watching as the meat slowly roasted.

"It'll be done in a sec." Han Sen wielded his makeshift cookery like an artisan. He seared the meat perfectly, and a tantalizing aroma rose under his expert hands.

He brought out a crate of salts and spices. With a sprinkle here and there, the energizing scent deepened, and it got their tongues wagging for a taste.

"Devil Fang meat consumed. Sacred Geno Points +1."

After Han Sen took a bite, he heard the announcement and was happy. He looked over to Bao'er and the bird, and saw them nibbling and pecking with delight at a portion of the meat.

After eating a slab of the meat, Han Sen was full. But Bao'er and the bird were able to consume five slabs.

Devil Fangs continued to howl, out somewhere in the darkness. They were too afraid to come any closer, but still, Han Sen thought it was rather strange for him and his companions to dine comfortably with danger not too far away.

He had managed to get four sacred geno points from the meal, which placed him at the number seventy. Soon, he believed, he'd max out the tally in full.

"This might end up working out, after all. I'd say it's a lucky thing, for me to end up here. This realm is full of easy kills, and if my good fortune holds out, I might even be able to slay a super creature, too. Heaven knows I need more of those geno points," Han Sen thought to himself.

The sounds of howling grew closer over time, though. Eventually, Han Sen was able to catch a glimpse or two of the creatures, lurking in the darkness.

But suddenly, that was the least of their concerns. A giant, red Devil Fang came storming out of the black. It raised its blood wings and stared down at the fireside trio.

### **Chapter 1073: Disloyal Knight's Coming**

"A super creature?" Han Sen stood up and set himself ablaze with red fire. He spread his black raven wings and transformed into a gold raven. Then, he immediately flew towards the red Devil Fang.

Pang!

The raven firebird's talons collided with the red Devil Fang's claws to create a sound like clashing metal. The impact of both forces formed a tear in the dimension they occupied.

Han Sen frowned, unable to believe nothing came of his strike. Their strengths were similar, it seemed.

Then, they both went at each other with manic ferocity. Buildings and structures were toppled and destroyed in the midst of their fight, as Han Sen's fire incinerated the realm and fought back the heart-chilling terror the ape sought to inflict.

The Devil Fang bled green and Han Sen bled red, but both were painting the environment in an unholy mixture. Who would win was still up for debate.

The Devil Fang here was certainly stronger than the one they had encountered back in Holy-Sword Shelter. Its mere presence was sickening, and its intimidating behavior was corrosive to one's resoluteness and confidence. Han Sen's gold raven and Blood-Pulse Sutra worked overtime in a bid to fight it back.

Unfortunately, Han Sen wouldn't be able to remain in his shapeshifted form forever, and with the rate he was losing energy, it was only a matter of time before he lost.

Han Sen readied himself to use his super king spirit and slay the beast before anything worse occurred, but suddenly, he heard a wicked noise coming from within his Sea of Soul.



He looked inside and saw that his Disloyal Knight, which had been in the process of evolving for quite some time now, was ready. It was ready to engage battle mode.

“Huh, that’s some good timing.” Han Sen summoned his Disloyal Knight.

The Disloyal Knight was summoned, and like a stoic hero plated in copper armor, it promptly appeared before Han Sen.

The Devil Fang was not swayed by the presence of another fighter, though. It let out another shrill, baby-like cry and ran forward to engage Disloyal Knight.

Disloyal Knight looked cold as it leaped into the air, its black hair waving. Beneath its feet, a halo appeared. It was expanding.

The halo stretched like an arrow, until its farthest end struck the Devil Fang.

No damage was dealt directly, but that touch had a debilitating effect on the Devil Fang. The devilish, intimidating presence that worked like an actual debuff was lessened, and the creature moved at a slower pace.

Boom!

Disloyal Knight’s fists collided against the Devil Fang’s claws, and the winner of that clash was clear: the Devil Fang went flying back a dozen meters.

In the next second, Disloyal Knight teleported beside the fallen Devil Fang and punched the beast repeatedly.

Disloyal Knight’s focus on pounding the Devil Fang’s face was unnerving, and it drove punch after punch of wretched force into the writhing beast that struggled to strike back with its claws.

Han Sen was shocked, to say the least. Disloyal Knight was suffering multiple lesions from the claws that cut against it, but it was unaffected. It maintained its position, driving its fist into the pinned Devil Fang’s face over and over again. Eventually, the ape’s flesh had been pulverized and beaten away, exposing bone to the fierce new barrage of punches.

It wasn’t long until the bones were snapped like twigs. Green blood gushed out of the wounds and coursed over the ruined flesh that had been smashed like fruit pulp.

Seeing the powerful Disloyal Knight put on such a cruel display, Han Sen could not help but feel disappointed. He thought to himself, “Why was Disloyal Knight not a shapeshifting beast soul? That would be amazing. Particularly so, since I could make use of Taia and Phoenix Sword. I’d kill that thug-monster effortlessly.”

Now, Han Sen realized why Disloyal Knight chose not to avoid the scratches it was given. The halo had sapped the Devil Fang of much of its power, and so the attacks delivered upon Disloyal Knight were fairly minor. And the attacks only got weaker, too, the more injured the Devil Fang became.

The Devil Fang writhed and screamed. It got free and attempted to fly off and return to the depths of the black mists. Not keen to let it go, Han Sen flew after it.

The Devil Fang was much slower now, though.

Han Sen struck with his sword and lopped off a whole region of the fleeing beast's flesh to expose the skeleton inside.

"Even its hide was weakened. Disloyal Knight is frighteningly strong." Han Sen was exuberantly happy following Disloyal Knight's performance. Now, he no longer had to fear super creatures.

Devil Fang then came under the brutal oppression of Han Sen's and Disloyal Knight's combined attacks.

The final blow came from Han Sen, who ripped out the monster's heart. He grabbed, squeezed, and pulled it directly out of the creature's chest.

"Super Creature Devil Fang King killed. Beast soul gained. The flesh of this creature is edible, and you may harvest its Life Geno Essence. Consume its Life Geno Essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly."

Han Sen was delighted. He would have been happy just to receive the flesh and Life Geno Essence, but he had also managed to obtain the beast soul.

"I hope it's a flying beast soul. With wings, even if I wasn't a bird, I could still make use of my phoenix techniques and Aero," Han Sen prayed.

The gold raven beast soul was good, but he wasn't entirely used to it yet. It was difficult getting the knack of it, and he always preferred maintaining his human appearance, anyway.

Han Sen checked his Sea of Soul. When he saw what was written, he was... surprised.

Super Beast Soul Devil Fang King: Badge Type

"What is a badge type beast soul?" This was the first time Han Sen had received such a thing, so he had no clue what it was.

Han Sen summoned the beast soul, and a red devilish badge appeared in the palm of his hand. It wasn't remarkable to look at, but it exuded a certain aura of evil.

#### **Chapter 1074: Golden Growler's Evolution**

Han Sen cradled the Devil Fang badge in the palm of his hand, wondering what use it could serve. It did seem powerful, but there was no apparent utility. It could not be used as a weapon, and it was certainly too small to be used as a shield.

He wanted to spend some time researching it, but the red bird was hungry again. It had already flown over to the corpse of the Devil Fang King and begun pecking away at it. Within seconds, it had managed to gobble up an entire arm—bone included.

Quickly, Han Sen ran up to the bird and pulled it away. He was afraid it would eat the Life Geno Essence.

With his Phoenix Sword, Han Sen dug up the black orb from its inside. He was quite excited about this, as it had been a long time since he had last received one.

He cooked some of the flesh, but found it impossible to eat. Humans were unable to consume the flesh of super creatures, but Han Sen always thought it was worth a shot.

Affirming his inability to eat it, Han Sen offered it to Bao'er and the red bird. Bao'er's reaction was similar to Han Sen's; upon having a taste, she threw it up.

The red bird was strangely ravenous. Within moments of being given a leg, it had munched it all and swallowed it.

He didn't want the bird to eat it all, though. Han Sen summoned Golden Growler and Meowth, and bid that they have some to eat, as well.

They really seemed to enjoy it. Meowth paced the bites and ate slowly, whereas Golden Growler stuck his nose in the food and ate like a wild, hungry animal.

It wasn't long before no scrap or morsel of the Devil Fang remained. The red bird ate the most, Golden Growler had a fair share, and Meowth ate the least.

Han Sen wanted to put Golden Growler and Meowth back inside the Sea of Soul after that, but all of a sudden, Golden Growler began to shine like a torch of light. Before Han Sen could do anything, it returned itself to the Sea of Soul.

"Is Golden Growler evolving?" Han Sen was more than surprised.

Han Sen believed Golden Growler was quite a special creature. After Little Angel ate Golden Growler, she grew and evolved quickly. The beast soul Han Sen received was a mountable one.

Mount beast souls could not eat like pet beast souls could, but Golden Growler strangely could. Mount beast souls weren't ones to attack, either; yet Golden Growler did.

Han Sen had been feeding it some good stuff, like the waterdrops, and had witnessed a few changes to its body over time. But they weren't extravagant or immediately noticeable transformations.

After eating Devil Fang King, though, it was as if something had been unlocked. And with this lock having been broken, it was like the creature could now evolve.

Han Sen did not know what to expect from its evolution, or what it would become, but regardless, it was a good thing. He was eager to see the results.

It did not really matter, though. As with Meowth, Han Sen treated Golden Growler like little more than a mascot.

For now, Han Sen chose to leave Golden Growler alone. He simulated the Devil Fang King's energy flow and absorbed the Life Geno Essence.

Han Sen's mood had been repeatedly caught on a snag lately. His Dongxuan Sutra's open gene lock amount was too low, he believed, and this was truer than ever right now, as he was unable to simulate Devil Fang King's energy flow well. This was because Devil Fang King had nine open gene locks, and as a result, the refinement process was very slow.

After an hour passed, Han Sen had only managed to absorb the outermost layer of the orb. He hadn't even been able to receive a single geno point yet.

He guessed it would take an entire month to refine the Life Geno Essence, and that was only if he focused on absorbing it 24/7.

"Well, it's better than nothing." Han Sen was still moderately satisfied.

After packing, Han Sen picked up Bao'er and allowed Disloyal Knight to lead the way. It was high time they got out of there, Han Sen thought, so that was their aim right now.

With Disloyal Knight, Han Sen was no longer afraid of super creatures. If one thought to try its luck against them, he believed they could wipe it out without any trouble.

The black mist was as thick as ever, and it hung in the air like mucus. It stifled Han Sen's Dongxuan Aura, and only allowed him to see ten meters ahead. Every now and again, a Devil Fang would show itself.

Sacred-blood Devil Fangs were supremely easy to defeat, and that was down to the power and precision of his Phoenix Sword.

After eliminating one, Han Sen felt the Devil Fang King go crazy inside the Sea of Soul.

Han Sen summoned it, and immediately, it flew over to the body of the slain Devil Fang.

A black mist then drifted out of the Devil Fang's body and into the badge. Then, it was gone.

Han Sen retrieved the badge and noticed something different about it this time. Inscribed upon it was the number "one."

He checked its information out again and saw there were some changes.

Super Beast Soul Devil Fang King: Badge Type. Devil Presence +1. Collect ten thousand to trade with Devil King.

"What is Devil King? And trade? Trade what?" Han Sen had no idea what he was reading.

Regardless of what it meant, Han Sen now knew the badge had to be useful. He had killed one Devil Fang to obtain one Devil Presence. If the ratio was truly 1:1, then that meant Han Sen had to kill ten thousand of the blighters.

“That’s a crazy grind, but if I keep killing what I see along the way, perhaps I’ll have slain enough.” Han Sen only said this to comfort himself, though. Killing ten thousand of anything was too difficult, not to mention boring.

The Devil Fangs were sacred-blood creatures at the very least, and if they were keen to remain hidden inside the black mist, there was nothing Han Sen could do, anyway.

Han Sen now decided to pin the badge to his chest. Whenever the chance to kill one arose, he would do it. And just like before, the Devil Presence would appear as some sort of dark mist and drift towards the badge to be absorbed.

Han Sen decided to fly around, and after eight hours of doing that, he was able to kill another twenty Devil Fangs. Unfortunately, he had not been able to obtain a single other beast soul.

This got Han Sen thinking: if the Devil Fang King badge absorbed the Devil Presence, perhaps there’d be no beast soul for him to get.

While this was rather lame, he was glad he was still able to eat the corpses. While he couldn’t eat much at a time, he stuffed his face with what he could and moved on from each kill. The bird made sure to grab a mouthful every time one was killed, too.

All of a sudden, though, Han Sen’s face changed. He saw the copper devil-woman statue ahead of him again, and he wondered whether or not he had ended up walking in a circle. But this time, a black shadow stood atop the statue’s head. The presence’s lifeforce looked like a raging bonfire of power, and its magnitude was not too far off of Xie Qing King’s.

### **Chapter 1075: Ancient Devil Bell**

It was difficult to tell what creature sought to confront them this time. It was grey like steel, and its back had a shield that was similar to that of a turtle’s shell. It reached down to its tail, which was shaped like a drill.

The head of the creature possessed a curved horn. The claws were sharp, and they lined up like a vanguard of spears.

Whatever it was, it was sitting upon the head of the devil-woman statue. It looked at Han Sen and Disloyal Knight, presenting a creepy smile.

Boom!

The creature jumped and appeared directly before Han Sen. With its fingers raised, it tried to penetrate Han Sen’s chest and seize his heart.

Disloyal Knight ran up with its halo active and delivered a punch to the creature.

Dong!

When Disloyal Knight's fist came into contact with the creature's armor, his fist was knocked back. It started to bleed with the force of his proposed punch.

The creature on the receiving end had not suffered any pain from the powerful blow.

Han Sen turned into a golden raven once again, but this did not faze their latest foe. It didn't attempt to dodge any attack Han Sen brought against it, and instead, it just continued its attempts to slice and dice him.

The gold raven's talons were incredibly sharp, but they did nothing to the creature. And upon delivering a powerful strike to the creature, he was the one who ended up bleeding, just like Disloyal Knight.

Han Sen was surprised to see that the bulk of the super creature's strength resided in the defense provided by its armor.

He tried to burn the metal of its armor, but the flames had no more effect than a water splash.

The body of the creature was like a hedgehog, and already, they were having trouble touching it.

Although its speed and power were weak, that meant nothing if neither Han Sen nor Disloyal Knight was able to take advantage of this fact and damage it.

If Han Sen was in his human form, he could use his Taia and Phoenix Sword. But even then, Han Sen wagered he'd still be too weak to deal damage. Not even that weaponry would even the odds.

Disloyal Knight, on the other hand, had no weapons. Beast souls were not like spirits, and so they could not make use of beast souls. As a result, Disloyal Knight had to use its fists.

Still, Han Sen decided to return to his human form. He landed atop the head of the statue and watched from above as the two duked it out.

Because the creature had been weakened by Disloyal Knight's halo, the damage it could deliver was not substantial.

Han Sen frowned and observed the creature. He repeatedly scanned it, trying to determine if there was a weakspot he could exploit.

But if there was one, it was hidden well. The armor had multiple layers, all of which were wound tightly around each other. No weapon could manage to fit through the gaps.

Aside from its lack of ranged attacks, the creature was perfect, Han Sen thought. It was a born killer he'd very much fancy.

If Disloyal Knight hadn't deployed its debuff on the creature, one punch from that fiend would be enough to end anyone or anything, Han Sen believed.

It was like a one-man phalanx. The claws were like a wall of lances, whereas the tail was one that lashed from the rear. No shield or armor could withstand strikes from such a front.

While Han Sen was lost in thought, the sound of a bell rung from Ancient Devil Shelter. It startled Han Sen back to reality.

It was not a sharp noise, but it traveled softly and solemnly through the black to reach his ears. He liked the sound, and its ringing made him think of an old monk ringing a bell in some faraway monastery.

When the super creature heard the noise, it gave up the fight and darted back towards Ancient Devil Shelter.

Han Sen was surprised by this sudden shift in behavior, so he summoned Dragon King and asked him, "Dragon King, what is that bell?"

Dragon King remained silent for a moment, with his ears to the sky. When he heard the bell, his silence was shattered by a horrified scream. He shouted, "Impossible! How is it ringing!?"

Han Sen, seeing the spirit behave like this, frowned. He asked, "Just tell me; what is this Ancient Devil bell that's ringing?"

Dragon King stared up towards the shelter and pleaded to Han Sen, "Go to the shelter and be quick about it!"

"Care to tell me what's going on exactly?" Han Sen did not budge. He wasn't going to risk life or limb, acting on Dragon King's empty words. He wasn't the most truthful fellow, after all.

They had just had trouble dealing with a single creature, and Han Sen could not be sure how many more of that power level may have resided in the shelter.

Dragon King himself told Han Sen there were many wretched things residing in that place. Before he acted on his sudden change of mind, Han Sen wanted to know why.

Dragon King said, "Quick! When the bell stops, we will no longer be able to enter. Get moving and I'll explain on the way, but trust me, please. I really don't want to hurt you."

Han Sen didn't entirely believe him, as he used to work for Ancient Devil Emperor. He probably knew a lot more than he was letting on, and there was always the chance he could make use of this knowledge to manipulate Han Sen into being forced to relinquish control of him.

Dragon King was clearly in a rush, though. He said, "It will only ring seventy-two times. Once it has rung that many times, the shelter will close. Once it has closed, we will be unable to enter."

"Then you better explain to me what's up there. Tell me, so I can decide my next course of action," Han Sen said.

Dragon King looked ready to explain, but suddenly, a large group of Devil Fangs flew towards them.

Han Sen's face changed, and so he drew his sword and prepared for another fight. But strangely, they did not stop near him. They flew overhead and went towards Ancient Devil Shelter.

"The Ancient Devil bell is for the Emperor to go to Qi Ling. The bell is a geno treasure. When it rings, it provides a window in which the creatures will not seek to harm any living thing. Trust me on this, now is the time to go. Go before it is too late," Dragon King explained.

### **Chapter 1076: Creature Meet**

Han Sen was wary about the idea of going, but he ended up deciding to do as Dragon King pleaded. He decided to go to Ancient Devil Shelter. He didn't entirely believe Dragon King, but the creatures were indeed behaving strangely at the sound of that bell, and they were all headed in the same direction.

Aside from the Devil Fangs, Han Sen noticed many more creatures heading that way, too. They looked possessed, mindlessly going there.

Han Sen was stuck inside that realm, so he thought he might as well go with them to see what was going on and test his luck.

Besides, Han Sen still had firm control of Dragon King, and he did not believe the spirit could do anything to change that fact.

Han Sen flew towards the buildings, far beyond the black mist, and as he was going, asked, "What is that Qi Ling you mentioned?"

"Unless you were born powerful, most spirits and creatures share the same fate as humans in this sanctuary. They have to practice, train, fight, and learn in order to grow and open their gene locks. Once you have reached your seventh gene lock, though, things become much harder."

Dragon King went on to say, "The Ancient Devil Bell can rinse their souls. While the emperor is present, each time it rings, creatures and spirits benefit immensely. If they have not unlocked seven of their gene locks, hearing the seventy-two bell tolls can result in the learning and opening of an additional two. Above seven? Well, that just depends on your luck."

"That sounds too good to be true. And maybe it is. Why has it not worked on me?" Han Sen scoffed at the thought.

"You are already so strong, and with the distance of the bell, it is no wonder why it has not worked," Dragon King said.



“If it’s useless for me, then why must you implore that I go there?” Han Sen still did not believe Dragon King.

But Dragon King said, “While Ancient Devil Emperor still occupied that place, the ringing of the bell signified he was going to test the genes of others.”

“Gene testing?” Han Sen wasn’t quite sure what he meant.

Humans had technology to gauge the strength and level of people’s genes, but he had never heard of spirits and creatures being able to do the same.

Han Sen then conjured the image of a creepy uncle spirit, bringing a pretty, young spirit to a dark house, saying, “Come, let me examine your jeans.”

“Holy sh\*t! Is Ancient Devil Emperor some sort of pervert!?” Han Sen couldn’t help but speak this out loud.

Dragon King looked confused, and he asked, “Pervert? Who’s a pervert? What are you talking about?!”

“Oh, nothing. Um, keep going. Tell me about all this gene testing...” Han Sen had no idea why he started thinking of the things he just had.

Dragon King then went on to say, “Through an examination, he was able to determine the flaws of someone’s genes. He then provided advice on how to fix any discovered problems and how they might gain greater strength. What’s perverted about that?”

“Nothing. That all sounds good.” Han Sen coughed twice to hide his embarrassment over the outburst. Then, he shuffled the conversation along by saying, “Now that he’s gone, there’s nobody there to run the tests anymore. Isn’t that correct? Why do the creatures still go there?”

“The bell is a treasure. If it wasn’t destroyed in the war, it should have been taken. But it is still there, ringing loudly.” Dragon King was in deep thought.

The bell, by now, had rung almost fifty times. Han Sen was getting close, though, and he could make out the structure and buildings that composed the shelter. It was like a grand palace built atop the peak of a mountain.

There were supposed to be stairs leading up to the shelter, but they had been broken. Only fifty steps of the staircase remained, down near the bottom.

The palace was in poor condition, too. But despite its ravaged exterior, Han Sen could determine how grand and luxurious it must have been, once upon a time.

Many creatures flew past Han Sen, not displaying a single ounce of hostility towards him.

All along the palace walls, and assembled on the palace grounds, were legions of creatures. They all stood still, not making a single noise.

“The Ancient Devil Bell is a treasure of that emperor. Its ringing requires something special. It is not operated via a rope, so it’s not something any person can do. And since all the creatures came here, just maybe...” Dragon King said.

“Maybe what?” Han Sen asked.

Dragon King did not respond, so Han Sen flew high above the shelter. Looking down, he saw a hundred-thousand creatures inside the shelter.

The weakest creatures could only claim a spot on the rooftops, or were relegated to the shelter’s walls. The strongest creatures were the ones closest to the palace.

Creatures like Devil Fangs were situated atop the wall that circled the palace, as they weren’t very strong.

Inside the palace, Han Sen saw six creatures. He saw the armored creature amongst them.

These six were inside the palace and seemed to possess some manner of authority. There was a distance separating them from the other creatures, who all had to remain outside.

Han Sen checked out the other five creatures. One had a mostly humanoid shape, save for its tiger-head, four legs, and wings.

Its body was mostly black, like obsidian, but glyph-like creeks of lava ran across its joints. This monster was holding a greataxe, which was as big as a house.

To the left of this creature, there was a red dog with two heads. The heads possessed horns. One head had one horn, whereas the other head had two.

The dog with two horns breathed ice, whereas the dog with one horn breathed fire.

### **Chapter 1077: Cheating Bao’er**

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

To the right of the tiger-humanoid monster stood a hydra. It was a hundred meters tall, and it possessed four wings. Each serpent head had a horn.

Next to the hydra was a white sheep, whose wool was fluffy like the clouds of the sky.

Back on the left, besides the red dog, there was a man. He was sitting, and there were devil-like wings on his back. He was clad in purple armor, but the wings wrapped him up like a blanket, obscuring most of the details of his form. Han Sen could not see his face, but he already knew the man was not human.

Han Sen did not know this because of the strange lifeforce this figure possessed, nor the wings he owned, but because he had four arms. The additional two came from under his armpits.

It was a humanoid creature with four arms, and each hand held a black sword.

Those creatures, along with the steel armor-clad creature Han Sen had engaged earlier, comprised the line of six inside the palace. There was plenty of space around them, but none of the creatures outside dared get closer.

Han Sen saw a red Devil Fang sitting upon the tiled rooftop of a building, and noted how it looked exactly like the Devil Fang King he had slain earlier. It was most certainly a super creature.

Even it, a super creature of remarkable strength, was afraid to go near the palace. The fact that it kept its distance spoke volumes for how fearsome those inside might have been.

Han Sen landed on the ramparts of the shelter and observed the palace.

There was a stone platform in the middle of the palace. A black bell stood atop it. This was the bell that was tolling, drawing all creatures to the shelter.

Han Sen examined it from where he was, surprised to see how crude and unrefined the bell was. Its making looked coarse, as if it were hastily forged from basic steel. Had he not seen it now, in this setting, Han Sen would not have guessed it was a prized geno treasure left behind by an emperor spirit.

Were it an antique that he had just come into possession of, he'd have tossed it into the trash without a second thought.

Many more creatures were still on their way to the shelter, and when they arrived, placed themselves in a position according to their power. And of course, like before, none tried to join the six inside the palace.

The bell finally stopped tolling, and when it did, the mist that cloaked the area became much darker and much thicker. Han Sen could no longer see the statue they had left behind.

"Dragon King, what is this?" Han Sen asked, after seeing the creatures remain still and unchanged, following the end of the bell's ringing.

"Hang on; do not make a sound," Dragon King whispered harshly.

Han Sen then looked around and noticed many creatures were staring at him.

He immediately stopped talking. He didn't want to risk invoking their ire, for if he were attacked now, survival would be nothing more than a fool's hope.

Bao'er seemed annoyed by something. She leaped down from Han Sen's clutch and used the creatures below as stepping stones she could hop along. She was going directly to the center of the palace.

"Are you trying to get me killed?" Han Sen ran after Bao'er, hoping he could stop her.

"Don't go!" Dragon King's call rung with the sound of shock and desperation.

Han Sen ignored the plight, though. He forced Dragon King to come with him and continued his pursuit of Bao'er.

But Bao'er was too fast for him, as usual. She had successfully hopped across the heads of each creature and entered the palace before Han Sen could catch up.

The six super creatures all looked at Bao'er strangely, and as Han Sen saw all their eyes drift towards her, he couldn't help but think, "Bao'er, you're going to get us killed!"

Bao'er was not afraid in the least, though, and she just waddled towards the white fluffy sheep. When she reached it, she jumped up onto the perplexed creature's back and began to roll and bounce in its fluffy wool.

Dragon King was trembling as Han Sen approached them. He was not terrified; instead, he was utterly infuriated with Bao'er's behavior.

Han Sen had a cold sweat as he entered the palace, and when he was in, he tip-toed over to Bao'er to pick her up,

"I'm sorry. She is a naughty girl, I know. I will teach her better after this!" Han Sen smiled as he chirped an apology before the line of mighty creatures.

Just as Han Sen started to walk back out, Bao'er escaped his grasp again. She swiftly returned to the white sheep's back and said, "Daddy, this is fun!"

His heart began to pound like a hammer on stone. He felt as if he was going to suffer a heart attack before any super creature even had the chance to maul him to death, with Bao'er's insufferable behavior.

Dragon King merely looked depressed, believing it was only a matter of time before the super creatures were angered and decided to murder them.

Then the super creatures who were staring at Bao'er averted their gazes.

Even though the white sheep was being used as a baby trampoline, it only glanced at them briefly.

Han Sen and Dragon King could hardly believe what they were seeing.

Dragon King in particular, who had a far better idea of what such creatures might be capable of, was stunned to see them only look and turn away. Their lack of action confused him.

He had no clue why Bao'er was given such treatment, when even a once-renowned spirit such as himself never had been.

Han Sen was starting to get used to it by now, however. Bao'er was strange, and despite her meddling, she never seemed to invoke the anger of creatures or spirits.

Han Sen wasn't willing to jump on the sheep's back like Bao'er, but he was satisfied enough to learn he could remain inside the palace without being attacked. Eventually, Dragon King's nerves calmed down, and Bao'er went to sleep atop the sheep.

“Is she really your daughter?” Dragon King asked in a strained whisper, not daring to alert the super creatures.

Han Sen was going to answer, but before he could, the platform in the center of the palace began to shine. It shone so brightly, he struggled to keep his eyes open. And then, a strange presence emerged.

### **Chapter 1078: This Is Not My Road**

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

After a minute of blinding brilliance, the light started to fade to a more bearable level. And as Han Sen looked its way, a demonic voice began to boom from within the glow.

Within the light, Han Sen saw the faint outline of a strong man. He was sitting and speaking.

The demonic voice was surreal to hear. It was of a language Han Sen could not recognize, and although that meant he should not have been able to understand what was spoken, he somehow could.

When this light appeared, the attentiveness of all the creatures stiffened. They turned to look at the luminance keenly. They were all like well-disciplined and obedient students at school, and while the scene was a serious one, the sight was not without a measurement of grin-bearing silliness.

Dragon King was in too much shock to speak, and he looked absolutely mortified. Seeing spirits of the dead come to attack would not warrant such fright, Han Sen believed.

He wished to ask what was happening, but Han Sen refrained from doing so. He imagined the consequences could be dire, if he dared disturb the creatures now.

Han Sen then chose to try and satiate his curiosity himself. He perked his ears and tried to listen to what the demonic voice was saying.

The six super creatures, and all the other creatures present, were in a trance-like state as they listened.

The language was a strange one. When Han Sen tried to analyze the form of the words deeply, he could not understand a thing. But when he listened to it lightly, as if it were background music, he could understand it clearly. Every word and its meaning were as clear as a bell.

Han Sen looked towards the light and kept on listening. He was surprised by his own attentiveness.

As he heard the words spoken, he felt a new strength course through his body. If the powers in his veins were like the babbling brooks of a mountainside, they were now comparable to roaring rapids.

Han Sen’s energy combined with this power, becoming one.

Boom!

The Dongxuan Sutra suddenly opened a new gene lock, much to his utter shock.

And that power resided there without lessening. It marched towards the next gene lock.

Han Sen felt two different powers overwhelm him. The light itself was one aspect of this, and it made him feel grossly incandescent. It glowed around him, but it did not enter his body.

The other power came from the demonic language. This penetrated him deeply, and it was like a Qi Gong that drew the exterior power—which was borne on the light—inside.

This strange strength combined with the strength that already resided within Han Sen, and the might of both forces were swift to break down another gene lock.

Han Sen had no clue who was inside that light, who could impart so much power with the glow and a few words, but he was immeasurably thankful. He had oh-so-easily improved his Dongxuan Sutra by a large amount.

Han Sen turned to look at all the other creatures behind him and noticed they too were wrapped in the same glow that caressed him. The creatures behind him were also having their gene locks opened.

With that holy light around them, heaven knew how many gene locks they were opening.

There was no need for more geno fruits or geno flesh, and there was no need for practice, either. Basking in that warming glow and hearing the words spoken was enough to knock down gene locks with ease.

But Han Sen felt something wrong or amiss with this. While the light had been able to open his gene locks, it wasn't in a manner he wished for them to be unlocked.

More and more of that power penetrated Han Sen, and it began to overwhelm his own strength. He was helpless, feeling the demonic influence usurp his own inner-power.

"This isn't right!" Han Sen wanted to stop the power from penetrating him and disconnect himself from it.

But Han Sen could not stop it, and it was within him, dictating his own energy flow.

Katcha!

Another gene lock was opened, and the power was incredibly strong.

Han Sen could feel the power getting stronger and stronger, and while he could still feel the gene locks breaking, he wasn't happy.

Han Sen wasn't the smartest man alive, but at least he was honest. He wasn't one to deny help, but he wanted to command his ascension and progression of power. What was happening right now did not sit right with him.

And it wasn't just that. It was how this demonic power penetrated him without permission that offended him the most. It had come inside and replaced his own power, making his own little more than an add-on. He was not entirely himself.

The power from that light was taking over, and there was nothing he could do to prevent its intrusion.

It was like he had been forced to learn a mathematical equation or formula, and the demonic language in his head taught him how. It was a way to become stronger, and it had indeed worked.

But if he did not learn the core of the formula, his mind would be trapped.

Han Sen no idea how he had become so much stronger in such a short amount of time, but it had happened, whether he liked it or not.

But he still felt it was wrong, and that he would be worse-off by improving his power this way. He had not commanded this ascension and neither had he learned the inner-workings of every gene lock. He mastered his own skills and perfected each step of his progression; that was how he always did things. This could put him in danger.

He was walking along a path someone else had told him to go on, without knowing where he was going and for what purpose.

With the promise of an increase in strength, many would gladly oblige and follow the path.

But Han Sen was different, if not a little stubborn. He wanted to learn the workings of the world himself, and he wanted to understand the core of his strength through his own means. He liked to command his being and his purpose, not have someone else guide and hold his hand.

"This is not what I wanted." Han Sen cast Blood-Pulse Sutra, and with the Dongxuan Sutra, tried to fight back against the power.

### **Chapter 1079: Battling Evil**

With the powers of the Blood-Pulse Sutra and the Dongxuan Sutra, Han Sen tried to suppress and push back the energies that sought to empower him.

Had he continued to accept the light and chant of strength, his powers would have grown and developed even further—but Han Sen did not want to cheat. He did not want things to be accomplished this way.

When the power had almost been pushed out, the person bathed in light on the stone platform turned his attention to Han Sen.

And then, all of a sudden, Han Sen's brain felt as if it had been thunderstruck. The demonic language he had been hearing increased in volume, and it boomed inside his head.

The light broke through his attempts of defense, penetrating the Dongxuan Sutra and the Blood-Pulse Sutra.

It wasn't only Han Sen's Qi Gong and energy that were being warped by this intrusive power, it was his very genes. They were morphing to the will of the light.

Boom!

Han Sen became a gold raven, and in this form, he activated nine of his gene locks. He wanted to leave this area at once.

But even then, Han Sen could not move. He felt physically incapable. He couldn't flap his wings or move his legs.

The light was forcing its way into his blood and bones, wanting to become a part of his very being.

"D\*mn it!" Han Sen was unsure whether this entire offering was a good or bad thing; all that mattered were his principles—the same principles that compelled him not to cheat.

Han Sen had to kick things up a notch, he now acknowledged. With the ignition of all his energy, his hair grew silver and long.

His eyes turned white and his body glowed.

His holy light merged with the intrusive force. In this form, Han Sen could fight back the attempted invasion, but there were still remnant cascades of light rattling around inside him. And yet, try as he might, he could not extinguish or remove these renegade volumes of light.

This was the first time he had encountered a power he could not wholly defeat with super king spirit mode.

A power had to be supremely wretched in strength to defeat Han Sen's super king spirit mode.

Han Sen thought he was now encountering a super creature that had unlocked ten gene locks, and that was why his power was proving insufficient.

He wanted to leave more than anything. But the eyes of that light-bathed figure were still fixed on him, and the gaze felt physical. The eyes were pinning him in place.

The demonic language was deafening, and it began to occupy Han Sen's every thought. The light inside him became thicker, like an abhorrent mucus that wanted to drown him.

The closer one got to the light, the stronger it would be. But now, Han Sen noticed that the overall brightness that surrounded the creature was lesser in volume than his own light.

Han Sen's white light did not cease its battle with the other light, and eventually, it became the more dominant force.



But whatever lack of strength the opposing force might have now had, it made up it with persistence and volume. Whenever Han Sen was able to break a part of the encroaching light, more would simply take its place. It was exhausting work, and Han Sen knew it was something he could not keep up for very long.

Han Sen might have been able to make a run for it in this form, but he feared he'd be attacked if he left now.

It was like he was encountering a hungry wolf. If you fought it, it might end up not biting you; but if you turned tail to flee, it might take advantage of your fear and strike with a deadly attack from behind.

If he was attacked by the monster that did this, Han Sen reckoned he could not survive it. But he also knew he'd most likely die by remaining there.

The power of the evil light felt unlimited in its reserves, and yet, Han Sen's super king spirit mode could only last one hour. And if he did end up remaining in this form, fighting back with such effort for the entire duration, he'd be so weak when it was over, he might not even be able to move.

Han Sen was sweating bullets. He was in quite the predicament, knowing he might not survive whether he chose to fight or flee.

The shattered shards of holy light were mounting, and they were now building up inside Han Sen. Eventually, they would clog his veins.

But Han Sen was determined not to give in. He gritted his teeth and focused even harder.

The creatures all around were uncaring, and they received the light happily. They were addicted, enjoying the light like they were getting their next fix after a long time jonesing. And what's more, this would only end up with them becoming stronger.

With the gene locks of all the creatures behind opening, and the bursts of light that accompanied them, the shelter was obscenely bright right now.

Meanwhile, Bao'er was still asleep on the back of the sheep, holding her red bird.

Dragon King was very much like the other creatures in the area, in that he was merrily accepting the bounty of light. He had more of a reason to, though, as his body had been in an awful state for quite some time. Now, Han Sen noticed, the spirit had recovered a bit.

Han Sen was starting to realize there was nothing he could do, and neither was there anyone else he could rely on for aid. Even summoning Disloyal Knight would have been useless.

The clock was ticking, and Han Sen knew he'd have to decide on a course of action before he ended up dying right there.

But just as Han Sen was about to summon Disloyal Knight, anyway, a black mist flashed in front of his eyes. It was so fast, Han Sen initially believed it to be a trick of his vision.

But after the flash, the light was shut-off and the demonic language silenced.

Han Sen felt the pressure release, and with the accompanying relief, almost collapsed to the ground.

“Let’s go! When they wake up, they will not be happy,” Dragon King said.

Han Sen picked up Bao’er and took off running. He used his white light to try to exhaust the remaining light inside. Unfortunately, the active time remaining on his super king spirit mode depleted, and he was unable to flush it all out of his system. What’s worse, the gross volume of light had ended up crystallized inside him.

Han Sen’s face went pale. He was no longer just weak; the crystallized light was actively hurting him and making his situation all the more dire.

### **Chapter 1080: Crystallized Body**

Han Sen was too injured to fly, so he summoned Disloyal Knight and commanded that he pick Han Sen up and fly him to safety instead.

Han Sen had not been physically damaged, but the light had crystallized his organs, veins, muscles, and bones.

Without the demonic language, the light could not assimilate with Han Sen’s body or leave. It was there to stew and go hard, leaving him in a frightening condition.

Han Sen had not been paralyzed, just made extremely stiff. But what was worse, with his body clogged—something which prohibited the traversal of his energies—he could no longer open any gene locks.

Disloyal Knight delivered Han Sen back to the statue. There, Han Sen frowned and said, “Now that I’m injured, how will you get us out of here?”

Dragon King responded, “I couldn’t, previously. But now that I have absorbed the Ancient Devil light, that has changed.”

“I thought you were one of Ancient Devil’s generals. If so, how did he not recognize you in the palace?” Han Sen was perplexed. Amidst all that he had endured, Dragon King had not disobeyed or betrayed him.

Dragon King said, “If that was truly Ancient Devil Emperor, I can assure you, you would not be breathing. I have already told you once: he has gone to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary. He’s been gone a long time.”

“Then who was that, inside the light?” Han Sen asked.

Dragon King explained, “It must be Big Mara, left behind by Ancient Devil Emperor.”

“Big Mara?” Han Sen asked.

Dragon King said, "Using his own genes, he created a doppelganger. A tulpa of himself, born from a geno seed. The doppelganger is not as smart, but the power is fairly comparable. I am unsure why it is still here, though, having taken the emperor's place all this time. To think it is still conducting these geno tests..."

Dragon King then looked at Han Sen and said, "It may only be a doppelganger, but the light was as real as it gets. Why did you not accept it and become stronger? Instead, you let yourself end up in quite the condition."

"That's personal, and it doesn't matter anymore. You said you could get us out of here. Can we go yet?" Han Sen didn't want to talk about it.

No matter how beneficial the light might have been, it was not something Han Sen wanted. To him, it might as well have been poison.

Dragon King spat out some light, similar to what Big Mara had done.

He took that light, which was thick and creamy, and wiped it on his eyeballs. Then, with bright gleaming eyes, Dragon King said, "By using this Ancient Devil light, I can guide us through the black mist that traps us here. If we avoid the dimensional tears, we can make our way out of Devil's Realm. This squirt of light is the only one I have, so we need to get out now. If this runs out, we won't have another chance."

Disloyal Knight continued carrying Han Sen, and they both followed behind Dragon King. Unfortunately, Dragon King was very slow, so to increase their pace, he hopped onto Disloyal Knight for a ride, too.

The creatures had yet to leave the shelter that was high above, so their journey was not plagued or hindered by any monstrous intrusions.

Disloyal Knight continued at a hasty pace, allowing itself to be guided by Dragon King's directions. Just as his light grew dim, though, they saw a different light up ahead. It was the light of the exit, and so they hurried towards it, relieved to be free of that place.

The sun was bright, and ahead of them was a large, sprawling forest. Looking behind them, all they saw was a black mist.

"That was lucky." Dragon King then sighed. If he had a body, he'd have been sweating all over.

Han Sen asked, "If you were one of those generals, you should have been familiar with those creatures. Why were you so afraid, then?"

Dragon King said, "Afraid? Me? No. Your imagination surely goes places."

Han Sen did not push the matter, as Dragon King clearly did not want to tell him.

They picked a random direction to travel in the hopes of reaching a shelter. If they discovered a shelter, they could find out which region they were in.

Dragon King was one of the eight generals, and now, he was swiftly guiding Han Sen to a shelter.

When they came across one, it was a knight-shelter that looked abandoned.

"I hope the teleporter is still functional," Han Sen said.

"If it isn't, that's okay. We can always go and find another shelter. Following the war, all the shelters in a fifty-thousand-mile radius of us should be abandoned," Dragon King said.

"What happened in this war?" Han Sen asked.

"Um, let's go and see if the teleporter still works, shall we?" Dragon King obviously didn't want to talk about it.

Han Sen dismounted Disloyal Knight and staggered inside the shelter.

He was able to walk, and his powers were still there inside him, he just couldn't make use of them.

Fortunately, the teleporter was in fine condition. Han Sen left Disloyal Knight behind and returned to the Alliance.

Han Sen was unable to use the Blood-Pulse Sutra or the Dongxuan Sutra, so he had to return to the Alliance and heal.

When he checked himself into the hospital, the results of his condition were dire.

Some of his organs, veins, muscles, and bones had been wholly crystallized, and even some of his blood had suffered the same result.

The professional surgeons that examined him said there was nothing they could do for him, and that removal of the crystals was impossible.

If the crystallization had only affected a few of his organs, they could have easily been swapped out, but ninety percent of his body was crystallized. Even his brain had crystallized. If they replaced all the organs, they might as well have built a brand-new person.

## **Chapter 1081: Marriage**

Ji Ruozhen brought in a few demi-gods to check out Han Sen and evaluate whether or not there was something they could do for him, but nothing worthwhile came from their observations. The crystals were firmly lodged in his body and had become a part of him. The demi-gods were strong, and even though they could have broken the crystals, destroying them would mean destroying the organs. And destroying the organs would mean killing Han Sen.

A few days later, a middle-aged man came to see Han Sen with Ji Yanwu.

Ji Yanwu, from what Han Sen could immediately see, respected the man he had brought with him a great deal. And although he didn't say a word, Han Sen could tell who this person was.

It was Luo Haitang, the Godslayer.

After Luo Haitang examined Han Sen, all he did was sigh and leave. He never returned after that.

Many people came to know about Han Sen's poor condition. Although the specifics weren't widespread, it was common to hear people whisper about Han Sen having suffered an unfortunate accident. The wounds Han Sen had incurred were so grievous, not even the legendary Godslayer could fix them.

Han Sen wasn't in any danger of dying, and his condition wouldn't have been a big deal had he been an ordinary person, but Han Sen was Han Sen. And without his powers, Han Sen was useless. He felt useless.

Many people came to visit. Some came kindheartedly, to see if they could do anything or, at the very least, express their condolences. Others just came to see if what they had heard was true: the great Han Sen had fallen.

No matter what they thought though, Han Sen did not give in to sadness. He wasn't going to abandon hope of recovery because he had a solution of his own.

He might not have been able to open his gene locks, but he could still make use of his super king spirit mode. With that, he himself could remove the crystals slowly over time.

Because the crystals were a part of Han Sen, they had to be removed bit-by-bit, slowly. It would take a long time for this crystallization process to be reversed; a very long time.

Han Sen actually had another method of fixing himself, and that was to use the demon language he had learned while in Devil's Realm. If he spoke it, he could heal and improve his body quickly.

But of course, Han Sen still preferred to get rid of it the slow way. He wasn't going to immediately fix himself, if doing so allowed the light to change him.

"What a shame." The Zhao family feigned sadness over the entire affair. But obviously, behind the scenes, they mocked Han Sen.

The Zhao family and Han Sen had much bad blood between them, so it was only natural for them to feel this way. Their history was an ugly one, after all.

The people who were genuinely close to Han Sen, though, who believed he could not recover, were incredibly upset over what had occurred.

"Handsome." Wang Mengmeng and Wang Yuhang came to visit Han Sen one day, and when they looked at Han Sen, they did so with red eyes. Evidently, they had been crying their eyes out upon learning of his condition.

Qin Lan, Yang Manli, Tang Zhenliu, Lin Feng, Lin Beifeng, Su Xiaoqiao, Liu Meng, and Huangfu Pingqing all came to visit him, over time. Even Ning Yue came to visit.

Ning Yue did not say much, given the circumstances, but before he left, he said, "Recover soon, yes? Without an opponent as formidable as you up and about, this world seems rather dull already."

Han Sen smiled and responded, "You can always buy me a drink sometime."

Queen also came to visit Han Sen. She didn't stay long, though. All she did was slap Han Sen's forehead and swiftly leave.

Even Han Sen was confused by this behavior, and after she left, he nursed his forehead and mulled why she had acted that way.

Many more people came to visit Han Sen, and it warmed his heart far more than he thought it would. He was delighted to learn he had so many friends who genuinely cared for his wellbeing.

Han Sen's mother, Luo Lan, did not sound worried at all, though, upon learning of his affliction. She even had the gall to say, "Perhaps this means you can stay at home and make some babies for me. I've been waiting a long time for a grandson."

Han Sen could only present her a wry smile after this, not fancying himself as a baby-making machine.

"Don't you need to work?" Han Sen asked Ji Yanran, who came to visit and was peeling an apple for him.

Ever since what happened, Ji Yanran had practically moved into the Han household to look after him.

"I retired," Ji Yanran said.

Han Sen was shocked to hear this, and said, "I thought you wanted to be a captain! There's no need for you to worry about me."

Ji Yanran looked at him and said, "You owe me a wedding. You still owe me a proper proposal. Have you forgotten about how terrible your first was?"

"No..." Han Sen answered.

"Give it to me now." Ji Yanran demanded.

"But now I..." Han Sen wanted to say he was planning to give her a better one, once he was healed.

"You need someone beside you 24/7, and I want that person to be me." Ji Yanran was firm in this stance.

"But I..." Han Sen didn't want Ji Yanran to waste her life and career by nursing him.

"You owe me. And besides, the psychic said if I don't marry this year, it's best I wait another ten years. And I don't want to wait ten years before I get married!" Ji Yanran pleaded.

"Yanran..." Han Sen held her, thinking her kindness to be immeasurable. He was so touched, he felt he'd have to spend his entire life trying to repay her sacrifices just to be with him.

Han Sen proposed and they got married. The wedding ceremony was simple, held between close family members and friends. Once it was done, they became husband and wife.

After their wedding, Ji Yanran opened an aircraft company on Planet Roca. Han Sen spent his time researching hyper geno arts.

He could not practice hyper geno arts at this time, so all he could do was research them. Bai Yishan taught him much, but he also spent time studying ancient languages to help him practice the Dongxuan Sutra in the future, amongst other things.

Han Sen confirmed what he wished to research, opting not to learn about the more famous hyper geno arts or the hyper geno arts that were applied to the use of weapons.

He researched the powers of the Coin Toad. He wanted to make it a hyper geno art.

Han Sen didn't want to just make it any hyper geno art, as it currently was. He wanted to make the low tier coins even more powerful, so they could match with high tier gene locks.

### **Chapter 1082: Reaper**

Every once in a while, Han Sen activated his super king spirit mode to purge what little of the crystals he could.

The process was painful, in addition to being slow. He could only chisel it away bit-by-bit, and removing it all seemed like it was going to take a few years.

But Han Sen did not waste all this time in the Alliance. He still visited the sanctuary to consume food Disloyal Knight collected on his behalf, so he could improve his sacred geno point tally.

Disloyal Knight hunted in the forest, but primarily did so inside the Devil's Realm, where there were sacred-blood creatures in abundance. By doing this, the Devil Fang badge was able to gather many Devil Presences.

Han Sen was unable to fight, but his weapons were not wasted.

The hardest part of this entire period of his life was not removing the crystals. It was the part where he had to make babies. He and Ji Yanran worked hard at this, but still no pregnancy came. In the meantime, they used Bao'er as a way of practicing being parents.

One year after this entire misfortune befell Han Sen, a scientist called Fulie announced he had discovered a way in which Life Geno Essences could be refined.

After much testing, it was deemed safe and was widely used. And following this discovery, humanity officially entered the super gene era.

It was only a matter of time before they figured out a method, but still, they had done so a little faster than Han Sen had expected.

Humans who wished to refine a Life Geno Essence had to use a geno fluid that was attuned to the same element. Although it was not half as simple as what Han Sen had been doing all this time, it was good progress.

People in the First and Second God's Sanctuaries were now able to make use of Life Geno Essences, but killing super creatures in the Third and Fourth God's Sanctuaries was still proving too difficult.

It was a good thing for humanity on the whole, however, as this new avenue of ascension would make killing super creatures and super spirits a more accessible feat.

Han Sen was not just looking for super geno points, though. That was basic knowledge now, as far as he was concerned.

Although Han Sen had not accepted the powers given to him by the Ancient Devil light, he had been victim to a being that possessed ten gene locks. That level of power was what he had been fighting to achieve for all the years he had been in the sanctuaries.

With enough time and fitness, ordinary king spirits could open nine gene locks. But opening ten was a rare feat, and the difference between a ninth and tenth gene lock was incredibly large.

Not many king spirits and super creatures could achieve this, and for humans, the chances were practically zero. Still, humans could become demi-gods and reach the Fourth God's Sanctuary through the Evolution Pool. They didn't have to break through the sanctuary or be invited in, like spirits or creatures were.

While getting there may have been quite achievable, surviving in the Fourth God's Sanctuary was another matter entirely. Very few humans were able to eke out an existence there.

As time went by, the name Han Sen began to fade. People only recalled he was once a person who was considered the most powerful young man in the Alliance.

Even the Luo family had now come to terms with the fact Han Sen was not willing to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra, and cared little about whether he did or did not.

A few years passed, and Han Sen and Ji Yanran had carved out a good life for themselves. Not much work was involved, due to their amassed fortunes, and so they spent much of their time shopping or traveling—oftentimes both.

Han Yan had now reached the age where she was able to enter the First God's Sanctuary, a place that humans had quickly become the rulers of. With their influence and domination of the realm, she was able to grow up and scale the ranks swiftly.

Perhaps it was because of her genes, or the fact Luo Lan had taught her very well, but she was practically a copy of Han Sen.

In a mere two years, she had become the reigning goddess of the First God's Sanctuary. She had even performed well enough to reach the top ten of Divinity's Bout.



People used to refer to Han Sen as a genius or the son-in-law of the president, but now they called him Han Yan's big brother.

Han Sen was incredibly proud of what his little sister had achieved, too.

But soon after, not even that name was widely known. His existence faded from the memory of those in the Alliance.

He had gone into obscurity, returning to nothing but a whisper of an old glory. He and his legacy had become a forgotten relic. One day, though, he thought, he'd return and shock everyone.

On this day now, Han Sen was in the backyard, holding Ji Yanran. There, he watched Han Yan practicing her hyper geno arts.

Han Sen had taught her many things and frequently stepped in to instruct her, but today, something bothered him. His soured face was plain to see, so he stood up.

Ever since what happened, Han Sen had been unable to use Dongxuan Aura. And because of this, he had been unable to get a true sense for Han Yan's power and observe what she had learned.

But his abilities were now finally starting to return, as the remainder of the crystals were almost fully purged from his body. Today, he could see her clearly.

"Why are you practicing the Falsified-Sky Sutra?" Han Sen knew the Asura Sutra and the Falsified-Sky Sutra were practically the same, and he understood why his mother had not wanted him to learn it.

It seemed as if, after the Luo family's failure in converting Han Sen, they were back to their old tricks but with a different target: Han Yan.

"No! This is the big Luo skill from Saint Hall. It's not the Falsified-Sky Sutra. I can't believe you could make such a mistake." Han Yan laughed.

Han Sen was shocked. He understood now, and thought, "The Luo family don't give in, do they. I can't believe they're dirty enough to resort to such tricks."

### **Chapter 1083: The Origins of the Falsified-Sky Sutra**

That night, Han Sen spoke to Luo Lan alone.

She seemed to know already, and she said, "It's too late now. When the Luo family started learning the Falsified-Sky Sutra, I knew it'd never stop."

Luo Lan sighed and went on to say, "I thought by hiding, and obscuring your lineage, I could provide my children with a better life. A good one. I never wanted you to suffer or be burdened with things you should never have had to. I was foolish to expect the Luo family would drop this matter after you refused to learn; foolish to believe they weren't so desperate, that they were even willing to get a woman, who didn't even possess the same surname, to learn it."

“But I don’t understand, Mom. Why are they so insistent on us learning it? And if Little Yan learns it, will she be in danger of any kind?” Han Sen asked.

If the concern of the Falsified-Sky Sutra only applied to him, Han Sen wouldn’t inquire about it. But if it was going to affect his sister, he wanted to know as much as he could.

It concerned Han Yan’s safety, and that was of the utmost importance to Han Sen.

Luo Lan looked at Han Sen, and Han Sen met her gaze. He had to know what danger could potentially face his sister. He was not going to let her deal with something so scummy and sly without knowing all the facts.

“If you are not willing to explain, then I’ll ask the Luo family myself,” Han Sen said.

Luo Lan then told him, “That would be pointless. Since you are now unable to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra, they won’t tell you a thing.”

“Then I’ll destroy their family; how does that sound?” Han Sen proclaimed.

Luo Lan merely sighed in response, saying, “That would be pointless, too. Nothing can be done for your sister right now, as she has already learned the skill. This is all my fault, though, and I accept that. It was stupid of me to not anticipate their desperation, and expect such an arrogant man to go so far as to teach an outsider. All by a trick, too.”

“How did this even happen?” Han Sen’s blood was boiling, but he did not want his mother to learn how angry he was.

Luo Lan looked at her son for a while, and then she said, “The Falsified-Sky Sutra didn’t always belong to the Luo family, you know.”

Han Sen was shocked to hear this. Everyone in the Alliance believed the Falsified-Sky Sutra belonged to them, and them alone. For Luo Lan to confess it was not theirs was big.

But then, Han Sen recalled the Asura Sutra. If his mother was willing to elaborate, he hoped she would.

“Our ancestry dates back to a time when we were little more than interstellar thieves and space pirates.” Luo Lan continued to speak without Han Sen having to prompt her. He was as surprised as he was glad.

“Interstellar thieves?” Han Sen did not expect the origins of a now-high class family in the Alliance to rest in such a sordid history; one that revolved around theft and piracy, as his mother was suggesting.

“Humanity has existed in the universe for a long time, but the Alliance has not always been here. And in the early days of space travel, humanity had to rely on the shura for space-faring,” Luo Lan explained.

“What? Are you suggesting that the Falsified-Sky Sutra was stolen from a shura king’s tomb?” Han Sen was shocked.

“Yes. It was a skill that was originally developed by the shura, but for some reason, it was hidden inside a tomb. No other shura has learned it, as far as I know. And remember, shura kings can only visit the tombs as a final pilgrimage unto a place of rest. They only go there when they are on the precipice of death. Even if they learn the secret there, inside the tomb, it’s not as if they can leave and inform the others. There is no return for a dying shura king,” Luo Lan was not holding back.

“Why would it even be there?” Han Sen asked.

“The person who stole the Falsified-Sky Sutra did not know, either. But he did, after having learned it.”

Han Sen did not say anything more, and just allowed her to speak.

Luo Lan said, “That Luo family member was so very smart. His intelligence was what allowed him to sneak inside that tomb in the first place. We were weak during that time, and on a whim, if they so fancied, the shura could have destroyed humanity with ease. Regardless, after taking the sutra, they translated the shura text with the aid of a few captured shura and forced them to learn it. These kidnapped shura ended up dying. And upon their deaths, they immediately withered into skeletal husks.”

“Soon after, they tried getting humans to learn it. The shura may have died, but no ill fate befell the humans who learned it. We could learn it, but they could not, it seemed. That being said, the powers the translated text suggested we could wield were not at all like the real skill. We were weak and the skill’s powers were low. That was, until a person...”

“Who?” Han Sen asked.

“It was an eight-year-old girl.” Luo Lan paused for a while. When her desire to speak returned, she said, “The little girl came across the Falsified-Sky Sutra mistakenly, when it was originally meant to have been given to her father. She tried learning it herself, and was successful. She was able to wield the Falsified-Sky powers with alarming proficiency.”

Han Sen’s heart leaped in his chest, and so he had to ask, “What was this girl’s name?”

For a moment, Han Sen had thought it might have been Zero. But the timeline didn’t add up, so he dropped that consideration.

“Her name was Yu Mushuang, and she became the initial thief’s wife.” Luo Lan’s face looked strange, and she went on to say, “She was a mix. Her father was human and her mother was shura. Perhaps it was the mixed shura bloodline that allowed her to learn it.”

“Only descendants of her blood were able to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra in its truest form and purity, with its entire power. Unfortunately for the disciples of that sutra, we no longer interbreed with the shura. The blood has thinned, and the powers lessened as a consequence. If it wasn’t for the Sanctuaries, amplifying our powers, the sutra would be a forgotten memory and nothing more.”

“Humans can’t achieve the heights of what the skill is possible of, and shura die when trying to learn it. Only a mix can perfect it. Why?” Han Sen asked.

“I don’t know, and it has been a subject of much discussion within the ranks of the Luo family. No one has been able to yield an answer thus far. They have since tried to capture more shura and force them to learn it, but the shura continue to die.”

### **Chapter 1084: Luo Family’s Secret**

Luo Lan had spoken a lot, all to explain to Han Sen where the Falsified-Sky Sutra had come from. He still had many lingering questions, however, and one of those was why the family was so insistent on them learning it.

Luo Lan continued to explain. “It is because the blood of the shura has thinned a lot since then. There was an argument in the Luo family, suggesting they interbreed with the shura again and revitalize their blood. Others were, of course, against the idea. We are humans, and that’s what they believed we should remain. Hybrids were not necessary. It split the family in two. Those who wished to keep the family as purely human remained in the Alliance. The others went off to live with the shura.”

“Really? Who has gone there?” Han Sen asked.

Luo Lan then spoke dimly, saying, “This is the Luo family’s greatest secret, one that cannot be shared. If I told you, the Luo family—you and Han Yan included—would be doomed. We still possess the blood of shura in our veins. It may be light, but it’s still there, and others may not take the volume into consideration were this to become known. It’s why I have never told you anything about this before.”

“And in regards to the names of those that went to the shura, and who leads them, that is classified even for me. I have no idea. Your great-grandfather was once drunk and did mention their leader being incredibly handsome and let slip the name or title of someone called Yu Shura.”

“That’s weird. Isn’t that the same name as the current queen of the shura?” Han Sen had a wry smile.

Luo Lan said, “The Luo family does not want the Falsified-Sky Sutra to fall back into the hands of the shura. If it did, it could be used against humanity. So, when Yu Shura left, he only learned the first half of the Falsified-Sky Sutra: the half you have. The second half is another secret, mind you. After your great-grandfather, there was no other heir for its learning. That was why they believed it was imperative for you to learn this sutra.”

Han Sen was starting to understand quite a bit, and he thought these elucidations were brilliant. These revelations also explained to him why the Asura Sutra was longer than the Falsified-Sky Sutra—it was the complete version.

“Yu Shura’s mixed heirs were far stronger than those who decided to remain in the Alliance. It wasn’t until we found the sanctuaries that we could grow and accelerate our development by collecting geno points, and later reclaim a position of greater strength than those who left. And if you’re worried the

mixed ones can enter the sanctuaries, you needn't be. Just like the genuine shura themselves, the mixed cannot enter."

Luo Lan further went on to say, "The Luo family members that left to be with the shura, though? Don't concern yourself with them. They cannot be considered relatives anymore, and beyond that, they don't even look like humans. The Luo family will never provide them the second half of the Falsified-Sky Sutra."

"As for the secret I mentioned, it is not to be mentioned to any outside the Luo family. Something occurred, and both the Yu Shura and Luo families agreed on not allowing anyone else to know. But, every ten years, the Luo family will send their strongest to battle against the strongest champion of Yu Shura's family. If the Luo family ever loses, they will be forced to hand over the second half of the Falsified-Sky Sutra. Your great-grandfather is the only one who has learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra in its entirety, so if anything ever happened to him, it'd be best if they had a replacement. If he died, the Yu Shura would get it. That's why the family wanted you for the longest time."

"Aside from me and Little Yan, aren't there any other viable candidates for them to teach?" Han Sen asked.

Luo Lan said, "Your grandfather always desired strength. It consumed him, and he pushed and pushed until he fell in the sanctuaries. When I left the family, there weren't any geniuses like him left."

"Why don't I just destroy it?" Han Sen said.

"I have always thought that would be the best solution, so this entire matter could be just dealt with. But your great-grandfather is too arrogant to dare do such a thing." Luo Lan paused, before continuing to say, "But now that your sister has learned it, the Yu Shura will find her if something happens to your great-grandfather."

"So, it is because of his foolish pride that my sister has to fight the Yu Shura every ten years? Does he have no consideration for others? Is this the cost of his pride?" Han Sen was appalled.

"It does not matter now. It is too late." Luo Lan looked regretful.

"Let me go to the Luo family and destroy this skill. Let pride be d\*mned and the fighting adjourned," Han Sen proclaimed.

Luo Lan believed Han Sen to be kidding, at first, but she said, "She has already learned it. Doing that won't turn back the clock. Let's just hope she can become a demi-god before your great-grandfather dies."

"I'm not waiting around, twiddling my thumbs and hoping for the best. I'll handle this. I won't let her get hurt on the account of some foolish old man." When Han Sen said this, he thought to himself, "Nothing is more important than my family. I'd rather give the Asura Sutra directly to Yu Shura, before letting my sister fight them needlessly."

Han Sen returned to the sanctuary for the first time in years. But this time, he was not Han Sen. Now, he was Dollar. For his time there, he couldn't risk others finding out he was no longer crippled. Dragon King knew the location where they left off, and with Disloyal Knight there, there would be no need for him to fight much, anyway.

Han Sen met up with some humans who had entered that place a couple of years ago. He saved them as Dollar. In return, they gave him information regarding where they were.

Han Sen then took off towards a human shelter that had developed outside of that realm. For a ride, he summoned Golden Growler.

Golden Growler had only just finished evolving a few months prior, and it was as strong as any super creature of the Third God's Sanctuary could be. As good as this was, however, it hadn't opened any gene locks.

Over the next few months, Han Sen had managed to get the Golden Growler to open three gene locks. It'd still need to open another six to reach nine, if it wanted to really compete, though.

Fortunately, Han Sen only wanted to use it for a ride right now. It was incredibly fast.

When he reached the outskirts of that empty, forested land, he was not far off from the shelter he was headed towards. But all of a sudden, he started to hear screaming. Then, he saw a strange light.

Han Sen frowned. That area was not unlike where the shelter was supposed to reside, according to those humans.

### **Chapter 1085: Dollar Falls from the Sky**

Su Xiaoqiao was feeling down in the dumps that day. He had managed to max out his sacred geno points in the Second God's Sanctuary and was sent to a royal human shelter in the Third God's Sanctuary. While this may have been fortunate, it was a pleasure that was short-lived. In less than a year after his arrival, creatures had come to conquer the place.

Outside of the gate, a ten-meter-tall monster stood. It had two heads and six legs, and its body was like a grossly inflated marble. When he first saw it, and the accompanying wretches, he felt terrified.

He had only been in that sanctuary for less than a year, and in that time, he had only been able to consume ordinary and primitive flesh. To face creatures such as that, at his level, the chance of survival was slim.

Needless to say, Trench Shelter was doing poorly. The monsters attacking had been dubbed "Raging Beasts," and the one in the lead was a sacred-blood class creature. The others it commanded were not as strong but were still fairly powerful. The weakest of the footsoldiers were primitive, whereas none exceeded mutant class.

With its gene locks open, the supreme Raging Beast clobbered the walls of the shelter. With each thud, the bricks of the shelter's composure shook. Each quake was more violent than the last, and all the humans inside mournfully accepted it was only a matter of time before the entire ramparts were brought down.

And once those walls came down, there'd be nothing separating the humans inside from the ravenous maws of the hungry creatures baying for their blood.

A few elites had leaped down to meet the assaulting creatures and battle them there on the plains, but it wasn't long before the shelter-anchored, non-fighters were forced to listen to a chorus of moans and screams. It hadn't gone well for the elites, that was for sure.

The bodies of the creatures had proven too tough for the weaponry the elites wielded. They had quickly discovered they would have to aim for the eyes of the creatures if they wished to deal them harm. If a strike landed elsewhere, nothing would come of it.

In the heat of battle, though, aiming for the blinking eyes of a horde of tall beasts was incredibly difficult. And as such, they did not fare well. With their armaments and magical abilities not being able to deal damage to the very bodies of the creature, things were dire for the fighters, right off the bat.

Pang!

The Raging Beast brought its raging fists down against the walls again, but this time, it successfully penetrated the stone. Brick and mortar were sent flying in a dizzying plume of dust.

"F\*ck!" Su Xiaoqiao was on the wall as that occurred, and he fell all the way down to the ground. A brick had whacked his face during the tumble, and blood poured from his nose.

Realizing there'd be no time for a visit to the infirmary, he knew he'd have to stay strong. So, he did his best to disregard the searing pain and instead raise his bow back up. He took aim and began firing arrows, just as he had been.

Dong!

The arrow hit a Raging Beast's face, but it pinged off the thick hide—he had failed to strike the eye.

Su Xiaoqiao fired another arrow, and this second effort was actually a success. The arrow found its target and plugged itself deep into the eye of the rampaging monster. The leading creature reeled back in pain, letting out an earth-trembling groan as it unwittingly fell back onto the army behind it.

That was Su Xiaoqiao's final arrow, though. And upon noticing his empty quiver, all he could cry aloud was, "Why must these giants have eyes no bigger than beans?!"

Su Xiaoqiao threw the bow aside and summoned a spear, hoping he could leap up and spike the eyes of the monsters in melee combat.

And thus, he went into battle. The screams of agony, from both humans and monsters, was his soundtrack. With the clatter of steel and the tearing of flesh, with the lashing of blood and the breaking of bones, a symphony of war played in accompaniment to his charge.

But the valiance of his charge was cut short by more tremors. The ground shook violently, and the volume increased rapidly. It got worse and worse.

Another Raging Beast was approaching the battlefield. But this one was thirty meters tall, and its body was entirely black like hard obsidian.

“Berserk sacred-blood Raging Beast is on-approach!” Zhao Long’s face turned grim, as he made the call-out. He was the leader of the shelter.

Trench Shelter had barely been able to hold strong against a mere few of the Raging Beasts. While the battle had been arduous, and the many lives had been lost, the hope of victory had never departed them. But now, with a berserk sacred-blood beast on the way, things had never seemed so hopeless.

The berserk sacred-blood Raging Beast did not heed the attack of any human, and it walked directly up to the gate of the shelter like a battering ram.

Zhao Long flew up towards it, and with a spear imbued with the airborne-fire of a thousand lightning bolts, threw it towards the advancing wretch.

Like a bolt of lightning itself, the flight of the spear was instant.

But the berserk sacred-beast creature was not as lumbering as its appearance suggested, and it hastily managed to duck and avoid the spear striking its eye. It pinged off the monster’s forehead and went spinning a few hundred meters away like a ricocheting bullet.

Zhao Long’s face turned ugly. Even had he missed the eye of the beast, he had hoped he could still deal damage to it. That was his strongest skill, but it had yielded nothing. Unhindered, the berserk sacred-blood Raging Beast continued its approach towards the shelter’s gate. Giant footprints on the ground were left in its wake.

The humans who were still along the crumbling ramparts fired arrows as fast and as furiously as they could. And while the barrage of arrows came in like rain, they seemed to be as damaging as raindrops to the monsters, too.

Any hope of salvation was now lost to the humans, and they watched in fear as the Raging Beasts pounded the shelter. The gate would be broken into splinters any second now.

That gate was a floodgate, and once it was down, it really would lead to a flood of countless hungry monsters. But their concern did not just lie there. The entire structure of the shelter had taken a significant wallop, and it was weakened. Soon, many spots on the walls would come falling down.

With their morale hitting rock bottom, they could no longer even muster the courage to fight.

The monsters were extremely excited in comparison, and the spirits of the filthy beasts were clearly raised with the approach of imminent victory. They pounded against the walls and gates harder, stomped their feet, gnashed their teeth, and licked their lips. There were so many tremors, it felt as if the entire earth would be torn asunder.



The humans knew they had been too weak to withstand such an assault. They knew their efforts to maintain control over Trench Shelter against such a horde of beasts had been a foolish endeavor.

“Everyone! Return to the Alliance!” Zhao Long gave the order to return, as he alone remained fighting. He hoped to buy the rest of his people time so they could escape.

The surviving elites fell back but did not leave. They wished for as many others to evacuate before they themselves did, as well.

Su Xiaoqiao felt terrible. He saw the horror and despair in his compatriots, but he knew nothing could be done to help save the day.

And if they left, he knew it was extremely unlikely they’d ever return.

“Coins!” someone shouted. When Su Xiaoqiao heard this, the extinguished fire in his heart was relit. He asked, “Coins? Is Dollar here?!”

Su Xiaoqiao did not see the enigmatic figure himself, but he did see a number of coins raining down from the sky.

### **Chapter 1086: That Really Is Dollar**

“That really is Dollar!” Su Xiaoqiao exclaimed in shock. He had no idea what had just happened, but the landscape of battle had immediately morphed.

Coins scattered across all the Raging Beasts, peppering them.

No one knew why the coins were there, though, or what they would do.

But in the next second, silence filled the shelter as everyone stared across the battlefield with eyes wide and mouths agape.

Boom!

When those coins landed on the monsters, they all toppled and fell to the ground as if they had been crushed under an immense weight.

It happened to every single Raging Beast, even the sacred-blood class variant. They all fell down and squealed, under a phantom distress and inability to rise.

“What is this? What’s happening?” Zhao Long wasn’t sure what to think right now, but the sudden turn of events had definitely left him surprised.

The same could be said for all who witnessed what was occurring. They all looked at the toppled creatures in disbelief.

The berserk sacred-blood beast was the only that hadn't collapsed. It screamed to the heavens, defying the weight that sought to bring him down.

But suddenly, a bright white light in the sky appeared. It was a humanoid figure with long white hair. Inside that warm glow, this person looked like an actual god.

He was clad in armor, and as he drifted down towards the monster, a coin was wedged between two of his fingers. Then he fired it out at the monster.

Everyone watched the coin plant itself on the beast's forehead.

Immediately after this occurred, the giant crumpled and fell.

At the same moment, the beast's body began to crack like an egg. As if it was suffering immense pressure, it began to break apart. From the web of cracks, blood began to ooze.

Boom!

The berserk sacred-beast was entirely crushed by an invisible force. It was crushed down into a lumpy mound of bloody, sloppy jelly-meat.

For a single coin to utterly annihilate a creature in such a manner was insane, and the people of the shelter believed it to be the work of a god.

"You are Dollar!" Su Xiaoqiao exclaimed to the white shadow that had appeared and saved them.

He could not see his face, but he had a feeling that it was him.

"Su Xiaoqiao, ah! It is nice to see that you are here, as well." Han Sen was happy to see a friend of his had reached the Third God's Sanctuary.

Su Xiaoqiao was delighted at the response he received, and he said, "You remember me? I've been here almost a year! It is so good to see you again."

Everyone looked at Su Xiaoqiao differently, following this.

It was an incredible glory, to have yourself personally recognized by someone like Dollar.

"I thank you for saving us. I am Zhao Long from Angel Gene," Zhao Long interrupted the two, speaking proudly.

"Dollar." Han Sen's response was short, but he then went on to say, "The rest of these creatures will remain pinned to the ground for another twelve hours. I suggest you get rid of them soon."

After that, the white light that surrounded Han Sen amplified, and in a blinding flash, he disappeared again.

The longer he used super king spirit mode, the longer it would take for him to recover. Because of this, he did not wish to linger too long.

He was only there to check out the shelter. He had not expected to arrive in the midst of a massive battle and be forced to save the humans there, who were on the verge of failure. With the need for haste, he transformed and decided to make use of the coin skill he had researched and developed during his time away from the sanctuaries.

Han Sen was incredibly satisfied with the performance. It wasn't as effective when he cast multiple coins at once, but it could only improve from its already-stellar performance. Han Sen knew he was his own toughest critic.

But he put all his strength into the final coin and came away surprised. He knew it'd be powerful, but he never expected it to be that effective.

Han Sen wasn't too worn out after his return, since he didn't spend much time in super king spirit mode.

He couldn't return to Trench Shelter right now, so Han Sen turned around and returned to the barren lands.

Dollar's appearance at Trench Shelter was a hot topic, and news of the escapade quickly became viral. His glorious return was a water-cooler news item for people all around the Alliance. The news spread even quicker, when it was learned a number of prestigious characters were saved by Dollar's appearance, like Zhao Long from Angel Gene.

For a single coin to crush a berserk sacred-blood creature, everyone was ravenous to guess how powerful he might have become.

A lot of people had believed Han Sen was the enigmatic Dollar.

But now that he was a cripple, as it was believed, they did not think him to be Dollar anymore.

It was not too uncommon for people to max out their super geno points now, but the first person to do this was Ji Qing.

In the First God's Sanctuary, slaying super creatures wasn't all that difficult. So it didn't come as much of a surprise to learn she was the first to do this.

The Ji family, as proud as ever, made sure to announce this to the Alliance. They were more than happy to add another notch to their already-prestigious belt of accomplishments.

Everybody knew about super bodies, and Ji Qing's was called Sword-Soul. It increased the owner's skills with a sword.

After Ji Qing's achievement, everybody put a heightened focus on training their super body. With Angel Gene Fluid and pet pills, many super bodies were created. Everyone's was different, too.

The super body received depended on their bodies and genes. If they practiced with the fire element, they'd receive a fire super body, for example.

## **Chapter 1087: Crazy**

Killing super creatures in the Second God's Sanctuary was a far more difficult task than killing super creatures in the First God's Sanctuary. Very few humans were able to max out their super geno points there, before proceeding to the Third God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen hoped more humans would come into possession of a super body. If humans wanted to conquer the Third God's Sanctuary and become more than free-range slaves, they'd need this strength.

Han Sen had been fortunate his Dongxuan Sutra was able to refine Life Geno Essences. That was how he had been able to max out his super geno points, but because he wished to keep its existence a secret, he had been unable to announce the fact he had already maxed out his super geno points long before anyone else did.

He wondered whether a super body was based more on genes or fitness.

Han Sen had practiced the Dongxuan Sutra, the Blood-Pulse Sutra, and Jadeskin. They were his holy trinity, and the super body he had was a super king spirit body.

What he didn't know was whether it was the skills in his possession or his fitness that had influenced this.

Bao'er was currently asleep on Han Sen's belly while he read the news. Ji Yanran was at the nearby table, working.

Suddenly, Han Sen's communicator rang.

"I'll take this out there," Han Sen said. He placed Bao'er on the sofa, and then he stepped out into the yard with his communicator.

He answered the call and was greeted with Lin Feng's face.

"Long time, no see." Han Sen said hello.

Lin Feng was the formal sort, so he got right to the point. "In four days, the four families are having a meet and greet again. This time, the focus is on surpassers. I hope you will be able to find the time to join us there."

"What is the point of me going to a shindig like that?" Han Sen was not interested in meeting any more Xue, Wang, Ji, and Lin family members than he had to.

In particular, he was not keen on those of the Xue family. And if he went there, and they picked a fight, he didn't want to engage.

"It will be held on the grounds owned by the Xue family. There is a problem." Lin Feng wished to explain more to Han Sen before he dismissed the entire notion.

"What problem might that be?" Han Sen asked with meandering curiosity.

“Someone in the Xue family has gone mad,” Lin Feng said.

“Aren’t they all just a bunch of nutjobs?” Han Sen snidely remarked.

Lin Feng ignored this and continued to explain, saying, “If any-old commoner goes mad, it’s no big deal. But this is a demi-god we’re talking about here. His name is Xue Yi Qing, and he almost destroyed his family.”

Han Sen was not expecting this, and his eyes immediately widened. He asked, “Really?”

Han Sen thought there really had to be a problem with the Xue family. For one of them to go on a rampage and kill others of his own family, that really was bonkers.

Lin Feng said, “Fortunately, when it occurred, the Lin, Ji, and Wang families were there to stop him.”

“What happened?” Han Sen asked.

“Well, it seemed as if he himself knew he was going to go insane. Concerned, our elders went to talk to him. But by that point, he had already snapped. He was stopped, but only after killing a few people.”

Lin Feng paused for a moment, and then went on to say, “Then, we discovered his journal. It made mention of there being a problem with Jadeskin, and it had the potential to drive them all crazy. It already does, a little. He said he had to figure it out before the entire family was driven insane. According to him, the higher the tier that is learned, the higher the potential for turning into a lunatic.”

Han Sen was shocked to hear this, as he had learned Jadeskin, too.

“Did they find out what was wrong with Jadeskin?” Han Sen asked.

“Not yet. It is known that Jadeskin is a hyper geno art stemming from the Frost Sutra, something that belongs to the Xue family. We all want to bang our heads together and figure out what the problem is. It’ll be a big meeting, with this bout of lunacy at its center,” Lin Feng said.

Lin Feng knew Han Sen had been researching hyper geno arts with Bai Yishan in recent times. There was a potential that Han Sen had learned something useful.

The Frost Sutra was a secret to most, so only important people were able to go to this meeting.

“In that case, I’ll definitely come,” Han Sen said.

Han Sen did not use Jadeskin anymore, but he was still concerned. He feared it might have been some ticking timebomb, and if it was, he’d like to have it disarmed as soon as he could.

The Frost Sutra was undoubtedly the best Qi Gong in the four families, but it was owned by the Xue family. And only they were able to learn it.

If he was able to get a deeper understanding of its inner-workings, he wasn’t going to miss that, either.

Han Sen had learned many Qi Gongs over the years, and he had spent much time learning and studying hyper geno arts. There really was a fair chance he could elucidate or at least figure stuff out for those attending the meeting.

The Frost Sutra was able to unlock ten gene locks, but Jadeskin could only go as high as nine.

After the conversation between Lin Feng and Han Sen was over, Ji Yanran approached. She knew about the upcoming meet but believed it had nothing to do with them.

Regardless, Han Sen asked Ji Yanran to ask her family to reserve a spot for him. They quickly approved a position for him there.

The Xue family wasn't hiding anything anymore. Something grave was potentially plaguing every member of the family, so they needed to figure out the issue before things became any worse.

Their position in the family foursome had weakened considerably after their demi-god lost his sense and started mercilessly killing people. So, they needed outside help. They could now see that they couldn't manage Jadeskin or the Frost Sutra alone, and they desperately wanted the help of the other families.

Ji Yanran was uninterested in the meet, but she was going to be too busy to attend, anyway. Han Sen met up with her relatives alone and went to the meet with the Xue family.

"I always knew something was wrong with them. I'm surprised to see it really was Jadeskin. Still, I'm just happy I didn't end up like Xue Longyan," Han Sen thought to himself as he traveled in the spacecraft.

"It seems I might find out what the issue is, once I get to see the actual Frost Sutra," Han Sen thought.

#### **Chapter 1088: Simple Version of the Frost Sutra**

After meeting with the Ji family, they went to the planet where the Xue family resided.

The planet was snow-white, unsurprisingly. It was covered in ice, and the only season was winter. The temperature never left the negative end of the thermometer, and it was considered a hot day whenever it reached the heights—or lows, if preferred—of minus ten degrees.

"Ugh, weird. Why in the sanctuaries do they choose to live out here?" Han Sen looked around.

Ji Hailan responded, saying, "Their hyper geno art requires frosty air. This place is perfect for them."

Han Sen was comfortable with the Ji family and was still in their good books. No one ever said anything mean or spiteful regarding the condition of his body.

Eventually, the surpassers of the three other families arrived. They had all gathered there to research hyper geno arts, as they were all strong.

The Xue family's position had weakened. They were the best, once upon a time, with the strongest elites amongst them.

But with things crumbling, they had been somewhat humbled. Their arrogance had actually receded a little, but still, there was always a certain unpleasantness that surrounded them like a bad smell. People of the Xue family were never, and seemingly would never, be the sort that were easy to get along with.

They all gathered inside a modern building, but unfortunately, there were no radiators. No one complained about it being too cold, though, as most surpassers had resistance to that sort of temperature.

Han Sen sat in the room he was provided, and soon after, a knock sounded on his door. It was Lin Feng.

“Come in!” Han Sen swiftly welcomed him inside.

Lin Feng said, “If you aren’t too tired, let’s go to the training room.”

“Can we?” Han Sen asked.

“Everywhere has been opened up for us. We can go wherever we please. The training room has a simplified version of the Frost Sutra, too. We still need to wait until later, when everyone has arrived, to hear the complete version, though.”

“Let’s go, then.” Han Sen grabbed his coat.

Lin Feng had been to this place once before. Han Sen hadn’t, so he didn’t know what to expect of the training room, and he wasn’t sure if he should have been surprised to find out it was an ice cave.

It was minus one hundred degrees in that cave, and Han Sen found it difficult to imagine how the newbies trained there.

After following down a hallway that skirted the training room, they reached a room. In there, it was even colder. There were many platforms for training.

In the middle stood a stone carving, and etched into the rock was a simplified version of the Frost Sutra. This was Jadeskin.

A dozen people were there, looking at it. They were comprised of people from the Lin and Wang family. There were Xue family guards around, too, protecting the place.

Han Sen read it a few times, and acknowledged it was the same one he had learned from Xue Longyan.

“If this has caused them issues, then I should expect the same,” Han Sen worriedly thought to himself.

Han Sen asked Lin Feng, “Might it be their geno fluid that brings about the problems?”

Han Sen did not use geno fluid when he learned this. So, there was a difference.

Lin Feng answered, “Good thinking, but a few professors have already researched the geno fluid used. Apparently, it isn’t a harmful substance.”

Han Sen frowned, not being able to think of any other reasons why it could cause an issue.

“If you don’t know anything, then keep your mouth shut and don’t talk crap. We wanted to bring in elites to sort this out for us, not some useless cripple,” a Xue family member arrogantly commented.

Everyone there knew Han Sen was disabled, so when they heard him suggest it might have been the geno fluid, one of them just had to say something.

“I can’t fight, but I do research alongside Bai Yishan. I have researched Qi Gongs and hyper geno arts intensively; it’s my profession. You guys wanted the Frost Sutra to be researched, did you not?” Han Sen calmly responded.

Han Sen knew the people of that family were all a bit loco and volatile, so he did not wish to spur the comments into a catalyst for an argument or fight. He allowed the Xue family member to speak what he wished to.

The Xue family member did not reply, though.

“Have you found anything out yet?” Lin Feng asked Han Sen.

Han Sen answered, “From this thing? I don’t see an issue. Perhaps I will learn what the issue is upon seeing the complete version.”

“In that case, we’ll be stuck in this icehole for another two days.” Everyone took the matter seriously. And if they couldn’t sort out what the issue was, there’d no point in any of the families learning it.

They wanted to sort it out almost as badly as the Xue family. The skill was very beneficial, so they didn’t want something like that to go to waste.

Back in his room, Han Sen asked, “Can you provide me a sample of their geno fluid?”

“That shouldn’t be difficult. If they are to reveal the skill itself, I’m not sure this would be something they’d mind, either,” Lin Feng said.

Han Sen returned to his room and contacted the Xue family. Not long after, they delivered what he had asked for.

Han Sen opened the door and saw an ice-cold woman standing outside. She looked so pretty, but also so severe.

Chapter 1089: Why Would It React?

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

The woman looked at Han Sen with eyes that were sharp like stabbing stilettos.

Han Sen was not a person who was easily intimidated, so despite her heart-chilling presence, he was able to smile and ask her, “Are you here to deliver the geno fluid?”

The woman did not answer Han Sen. She only stood there silently. But just as Han Sen was going to repeat his question, she spoke. What she said surprised him.

“You have learned Jadeskin, have you not?” The woman asked.



Han Sen was taken aback by this, but he maintained his cool and feigned cluelessness. He told her, "Me? How could I have learned Jadeskin?"

The woman replied to this, saying, "Where you learned it does not matter to me, but if you can solve this problem that plagues our family, you will be handsomely rewarded."

"I haven't learned it, but that's why I'm here. I'm here to help." Han Sen would never admit it.

The woman then provided Han Sen with a bottle and a few documents, telling him, "This is Jadeskin's geno fluid and formula. If you have any problems, feel free to give me a call."

"What's your name?" Han Sen asked.

"My name is Xue Feiyan," she answered. Then she walked away.

Xue Feiyan believed Han Sen had learned Jadeskin, which made him feel uneasy. He had no idea how she had managed to find this out.

Before Han Sen could shut the door and retreat to the studies he wished to compose, Ji Hailan appeared. He immediately blurted, "Oh! Have you been cheating on Yanran? You naughty-devil you. Hitting on Xue Feiyan, are you? You must have a thing for ice caves. Tell me how you were able to seduce that woman's icy heart or the next thing I do, I'm calling Yanran!"

Han Sen merely gave a wry smile, answering, "I didn't even know her name, and neither did I know she was a lady of the Xue family. She was here delivering the geno fluid and formula."

Han Sen then showed Ji Hailan the items he had just received.

"D\*mn! The Xue family's got their ladies running around like postmen? Well, if she's the one making the rounds, I'm going to go call for some, too!" Ji Hailan looked disturbingly excited.

"Uncle Hailan, is she a person of much renown?" Han Sen asked.

He was still reeling from the fact she knew he had learned Jadeskin.

"What? You have no idea who she is? She's the prettiest person on this ice-ridden rock. Sometimes, I find myself questioning whether or not you're actually a man!" Ji Hailan had a genuine suspicion Han Sen was gay.

Han Sen loved beautiful women, but he was faithful. He had a firm control of what was in his pants, and he would not dare love other women while he was with Ji Yanran. Besides, Xue Feiyan had just exposed his ownership of Jadeskin.

Han Sen's knowledge of her only covered a few shallow grounds. She was pretty, and was twenty years of age. She was the daughter of the demi-god who lost his marbles, and she was a talented fighter.

Xue Feiyan, however, was still in the First God's Sanctuary; she wasn't an evolver yet. Even so, this just added to Han Sen's perplexion. If she was that low in her sanctuary-career, how was she able to tell Han Sen had learned Jadeskin?

Back inside his room, Han Sen no longer felt safe. If the rest of the Xue family came to know that he had learned Jadeskin, things might quickly go awry.

"Running off now would be suspicious, though. I'll just have to keep denying it, no matter how many accusations there are," Han Sen told himself.

Because he hadn't practiced Jadeskin for a long time, and the crazy demi-god was locked up, he thought that none should have been able to tell he had learned it. Evidently, he was incorrect.

Fortunately for him, though, the Xue family was in bad shape and might not lash out. They didn't have as much influence or room for maneuverability with their strained relationships. If the Xue family of today was the Xue family of a few years ago, and Han Sen would have been on the next flight off that planet.

Han Sen then remembered he owned the black beetle. If he had to, he could use that to escape.

He put his hand in his pocket to touch the insect. As he stroked the beetle, it brought him comfort. With that thing, it'd be impossible for him to lose a fight in the Alliance.

With his fears allayed, Han Sen got to work researching. He had no tools, so he simply looked at the ingredient list. He was now well-educated in the crafts of geno fluid, so he knew what he was looking at. This geno fluid was primarily comprised of Yin Force and concentrated elemental ice ingredients.

By all means, from what he could tell, consuming the geno fluid would be good for you. He saw no reason why it would damage or drive individuals insane with rage.

And a single consumption was all that was needed. There was nothing in it to make people addicted to repeated dosages.

The next morning, Han Sen decided to have breakfast with Ji Hailan. The Xue family members that were around the cafeteria seemed oblivious to Han Sen's learning of Jadeskin, as no further mention was made of it.

While Han Sen looked around in suspicion, Ji Hailan went on and on about how it wasn't Xue Feiyan who delivered the items to him, and it was just some crotchety butler.

After they finished their meals, they went to the ice cave. The Jadeskin carving was simple enough for Han Sen to read, not that he had to.

"Was she messing with me? Was she only just guessing?" Han Sen thought to himself.

But the way she had looked at him with those cold eyes made him feel otherwise. She didn't seem like the sort to joke around like that.

Xue Feiyan kicked out everyone who was in the monitoring room and turned her attention to Han Sen.

In her hands, there was a jade stone that looked like ice. Many words had been carved into the relic.

Xue Feiyan rubbed it gently, staring at Han Sen through the camera feed.

“No way. He doesn’t look as if he has practiced Jadeskin. Aside from his skin being supremely smooth, I don’t see why anything would suggest he has learned it. But then, why would the frost jade have a reaction to him?” Xue Feiyan was confused.

Chapter 1090: Frost Jade

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

When the faction was originally split into four families, the Xue family was given the Frost Sutra. The primary reason for this was how well it suited them.

The Frost Sutra relied on yin power and the ice element. Members of the Xue family had a body-type that was comprised of both traits, which made them the best candidates to learn it.

That being said, the Xue family always knew there’d be a problem if they were to learn it. Before the sanctuaries were discovered, humans were weak. And for the Xue family, that meant they could only learn a portion of the Frost Sutra.

Rarely was someone’s emotions affected by its learning back then.

And furthermore, Iceheart was designed to erase the negative emotions that arose from its learning.

But through the sanctuaries, as it was for every other family, they became stronger. And as a result, the effectiveness of the Frost Sutra increased.

But for this sutra, there wasn’t a vertical ascension of power. Something changed with the Frost Sutra, and now, by the time the Xue family themselves were able to notice, it was too late.

Xue Yiqing became aware of this first, but his efforts were insufficient. He failed and went insane before he could discover the cause. It was currently thought that this was because he had reached the highest tier possible of Jadeskin.

Xue Yiqing gave Xue Feiyan the ice jade before he snapped. That stone possessed the original version of the Frost Sutra. The strangest thing about it was that it could react and determine other individuals in the environment that had also learned the Frost Sutra.

This was displayed through a shift in temperature. It reacted by growing colder when in proximity to someone who had learned the Frost Sutra.

Tier was not accounted for in this reaction, though. The drop in temperature was not related to whether it was close to someone with a high-level version of the Frost Sutra or a low-level version. The shifts in temperature just seemed random.

When the ice jade was near Xue Yiqing, it was not as cold as it was near Xue Feiyan, for example.

Xue Feiyan was the one who could make the jade the coldest it could be.

The Xue family did not know what this suggested, and neither did they know the benefits one could receive by clutching the jade.

When Lin Feng and Han Sen visited the ice cave, Xue Feiyan was only twenty meters away from them. This provoked a reaction from the jade, which instigated her confusion regarding its behavior.

The jade only started to react after Lin Feng and Han Sen entered. Keen to find out if it was Han Sen who had caused the reaction, she decided to deliver the items he had ordered to him herself.

The results were quite shocking, in that the reaction was far stronger than she expected.

She had never received such a reaction from anyone else in the Xue family. There would have been no reaction at all if someone had not practiced Jadeskin.

This was how she figured Han Sen had learned the Frost Sutra, despite him not giving any indication.

Aside from his smooth skin, there was no frosted air surrounding his being. Those who had learned Jadeskin, typically possessed eyes tinted by a blueish hue.

Because of this, Xue Feiyan was rather confused. Han Sen looked ordinary to her own eyes, but the jade was telling her otherwise.

Han Sen must have at least learned the first stage of Jadeskin, something which prompted the initial reaction. It remained to be seen how far he had developed, and that was why she came to watch the security feed. She wanted to study Han Sen and learn as much about him as possible, and see if she could discern whether or not he possessed any visible traits of Jadeskin.

“Maybe this jade is simply broken.” Xue Feiyan wondered if the ice jade had simply been mistaken and malfunctioned in some way.

She exited the monitoring room none the wiser, but she still harbored a great deal of suspicion towards Han Sen.

If Han Sen practiced Jadeskin, and he had done so without any of the problems she and her family were suffering from, he could end up resolving the issue. He might have the potential to save the Xue family.

To prevent any further tragedies, she wasn't going to let this go. She herself was determined to find a way in which this entire ordeal could be resolved.

“I have to fight him. If I fight him, maybe I can find out the truth,” Xue Feiyan thought to herself.

She was aware of Han Sen's condition, however. Like everyone else there, she believed he could no longer fight or make use of his energy flows. But even if this was true, that did not mean he had lost his abilities completely. So, through battle, she thought she could discover the truth.

Xue Feiyan had to find a way, and if she was to do this, she'd have to be careful. She couldn't boldly request a match and risk inciting the ire and spite of the other three families. Wanting to battle a crippled person was not in good taste, after all.

She had to devise a clever way in which she could fight him.

Han Sen had no idea what manner of thoughts were running through Xue Feiyan's mind at that point. His mind was currently concerned with only one thing, and that was Jadeskin.

Long ago, when he first learned Jadeskin, he had noticed a problem with it. Back then, though, he had no idea whether or not it was a problem of his own or a problem of Xue Yikuang.

He recalled the time he was robbed of all emotion, and his temper was spiteful towards the silver fox. To calm himself and restore his emotions, he had to use the Dongxuan Sutra to regain control and flush the negative energy of Jadeskin out of his body.

Now that he thought about it, though, he wasn't sure how it began. It had just occurred.

"Whatever it was, I'm sure the Dongxuan Sutra helped sort it out for me. But it's not like I can teach that sutra to the entire Xue family." Han Sen was not charitable, especially when it came to the people that had repeatedly tried to kill him.

After two days had passed, the main event began. The meeting started in the hall where all the families convened. There, the Xue family presented the original version of the Frost Sutra and used a projector so everyone could see it. With that, all saw it clearly.

#### **Chapter 1091: The Original Frost Sutra**

Han Sen observed the Frost Sutra and tried to burn it into his memory. The rest of the onlookers examined the revealed Frost Sutra with fascination as well, but despite its grand unveiling, none were allowed to jot down the text on paper or make any form of recording.

Han Sen believed the other families wouldn't want the Frost Sutra to go public, either. So this was fair.

The text of the Frost Sutra was in an ancient language, something Han Sen had acquired some dexterity with in his time away from the sanctuaries. He could now read most of it.

The Frost Sutra was still not as good as the Dongxuan Sutra, despite the fact they could both unlock ten gene locks. It was immediately apparent how much further in-depth the Dongxuan Sutra was.

After forging a mental replication of what was displayed on the projector, Han Sen then started comparing it with Jadeskin.

Jadeskin was developed from the Frost Sutra. It was simplified, so members of the family could learn it with greater ease. That's not to say Jadeskin itself was shallow or basic, not at all. One would still require much talent and time to become proficient with it.

All members of the Xue family had learned it, and they all did very well. The family was almost wholly dedicated to the sutra, and they were bona fide masters of it.

While they had developed it well over the years, their work was nothing compared to what things would have been like if Bai Yishan or other top dogs had dedicated research to it.

They always could have done this, but it was a part of their pride and stubbornness to keep the Frost Sutra to themselves. They could not even dream of giving it to an outsider.

From what Han Sen could see now, though, there should have been no negative side-effects from its learning.

Han Sen focused his attention on the gene lock part, wondering if the Frost Sutra could indeed allow for ten gene locks to be opened.

It was previously established that while the Frost Sutra provided ten, Jadeskin only provided nine.

“Achieving the tenth tier is extremely difficult, but I do wonder why they only kept nine for Jadeskin and did not push for a tenth,” Han Sen wondered to himself.

An elder from the Wang family echoed Han Sen’s thoughts, as he asked the host of this event, Xue Yufeng, “Why does the original skin have ten gene locks, while its modified variant only has nine?”

Xue Yufeng explained, “It is because the person that did the modifications died. Before he passed away, he had only crafted the ninth tier. No one has been able to reach the ninth thus far anyway, so continuing its development has not been necessary.”

In the past, there were no super geno points, and so it was practically impossible for humans in the Third God’s Sanctuary to reach the tenth gene lock.

When you reached the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, gene locks went into a form of stasis. They calcified and solidified, rendering further advancements impossible. Once you reached the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, you could not develop gene locks any further.

The Xue family’s explanation, therefore, made sense.

So Han Sen paid extra heed to what was written of the tenth gene lock. He wanted to remember the contents of that particular text even more than the rest.

The Xue family members could suffer the negative, loony side-effects immediately upon learning the techniques, though. Whatever the problem was, it had no connection to the ninth or tenth gene locks.

Many people asked a number of questions, but none seemed to concern themselves with the heart of what this entire event was about: the Xue family’s problem.

Other researchers that had come had been stumped and perplexed by the entire issue, and they hadn’t made a lick of progress in figuring out why the Frost Sutra caused the problems it did.

After an entire day of such discussions, nothing came of it. Han Sen wanted to modify the Frost Sutra himself, and see if there were any differences between what he was able to achieve and what had already been achieved.

Of course, that would involve a lot of work. So, as soon as he finished his dinner, he returned to his room immediately. There, he was planning to get started right away.

When he opened the door, though, he frowned. He was alerted to the sound of running water in the bathroom.

Unsure why someone else would be in his room, he double checked the room number. After confirming it to be his, he grimaced in confusion.

“Uncle Hailan?” Han Sen shut the door behind him and continued talking. “Hey, you have your own en suite bathroom to make use of. What are you doing in mine?”

Han Sen had no idea why he would be there in his bathroom. He could have used his Dongxuan Aura, but he chose not to, in fear of catching him in the midst of something disgusting.

The sound of running water stopped. And then, someone began walking through the bathroom door.

Han Sen frowned, acknowledging the footsteps as not belonging to Ji Hailan.

It was a woman who opened the door. It was a beautiful woman with no clothes on.

“Xue Feiyan!” Han Sen exclaimed, in utter shock.

Her skin was smooth like the polished marble of an art exhibit, the natural result of one who had studied Jadeskin.

Any woman could look pretty with skin as smooth as that, but this woman had all the right features, too. She was stunning.

Her long legs ran up to meet with her juicy, bubble butt. Decorating her chest were two heaving boobs of succulent proportions. With her cold eyes looking straight at him, she looked beyond seductive.

Surrounded by the steam of the bathroom, she was like a hot ice cream in the sun. Without reprieve, Han Sen would have liked to pounce upon her and eat her alive.

Xue Feiyan, while naked, still wore a white towel. With her pose, she looked unbelievably s\*xy.

Her boobs were almost fully exposed, with the nipples hiding just out of sight. Droplets of water ecstatically ran the length of her.

“Does my room have the best shower in the house or something?” Han Sen said, smirking as he admired her fine body.

Han Sen had seen many beautiful women in his time, naked or otherwise. Still, he wasn't going to lose his cool by the woman's clear attempt of seduction.

## **Chapter 1092: Almost Got Ruined**

When she saw Han Sen look at her like a hungry black eel, as if she was a whore, she was quickly infuriated.

If she did not need to find out whether or not Han Sen had indeed learned Jadeskin, she would have slapped him already.

She never expected him to admire her like so, after only having had a shower.

No one could reasonably talk with a person suffering from a mental illness, and neither could anyone reasonably talk with a woman that was half-naked in front of them. Right now, both had been combined, though.

She resisted her desire to strike him where he stood, and just pushed him down onto the sofa. She climbed on top of him and tried to smother him with a good tongue-lashing.

But before her lips could connect with Han Sen's lips, he stopped her.

Han Sen smiled and mockingly told her, "Wow, you are stiff! You can't attract men like that. If you pay me, I can give you a proper lesson on how to seduce men."

Xue Feiyan's face was red, thinking her natural beauty would have been enough.

Now she was embarrassed. Seeing Han Sen's horrible face, she pushed his hands away and tried to force her lips against his once more.

"Help! Rape! Help!" As Han Sen called out, his lips were quickly sealed by Xue Feiyan's hungry tongue.

Xue Feiyan was going to spit frosty air into his mouth, once they had firmly connected, but before she could, someone barged through the door.

Ji Hailan entered in a hurry and said, "Who would rape you!? If a man is to be raped around here, it should be me! I'm the handsome one! I'm the one worthy of a woman's criminal conviction!"

Ji Hailan's alarm soon subsided, and then his eyes settled on the exact scene that was before him. There, she was; Xue Feiyan, on top of Han Sen with nothing but a towel. Her lips were planted against Han Sen's lips.

"Let him go! If you want to bully someone with those wicked kisses, I'll be the one to suffer them!" Ji Hailan tore his shirt open as he heroically spoke.

But Xue Feiyan did not even spare a single second in looking his way. She kept her eyes fixed on Han Sen, and then grabbed her coat and ran out of his room.

"Don't go! Please! Bully me. I'll take your man-riding, mouth-munching fury!" Ji Hailan hopelessly shouted.



Han Sen saw him wanting to take off after her, but he quickly put a stop to his behavior. Then he shut the door.

“Try and explain this one, then. What trick have you played on her mind?” Ji Hailan had no idea what was so good about Han Sen, for him to receive so much female attraction.

“I just came home. She came out of the bathroom with nothing but a robe on, pushed me onto the couch, and started smearing my face with saliva in a brutish display of what the Xue family might call kissing! They really are lunatics. Thanks for saving me, though.” Han Sen looked frightened following the ordeal.

“No problem. We’re family, after all.” On the inside, Ji Hailan wanted to slap Han Sen.

He really wanted Xue Feiyan to consider him as the object of her desire. He more than had a crush on her, and it made him mad to hear Han Sen say what he had.

With a righteous face, Ji Hailan said, “In case she returns, I will stay here with you. For, you know... protection. If she comes back, I’ll be your shield.”

“Thank you very much, Uncle Hailan,” Han Sen said.

“Yep, that’s what uncles do,” Ji Hailan responded.

Ji Hailan wanted her to come back all night, but she didn’t show after that.

Han Sen had the TV on. He was perched on the sofa in front of it, but he didn’t pay much heed to it.

“I think she knows I have learned Jadeskin. All she wants is to confirm it.” Han Sen had a clear idea of what she was after.

Han Sen used had Dongxuan Aura to shout and call for help earlier. The rooms were noise-canceling, so his ordinary voice wouldn’t have been heard, otherwise. By using Dongxuan Aura, his voice could breach the room’s audio-negating properties.

That was also how the frosty air did not get Han Sen. Had he not been saved, she would have confirmed the truth she believed she already knew.

Han Sen did find it strange, though. He didn’t believe she herself could recognize it, given her level. And his Jadeskin was different than hers, anyway.

His Jadeskin could not produce frosty air, so that in itself was a big difference.

Han Sen stood up and went to the bathroom, wanting a shower. As he walked, though, he felt his feet kick something. Looking down, he noticed it was some sort of jade stone.

Han Sen picked it up, and he was surprised to feel how cool it was. He also noticed the Frost Sutra text that was written all over it.

Xue Feiyan was naked, so Han Sen wasn’t sure where she could have kept it hidden.

He thought she might have used this to see if Han Sen had learned Jadeskin or not, and had previously kept it in the pocket of the jacket she ran off with.

Maybe in the giant rush to leave, it slipped out.

### **Chapter 1093: The Practice Is Wrong**

Han Sen held it, but not for too long. Before he knew it, Xue Feiyan had barged back into his room. She tried grabbing it, so she could take off hurriedly once more.

She noticed the ice jade had disappeared when she returned home to get changed, and wasting no time at all, she had to return and get it back. She couldn't risk losing the artifact.

"What is this?" Han Sen pulled back his hands before she could reclaim it.

"That's none of your business!" Xue Feiyan lunged forward for it again.

Han Sen kept dodging, all the while Xue Feiyan tried to grab the item. He knew she wouldn't harm him, as that would form an even greater divide between the Xue family and the others.

Even if she tried, she wouldn't have stood a chance of beating Han Sen. Even without using half a morsel of his strength, he'd still be able to defeat her, as she hadn't even reached evolver status yet.

Xue Feiyan hopped onto Han Sen, doing her best to recover the item.

Fortunately, Han Sen's arms were both longer and faster. No matter what she did, she could not get it back.

Ji Hailan returned from the bathroom after having had his shower. What he saw mortified him.

Han Sen was on the sofa, and once more, Xue Feiyan was atop him. She appeared to be riding him hard this time, as Han Sen's face was smothered within the embrace of her boobs. Her hands were clutching his arms in great distress.

"I can't believe it. This is the final straw! Why must you only want Han Sen? Why have you chosen him and not me?!" Ji Hailan could not believe their behavior, and what had elapsed in the time he had only just gone for a shower. There they were, crudely on the sofa.

Noticing Ji Hailan's presence, Han Sen froze. This momentary pause was all that was needed for Xue Feiyan to unleash one final burst of effort to grab the stone and run out of the room again.

Ji Hailan looked at Han Sen before turning to the mirror and saying, "Why? I am so much more handsome. I am a god amongst men, clearly. Girls these days must have no taste!"

Han Sen ignored him and his tears. His mind was scrambling over what had just occurred with the ice jade. Something strange had happened, when Han Sen held it.

While Han Sen was holding it, he felt incredibly refreshed. Whatever the effect it imbued was, it was not one that was at all harming.

When the jade became cold in his hand, he noticed new text form on the stone.

He wanted to read what was written, but the text became blurry.

He noticed it become blurry when she approached him. The closer she got, the blurrier the text appeared. And when she managed to grab the stone entirely, the text disappeared completely.

“They have been practicing the wrong skill. It is no wonder they have been having these problems!” Han Sen thought, as he reviewed the words he had managed to read.

The ice jade was some sort of testing apparatus. When the Frost Sutra was practiced, a person’s energy influenced the appearance of the stone. It showed their tier, but it only seemed to be attuned with the Frost Sutra.

That meant Han Sen had practiced the correct Jadeskin. When Xue Feiyan touched it, though, the text either warped or disappeared completely. That had to mean she had learned the incorrect technique.

“No, that’s too far-fetched. It has to be! There is no way no one has noticed this, after all these years.” Han Sen thought the idea to be ridiculous, despite the clear indications.

But that was the truth, and he knew it. Xue Feiyan could not incite a reaction from the ice jade like Han Sen could.

“I wonder if others are available to activate it and summon a similar reaction? If no one can do what I did... that means the entire family has practiced the incorrect technique!” Han Sen thought this entire revelation was bonkers.

The original Frost Sutra did not say you needed three yin pulses to practice it, yet the Frost Sutra was a yin Qi Gong. Furthermore, the original text made no mention of needing icy powers.

Han Sen thought the Xue family’s issues stemmed from a fundamental problem. The error stemmed at the very construct of the family’s identity. It was so far beneath their own noses, it was no wonder they hadn’t been able to notice where the issue lay.

Without shelters, humans were weak. It was difficult for them to learn high-class Qi Gong’s such as this.

The Xue family had three yin pulses, so their frost elemental power was much stronger than that of other people. As a result, learning the Frost Sutra was far easier for them. But they thought frost was what amplified the skill, despite it mainly being yin based.

Their geno fluid was used to increase one’s yin and frost, when only yin was needed.

They focused on yin and frost, and over time, the amount of frost became too much. It began to affect the family.

When Han Sen practiced, his body temperature only lowered two degrees. That was the way in which it should have been learned.

When he absorbed the frosty air from Xue Yikuang, that was where the problem for him began. Fortunately, the Dongxuan Sutra was able to save him.

The Xue family had started off on the wrong foot all those years ago. They'd been going about this entire thing the wrong way, and if they wanted to fix the issue, it would mean starting again from square one.

It was fast to learn Jadeskin in the beginning, so the issues were not immediately apparent.

Ordinary people, without three yin pulses, would be fine learning it. Having it would be a lot worse.

Han Sen believed this had to be it. The theory fit the puzzle, but he struggled to believe the Xue family would entertain what he would end up suggesting.

### **Chapter 1094: New Jadeskin**

Han Sen felt a great relief wash over him, having figured out the problem of the Xue family. It also meant that the Frost Sutra was safe, and there was no problem if he was to learn it.

The Frost Sutra was not as good as Dongxuan Sutra, of course, but it could still open ten gene locks.

The Dongxuan Sutra focused on opportunity, whereas the Frost Sutra was based on the senses. It also strengthened one's bones. When Dong Xuanzi broke the vacuum, if his body was stronger, he wouldn't have died in the First God's Sanctuary.

The Blood-Pulse Sutra was able to strengthen a person's body, but it focused on your genes and what really lay beneath the hood. Han Sen would have liked to bring Jadeskin up to a similar level, and see what strength benefits he could receive.

The Dongxuan Sutra was already strong, but it wasn't perfect. Jadeskin could only make it better. Han Sen was excited over these prospects, so he got to designing a new Jadeskin.

The meeting continued the following day, but no one was yet to come up with a solution.

Han Sen didn't care much for this. He just went along with the proceedings, and when free, modified his own version of Jadeskin.

Han Sen kept comparing it to the original when he went to the hall. It was nice to get a refresher, but it was also good for him to keep up appearances. He didn't say much during the events, he just studied the Frost Sutra intently each day.

Xue Feiyan, since the manic events of that day, had not come looking for him again. But that didn't mean she had given up on him completely. In the latest meeting, she found a way to drag Han Sen into the limelight.

“Mister Han is a very famous person, no? And he is a student of the renowned Bai Yishan. Perhaps he can elucidate the issue and save our family while doing so?” she proclaimed loudly, with a tone of voice imbued with fake pity.

While she mainly wanted to embarrass Han Sen, half of what she said was true. She did want the issue to be resolved and her family saved, after all. Her family was heading down a long and dreary path; one that would end in their ruin. None could earnestly wish that upon their family.

Although she wasn't a powerful person, her appearance spoke volumes. She was a stunning figure, and many men had made her the object of their desire.

But she was, of course, a typical Xue. She held herself on a pedestal, believing herself to be superior to everyone else. Now, she was speaking as if Han Sen was the only person who could save them. This made others feel fairly bad.

Ji Hailan was, of course, infuriated with jealousy. But Han Sen was his family. Others who felt this way weren't.

“Han Sen is smart, yes. But he is injured and cannot make use of his powers anymore. Your request is too much for the poor sod,” a member of the Wang family spoke.

He spoke softly, but the words were callous. It was a polite way of telling everyone Han Sen was a cripple that could no longer do anything.

Aside from Wang Mengmeng and Wang Yuhang, Han Sen was not familiar with others from the Wang family.

They were not surpassers, though, so they could not join in the discussions. As such, Han Sen did not know this person and could not be spared his cruel spite.

“Wang Lin, don't say that! He is injured, but he is still talented. I am sure he can help us.” Xue Feiyan spoke again.

Han Sen knew he had to speak up for himself. He was going to tell them about his discoveries and plans, anyway, in time. Even with the grudge he harbored against the family.

Han Sen wanted to prevent a lot of people becoming psychotic, as that could be catastrophic. A lot of innocents could die or get caught in the crossfire. He just wasn't sure if he could convince them to take his suggestions seriously.

“I have a solution, but it is likely you won't believe me,” Han Sen finally said.

“Oh, you do? Please tell us!” Wang Lin scoffed.

Wang Lin wanted Xue Feiyan, but that was not why he was picking on Han Sen.

Wang Lin was a hyper geno art modifier himself, and his teacher was a famous professor of a different faction than Bai Yishan. His mentor was an enemy of Bai Yishan, and thus, he held animosity towards Han Sen.

Hating Bai Yishan's student was fairly petty, and he believed himself to be far better due to having a better teacher. He was convinced that Han Sen would just end up wasting everybody's time. If he couldn't come up with a solution, how could Han Sen?

Han Sen had only been in this field for a few years, whereas Wang Lin had been doing this his entire life.

All the families had their own modifiers, as it helped prevent their core Qi Gongs from getting leaked.

"Mister Han, please tell us." Only Han Sen could snare Xue Feiyan's interest, as he was the only person that could get her jade to react.

"I think the Xue family modified the Frost Sutra poorly," Han Sen said, swift and simple. Cut as clean and cold as the ice of their shivering planet.

Everyone was shocked, hearing this. They believed him to be crazy.

"You believe mistakes were made? You know that the Xue family has demi-gods in their ranks, right? How could they not notice a mistake? Or are you implying they are stupid? Or are you going so far as to imply an amateur modifier such as yourself is the only person in this hall, full of experienced modifiers, that is able to notice the mistake?" Wang Lin looked at Han Sen with disdain.

He himself had studied the Frost Sutra and Jadeskin, and while the modifications could have been better, he did not believe there to be anything inherently wrong with it.

Wang Lin thought Han Sen was spouting bullsh\*t, because the young man just wanted Xue Feiyan to like him.

### **Chapter 1095: Standing on a Different Level**

Han Sen understood what Wang Lin was getting at. From the perspective of an average modifier, Jadeskin was correct.

It was as if translating; the general meaning of something could be translated, but much of the context and nuances of a sentence could still be lost. Their views on Jadeskin weren't flat out wrong, just lacking substance.

Han Sen wished to say this as an example, but he'd most likely be laughed out of the room.

If Han Sen had not practiced Jadeskin himself, he would most likely have shared the same opinion as the others. He discovered what he had due to his own practice with the subject of their research.

What Han Sen had discovered was a profound error with the base traits of the entire sutra's makeup, or at least, in the Xue's command of it. The modifications were fine, but the issues were at the core, where no further modifications could reach to correct.

It was like in the past, when humans used to believe it was the sun that orbited the earth. It was wrong, and all the theories that were spun from this belief and ideology were then also proved wrong.

Of course, until it could be proven without a shadow of a doubt, people struggled to believe it was true.

It was a similar situation to what Han Sen was dealing with now, except they were stuck in the belief that the Frost Sutra was established and dictated by the powers of frost. Its modifications and enhancements were all built on the foundation of a profound error.

It wasn't as if Wang Lin was not good enough to see the error, it was just that he saw things differently. Han Sen had an entirely different perspective due to his experiences.

This was also why Wang Lin detested what Han Sen had spoken. He would have been much more patient and willing to listen, if Han Sen had just said the Frost Sutra itself was where the problem lay.

But Han Sen wasn't willing to argue with the snide remarks he had uttered. There was far more at stake than a petty squabble with a snobby modifier. Thousands of people, those of the Xue family, were at risk of becoming psychotic. He had to fix this issue before anything worse happened.

"Li Xinghua is your teacher, yes?" Han Sen asked.

"Yes, he is my teacher." Wang Lin sounded proud, answering this.

Li Xinghua was a demi-god, and as such, held a higher reputation than Bai Yishan.

Their achievements and abilities were rather similar, but the mere status of Li Xinghua being a demi-god made others hold him in higher esteem. On a purely intellectual basis, though, it made no difference.

"Professor Bai has spoken about him a lot. He is the smartest in the Saint Hall, apparently," Han Sen said.

"Of course he is. Everyone knows about his grand achievements in the formulation of hyper geno arts." Wang Lin's pride had turned to stuffy arrogance.

"Indeed. Professor Li's achievements, in the realm of hyper geno art creation, has no equal," Han Sen said.

Wang Lin was supremely cocky and smug now. And as Han Sen continued to compliment his teacher, it was making Han Sen himself seem weak.

Lin Feng looked at Han Sen, knowing something was up, though. Han Sen wasn't the sort of person to speak highly of others so randomly. There was an ulterior motive to his praises, for sure.

Wang Lin, feeling much better, now said, "It's good that you know of your peers, and know your place. And me? I am a professional. I would know if there was a mistake. It is better to not talk at all and make yourself look like a fool, than to speak and remove all doubt. Okay? Just shut your trap and stop ruining your own teacher's reputation."

Han Sen was not angered upon hearing this. And he answered, "You are right."

Wang Lin believed Han Sen had just conceded and was going to stop.

But suddenly, Han Sen said, "You really are not as good as your teacher. Not even half as good. I can't blame him, though. He must be too focused on his own research. How else could he end up with such a sh\*t student like you?"

"You..." All that built up pride and arrogance was brought to a sudden stop. His mind couldn't catch up, and with such a quick turnaround, he felt like he had suffered whiplash.

Han Sen was quick to add, "The mistake is clear to see, and yet, you were unable to catch it? Oh, my. You are embarrassing Professor Li, don't you think?"

"Fine. If you can point out the mistake you claim we have all missed, and we all agree upon your theory, I'll happily apologize. If you are wrong, don't blame me for a triage of insults later." Wang Lin's face was turning green.

"You know ancient languages, don't you? Tell me; can you read this?" Han Sen pointed towards the Frost Sutra on the projector.

"Of course. I can even translate it," Wang Lin said.

Han Sen smiled and said, "Oh, really? I fail to believe that."

Wang Lin then read it all out, adding his opinion as he went.

Everyone thought his hypothesis was great. Every professor was in agreement with what he spoke, and thought he couldn't be wrong.

After his translation, most of the audience felt as if they understood far more themselves.

"Master Han, tell me; did I misspeak?" Wang Lin added upon finishing.

Han Sen sighed and said, "It looks like I was wrong. Professor Li has not neglected his students. It cannot be helped when his students are naturally dumb. I feel sorry for the fact he accepted such a stupid student."

Han Sen considered Wang Lin an enemy now, so he wasn't going to show any mercy with his insults. Furthermore, he wanted to earn Bai Yishan a greater reputation.

"Explain it, then! Otherwise, don't blame me for bullying such a stuck-up cripple!" Wang Lin was infuriated by Han Sen's latest comments.

To this, Han Sen calmly said, "If you can read this all, as well as you say you can, can you point out where it says this is a frost Qi Gong?"



Wang Lin laughed and said, "The Frost Sutra is based on yin and frost."

"I agree with the yin, but tell me where it mentions frost," Han Sen said.

### **Chapter 1096: The Xue Family's Guest**

"Piece of cake!" Wang Lin turned to look at the Frost Sutra again.

But as Wang Lin read, his face began to soften and change. There was indeed a mention of frost, but there was no inherent focus on the element.

"No way!" Squinting his eyes to observe with greater focus, he noticed that the words were phrased in a way that did not support frost as a primary element.

He would have been able to mention the inclusion of frost air in the text, but with so many professionals watching, they'd have been able to tell he was just trying to cover up his own mistake.

Everyone was now aghast at this revelation, and they peered at the sutra in a new light. They noticed the Frost Sutra never explicitly mentioned it was a frost technique.

They always believed it was based on frost due to the Xue family being who they were, and their experience in casting frosty and icy elemental powers. Frost was even included in the sutra's title.

"There's no need to continue. There is no mention of frost being a core component of the sutra, and yet, the beginning of Jadeskin explicitly refers to a combination of yin and frost. It's an easy mistake to make," Han Sen said with a grin.

The Xue family looked at Wang Lin in shock.

Xue Feiyan then asked Han Sen, "So, what is the problem exactly?"

Han Sen told her. "The Frost Sutra is a yin and soft Qi Gong. The actual presence of frost has nothing to do with an expertise with the sutra. The Xue family possesses frosty powers and three yin pulses. Your frosty talents made the Frost Sutra produce a frost energy. This is what led to a misunderstanding in the first place, and this is what has affected your bodies negatively."

"The geno fluid increases your yin and frost element. That, combined with your cold place of habitat... Well, problems would have always been difficult to avoid, given the circumstances," Han Sen explained.

The professionals glanced over the Frost Sutra and Jadeskin again, and they too were now able to acknowledge the error.

“Mister Han, how do we fix this issue?” Xue Yufeng saw Wang Lin robbed of his ability to speak, so he asked Han Sen.

Han Sen said, “You have to remove the frost element. If you practice it profoundly, you must ingest something warm to nurse your body. You should also improve Iceheart. And ideally, it would be best if you didn’t live somewhere this cold.”

Han Sen provided the Xue family a solution to their woes, but he did not care if they actually listened and adhered to what they were told.

Everyone was now inching closer towards Han Sen in admiration of his intelligence. Wang Lin had already snuck away from the hall in shame, but no one noticed.

The Xue family treated Han Sen like an honored guest now, too. They asked him to help personally modify Jadeskin and the geno fluid again. They also wanted him to help them improve Iceheart.

The three other families were happy, too. If this worked, then it meant everyone could practice the Frost Sutra.

Han Sen did not think it would benefit them, though. Without the three yin pulses the Xue family had, it would be extremely slow for them to learn.

It would most likely take members of the other families twenty years to reach a mere beginner status.

Han Sen stayed on their planet for a while, and he noticed a gradual change in the Xue family. He was given genuine respect from everyone there.

Aside from modifying the Frost Sutra and Iceheart, Han Sen spent some time indulging in a number of rare books that were secret to the other families.

He stayed there for a month to establish the basics on their behalf and left the remainder of the work to be completed by the family’s own professionals.

The professionals were not much worse than Han Sen in talent, so there was no need for him to worry about them messing up.

The Xue family, in the meantime, also made plans to leave the planet and make their home in someplace warmer.

Xue Feiyan took care of Han Sen for the duration of his stay there, and she made sure to ask him many questions.

Han Sen answered diligently, and she cherished each answer. The relationship they developed was not too different from one formed by a teacher and a disciple.

When Han Sen left them, he continued modifying his own new Jadeskin. The Frost Sutra was used as a base, but he knew it had to be more than that.

Han Sen needed it to be much better than what it was, so it could provide support for his Dongxuan Sutra. For the cons his signature sutra may have harbored, he hoped his modifications of Jadeskin could rectify them.

But unfortunately, Han Sen could not modify it in the way he did for the Xue family. This would take a lot of time.

Back in the sanctuary, Han Sen brought Disloyal Knight to the Devil's Realm so they could continue hunting creatures. His badge had almost collected ten thousand Devil Presences, and he was excited to find out what he might be able to trade with the Devil King.

This was the reason why Han Sen had not left the area for a few years.

Han Sen was depressed seeing Little Angel, though. He still had no clue how long it would take for her to evolve.

But the egg of the dinosaur had finally started to show some movement, and just as it did, the shell began to crack. It was hatching.

Han Sen hoped to see how much it had evolved, and what manner of powers it possessed.

Without a doubt, it was going to be a massive help for Han Sen's future adventures.

Han Sen just hoped it wouldn't run off the moment it was born.

### **Chapter 1097: The Third Divinity's Bout Starts**

Han Sen's body had not fully recovered yet, so he didn't venture too deep into the Devil's Realm. He mainly killed the monsters that were on the outskirts, teetering on the borders of that black pit. With their endless numbers, he was still able to harvest vast amounts of Devil Presences.

"One day, I will go to Ancient Devil Shelter and kill that Mara. And I'll take that bell of hers," Han Sen thought to himself as he peered towards the shelter.

But the Mara had opened ten of its gene locks, and with countless super creatures there, it was not likely he could accomplish such a task even if he had fully recovered.

But his mind recalled the frightening turn of events that had led to him being able to escape. Something strange had scared the Mara, throwing it off focus.

"Is Big Mara a spirit or creature? Would I get a beast soul for killing it?" Han Sen thought to himself.

There was nothing he could do, even with such thoughts. He couldn't go up and kill it, anyway. So, all he did was spend his time riding around on Golden Growler while Disloyal Knight cut-down as many creatures as it could.

Suddenly, the badge in front of Disloyal Knight began to blaze with a black light. As this occurred, he heard an announcement play in his head.

“Devil-Fang King Badge has accumulated ten thousand Devil Presences. Would you like to trade with Devil King?”

Han Sen had no clue what the trade would consist of or how it would go about. If it was a one-time thing, he believed it might have been a waste to make use of it now.

Regardless, Han Sen accepted the trade request.

The badge started to emit a black smoke, and a devil that looked like Devil-Fang King appeared.

Devil-Fang King spewed some devil air, and it floated in the space between them.

“Ten thousand Devil Presences in exchange for one item. Choose now,” Devil King said.

“Choose what? I don’t see anything!” Han Sen looked at the murky cloud of air that had been spat out. It had split into ten different frames, but he couldn’t see anything inside them.

Devil King did not respond.

“This is like a lottery. Can I get a feel for the items first?” After Han Sen spoke, he touched one of the murky clouds.

But immediately after he touched it, the other nine went straight back to Devil King. And then, the Devil King returned to the badge.

“This concludes the trade. Devil Presence tally has returned to zero.”

“What? That’s it?!” Han Sen was a little confused about what had just happened.

The Devil Presence had all disappeared in return for a single item.

It was a black pill. Its color was darker than ink.

Devil Pill: Devil King Weapon

“Eh? That’s a weapon?” It was merely a black pill, roughly the same size as an egg. It most certainly didn’t look like a weapon.

Han Sen put some energy into the pill but discovered he was still too weak. It’d take a while for him to recover, yet.

When the energy entered the pill, though, the pill released a puff of smoke that enveloped Han Sen in a murky, foggy embrace.

“What was that for?! It’s not like it can kill something.” Han Sen was well and truly perplexed.

But just as these thoughts came, the smoke began to shrink and manifest in the shape of a dagger.

“Wait a minute... can it become a sword?” Han Sen then wondered.

The dagger turned into smoke again, before re-assembling itself as a sword.

Han Sen was delighted. The smoke could turn into any weapon he desired.

But weapons were the extent of what it could shape itself as. It could not embody the shape of armor or a shield.

Unfortunately, it was not as tough as Taia nor as sharp as the Phoenix Sword, but the versatility was great. The fact that it could take on any shape was remarkable.

“With this Devil Pill, I don’t need to swap weapons when I wish to change my moveset.” Han Sen liked this a lot.

He imagined his enemies trying to deflect the gentle swings of a sword, and then suddenly going up against a huge hammer. He thought that’d be pretty sweet.

More importantly, though, Han Sen could have it manifest as a bow. He had always wanted a super-class bow.

It could also turn into an arrow, but he could not have it form the bow and arrow at the same time.

Han Sen tried to flex its powers, and he believed it to be no worse than any other super beast soul he could have received. The only real downside to it, though, was the lack of any elemental powers.

Also, you’d need a good deal of energy to support the Devil Pill.

The pros and cons were obvious and plain to see, so Han Sen figured it must have been a geno treasure.

The badge could still be used if he collected another ten thousand Devil Presences. If he did that, he could do another trade.

What’s more, if he went into the Devil’s Realm even deeper, the collection would be much faster.

Seeing the numbers turn to zero, Han Sen decided to return to the shelter for the day.

There were many abandoned shelters in those barren lands, and Han Sen had decided to make his temporary residence inside the confines of a derelict royal shelter. If any creatures sought to infiltrate them, Disloyal Knight always remained vigilant in defending him.

Han Sen figured he should return to the Alliance for a bit, too. But just as he was about to, he suddenly heard a sound.

“The Divinity’s Bout has started! The Martial Monument has opened.” Han Sen was shocked, not expecting the third sanctuary’s Divinity’s Bout to have already started. He was still injured, so there was not much he could do there. Even if he was in tip-top shape, he doubted he could do much versus the emperor spirits there.

“Ah well, I might as well join.” Han Sen signed up. He was the only person living in that shelter, so he was the first and only contestant there. He was accepted into the tournament by default.

## Chapter 1098: I'll Take Care of You for the Rest of My Life

When Han Sen signed up in the Martial Hall, he used the name Dollar.

If you were in a populated shelter, everyone would have to compete against each other to secure a position in the tournament. Only the best of each shelter could join Divinity's Bout.

The real Divinity's Bout, therefore, wouldn't start for another month. Now was just the time for signups, pretty much.

Han Sen got his hands on a good sun-bathing chair, and as he reclined there in bliss to soak up the sun, he studied more about ancient languages.

Bao'er was playing games with the bird. She had fun throwing it up into the sky, at which point it frantically tried to course-correct with its wings and fly away. But before it could, Bao'er would always catch it.

Han Sen felt sorry for subjecting the bird to such a fate, but if he stopped her from tormenting it, she would only end up annoying Han Sen.

Han Sen missed the white bear and the rabbit king he kept in the underground shelter. At least with those, there'd be a wider variety of creatures for Bao'er to torture and treat like toys. The pain would at least be shared.

But Han Sen still had no clue where Thorn Forest was, and thus, he could not reach the underground shelter and bring them to her.

While he sunbathed, Han Sen heard some noise. He stood up and looked around.

He saw a human was running his way, as a group of fiery dogs gave chase. They were nipping at the person's backside with hungry mouths.

The person kept weaving, ducking, diving, and dodging, managing to stay alive between the explosive snapping of the fire-wreathed maws.

Han Sen was shocked, and he was even more surprised when he realized he knew who that person was.

"Queen is already in the Third God's Sanctuary? Did she max out her super geno points already?" As Han Sen wondered, he stood up and shouted, "Over here!"

Queen heard the call, and she too was in disbelief. Out of everyone, Han Sen was the last person she expected to find there.

Using Heavenly Go as wonderfully as ever, she ran towards the shelter for refuge.

Han Sen did not help her, as he knew she could survive a dance with mere primitive creatures.

Queen reached the outside of the shelter, looked at Han Sen—who was clothed only in boxers—and asked, “You’re really here?”

“It must be fate.” Han Sen welcomed her into the shelter and patched up her wounds.

The flaming dogs did not dare enter the shelter, so all they did was bark for a while. Once they were bored, they left.

No matter how strong anyone was in the Second God’s Shelter, it was typical to end up being bullied in the Third God’s Shelter. There, you’d have great difficulty dealing with only primitive creatures.

“You didn’t max out your super genes before becoming a surpasser?” Han Sen asked, as he fixed up her wounds.

“I did,” Queen answered.

“That quickly?” Han Sen was quite surprised. The super creatures in the Second God’s Sanctuary were no joke, and you’d have to find super creatures of the same element if you wished to make use of the Life Geno Essence.

Queen rolled her eyes and said, “You were even faster.”

Cough. Han Sen had no proper response to this.

Queen then said, “Do you remember when I told you I had something very important to do?”

“Yeah. Have you done it yet?” Han Sen recalled the time they were supposed to team up and slay super creatures together, but all of a sudden, she had to call it quits and attend to some other duties for a time.

“I found a nest of super creatures, and there were countless eggs. I tried my hardest to get them, and I managed to obtain over thirty super geno points from those alone. That was how I maxed out so quickly,” Queen explained.

“Over thirty super geno points in one haul? Good grief! How many eggs were there?” Han Sen was a little jealous over her jackpot.

Queen did not answer, and she merely asked, “What is this place, anyway? And why is it in such... disarray?”

Han Sen smiled and said, “Let me just say you were lucky to spawn near here, free from the trappings of a spirit.”

Han Sen then went on to explain the nearby area and told her to stay clear of the frightfully dangerous Devil’s Realm.

“Are you getting better?” Queen asked.

“No.” Han Sen would still need a while to recover.

“Give me your beast souls and I will take care of you,” Queen demanded.

Han Sen almost spat out his tea. He knew what she meant, but it still came as quite a surprise.

“What? You can’t eat meat, either?” Queen asked.

“Of course I can. I have many beast souls, so which type would you like?” Han Sen asked.

“Give me your most useless ones. We’ll share the loot I can grab for us,” Queen said.

Han Sen smiled. He looked into the Sea of Soul and transferred to her a number of beast souls.

Han Sen hadn’t been in the Third God’s Sanctuary for very long before suffering his ailment. So, it surprised her to see how many beast souls he was giving her. He must have been busy, she thought.

The armor and weapons he gave her were of the sacred-blood variety. And there was even a mutant pet beast soul with six gene locks open, not to mention a mutant mount.

Queen looked at Han Sen and felt her lips fumble. She wasn’t quite sure what to say. She did not expect to receive that many, all at once. If those items were sold, she’d amass a giant fortune.

With those beast souls, Queen could get strong quickly. They were immeasurably helpful.

“I’ll take care of you for the rest of my life.” Queen was an honest woman. She accepted the beast souls without a flicker of emotion distorting the seriousness of her words. She most certainly wasn’t joking.

### **Chapter 1099: Joining the Fight**

“Don’t be so melodramatic. Those things are useless to me, just use them and be happy.” Han Sen was starting to sweat, as he wasn’t really a cripple.

Queen then looked around her and said, “So, are you familiar with this area? If you are, draw me a map. Tell me all about the creature hotspots.”

Han Sen had already been on a cartographic trip, so he had several maps ready to provide her. As soon as Queen accepted the maps, her time of rest was over. She marched right out of the shelter.

“What a waste of a fine body. Still, she’s got bigger balls than most men.” Han Sen licked his lips.

Queen returned a few days later, having suffered a number of wounds and lesions. She brought with her a mutant deer.

Queen knew Han Sen must have been very powerful to possess so many beast souls, so she didn’t bother bringing back the carcasses of any ordinary or primitive creatures.



Han Sen knew Queen's fitness wasn't too high, though, so he was impressed at her bringing-down of a mutant creature.

Han Sen had maxed out his mutant geno points already, but he still accepted it to show appreciation.

Queen returned to the Alliance to heal, after that. When she was fit as a fiddle, she came back to the sanctuary and went off on another hunt. Each hunting trip would end up longer than the last, and each return would have her in a worse condition.

Sometimes, when Queen returned to the shelter, Han Sen wouldn't be there. So, she'd leave the creatures in the shelter waiting for him. She would then send Han Sen a blank message. If he replied, though, she wouldn't do the same.

Han Sen returned to the sanctuary after a time away. When he arrived, Queen was gone. "Why is she working so hard on my behalf?" Han Sen really admired her.

A month passed, and because Queen hadn't signed up at the shelter, Han Sen won first place. His entry into Divinity's Bout was confirmed.

Queen had been gone two days at this point, so he had no clue when she'd return.

When Divinity's Bout started, Han Sen donned a suit of armor and went straight to the Martial Hall. Then he proceeded to the battle area.

Spirits were everywhere. It was to be expected, though. Spirits were the dominant species of the Third God's Sanctuary. No other human would show up.

Han Sen hid his energy flow, so no one could tell whether he was a human or a spirit.

Han Sen checked out the match list to see what was in store. He hadn't fully recovered yet, but if he was able to go up against a weak spirit, he wagered he'd be fine.

What he saw disappointed him, though. He was first going to go up against Fei Yu King. It must have been a powerful spirit.

Using super king spirit mode would be pointless here, as it'd render him weak. He'd most likely win the fight, but he'd be spent, and he'd be unable to take part in the next. To hit the top ten of the Third God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout, he could not use it.

Han Sen decided to not participate and planned to just sit and spectate the fights instead.

"Fei Yu, your opponent is called Dollar. Weird, huh? That can't be a human, can it?" Han Sen heard this while he looked for a seat.

"You've gotta be kidding me!" Fei Yu King responded. "It's probably some trolling spirit who couldn't even be bothered to spell out his title in full."

“You’re probably right. If it was a human, it’d be a human with a death wish,” the other spirit said.

“I wish it was a human, though. They are sad and pathetic creatures. Last weekend was wonderful; I spent some time torturing a few humans to death. Their screams were a delight!” Fei Yu King spoke with no certain tone or display of emotion. He spoke as if it was just an ordinary chat, and something common to say.

“Haha, you are a king spirit. Of course you would think they are weak. They have no principles, though, I’ll give you that. They’re comparable to dogs, and mangy as they can be, too. Put out your hand without striking them, and they’ll think you’re giving them a treat.”

Many nearby spirits joined in with their talk, all saying horrible things to put-down humans.

Han Sen’s face turned green with their wretched speech. Learning how they treated humans, and for what pitiful reasons they’d happily kill them, Han Sen was fuming.

Spirits were able to respawn, so they had no idea of the fear humans felt when it came to the possibility of death.

Han Sen looked at Fei Yu King. He didn’t know which humans he had gleefully tortured and murdered, but he was angry nonetheless. He felt his chest want to explode with the sudden hatred he felt for the spirit.

“Fei Yu King, huh?” Han Sen could use super king spirit mode to participate in one fight. If he was to use it on the murderous spirit, that would make him happy enough.

In human shelters, the fights were streamed through the Martial Hall. No one expected another human to fight, let alone become a Son of God. Those who watched merely wanted to spectate how spirits battled each other. Their fights were usually quite the spectacle.

Su Xiaoqiao was currently in Trench Shelter. He paced around the Martial Monument, looking to see if he could find the name he most wanted to.

“What are you doing?” Someone’s vision had been blocked by his scurrying.

“I am looking for Dollar,” Su Xiaoqiao responded, as he looked.

“I don’t think he’d join a fight like this. There are far too many king spirits there...” the person said.

“I found it!” Su Xiaoqiao exclaimed with feverish excitement.

## **Chapter 1100: First Fight**

“Dollar is really taking part?” In the Martial Hall of Trench Shelter, many people wanted to see Dollar’s name on the list.

“Dollar versus Fei Yu King? What?! This is legit?”

“Dollar has to be the Dollar, yes? It can’t be a spirit, right?”

“Does anyone know who Fei Yu King might be?”

“I don’t know, but if it is referred to as a king, it must be powerful.”

“Old Li, where are you going?”

“I’m going to spread the news. I’ll make some calls and have people come watch.”

“I think there’s a while before the fight starts, too. I’ll help and make a few calls, as well.”

“I can only see spirits spectating; where are the humans?”

“You’ll probably see a few more when it starts.”

...

When surpassers learned Dollar was to take part, even if they had no prior interest in spectating Divinity’s Bout, they frantically scurried over to watch.

Everyone who had heard Dollar was a participant went to the Martial Hall.

Some humans eventually recognized who Fei Yu King was.

“D\*mn. His first opponent is Fei Yu King?”

“Why? Is he strong?”

“I’ve heard his name before. He’s known to control a massive region someplace, one where he is recognized as its supreme leader.”

“Ouch. That’s bad luck, having such a nasty first opponent.”

“Will Dollar even dare to fight him?”

“Probably.”

The time for Han Sen to fight came, and with bated breath, the human spectators stared at the battleground intently.

People saw a spirit with wings holding a bow approach the stage. The bow was decorated in a vast array of jewelry.

Fei Yu King, to his credit, was an incredibly handsome spirit. His white wings were a deliciously divine sight. With his purple, glittering bow, he did not look unlike an angel.

For him to merely stand in place, one could tell he was not a foe to be trifled with. His mere presence exuded an aura of frightening power.

Humans were mostly focused on whether or not Dollar would show up, though.

It would have been a disappointment if he did not show, but the humans would find it understandable. They wouldn't hold it against Dollar if he didn't want to go up against such a powerful spirit.

A person with long white hair then walked up onto the stage. His body glowed with a bright white light.

"Um, is that Dollar?"

No one had seen Dollar's face before, and it was a trend that was set to continue. Despite the stunning appearance, his identifying features were cloaked in armor.

"It's Dollar!" The surpassers in Trench Shelter were able to recognize him, because they had seen him with this look before.

The surprise of his appearance did not only apply to the humans, though. Even the spirits were in shock.

"The King?!" Flower Empress was there, and she was dizzy in shock.

"It's a shame he has encountered Fei Yu King, who has opened nine gene locks," Heavenly Empress said.

Thunder-Devil King was there, as well, and he chimed in to say, "That \*sshole has had it coming a long time now."

"The King!" Many spirits trumpeted the name across the grandstands and the shelters of their residence.

When Han Sen was stuck in the Valley of Time for three years, his super king spirit mode had opened nine gene locks. There was an abundance of fruit there, that he was able to eat and live on the whole time.

Han Sen had not spent time in the spirit base since then, so no one knew he had opened nine gene locks.

They still thought The King had only opened three gene locks. They didn't think he could compete with Fei Yu King, who had opened nine.

Even if they were in the same tier, though, with the same gene locks open, they did not think Han Sen would have what it took to take down Fei Yu King.

Han Sen knew he would enter the ninth spirit base when he returned there, so that was why he had stayed away for so long. He wanted his accomplishment to be a surprise for future spirit opponents.

For him to go from three to nine gene locks over the course of a few days would be a ridiculous thing.

He had paid the spirit base a short visit, but stayed out of sight and not fought with others.

Han Sen had thought he could heal faster in the spirit base, as he could remain in super king spirit mode for as long as he wanted to there.

But it didn't work as he thought it might. The spirit base was not associated with the physical body, and entry required and was dependent on the spirit stone.

Being in the spirit base, you could only change your spirit genes. If he tried erasing the crystals that plagued him in there, they'd return once he exited.

Outside the spirit base, though, Han Sen could not remain a super king spirit forever.

"It's you! How fortunate for me. I'm going to teach you a lesson that has been long overdue." The King was too famous, and even Fei Yu King was aware of him.

All the spirits continued calling him The King, despite the protest of the king spirits who despised the name.

Han Sen's super king spirit mode was limited outside of spirit base, so he knew he'd have to finish this fight quickly.

Han Sen raised his right hand and snapped his fingers to the sky.

Immediately after, a rain of coins started to fall. The entire stage was quickly battered and covered in coins.

"What is that skill?"