

## Super Power

### Chapter 1169: Going Up Two Levels

As Han Sen walked forward, he thought about what had just transpired and was sure Qiu Ping was not a murderer. If he had what it took to take another man's life, Zhang Yuchen would have been killed in the first strike.

Qiu Ping's ten attacks were incredibly fast. They were so fast, Zhang Yuchen and Cheng Hu weren't even able to see the strikes coming. That being said, Han Sen knew Qiu Ping was not going to put his strength into the attack and actually try to kill him. Because of this foresight, Han Sen knew he did not even have to bother dodging.

"It has been twenty years, so if Qiu Ping really wanted to kill Zhang Yuchen, would he really need permission?" Han Sen wondered.

Han Sen now stood at the entrance of the third floor. There weren't many creatures conducting the test there.

"What are you doing here?" a spirit guard asked, seeing Han Sen approach.

"I'm going up." Han Sen smiled and pointed up.

The spirit summoned an instrument. He strummed its strings and a noise sounded. It was louder than thunder, and when the noise broke, it was like it whipped Han Sen's heart.

"Listen to my song. You are free to ascend if you can withstand its might and remain standing."

The spirit's fingers rolled across the instrument as more thunderous sounds broke and snapped the atmosphere of the arena. Each note was again like the cracking of a whip against Han Sen's eardrums and heart.

Han Sen stood where he was, simply watching the spirit play. He had witnessed Xiang Yin's musical powers first-hand. The strength of a royal spirit's music, by comparison, was weak and unremarkable.

Cheng Hu had now come to understand Han Sen was a very powerful person, but still, he worried for him.

Cheng Hu was standing far away from the source of that music, but he already felt his heart begin to tear asunder. It was incredible how Han Sen looked completely unfazed, despite standing right in front of the instrument.

As the tune went on, the music grew louder in volume. Han Sen didn't move an inch, as if he had gone completely deaf. When the song ended, Han Sen walked to the third floor without looking back.

"Maybe he didn't spawn in this shelter?" Cheng Hu thought to himself. He wondered if Han Sen had what it took to reach the top floor.

After all, that was where the emperor lived. And, if everything he had heard was true, many super creatures and king spirits lived up there with him. Reaching there would be an incredible achievement.

Before reaching the Third God's Sanctuary, Cheng Hu had never heard of something as scary as a super creature existing. Having learned about them, and to now think about a number of them collected in one place, he felt drained of hope for Han Sen's probability of succeeding.

It was difficult enough for humans to hunt sacred-blood creatures. He had never imagined there was something worse and even more frightful lurking in the sanctuaries.

Humans who spawned in king spirit shelters never had a hope of returning home to the Alliance.

Han Sen was currently on the third floor, and there weren't many rules there. Reaching this point was a proof of strength, and it meant you were not some witless yahoo. Here, you could even dictate and choose for yourself the times you wanted to work.

Han Sen didn't hang around, though. He marched straight to the entrance to the fourth floor, wanting to reach the top so he could speak with the woman who had caused so much commotion.

He needed to get there so Dragon King could detect where the new Sky Tree was, as well.

A royal spirit was, again, positioned at the entrance. Han Sen approached and told him, "I'm going up."

The royal spirit wasted no time in pulling out a sheet of parchment. Then, he proceeded to draw a monster on it.

The next second, that same monster leaped out of the piece of paper and immediately tried to attack Han Sen.

Qiu Ping was a good distance away, out of sight, but he watched Han Sen intently with much intrigue.

"Can humans really reach the fifth floor?" Qiu Ping wanted Han Sen to succeed, but he lacked hope.

He used to be proud of his triumph in maxing out his sacred-geno points, but when he arrived in the Third God's Sanctuary, he realized his power was actually minuscule.

King spirits and super creatures could destroy humans with the greatest and swiftest of ease. There was a large gulf of power separating them and humanity.

He had maxed out ordinary, primitive, mutant, and sacred-blood geno points in the Third God's Sanctuary, and he had also managed to open eight gene locks. Compared to every other human, he was incredibly powerful. But compared to king spirits, he was still very weak and of no challenge.

Qiu Ping could tell Han Sen was special, and that he could accomplish more than most could. He didn't think Han Sen had enough to reach the fifth floor.

The last human to spawn in the shelter was four years ago. If Han Sen had been that person, it was difficult to imagine any person could obtain the power necessary to reach the fifth floor in a measly four years.

Han Sen's body blazed with the color red. He opened eight of his Blood-Pulse Sutra's gene locks. In a single hit, he split the monster's head open.

The royal spirit looked genuinely surprised, but he continued to draw more and more creatures. Each one came to life and tried to attack Han Sen. There were monsters of all sorts leaping out of the paper. There were beasts big and small, humanoid creatures, and insects of various families.

They were all summoned with an aggressive, insatiable bloodlust. They all went straight for Han Sen as soon as they came to be.

Han Sen only needed to take a deep breath and start swinging his fists to eliminate each threat.

Leaves and hazy dust swept through the field of their battle.

The monsters were unable to touch Han Sen once, as he ducked and weaved his way through the hordes. He killed everything with ease, as the monsters gushed blood that was black like the ink that had drawn them to life.

"That is incredible. But still, it's probably not enough to reach the top." Qiu Ping continued to watch Han Sen's progress.

Pang!

After Han Sen eliminated every ink-born monster, he planned to punch the royal spirit.

The royal spirit looked frightened at Han Sen's sudden approach, so he hastily drew the image of a turtle for protection.

Boom!

Han Sen punched through the turtle and hit the royal spirit, sending him flying backwards.

Everyone looked their way now, as Han Sen went on his way to the fourth floor.

Han Sen knew Sky King wanted to grow a new Sky Tree. He needed strong people in his employ, so he'd value Han Sen highly if he was actually there to perform services for him. This would provide Han Sen with the opportunity to get close.

So far, Han Sen and Dragon King's plan was going well.

**Chapter 1170: Man's Ocean**

Seeing Han Sen walk towards the fourth floor, Qiu Ping chose to follow.

Han Sen asked around for the entrance that would take him to the prestigious fifth floor, as that was his next destination.

But suddenly, Qiu Ping appeared before him to bar his path.

“You really are going to the fifth floor, aren’t you?” Qiu Ping said.

Han Sen nodded, and told him, “How else am I going to learn the truth? I need to go there if I aim to receive the answers I am looking for.”

“Okay. Then take this strike!” Qiu Ping brought out his sword with an alarming amount of calmness.

It was an unsettling calmness, full of the tension that preceded a storm.

Han Sen did not think Qiu Ping was as good as he believed himself to be. Han Sen had encountered other humans before who had opened their gene locks through the assistance of spirits. They were much weaker than humans whose strength had been unlocked through deeds of their own.

Qiu Ping had opened eight gene locks through spirit geno points. That meant his true strength was equivalent to someone who had opened seven gene locks by themselves. But that was at best; it was likely he was even worse than that. This is what Han Sen had previously believed.

But Han Sen’s opinion changed when he saw Qiu Ping draw his sword.

Qiu Ping was an elite of the truest sense. Seeing how he drew his sword, Han Sen was able to tell how strong he was.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to give Qiu Ping a scan, but he was unable to feel Qiu Ping’s energy flow.

Qiu Ping’s lifeforce was like an ocean, deep and unpredictable.

The next second, Qiu Ping’s sword blazed with a glaring flare of light. It was a display of that ocean inside him.

And when the sword was out, the ocean inside him changed.

As Han Sen watched all of this unfold, he was shocked. He had been witness to many strong attacks in the past, and while Qiu Ping’s performance was not as beautiful as Yi Dongmu’s, it possessed that same lethal and cunning edge.

It was like smelling a rose and waking a lion that slumbered in your heart.

Qiu Ping's casual strike looked plain. It was a deceptive facade, though, one that sought to mask the true strength of the strike beneath a veil of weakness.

But this plain attack, if you looked closely, looked like a horizon-spanning ocean.

If it was a sharp sword coming his way, Han Sen could block it. If it was a bomb, Han Sen could dodge it. But this was an ocean, and it was too much to comprehend and avoid.

Han Sen was curious what kind of man could wield an attack such as that.

If Yi Dongmu's strikes were full of cruelty and stubbornness, then Qiu Ping's strikes were ones that had experienced a tumultuous lifetime, carrying every emotion under the eye of the sun.

Facing this strike, this was the first time Han Sen did not know what to do.

No matter what power was used against someone, there was always a viable counter or solution to negating what it sought to do.

But this attack, for the first time ever, seemed flawless. Han Sen could not think of a way in which he might avoid it.

Qiu Ping's move did not have a consistent theme, and it changed whenever it sought to, like the rolling of the tide. To create something such as this, a person would have had to have gone through a lot.

This attack gave Han Sen a feeling he had almost never felt before.

Ever since he received the Dongxuan Sutra, Han Sen had possessed the powers of near-flawless prediction. He very much loved it, being able to tell what was to come.

It wasn't perfect. One had to be well-versed in its teachings and practice with it a lot to become proficient, but even still, it could not predict everything. After all, the man who created the Dongxuan Sutra was unable to predict he'd die in the First God's Sanctuary.

If people wished to control the world, they had to have control over themselves first.

"Am I doing well?" Han Sen saw this strike, and all of a sudden, every inch of his body was a reflective fraction of a mirror.

Katcha!

In that moment, Han Sen felt a chain break inside his body. He had managed to open the sixth gene lock of the Dongxuan Sutra.

"I have always thought too much about what my opponents can do. I never take the time to think about what I myself am capable of." Seeing the strike come towards his face, Han Sen received a sudden boost of clarity and vision. All the hesitation he was experiencing was gone.

The moment he was going to get hit, he used his finger to stop the sword.

In the fraction of a second, the hurricane of emotion stopped. The ocean that swelled, bubbled, and boiled with a watery rage was quelled. Qiu Ping was done.

In shock over what had happened, Qiu Ping put his sword away.

Han Sen brought his finger back down as if nothing happened.

“You are looking for a king spirit,” Qiu Ping said and left.

Han Sen looked at him strangely. The woman that had caused all this commotion was a king spirit; it was difficult to believe.

Qiu Ping should have known Zhang Yuchen would not have been able to do anything to a spirit who was that powerful. Perhaps he had pretended not to know, all so he could save his life.

Han Sen thought he might have given up more than Zhang Yuchen had. He had not said anything, just swallowed it all this time.

Qiu Ping had told Han Sen that she was a king spirit so Han Sen would question whether or not he really wished to proceed on his current course.

After that strike he had witnessed, Han Sen was able to see right through Qiu Ping. Qiu Ping now also knew that Han Sen had what it took to handle himself going forward.

“Interesting. I’m keen to see who this Smoke is. How did she make Qiu Ping like that?” Han Sen wondered, as he approached the entrance to the fifth floor.