

Super Power

Chapter 1181: Trade

“Didn’t I tell you to follow Qing Jun? Give Zhang Yuchen back to her or die.”

The handwriting looked as if it had been hastily scribbled. With no concern for what had been written, Han Sen threw it away. He didn’t care for the content of the paper, only who wrote it.

It didn’t seem as if Dry Bone or Baby Ghost were responsible.

They had made it clear they weren’t fond of Qing Jun and wanted to overthrow her, but even if it was them, how could they be associated with Blood Legion?

For now, Han Sen could only wait for the person behind the curtains to reveal themselves. Han Sen thought Qing Jun would come after him, but after waiting a few days, nothing happened.

After a few more days passed, Han Sen noticed the presence of another slip of paper.

“Leave this shelter; you are in danger.”

Han Sen crumpled it up and threw the paper away once again. He had worked hard to get where he was, so he wasn’t quite willing to leave just yet.

And still, he was extremely curious about who was leaving these messages for him. After all, who could have secretly delivered the slips of paper, time and time again, without him noticing? Perhaps it was a king spirit or super creature.

It couldn’t have been Dry Bone and Baby Ghost, as their behavior did not appear remotely concerning. They were the same as ever.

And aside from those two, there were only seven other super creatures.

Han Sen went to investigate them. There was a nine-headed dragon, an armored beast, a hellbird, a rock king, a ghost eye, a water fairy, and a demon flower amongst them.

The nine-headed dragon was a cruel and ruthless fiend. The armored beast kept to itself and was a private thing. The hellbird did not stay in the shelter often and spent most of its time away. The rock king worked hard, and when it was done, it went home to relax.

If it was a super creature behind the letters, it had to be the ghost eye, water fairy, or demon flower.

The ghost eye was restless, and never stayed put. It frequently traveled around, sticking its nose in other people's business. It had even come over to see Han Sen once, but due to Han Sen not speaking its language, it didn't stay for long.

The water fairy was a humanoid creature. It was in the shape of a voluptuous-looking woman, but one that was composed by running water. The water fairy was able to speak with Han Sen, but she had never visited him at his home before.

The demon flower was a walking plant that could speak in every language.

Those three were the most suspicious of the super creature lot, but Han Sen couldn't tell if they were acting odd or that was just how they were.

Han Sen had dug through three Sky Fruit in his time there, but was unable to receive any more geno treasures. He was, however, given more lifewater. The lifewater he received now was of a much higher quality, suited for beings of that rank. He had four drops, but he opted not to consume them.

Han Sen's geno treasure was tiny. If Han Sen used the lifewater he was now given, he wagered it wouldn't be able to save him. Han Sen spent another three days in the tree hole, and eventually decided to leave the place. Before he went, though, the water fairy stopped him.

The water fairy's liquid-composed butt wobbled as she walked. Her body was an attractive sight that aroused Han Sen.

She approached Han Sen, smiled, and said, "Han Sen, would you like to make a deal?"

"What kind of deal would that be?" Han Sen was confused by the sudden proposition.

"If you give me a drop of that lifewater, I'll have s*x with you. A drop for a drip." Before Han Sen could say anything, she swiftly stepped up to Han Sen, grabbed his hands, and placed them on her gelatinous boobies.

Han Sen felt as if he was clutching jelly, and her boobs felt amazing to hold and squeeze.

Feeling awkward about it, though, Han Sen had to pull his hands back and say, "But we aren't the same species!"

"That's fine. I can be anything you want me to be." The water fairy's boobs and buttocks grew to an even bigger and more salacious size.

Due to her being half-transparent, she looked extremely attractive.

Cough! Cough! Han Sen coughed.

"You don't like this?" The water fairy's body changed again, becoming the shape of a little girl in a swimsuit. She then squeezed and hugged Han Sen's arm.

Han Sen, however, just stood there. So, she tried a number of different appearances to prompt a response. She became an aloof lady, a moody lady, and a sunny lady. Unsure of what would get Han Sen to leap upon her with lecherous hands, she even gave herself bunny ears and the tail of a fox.

Han Sen was in disbelief the entire time. She was like an erotic shapeshifter. But no matter how attractive she tried to be, she was just a naked, half-transparent lady. Clearly, she and other non-humans of the sanctuary did not understand what truly attracted one human to another.

“If you want lifewater, how about you trade me a geno treasure for it?” Han Sen offered, instead.

The fairy was clearly disappointed, but she smiled and just said, “I don’t have geno treasure, but... I might have something you could be interested in.”

The water fairy brought something out. Han Sen examined it. It was a small orb, not much bigger than a ping-pong ball. It seemed to have been made from polished crystal.

“What is this? Did you create this?” Han Sen could sense her energy stemming from the Waterdrop Orb.

Chapter 1182: Vice-Leader

Water Fairy smiled and said, “This is my gear, and it is called a Waterdrop Orb. With this orb, you can prevent watery chaos. Can I swap this for all four of your lifewater drops?”

“Define what watery chaos means first,” Han Sen said, not quite catching her drift.

Water Fairy gave the orb to Han Sen and then fired a water arrow at him.

Pang!

The water arrow broke into a liquidy splash, despite only being one foot away from Han Sen.

Water Fairy smiled and said, “The orb can block my attacks. It can only block water damage, mind you. And after some use, it’ll take a while before it can be used again.”

“But I used up one of my lifewater vials.” Han Sen wanted others to believe this.

“Deal.” Water Fairy was happy to swap the Waterdrop Orb for Han Sen’s remaining vials of lifewater.

Han Sen played with the Waterdrop Orb. Although it only blocked water damage, and it wasn’t the most useful item in the sanctuary, it was better than nothing. The lifewater was outright harmful, after all, so it was little more than a waste of space.

The other super creatures soon learned about their trade, too, and they all wanted to do the same. Unfortunately, Han Sen had no more lifewater left. After a while, Han Sen was able to obtain another two. Ghost Eye came to him shortly after, wanting to make an exchange.

Ghost Eye threw him an eyeball that was black and white. It was reminiscent of Tai Chi in some ways. Han Sen was not sure what it could do, but the eyeball was obviously gear that the creature had created. Much like the fairy, it wanted to swap the gear for Han Sen's lifewater.

"I only have two lifewater drops. Do you still want to make the trade?" Han Sen asked, while pulling his two vials out.

Ghost Eye was actually an ape. One of its eyes was a murky shade of white, and it was an unsettling creature to look upon. But it was also the most active super creature amongst them. It swallowed the lifewater and left immediately.

Han Sen looked at the eyeball-like item he had been given. He noticed it was able to do something with Yin and Yang.

If Han Sen practiced Yang, he could use the item to make it Yin. If he practiced Yin, then he could make it Yang.

Han Sen had Yin Yang Blast, which meant the item wasn't very useful for him. For people who only practiced one, it would be a precious item to have, though.

"If I work here for a long time, I should be able to amass quite the array of gear." Han Sen thought the terms of these exchanges were more than fair, considering he had no need for the lifewater he'd be giving up.

As a result, Han Sen made plans to collect more lifewater for gear. But, a few days later, he stumbled across another message. It seemed as if the person who had been leaving the messages wanted to meet Han Sen, at last. On the paper was an address and a time.

Han Sen made a mental note of it and then incinerated the parchment. The next day, Han Sen left the tree. They were going to meet in a certain grove inside the walnut forest.

Han Sen arrived early, curious to meet the message-leaving enigma.

After a while of waiting, Han Sen heard someone approach. The person wasn't quite there yet, and the forest was wreathed with vines that obscured the view quite a bit. Han Sen would be unable to see who it was until they came closer.

When the person's identity was finally revealed, Han Sen was shocked.

Despite all the possibilities he had mulled over in his mind, Han Sen was utterly flabbergasted it was that person who had been leaving him the slips of paper.

"Didn't I tell you to leave? What are you still doing here?" the man said coldly.

"You're the one leaving me slips of paper then, I assume." Han Sen looked at the man with a strange expression. He had a big head and the body of a frail baby. It was Baby Ghost.

"Who else?" Baby Ghost said.

"Then you know what this is?" Han Sen brought out a paper with the Nine-Life Cat symbol on it.

Han Sen believed he had been the one leaving the messages, but he did not believe Baby Ghost knew anything about the Nine-Life Cat or Blood Legion.

"I am a member of Blood Legion. You think I don't know what that is?" Baby Ghost looked at Han Sen with disdain.

Han Sen was shocked. Baby Ghost was a king spirit; how could he be a member of a human organization?

Although Han Sen had readied himself for this possibility, he was still taken aback to hear it out loud.

"You are a member?" Han Sen was almost unable to believe it.

For a king spirit of the Third God's Sanctuary to be a member of Blood Legion was a nigh insane thing to comprehend. Han Sen knew Blood Legion was strong, but he did not expect the organization would be strong enough to employ king spirits of the Third God's Sanctuary. Han Sen felt as if his world had been turned upside-down, and all he knew about Blood Legion had been incorrect. What exactly was Blood Legion?

Baby Ghost pulled out something and tossed it over to Han Sen.

It was a card of the Alliance. Han Sen had seen such things many times, as it was a card that usually had the Nine-Life Cat symbol on its underside.

Han Sen flipped it over, and as expected, there it was. It was a Nine-Life Cat card.

"I am the Vice-Leader of Blood Legion. My title is Ghost Baby," Baby Ghost King said.

Chapter 1183: Incorrect Judgment

When Han Sen heard what he was told, his immediate reaction was to frown. Surprises were nothing new to him at this point, but this one hit a little harder than most.

"You are the Vice-Leader of Blood Legion? In that case, you know who the leader is?" Han Sen asked.

"You aren't a member, so I'm not obliged to tell you anything. But now that you're out of that shelter, I heartily recommend you don't return," Baby Ghost said.

Han Sen thought the person who gave him the paper must have noticed or sensed he was wearing the Nine-Life Cat pendant, and that the parchment used was in reference to it. That didn't seem to be the case, though. Baby Ghost did not seem to know about Han Sen's connection with Blood Legion, and the paper Baby Ghost had been using to warn Han Sen had only been intended to flaunt the organization he was a member of.

"If you don't think I'm a member, why would you help me?" Han Sen asked.

Han Sen had just met one of the most important figures of the enigmatic Blood Legion organization. Although he could not be one-hundred percent certain he was not being told a falsehood, he wanted to ask as many questions as he could and learn more. This was a wildly rare opportunity.

Baby Ghost merely stared at Han Sen, saying, "Your image; you remind me of someone."

"Who?" Han Sen was not expecting this response.

"Han Jingzhi," Baby Ghost answered.

The composure of Han Sen's mind was given a shake, but he still managed to calmly ask, "How do you know him?"

Baby Ghost's face suggested he had just taken a brief trip down memory lane. When he returned to the situation at hand, he just told Han Sen, "You don't need to know anything about all this. Just don't go back to Immortal Shelter."

"At least tell me why. Give me one good reason why I should leave. I can't just walk away after everything, all because of your few measly words," Han Sen proclaimed.

Baby Ghost turned around and said, "If you want to go back, go back. I won't stop you. But on your head be it, should things run afoul for you."

"Wait!" Han Sen brought out the Nine-Life Cat pendant that was tucked beneath his shirt and said, "If you are the Vice-Leader of Blood Legion, surely you know what this is, don't you?"

Baby Ghost turned back around, and the stiffness of his face dropped in shock. His eyes widened as they peered at the pendant.

Baby Ghost suddenly moved.

Han Sen opened his gene locks, ready to fight. But what happened in the next second surprised even him.

Baby Ghost had dropped onto the ground so quickly that a crater was formed. In that shallow pit, he bowed before Han Sen.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

Baby Ghost bowed repeatedly, with alarming speed and sincerity. All the while, his lips murmured and mumbled incoherent speech.

Han Sen froze in his place, having not expected a reaction such as this. This was a king spirit of the Third God's Sanctuary. It had the potential to beat any human. But there it was, down on its hands and knees in respect to a small item belonging to a human organization.

"Is Blood Legion that big of a deal?" The pendant he always carried with him suddenly felt much heavier.

Baby Ghost then stood up. In a state of shock, he asked, "Who are you? Why would you possess that relic?"

Seeing Baby Ghost's face, Han Sen felt giving him the wrong answer now would swiftly lead to his death.

"Han Jingzhi gave it to me," Han Sen answered.

Baby Ghost's face changed to one that was resolute. He barked, "That's impossible! Han Jingzhi could not have possessed such a relic."

"But this did belong to him," Han Sen re-confirmed.

Baby Ghost then said, "It belongs to Blood Legion; what are you suggesting?"

Han Sen always thought Han Jingzhi might have been the leader of Blood Legion. There was definitely a strong association between the two, after all. But now, hearing Baby Ghost's reaction, that didn't seem likely.

The fact that Baby Ghost was willing to state Han Jingzhi's name so freely also suggested he wasn't the leader or anyone of renown and importance within the ranks of Blood Legion.

"Han Jingzhi is a part of Blood Legion, isn't he? Why would it be impossible for him to have it?" Han Sen asked.

Baby Ghost's expression had turned dark, as if the fancy for murder had taken over his mind. Angrily, he spat out his words, saying, "You really are talking sh*t! Han Jingzhi is not a member of Blood Legion and there is no possible way for him to possess that relic. Be honest with me, boy; lest I pry the answers out of you with profound agony and suffering."

Han Sen was shocked, hearing Han Jingzhi was not even a lowly member of the organization. If Baby Ghost really was the Vice-Leader, then it clearly meant he knew more about Blood Legion than Han Sen did. And that flipped all of Han Sen's theories thus far on their head.

But why would Han Jingzhi ask Uncle Bug to join him in a search for the relic? Why would he know about its existence, given where it was found?

"Believe it or not, this was originally Han Jingzhi's. A lot of people can verify this claim," Han Sen said, standing his ground.

Baby Ghost looked at Han Sen as if he was trying to scan his mind and discover the truth behind some lie he was being told.

Han Sen then said, "So tell me, how do you know about Han Jingzhi?"

Baby Ghost wished to say something more, but his face changed. Then, he turned to look through the dense brush of the walnut forest.

"Wait here and do not follow me back to the shelter. I will be right back." Baby Ghost then took off back towards the Sky Tree.

Han Sen knew something big must have gone down in with the Sky Tree during their absence; otherwise, Baby Ghost would not have run off in the middle of their conversation.

“Is the tree in the midst of reviving?” Han Sen also ran towards the Sky Tree.

He had waited a long time for this opportunity, so he wasn’t going to miss it.

Everything seemed fine in the tree, though, as spirits and creatures were performing their labor duties like normal. Dry Bone King quickly ran over to see Han Sen, though, and promptly brought him up to the higher floors.

“Mister Immortal has finished his practice. He has summoned us to the Immortal Hall. Where have you been?” Dry Bone King asked as he pulled on Han Sen to move quicker.

Han Sen was shocked. If Immortal Emperor was becoming a reality, then that meant the tree was ready to spring back to life.

Chapter 1184: You’re All Going to Die Here

Han Sen removed the Dragon-Blood Ring from his finger. If Immortal Emperor truly was Sky King, he’d recognize Dragon King right away. Han Sen and Dry Bone King arrived at the Immortal Hall. Han Sen was eager to see what Immortal Emperor looked like.

Qing Jun and Ghost Eye were there, as well. When Baby Ghost saw Han Sen, a visible look of surprise came over his face. Han Sen waved at him cheekily and then went to sit down.

Han Sen looked over towards the primary seat of the table, which was currently empty. Immortal Emperor had yet to arrive. No one spoke during the wait, not even the oh-so talkative Ghost Eye. It just sat where it was, taking part in the eerie silence.

Qing Jun was the one who sat nearest the primary seat, and she looked at Han Sen as if she were looking at a dead man.

Han Sen didn’t care very much what she may have been thinking, though. He just sat in his seat, waiting for Immortal Emperor to arrive.

Katcha!

The latch of the back door was lifted. The sudden sound was loud, and it shocked those in their seats. Han Sen turned to look in the direction of the noise.

When his eyes fell upon Immortal Emperor, he was surprised. He had often wondered what the enigmatic spirit would look like, and he had come up with numerous visions and images in his head. But this spirit subverted all his expectations: Immortal Emperor looked like a peacock.

The peacock was gold, with a number of multi-colored ornamental eyespots decorating its plumage. It was stunning.

"I thought he was a spirit. Why is he a peacock?" Han Sen mulled the appearance, as the peacock waddled its way over and took its rightful place in the primary seat.

All the king spirits and super creatures in the hall bowed before it, so Han Sen did the same. The peacock's eyes glanced over everyone in the hall but paused when they passed over Han Sen.

When it was done, the peacock screeched, prompting everyone to look at it in wonder.

It stretched its wings, and its eyes shot out a beam of golden light.

Within that gold light, a thin shadow formed. Han Sen could not make out the face of whatever or whoever it was, but its mere presence there rattled his nerves.

Han Sen saw the shadow's lips begin to move, and it looked to be speaking to Qing Jun. No one else was able to hear what was being spoken except for her, it seemed, for she nodded in answer.

When the light came to an end, Qing Jun said, "Yes, My Emperor."

The shadow nodded and faded as the light dimmed. Then, the peacock flapped its wings and flew out. After the peacock left, the king spirits and super creatures in the hall all felt great relief. It was as if they had been holding their breaths the whole time.

"Qing Jun, what did Mister Immortal tell you?" Water Fairy asked.

Qing Jun quietly said, "Mister Immortal is going to open the Holy Door. He needs a lot of Sky Fruit to make pills, so he wants us to gather as much as we can over the next month."

"A month isn't very long. There are still twenty-three of them to go; do we even have enough time?" Dry Bone King said.

"We will have to form the paths, too. It is best that we hurry. Delaying Mister Immortal would be most unwise," Qing Jun said.

Dry Bone's face changed.

"Everyone works beneath my command. I will be most cruel and unpleasant to anyone who seeks to disturb Mister Immortal's business," Qing Jun said.

"I don't want to delay anything, but I have to eat walnuts every three days. If I don't, I cannot participate in the work," Han Sen said.

Qing Jun said, "Lifewater can keep you in your current state, child. There is no need for you to exit."

"I don't have any lifewater," Han Sen then said, as cover for not wanting to consume it due to the possible consequences they could result in.

Qing Jun expected Han Sen to say this, though, so she gave everyone a bottle of the stuff. Then, she said, "Everyone is given ten drops of lifewater as a bonus. If we finish the job within the allotted month, we'll get twenty more as a reward."

Everyone was delighted to hear this. They accepted the lifewater merrily, thanking the emperor for the gracious gift. Han Sen accepted the bottle and listened to Qing Jun's work instructions.

Qing Jun took them straight over to the Sky Fruit. The spirits and creatures were supposed to create the paths that led to them, but now they had to chip in and make their own due to the rush.

Qing Jun put everyone in charge of two Sky Fruit.

"If things go according to plan, the tree will indeed see a revival in the next month," Dragon King said. Han Sen had re-equipped the ring and was consulting with him.

"Is there any way we might be able to muck up his plans?" Han Sen said.

Dragon King said, "I don't think so. The spirits and super creatures have all consumed too much lifewater. They are beyond saving, and the Sky Tree is sure to absorb them all. Unless you can cut down the Sky Tree, it is hopeless. Not even Sky King himself could make a comeback after that."

Han Sen frowned. He had yet to save Qiu Ping, and he had just learned about Baby Ghost being a Vice-Leader of Blood Legion. It would be a proper shame if the latter died. Just as Han Sen was thinking about Baby Ghost, Baby Ghost was actually approaching him.

"Didn't I tell you not to return?" Baby Ghost looked ugly—uglier than usual.

"Give it a rest, will you? You're like a broken record. I'm fine where I am, okay?" Han Sen said.

"If it wasn't for that relic you showed me, I wouldn't care about you one bit." Baby Ghost paused for a moment, before going on to say, "But for you to come back at this time, it is as good as suicide."

"Why?" Han Sen asked.

Baby Ghost then said, "Honestly? Aside from Qing Jun and me, you're all going to die here."

Chapter 1185: The Sky Tree is Revived

"Why?" Han Sen was surprised by this, and it seemed as if Baby Ghost knew a thing or two about what was going on.

Baby Ghost said, "You don't need to know the specifics. You are going to die, so give me the relic and speak your last words."

"Ah, is this about Immortal Emperor sacrificing the whole tree? That's old news," Han Sen said.

Baby Ghost looked as if he'd swallowed a bug, and in utter shock, he gasped, "How do you know about that!?"

Han Sen smiled and looked coy. He didn't answer him, and instead said, "You don't need to know the specifics, but tell me: what makes you think you and Qing Jun will be spared?"

Baby Ghost was still in shock over the fact Han Sen knew what was going on, and he answered, “Qing Jun is Immortal Emperor’s daughter. And me? I’m the one who concocted this scheme!”

“Hmm, I see. So, have you been avoiding the consumption of lifewater?” Han Sen asked.

“What does the lifewater have to do with anything?” Baby Ghost asked, but right after, his mind seemed to get snagged on a sudden, disturbing thought.

“Whoever has been drinking the lifewater will be sacrificed. There’s no particular discrimination, as it’s a catch-all type of thing.” Han Sen was extra smug, rubbing it in. He could tell Baby Ghost had been drinking the lifewater.

Baby Ghost’s facial expression was beyond distraught, and so he said, “Impossible! Qing Jun has been using lifewater as well. Who has been feeding you these lies!?”

“Well, let me ask you: have you been told how these sacrifices are to be... well, sacrificed?” Han Sen asked.

Baby Ghost looked clueless. He wished to speak, but he seemed to be struggling to force out words. His face turned green at the sudden turn of events, and all his throat could end up spitting out were the words, “H-have I been tr-tricked!?”

After that Baby Ghost turned to run, but Han Sen stopped him.

“If you’re going to consult the emperor with this, you’re a dead baby. Tell me about the relationship between Han Jingzhi and Blood Legion,” Han Sen told him.

Baby Ghost said, “I don’t fully believe your forked tongue. Not yet, leastways. I must go and... confirm something.”

“No. You tell me what I want to know now.” Han Sen didn’t think Baby Ghost would ever come back, once he left.

Baby Ghost then answered, “Gah, but it’s a long story! The short version is, something huge happened within the Legion. We needed help. Han Jingzhi was then kidnapped by Blood Legion forces.”

Han Sen was shocked. The revelations were coming thick and fast. There was a connection between Han Jingzhi and Blood Legion, but the way it came about was very unexpected. Han Jingzhi had actually been the victim of kidnapping.

Han Sen wished to ask more, but Baby Ghost was already gone.

“Han Jingzhi was kidnapped by Blood Legion forces? That must mean he was there with them for some time, in some way or another. That might also mean he learned much about the organization, including the Nine-Life Cat. But why was he kidnapped? Why did they need to do that? Did they kidnap just

anyone? Did it happen before or after he visited that realm with the maybe-a-god-maybe-a-demon being?" Han Sen's mind was now wracked with countless more questions.

Han Sen hoped Baby Ghost wouldn't be killed, so he could ask the spirit a bunch more questions.

Han Sen was not too worried what he might do, though. If Han Sen was attacked and had to make an escape, he believed he could do so with the aid of Little Angel.

A few days later, Qing Jun came looking for Han Sen.

Han Sen was surprised to see her, and when she approached, she asked, "You didn't drink the lifewater you were given?"

"Nope," Han Sen answered simply.

"Good." Qing Jun handed something to Han Sen, turned around, and left as swiftly as she appeared. Han Sen wasn't sure why she had just done what she did, and truthfully, he fancied asking her a few questions.

It seemed like Baby Ghost had told Qing Jun what Han Sen had told him.

She had given Han Sen a small bottle with a piece of paper attached.

The paper said the contract on Qiu Ping had been forfeit. Han Sen had long wondered how he might get Qing Jun to let Qiu Ping go free, and now, it had been done without any effort on his part.

Han Sen was delighted, so he left the worksite. He wanted to visit Qiu Ping and guide him out. Han Sen thought someone might stop him, but no one did. He scanned the nearby area and then realized the king spirits and super creatures were all gone.

Han Sen returned to the fourth floor without issue and escorted Qiu Ping out of the tree. When Han Sen returned to the underground shelter with him, he noticed all the walnut trees in the forest were dying.

"Baby Ghost must have done something to make the Sky Tree revive even sooner!" Dragon King exclaimed.

Han Sen frowned and flew back towards the Sky Tree. As he was returning, he saw countless creatures writhing on the forest floor in agony. You could see their lifeforces being pulled from their bodies, heading for the tree that contained Immortal Shelter.

Green sprouts began to grow from their corpses, becoming vines that absorbed their flesh.

Seeing all the creatures become fertilizer, Han Sen could not help but think, "Dragon King was right. Creatures that have consumed walnuts or lifewater are being absorbed no matter where they are."

Before Han Sen arrived back, though, a scary presence startled him on the approach. A black and red tree was growing incredibly quickly, heading high up into the clouds.

There was this a menacing spire in the land now, surrounded by countless dried up trees and creature corpses. Even the ground and earth were being sucked dry of life, transforming the area into an apocalyptic hellscape.

Chapter 1186: Cruel Bottle

Han Sen flew towards the Sky Tree as fast as he could. He knew he couldn't stop what was happening, but he hoped he could pick up a few goodies at the very least. Perhaps he'd even be able to kill a few of the super creatures and take their Life Geno Essences from Sky King.

The Sky Tree was growing at an alarming rate. The red and black bark was cracking and beginning to peel. Countless creatures tried to scramble out of the cracks that webbed the tree.

As the tree grew and grew, the creatures started to return to their original size. There were tigers, titans, and birds; every creature imaginable, all trying to make an escape.

But when they made it out, their bodies began to tear apart. Vines shot out from beneath their skin, ravaging their flesh and tangling them up. This happened to those that were airborne as well, and they rained down to the ground in pieces.

The roots of the tree then began to lift themselves up and escape the ground that kept them in place. Like hungry tentacles, the roots grabbed the corpses of fallen creatures and drained them of their lifeforce.

The cracks across the tree began to heal, crushing creatures that sought to escape from them. The tree was slowly being drenched in blood, making for a terrible sight.

A lot of creatures were unable to exit in time. For those that weren't crushed by the devilish lumber, they were instead ripped apart by the phantom vines that had been slumbering inside their bodies.

The place was like a forested depiction of hell, and just as Han Sen thought it would be best if he left, a light appeared. The light was Qing Jun. Her lifeforce was draining, as green sprouts began to pop up over her body.

"Get the Cruel Bottle!" Qing Jun was not doing well, evidently. As she approached Han Sen, she did so with wobbling movements. She was in great pain and suffering, that much was clear.

"Why? What is it?" Han Sen asked, but he did not delay in retrieving the jade bottle she had recently given him.

Qing Jun gritted her teeth and knelt in front of Han Sen. She placed her right hand on her chest and said, "I, Qing Jun, am willing to submit and offer absolute loyalty to a new master. I will become a faithful servant from now until eternity."

After that, her forehead gleamed with a spirit stone. Needless to say, Han Sen was in shock that Qing Jun, of all spirits, was willing to obey him. Han Sen held her spirit stone in his hand. It shone brightly before becoming one with Qing Jun again.

Qing Jun might have become Han Sen's spirit, but the green sprouts were still on her.

"Open the bottle and let me in!" Qing Jun shouted.

"How do I open it?" Han Sen asked.

He had tried to open the Cruel Bottle before, but he was unable to. He thought it was very strange of her to give him a bottle, but at least now it was starting to make sense.

Han Sen touched the bottle to try to open it again, but this time, it opened immediately. Han Sen realized he could only use it once a contract with the spirit that gave it had been signed.

After the bottle was opened, Qing Jun transformed into a pellet of bright light. Then, she tucked herself inside it. As Han Sen wondered why Qing Jun was doing this, another light appeared. This time, it was Water Fairy.

Water Fairy's body was transparent, and you could see the sprouts manifesting inside her watery body. Her body bubbled and boiled, and if this was to continue, it'd only be a matter of time before she evaporated out of existence.

She shouted, "Help!"

Then she raced into the bottle alongside Qing Jun. Han Sen peered at Qing Jun and the Water Fairy inside the bottle, side by side, and noticed now that the sprouts had stopped growing on and within them. They were all gone.

Han Sen was delighted, learning this treasure he had been given could negate the dark powers of the Sky Tree.

"Han Sen, help!" Han Sen heard someone call out his name.

He turned to see a number of vines crawling through the air like a webbed net. A second later, they were cut down to the ground. A mound of bones had given them a shave, and when Han Sen's eyes came to focus, he saw Dry Bone King doing battle.

Han Sen flew over towards him, bottle in hand. As he pointed it at Dry Bone King, he asked, "Can you come inside?"

Dry Bone King spared no time in diving into the purifying comfort of the Cruel Bottle. Then, looking up, Han Sen saw a nine-headed creature soar through the sky, screeching in pain. It was headed straight for him.

But before Han Sen could do anything for it, the heads began to separate from its body as vines ravaged the poor beast. Its lifeforce was all going to the tree.

When the body hit the ground, roots sprang out of the earth and dragged it underground.

Han Sen felt it was a great shame and waste. Turning around again, though, Han Sen saw Ghost Eye becoming consumed by the hungry, lecherous vines. He was going to pull out his Phoenix Sword and do what he could to help. But before Han Sen could do anything, Ghost Eye saw the bottle and dived right into it.

“I’m here to get easy kills! Why am I inadvertently saving these things?” Han Sen thought, but then he noticed something. It didn’t seem like anything could exit the bottle without his explicit permission.

The sound of an explosion rang through the forest. A rock giant was headed Han Sen’s way, covered in vines like angry moss. The sturdy golem was able to defy their attempts to tear it apart, though.

And as expected, before the vines could do what they wished to, the rock giant jumped inside the Cruel Bottle.

Chapter 1187: Sky King is Born

Han Sen was made up, and he thought to himself, “Hmm, perhaps this is not all bad. Give me a few more, and I’ll have myself a personal army.”

In the sky, the hellbird raged with great curtains of fire that smoked the skies and turned them black. Try as it might, it was unable to incinerate the vines that sought to ravage its fiery body.

The green vines had put a strain on it and quelled the ferocity of its flames. The wretched, lecherous vines did not fear anything.

The vines lashed the bird whose flesh they were born from, and they swayed like manic green fire-licks of their own. Eventually, they proved too much, and they tore the bird apart.

The bird had hoped to reach Han Sen and his bottle, and it had been rapidly descending as all this unfolded. Unfortunately, it was too late. The only thing to reach the ground was a rain of fleshy chunks and blood-stained feathers. It was another meal for the Sky Tree.

Han Sen saw a giant flower get torn apart at the entrance to the Sky Tree.

The other super creatures had all been too late for Han Sen to save, and they all ended up as food for the Sky Tree.

“Where is Baby Ghost?” Han Sen asked as he searched amidst the ruin, thinking of all the questions he still wanted to ask.

The walnut forest was a vile hellscape now, painted dark with the blood of spirits and creatures.

Han Sen asked Qing Jun, who was in the Cruel Bottle, "Where is Baby Ghost? Why did he not exit alongside you?"

"We got separated. He was supposed to be here," Qing Jun said.

Han Sen asked the Water Fairy if she had seen him, but she said she had not seen him, either.

Han Sen thought this was boding poorly for Baby Ghost. His failure to escape didn't make sense, though. Han Sen had informed him about the true nature of the conspiracy surrounding the operations of Immortal Shelter, so he should have been among the first to get out.

Han Sen could no longer find the entrance to the Sky Tree, as the original tree hole was now filled up. There was no other way inside.

But then, a scream sounded in the sky. Looking up, Han Sen saw a gold peacock descending from atop the tree. A person was on top of the peacock; a figure with gold-colored hair adorned with a crown. The man's simple aura was one of immense power, and Han Sen felt it was comparable to Xiang Yin.

"Is that Sky King?" The man was incredibly handsome. His beauty and strength transcended that which seemed achievable by humans, and one could have easily mistaken him for a god of sorts.

"That's him," Dragon King said.

The gold peacock landed near Han Sen. The man's eyes gleamed with the color of gold, but they seemed empty and devoid of emotion.

"Leave them, and I'll grant you a swift and merciful death," Sky King said.

His eyes were callous pits of false holiness, and they saw through Han Sen as if it was a strain to even acknowledge his existence.

Of course, a greedy person such as Han Sen was not willing to hand over his goodies, even if it meant he'd get away scot free. Now was the perfect time to run, he believed.

But still, not knowing the fate of Baby Ghost pained him. Ultimately, he ended up thinking the spirit might have just remained inside the Sky Tree to die.

Han Sen thought about fighting Sky King, but now that the Sky Tree had been revived and his power might have been restored, it wasn't worth trying. He couldn't be sure he had what it took to deal with a foe such as that.

Plus, if Han Sen was truly able to defeat Sky King, he'd just respawn back in the Sky Tree. Han Sen would have to destroy the tree itself to ensure he had dealt with Sky King for good.

Han Sen's Phoenix Sword had only been able to deal a minor scratch on the tree's bark. And that was before, when it was supposedly dead. He wagered he'd probably be unable to do anything to it now, in its current state.

Earlier, when the bark of the tree fell off, it was replaced with new layers of bark. This bark was like burning, red-hot steel. It looked like a frightening monument, fresh from the forges of hell. It was an unsettling sight, for sure.

Sky King wasn't going to let Han Sen run off with so much of the tree's food, though. The gold peacock inflated itself like a balloon, and it became so bloated it blocked half of the sky.

The gold peacock inhaled air in front of Han Sen, whipping up a frenzied suction. It sought to consume Han Sen and the bottle.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and summoned Disloyal Knight. Then he activated super king spirit mode.

He summoned a coin in his hand and then fired a multitude of them at the peacock.

Although they were only coins, super creatures never seemed to have what was necessary to overcome super king spirit mode. Han Sen always prevailed in that form.

The peacock, seeing the coins coming towards it, stopped sucking. With its mouth, it chomped a number of the coins to break them and their power.

Disloyal Knight used its halo to dye the peacock, and Sky King, a delightfully unholy, tarnished bronze color. Then, as it very much liked to do, it moved toward the creature and let loose a flurry of punches.

The peacock's beak struck one of its fists, knocking Disloyal Knight back with a mark across its gauntlet. But this was good, as Han Sen took advantage of this opportunity to leap onto the peacock's back and dash before Sky King.

Han Sen's mighty fist, draped in a shroud of purified power, was thrown towards Sky King.

Sky King watched Han Sen approach, and the exact moment the fist was set to collide with his face, he moved.

Han Sen saw Sky King's arm, which was clad in gold armor, move. Then, he felt a sickly power meet with his chest.

It felt as if he had gotten hit by a train. When Han Sen hit the ground, he formed a fifty-meter-deep hole.

Blergh!

Han Sen coughed blood from his mouth, and he thought to himself, "Dragon King, I thought you said Sky King needs the Sky Tree to achieve the power of an emperor. Why is he this strong already?! He must already be an emperor, one who has opened ten gene locks. He must be as powerful as Xiang Yin."

Chapter 1188: Angel's Kiss

"How could this *sshole become an emperor? Ten gene locks open? No way! The Sky Tree hasn't even fully recovered yet," Dragon King said.

Pang!

Sky King leaped down, his stomp creating a deep hole in the ground.

“You’re the *sshole right now. Ugh, why did I ever trust you?” Han Sen used his phoenix techniques to dodge Sky King, who was going to try to stomp on him next. He was going to attempt another escape.

But suddenly, many golden palaces began to fall from the sky. And as they clobbered the area all around, in great ruin and catastrophe, Han Sen felt as if he had stumbled into a post-apocalyptic landscape left to the faint whispers of dust and echoes.

“Whoa, he is an emperor! This is his Sky Palace technique. It’s fueled by a Space element. Unless we kill him, we’re trapped!” Dragon King cried aloud.

Han Sen’s phoenix techniques were incredibly quick, and he bobbed and weaved between the tumbling palaces that fell to break the landscape with great speed. But it seemed as if there was no end to them, and no matter how far he went, it felt as they were being drawn to him.

“Is there any way for us to stop it?” Han Sen knew there was no point in being angry with Dragon King now. They were both in a dire situation, and co-operation would yield the best results.

Han Sen looked behind him and saw Sky King fast approaching. Each of his footsteps was painting the ground gold as he went. Sky King spared no time in throwing a punch towards Han Sen.

Han Sen fell back, trying to dodge the strike, but he felt as if his speed was slower than it ought to have been. He discovered it wasn’t that his speed had slowed down, it was the dimension itself that had been stretched for him.

The distances were stretched to become ten times longer, so Han Sen was not evading any slower, he was just having to travel further.

Sky King’s punch might have looked very slow, but he could transcend the warping of the dimension and make it seem incredibly quick.

With this play on space, Han Sen was unable to dodge the strike. He had no choice but to try and meet Sky King’s fist with his own.

Han Sen’s fingers cracked in the collision, and it felt as if they were on the precipice of breaking. The power of the fist he went up against hurled him backwards.

Ever since obtaining super king spirit mode, things had never been so dire for Han Sen. Rarely was he placed in a situation so dangerous that he could not escape.

Boom!

Han Sen went flying back, crashing into the sturdy walls of a golden palace. The building began to collapse, and Han Sen shook his head, slinging blood over the remaining walls.

Before he could get up, though, Sky King was already upon him. He was primed, ready to deliver another cruel punch.

“What are you doing?! Run!” Dragon King exclaimed.

But Han Sen’s perception of reality had been warped, as the dimension he inhabited was altered. He was unable to dodge.

But suddenly, a holy beacon of light burst forth from Han Sen’s forehead. A figure appeared, wielding a transparent greatsword. It was a woman, with blonde wavy hair and white wings. Immediately, she went to strike Sky King.

Dong!

Sky King’s fist had met its match. The power was negated, but the strength still managed to knock Little Angel away. She crashed into Han Sen, sending them both flying backwards even further.

“Run!” Dragon King called out.

“Shut up!” Han Sen silenced the Dragon-Blood Ring, feeling like an idiot for having trusted Dragon King so much.

Little Angel had the strength of a super king spirit, but she was not as strong as an emperor.

Seeing Sky King approach, Han Sen kicked up a coinfall to stop him. Owing to its suppressive abilities, they were both able to escape and recompose themselves. But the coins, as they landed on Sky King, didn’t actually seem to do much. They merely dropped on him like actual raindrops, doing little to slow him down.

Han Sen had figured this might be the case, but he did not have the time to build up a Saving Money hit. Sky King was able to command the very dimension they inhabited and bend it to his will.

If Han Sen’s super king spirit had opened ten gene locks, he might have been able to fight him, but alas, that was not the case.

Han Sen and Little Angel waged war against their foe, each letting out a flurry of punches and swordstrikes.

As valiant as it sounded, the reality of their battle was not half as grand. Sky King was able to use one hand to block each of their attacks, and he was able to do so with no trouble or strain.

Disloyal Knight, in the meantime, was still engaged with the golden peacock. His armor had been severely damaged by this point, and he was bleeding continuously.

Pang!

Han Sen felt as if he ought to have been able to block the next punch to come his way, but again, the dimension was given a shake. The punch effortlessly landed upon his chest again.

Han Sen was sent flying. Not only did he break a number of palaces, but he also broke a few ribs.

Little Angel could not dodge the punch she was delivered, either. That sent her flying backwards, too. Han Sen went to catch Little Angel, and as he did, he thought about escaping by using his Night Cloak.

After moving forward to catch Little Angel, she paused in his arms. Then, she turned around and kissed Han Sen upon the lips.

“I know you love me, but let’s save this for a more appropriate time.” Han Sen tried to mask his surprise.

But the moment they kissed, Little Angel became a figure that was formed entirely of white light. Then, she entered Han Sen’s body and became one with him.

Han Sen felt rejuvenated, as if he had been gifted a vast amount of power, the likes of which he never thought he’d be able to wield. His head was dressed with a gold halo ring, while his back sprouted wide angel wings. Then, a new weapon spawned in his hand—the transparent greatsword.

Roar! Han Sen roared to the skies, as a new power surged through his being. It combined with his cells to make changes to his body.

Chapter 1189: Killing Sky King

Katcha!

Han Sen felt as if his body had been freed from the clutches of chains he never knew existed. The holy light enveloped Han Sen’s entire body, wings, and greatsword. He felt as if he was submerged beneath water, floating free.

Sky King warped the dimension again and threw a punch with the illusion of near-teleportation levels of speed. Seeing another punch head his way, Han Sen readied his greatsword. But even though the fist was only a meter away, it felt like it was miles away.

In the next second, he was swinging his greatsword as if it was weightless. It cut through the twisted, perverse dimension and struck Sky King’s wrecking fist.

It was too late for Sky King to pull back, as half of his fist was lopped off.

Sky King bled profusely from his fist, which made him reel back aghast. He couldn’t believe what had just happened, and truth be told, neither could Han Sen.

But Han Sen was happy at the sudden turning of the tides. Little Angel had helped Han Sen open his tenth gene lock for super king spirit. Now, Han Sen could not be suppressed by the warping of dimensions.

Han Sen wasn't yet sure about the extent of his power with ten gene locks open. He didn't exactly have the opportunity to thoroughly test it, due to the current circumstances. Neither did he know if this was a permanent opening of a gene lock, and if it would remain open if Little Angel exited his body.

Regardless, Han Sen now had what it took to fight back. Victory did not seem impossible now, and so he had to focus on ending the current threat.

Han Sen flapped his wings. In a flash of holy light, he teleported directly before Sky King.

Sky King frowned and raised a golden palace in response. It was a few hundred meters away to begin with, but now it had blinked forth to separate the two.

But Han Sen was able to flap his wings again, and with the greatsword, he sliced through the new distortion of the dimension. Then, Han Sen cut through the palace.

Sky King did not expect his Sky Palace to prove ineffective in protecting him from Han Sen. He had not expected the tables to turn so quickly and turn so dramatically, and Sky King now wanted to flee and return to the safety and comfort of his tree.

Sky King was incredibly fast and agile, and with his abilities of dimension-distortion, he was able to manipulate his movement so that one step could account for a thousand meters.

But Han Sen flapped his wings again. Immediately, he was able to catch up with Sky King so he could swing his sword and strike him down.

Sky King frowned, and he wasn't going to make things that easy. He turned, holding up a wooden spear that looked like the Sky Tree.

Dong!

The transparent greatsword struck the spear and left a deep cleft in it.

Han Sen was even happier now. He drew the Phoenix Sword in one hand, while transparent greatsword remained in the other. Then, he unleashed a barrage of strikes against Sky King.

Sky King was able to keep his spear raised in an attempt to block the attacks, but the dual-wielding barrage proved too much. The shockwaves generated by Han Sen's flurry of attacks soon began to collapse and devastate the golden palaces that littered the ruined landscape.

Dong!

Sky King's spear was no longer able to withstand the attacks, and it eventually broke in two. Han Sen flew around behind Sky King and cut his face.

Sky King's desperate bid to flee now escalated. With a wretched face of disgust, he turned towards the tree and took off.

But Han Sen was no longer afraid of anything, now that he was imbued with the holy light. With the glowing halo, too, he flapped his wings and followed Sky King wherever he went.

Sky King bled, and the skies were dyed red, as if in response.

Sky King's blood began to cascade like rainfall.

It shocked Sky King, and his bleeding face robbed him of any intention he had to fight back. All he wanted to do now was return to his tree and cower within.

Han Sen did not relent in his chase, and he smirked at seeing how much Sky King's behavior had changed. All his cockiness had vanished.

He got in another strike, and this time, Han Sen managed to not only cut Sky King's crown in two, but also give him a less-than-fashionable haircut.

The gold armor Sky King wore was all broken, and it had turned the color of rusted, aged steel.

His wounds leaked blood like broken faucets.

Sky King flew inside the tree and closed himself inside. Han Sen was determined not to allow this to stop him, though. He struck the tree once, creating a dozen-meter-long mark across the surface of the tree.

Unfortunately, it didn't do much. The tree seemed able to heal itself, too.

So Han Sen began striking the tree fiercely. He hoped he could keep up the DPS to outpace the healing.

And all the while, Sky King was inside, cowering in fear over his nemesis.

As Han Sen excitedly fought against the bark of the tree, it soon revealed itself to be a futile endeavor. But Han Sen suddenly smiled in the remembrance of something. He turned around and went after the golden peacock.

The golden peacock wasn't expecting Han Sen back, and it really wasn't expecting his newfound strength. With its beak, it attempted to block Han Sen's greatsword.

Katcha!

The gold peacock was no match, and it was promptly cut in half.

"Super Creature Sky Peacock killed. Beast soul gained. The flesh of this creature is inedible, but you may harvest its Life Geno Essence. Consume its Life Geno Essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly."

Han Sen grabbed the yellow Life Geno Essence from its body and put Disloyal Knight back inside the Sea of Soul. Then, he returned to the underground shelter.

Han Sen's super king spirit mode could last one hour, but after combining with Little Angel, he felt drained of all energy within the space of a few minutes.

As Han Sen flew back home, Little Angel departed and returned to the Sea of Soul looking equally tired and drained of energy.

Han Sen was feeling worse than usual. He was in very poor condition, and he had to make use of his Blood-Demon Dragon wings to return home. He couldn't even fly home by himself, he was so weak.

Chapter 1190: Asura Betrayal

While Han Sen was flying back, someone called out his name. When he turned around to take a look, he saw an eight-year-old child squirming and writhing around on the ground as if in pain.

"Baby Ghost?" Han Sen was surprised to see him there.

He was glad he was alive and had not been killed. He didn't have any green sproutlings popping up all over him, but there was definitely something wrong with him.

He used to have the face of a child, but now he was a child completely. The head was still frighteningly large, however. His lifeforce was weak, almost as weak as a newly-spawned Golden Growler.

"What happened to you?" Han Sen asked.

"Talk later. For now, we should get moving." Baby Ghost clearly did not know Sky King had returned to the tree.

Han Sen grabbed Baby Ghost and returned to the underground shelter with him. Then, he ordered Moment Queen to move the shelter.

Little Angel and Han Sen were weak, and in their current state, they no longer had the ability to combine together and fight Sky King. As such, they decided the best course of action was to leave.

Han Sen spoke to Baby Ghost and asked, "I thought you went looking for Sky King after I told you the truth of matters. What happened to you?"

Baby Ghost answered, "I told Qing Jun, and we only went and spoke to the others. We didn't consult Sky King, but we were going to. But before the opportunity arose, the tree began to revive."

"Okay, and what happened to you?" Han Sen asked.

Baby Ghost explained, "Fortunately for me, I had Ghost Baby to escape. I abandoned my vessel and sacrificed a portion of my spirit stone to survive. I say fortunately loosely, as now I'm only a shadow of what I once was. My progress has been wiped; I don't even have a single gene lock open."

"Just being alive is enough, Baby Ghost. Even if you're weak, being alive is more than worth the sacrifice." Han Sen smiled softly to comfort him.

Qing Jun was in even worse condition, though. Those that had escaped into the Cruel Bottle were all alive, but they were stuck inside the bottle and unable to exit. If they left the confines of the bottle, the Sky Tree would finish the job and absorb them. Being unable to get rid of the vines meant they'd possibly be stuck inside the bottle forever.

The Cruel Bottle was like a room that operated independently to everything else, but it had to be sealed and had to remain sealed. It could not be opened, lest the Sky Tree finish what it had already started.

Aside from destroying the Sky Tree, Han Sen had no clue how he might proceed. There didn't seem to be any other way Han Sen could remove the vines. The creatures and spirits had each consumed too much lifewater, too, so the core of a Sky Fruit would be largely ineffective.

In the meantime, though, Han Sen decided to return to the Alliance. Little Angel and Han Sen were both still too weak, and for the time being, they wouldn't even have the strength to tackle a super creature.

Han Sen rested there for two days, and after that, he started refining the Life Geno Essence of the Sky Peacock.

"Life Geno Essence absorbed: super geno points +1."

Han Sen was delighted, hearing the announcement chime more than once. In total, the Life Geno Essence provided him four points in total.

Super creatures in the Third God's Sanctuary were different. Some could give eight to nine super geno points, whereas others could only give three to four. Han Sen guessed it had something to do with the generation of a super creature, but he hadn't had much time to test and prove such theories.

Sky Peacock was a mount beast soul, and Han Sen considered it to be fairly useless.

When Han Sen's condition and health improved, he didn't jump back to start hunting super creatures again. He realized he still needed a lot more strength to fight an emperor, though; he had to be careful where he next ventured.

If he combined powers with Little Angel, the cooldown period was extreme. The boost didn't last very long, either, so he knew he couldn't rely on that trick very often. It had to be used as a last resort.

What Han Sen wanted to do most right now was research the vines and find a way in which he might remove them without destroying the Sky Tree. If he saved all the creatures and spirits inside, they'd all owe him one, and they might end up following him. If that was true, he'd more than have what it took to take down a king-class shelter.

Dragon King gave Han Sen a number of ideas, but Han Sen didn't dwell on many of them. He didn't think he should trust Dragon King as much, anymore.

That being said, Han Sen understood Dragon King never wanted to bring harm to him. Dragon King had made a simple blunder, and the results of his time in Immortal Shelter did not come about through some evil machination or scheme the spirit had hatched, as Moment Queen might do. After all, if something bad happened to Han Sen and he was killed, that would be game over for Dragon King, too.

So, more than anything, Han Sen had just called Dragon King's overall intelligence into question. It boggled Han Sen's mind how someone so dumb might have once been an emperor.

"Please have faith in me. I have a plan. This could really work." Dragon King felt sorry for what had happened and desperately wanted to get back into Han Sen's good books.

Dragon King was relying on Han Sen to find him a vessel, after all.

"The Asura Sutra can get rid of those vines," he said, but Han Sen struggled to believe it.

"If you practice the Asura Sutra, you can fix them. Back then..." Dragon King realized he had said something he should not have mentioned.

"Back then what?" Han Sen asked.

Dragon King knew, if he didn't play his cards right and only do good for Han Sen, he'd be trapped in the ring for all eternity.

"Asura was one of the generals who beat Sky King. His Asura Sutra is bad for the tree, but you would need to find a spirit of that bloodline to perform it," Dragon King said.

"Didn't you say Sky King was an emperor? And Ancient Devil Emperor beat Sky King himself? So Asura was just a general, but he was able to defeat Sky King, too?" Han Sen thought there were inconsistencies in the spirit's tales, and he wasn't sure whether or not he should give Dragon King the benefit of the doubt.

But Dragon King then explained, "Folk of the Asura bloodline can defeat Sky King. Besides, he betrayed Mister Ancient Devil. You remember Devil's Realm and Ancient Devil Shelter, don't you? That was the consequence of his betrayal."

Chapter 1191: Harvest?

"What?" Han Sen stared at Dragon King and asked, "Then why would the Asura Sutra be on your scale? Were you best buds with Asura?"

"Um..." Dragon King, for once, had been rendered speechless.

Han Sen was starting to understand what had happened; Dragon King had most likely been a traitor. He had committed a betrayal, and now—in his current state—he was afraid of seeing the other generals from that time.

"Trust me. Once more, I plead you. Asura King is in the Fourth God's Sanctuary, but I know a trace of his lineage is still here in the Third God's Sanctuary. If we get this person to practice the Asura Sutra, we can remove the vines..." Before Dragon King could finish speaking, Han Sen put him away.

"I don't need you to find Asura." Han Sen knew of someone else who could practice the Asura Sutra.

Han Sen wondered just how strong Zero had become with the skill.

But he also wondered why the Asura Sutra was practically the same as the Falsified-Sky Sutra. And also, why could only the shura fully learn it?

“Are all these tangents connected somehow?” Han Sen had a lot to mull.

The concept was not entirely impossible or even implausible, as he now knew that creatures of the Sanctuary were capable of entering the Alliance. Bao'er was the latest example. She was born in the Sanctuary, but she could go to the Alliance and back with no issue.

“If the shura were the descendants of this Asura, shouldn't that mean they would be able to enter the sanctuaries? But it is a well-known fact they cannot.” This was quite the headscratcher for Han Sen to contemplate.

Something else weighed on Han Sen's mind, too: Baby Ghost. No matter what Han Sen asked about Blood Legion, he was given the same response, “You are not Blood Legion, so I cannot tell you.”

Han Sen was desperate to find out why Blood Legion had kidnapped Han Jingzhi, but try as he might, the only person he knew who could give him an answer, refused to.

Qing Jun had been grievously damaged following the ordeal with the vines. But the damage was not entirely physical. She was Sky King's child, yet Sky King showed no remorse in attempting to sacrifice her with the rest. She was heartbroken by the betrayal.

After trying it out, Han Sen was unable to use Zero's Falsified-Sky powers to remove the vines. So, for now, they all had to remain stuck inside the bottle.

If Han Sen was able to save them all, Han Sen did not know whether or not the creatures would pay him heed and listen to what he commanded, either. As such, he decided to speak with each of them, and gauge which creature he might be able to trust the most.

Han Sen asked Moment Queen to move the shelter once more, hoping it would move them closer towards Holy-Sword Shelter. Xie Qing King and the silver fox were supposed to be in that place.

Han Sen knew the Thorn Forest well by now, and he knew where Holy-Sword Shelter lay.

He was worried about the silver fox, though. Han Sen still missed his companionship a great deal, and the silver fox's absence in his escapades was still sorely felt.

Even now, Han Sen would occasionally brush his own shoulder in the mistaken belief that the silver fox was right there.

For now, though, Han Sen had to return to the Alliance. He wanted to pick up a new hyper geno art. Due to his inability to break the mirror, he knew he needed a move with a bit more of a power-focus. Saving

Money was great, but it wasn't the best when used in a one-on-one fight, particularly so if it was in close-quarter combat.

Furthermore, after his duel with Sky King, he had become infinitely more fascinated with the powers of bending and manipulating space. He had one hundred space geno points, too, so he thought there'd be no harm in trying out an ability related to the element of space.

There weren't many hyper geno arts associated with the space element, however. There were only a dozen s-class skills for him to choose from. And what was more, they were pretty weak. There was one that was named Space Blade, but it only cut enemies slightly.

Han Sen wanted to be able to properly bend and warp the dimension. He wanted something that would allow him to really grip the fabric of space and manipulate it to his own will, just as Sky King did.

After much perusing, Han Sen found an s-class hyper geno art that attracted him far more than all the others. This hyper geno art was called Hyperspace. It was a fairly modern skill, too, and it wasn't something derived from some musty, aged texts of yore. It was a skill that had been derived from the teachings and learnings of modern science.

It was widely believed that humans live in a three-dimensional reality, but according to the theory of relativity, that was not entirely the case.

The concept of three dimensions of space, alongside one dimension of time, produced the concept of humans living in a four-dimensional continuum.

But there were believed to be eleven dimensions in total.

Hyperspace dealt with the time axis a lot, though. So, it was a hyper geno art most closely associated with the element of time.

Han Sen wanted the skill not because it was strong, but because of how refreshing it looked. It inspired him in more ways than one. For most people, though, hyperspace was more theory than anything. You needed time and space talents to learn it effectively.

Few people could fully learn it, but even if they did, it wasn't very effective.

A hyper geno art like that, though, employed techniques not even the fiercest of super creatures could.

Han Sen thought he needed a space hyper geno art only, but he was wrong.

"I already have one hundred space king spirit geno points. Moment Queen is associated with the element of time, so if I could get one hundred time geno points off her, I'd be all set! I'd be proficient in both talents, and I could learn that hyper geno art." Han Sen paused his thoughts for a moment, and then went on to think, "I was gone from the underground shelter for some years; she must have obtained many geno points in my time away. Perhaps it is only fair that she share the wealth."

Chapter 1192: You Are Too Weak

Han Sen didn't buy Hyperspace in the end, since he didn't meet the ideal time king spirit geno point requirement yet. He still wanted to buy a hyper geno art that dealt simple, non-fancy high damage, too.

But he decided that could wait for the time being, so he could consult Moment Queen about her lending him time geno points.

Back in the shelter, Bao'er leaped off the back of the white bear to go and sit on Han Sen's shoulder. She was wearing cowboy boots, a cowboy hat, and had a large pair of aviator sunglasses on.

Han Sen patted her head and then went to the Martial Hall.

There, Han Sen walked up to Moment Queen and said, "I have learned a new technique! Care to practice with me?"

"I am too weak. Why don't you ask your Blue Dinosaur to help you out?" Moment Queen said.

"He is too strong for me, so I can't practice with him. Besides, I'm in the mood to interact with you," Han Sen said.

Moment Queen's eyes twitched, suggesting she was easy for him to bully.

Moment Queen lowered her head and answered, "Fine."

Han Sen asked her, "Have you heard of this fellow called The King?"

"Yes, I have," Moment Queen answered with immediacy. In her heart, the mere calling of that name prompted her to think, "Ah, The King who must one day become a most glorious emperor!"

"Does he use a skill that involves coins?" Han Sen asked.

"I think so," Moment Queen said.

"Have you seen it in action?" Han Sen asked.

"No, I haven't." Moment Queen had developed a compulsion to lie it seemed, as she snickered to herself on the inside, saying, "Of course I have, you dimwit. As if I'd tell you about it."

"It is good that you have not seen it, then. I have a power that involves the use of coins, too. I bet I'm better than The King with them, too," Han Sen boasted, baiting her.

Hearing this, Moment Queen thought to herself, "Pah! You are nothing compared to The King, you imbecile."

Moment Queen despised Han Sen with every bone in her body, but she was bound to him in service. So, for now, she had no choice but to comply with Han Sen's desire to practice.

Han Sen could sense how much she hated him, but that was fine.

She used to lie about possessing the space element, when it was in fact time. And she seemed to have some relation to a lot of emperors. If she wasn't useful, he would have killed her after her last attempt of betrayal.

Han Sen reached out his right hand and made a coin appear between two of his fingers.

Moment Queen had already been shocked. She didn't expect he'd even be able to formulate a coin out of thin air. Of course, that could be little more than an illusion, just something for show. It didn't illustrate Han Sen's true proficiency, power, and expertise with the coin technique he wished to show her.

Her face soon changed, though. After a small amount of time elapsed, the coin was able to gather up a vast amount of scary, wretched power.

Moment Queen was able to detect and detail how much power was being amassed. If it kept on going, Han Sen could kill her.

"Have I finally outlived my usefulness? Has the time come for him to kill me? Is this the day? Is this how I am going to go out? Will my existence be snuffed out by this monetary monstrosity?!" Moment Queen's mind was riddled with such thoughts.

But if Han Sen truly wanted to kill her, he'd only have to use his mind.

Still, the thought remained. And the stronger the power in that coin became, the more her anxiety and nervousness grew.

Pang!

The coin flew towards Moment Queen like a golden arrow, as the dimension around it twisted with the flight. Moment Queen's face changed as she realized that the power in that coin could easily kill her.

She had initially believed she could fake an injury and end the session prematurely. But when the coin flew, pretending an injury was off the table. If she wasn't outright killed, she'd at the very least be rendered a crippled mess.

Moment Queen teleported a few hundred meters away. She believed she had managed to dodge the attack, but the coin's flight halted in mid-air. The coin twirled and twirled, as if trying to suck her back to it.

Moment Queen tried her best to escape that power, but the coin had been brewing for so long, not even a king spirit with nine of its gene locks open could escape such a thing.

Seeing herself being drawn to the coin, she knew she'd be killed the moment she touched it.

"He really does want to kill me?!" Moment Queen then used her power to slow down everything around her. Then she sped herself up to attempt an escape.

Unfortunately for her, even that was in vain. She was unable to escape the wretched suction the coin was producing. She was pulled towards it.

Katcha!

Moment Queen felt as if a mountain had been dropped on top of her, and she felt all her bones break. The coin then disappeared. She felt the weight quickly vanish after that, too. She was alive, but she was now little more than a crumpled sack of crushed bones on the ground.

“Wow. Why are you so weak?” Han Sen squatted down near her and shook his head.

Moment Queen was infuriated by what he had done. If she wasn't trying to be nice, she would have tried to dodge and escape whatever he attempted to do earlier. Now that he had the audacity to insult her, she was furious.

“I really should have practiced with the Blue Dinosaur. This was a waste of time, eh?” Han Sen said as he turned to leave.

Moment Queen then managed to wheeze out a few words, saying, “Hold on. I'm not done yet.”

Moment Queen's bones had all been broken, but somehow, she was still able to stand upright. As she shakily got back up to her feet, Han Sen was more than surprised.

It was as if time was going backwards, and the condition of her body was reverting to what it was before the coin ruined her. Her body was swiftly brought back to a good condition.

Chapter 1193: I Get Half

If there was one power Han Sen was afraid of, it had to be time. Time and space were a freakish duo, but the former definitely made him the wariest. What it could achieve was both fascinating and frightening, and this was what Han Sen thought as he looked at Moment Queen now.

Humans could control space, but not time. They were not technologically advanced enough for time manipulation. In the sanctuary, things were a little different, and time there could be controlled, or at the very least manipulated.

Moment Queen had not opened as many gene locks as Han Sen had, but that didn't mean he was willing to underestimate her. Han Sen formed another coin between his fingers, but before he could do anything, Moment Queen had already teleported in front of him and delivered a punch.

She used to be a noble figure, one of divinity and grace. She had been disgraced repeatedly by her service to Han Sen. The final straw was Han Sen's insult, following her broken body. She could not take it anymore.

Moment Queen attacked Han Sen with all the power she had. She had to vent and release her pent-up frustration with him, but she didn't think he'd kill her for the act. He'd have to keep her around for moving the shelter, after all.

Han Sen quickly used his phoenix techniques to avoid her thrashing.

He knew he had avoided her, but in the next second, her wailing fists had become nothing but a blur. And somehow, she had managed to strike him in the stomach.

“Wow. Why are you so weak?” Moment Queen wore a cheeky smirk.

Moment Queen’s powers were different than Sky King’s, that much was certain. If she battled against Sky King, he’d have been able to kill her in one hit, but doing so would be difficult. Her unique talents most certainly gave her the ability to punch above her weight class.

“That’s the spirit. Let’s keep this going.” Han Sen activated his Dongxuan Sutra and ran towards Moment Queen.

Moment Queen twirled the dimension around them and got to fighting Han Sen.

When it came to the manipulation of time, Moment Queen was in a league of her own. Even with a low amount of gene locks open, she was still frightening to compete with.

Although she could not stop time, she could easily rewind the clock on her body and remove damage.

She could speed up and slow down time, too, while giving her a separate flow to operate on. She was almost as good as Sky King and his ability of warping dimensions, despite the obvious gap in power that was between them.

Han Sen thought she could speed up time to predict the immediate future and what attacks might come her way, too. If that was true, that was similar to the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

Moment Queen was still weak, though. If her talent would eventually lead to that ability, there was still some time to go.

The ability to speed up time was already quite the showcase of someone’s power, and if Han Sen did not have Dongxuan Aura, he’d have been unable to dodge.

Moment Queen kept on flashing before him with unrivaled speed. Even Han Sen had to stay on his toes and remain sharp. But Moment Queen still kept missing him. He could see the dimension around her was being twisted as she went.

“I could hit him if I was just a little bit faster!” Moment Queen was firing on all cylinders but was just falling short of what was necessary to smack him silly.

Believing herself to be too slow was just a misconception, though. That being said, it did drive her to give it everything she had. If she was able to move as fast as Sky King, there was no doubt she’d be able to strike Han Sen however she wanted.

But the Dongxuan Aura was giving Han Sen the edge. By being able to predict her moves, he was evading her attacks before she even began executing them. Her speed wasn’t quite the issue.

At the very least, Han Sen was now able to gauge how much power Moment Queen had amassed in the time they had been apart and see how far she'd come. While he had been gone, she had managed to open four gene locks.

Wanting to keep things fair, Han Sen made sure to only open four gene locks to compete, too. With things like this, their powers were rather even. And balance was what Han Sen wanted. He did everything he could to maintain the equal balance of the sparring session.

From a spectator's point of view, all that could be seen were two wispy shadows brawling like mad in the Martial Hall.

Now, Moment Queen discarded all attempts of maintaining a steady defense. She was now giving Han Sen all she had, with all her focus placed in an attacking stance.

Unlike Han Sen, she could rewind. As such, Han Sen would have to be put on the defensive.

"I can be faster. I know I can!" There was only one thing occupying Moment Queen's mind, and that was the thought of beating the smirk off Han Sen's ever-smug face.

Whoosh!

Moment Queen felt like a chain had just broken inside her; her fifth gene lock had now been opened.

Her entire body became a blur before Han Sen, and he could no longer see her fists coming. Then, he was quickly walloped in the chest.

"Yes!" Moment Queen was tremendously overjoyed.

"Very good." Moment Queen thought of following up the attack with another, but she was taken aback to see Han Sen praise, congratulate, and clap for her.

"You have opened five gene locks. It seems to me as if you have many king spirit geno points. I think it is time we make good on that deal. Do you remember?" Han Sen patted her on the shoulders and said, "I get half."

Moment Queen froze. Her excitement and happiness over managing to strike Han Sen had all vanished.

Chapter 1194: The Fourth Person in the Alliance

"Time King Spirit Geno Point +1; Time King Spirit Geno Point +1; Time King Spirit Geno Point +1."

Han Sen, seeing his spirit geno points increase, looked delightfully happy.

Moment Queen wasn't feeling quite the same way, as could be imagined. She was fuming.

She had managed to amass many time geno points, but they were incredibly difficult to come by. And now, to see half of them go to Han Sen, she felt as if her heart was physically bleeding.

“It looks like she managed to get herself a load of goodies in my absence. If she managed to open five gene locks, that means she must have received at least five hundred self geno points. I doubt ordinary king spirits could achieve such a feat in such a small timeframe,” Han Sen thought, as he pondered Moment Queen’s situation.

It was a shame they had signed a contract, though. This meant she could not give him any more than one hundred geno points. If Moment Queen was the one who held the contract and owned Han Sen, then there’d be no limit.

But, for obvious reasons, Han Sen wouldn’t place himself under contract with her. And for the time being, one hundred of such geno points were more than enough.

When Moment Queen looked at Han Sen next, there was a fire of murder in her eyes.

Now that he had managed to obtain one hundred time king spirit geno points, Han Sen was able to start producing his own skill.

The Dongxuan Sutra was able to simulate Sky King and Moment Queen’s powers.

But the Dongxuan Sutra had only six of its tiers open. There’d be a limit to the efficiency of his creation, and if he wasn’t careful in the combination of those two volatile powers, there was a chance he could hurt himself.

When Han Sen created Saving Money, it was a long and laborious job that took him many years to complete.

Returning to the Alliance, Han Sen hopped onto Skynet. He wanted to increase his knowledge and learn all he could about space and time. He even consulted Bai Yishan about the subject.

“I focus on the human body. Space and time, well... That isn’t exactly my forte. I suggest you go see Professor Long; he’s an expert on the subject.” Bai Yishan then provided Han Sen with a slip of paper, before going on to say, “He holds lectures regarding hyper geno arts that deal with space and time, primarily.”

Han Sen filled out the application form, then Bai Yishan helped him fast-track the registration process. It was then that Han Sen realized Professor Long was the creator of Hyperspace: a tidbit of knowledge that greatly amped up his excitement.

Due to this class being private for members of the Saint Hall, it was held in their base. The knowledge to be shared there would undoubtedly be secret. As such, Han Sen had to travel to Lie Men Planet.

It was a great distance away from Roca Planet, so to pass the time on the journey, Han Sen decided to practice combat in the virtual community.

“Are you Han Sen?” Someone recognized him.

Han Sen turned around to see a modern-looking couple, both of whom were in their twenties.

The girl happily ran towards Han Sen, saying, "Can I just say how much I love you and Ji Yanran. Would it be boorish for me to request your signature?"

"It'd be a pleasure." Han Sen smiled.

"Here, on this sheet of paper. Could you address it to Little Lan?" The girl had quickly lifted a notebook out of her pocket.

Han Sen wrote, "To cute Little Lan, Han Sen."

The girl thanked him and quickly left.

"I didn't know I had female fans." Han Sen was pleased after this, so he trotted around with a spring in his step. But then, he overheard a conversation.

"Why did you ask for his signature? You do know he cannot fight anymore, right?" the boyfriend told her.

"So? I think he's a lovely person," the girl said.

"Childish." The guy clearly didn't approve.

Han Sen, hearing this, did not mind too much. He wasn't a saint, and he knew he couldn't get everyone to like him.

Han Sen entered the holographic machine to practice combat and pass the time.

Lie Men was on the outskirts of the Alliance's system, so it was going to take half a month of travel for him to reach it. A lot of that time was spent in virtual fighting.

But Han Sen soon lost interest in it. Each fight was a cakewalk, and after winning every single match with the greatest of ease, he grew numb and bored. He wouldn't have spent time there if he had anything better to do.

Just as Han Sen was going to go off and watch the news, he was matched with someone a little out of the ordinary.

Han Sen was impressed by the fellow's name.

"Fourth Person in the Alliance; interesting." Han Sen smiled when he saw the tag.

If it was "something-something number one," Han Sen wouldn't have been impressed. This, though, gave the impression he wasn't someone who was talking nonsense. This person exuded a feel that was real.

"Let me just see how strong this person is." Han Sen chuckled to himself.

Han Sen was in social matchmaking, but there were rankings in play. He would only be able to match up with others of the same level, so in this case, other surpassers.

When Han Sen entered the arena, he did not hesitate to rush towards his opponent and unleash a flurry of attacks.

When the dust settled, Han Sen was shocked at the result. The opponent had successfully blocked each of his strikes. This person had to be special, as no one else could block Han Sen's attacks like that.

Han Sen spent the next ten minutes on the offensive, but he was surprised to see his opponent successfully defend against every attack.

Han Sen was surprised, and he thought to himself, "This guy really is something!"

Han Sen's hands did not slow down, though. Instead, they just sped up.

Chapter 1195: Textbook Example

Fang Mingquan entered the virtual community and sent a message to Yuan Zhufeng.

Fang Mingquan had scheduled an interview with Yuan Zhufeng, and despite the fact that they could only meet inside the virtual community, he had still been very excited for the occasion.

Yuan Zhufeng was a demi-god teacher, and he was so well-renowned, he had earned himself the title, "Tutor of the Alliance." His primary field of teaching lay in hyper geno arts.

He hadn't created any hyper geno arts himself, but he had formulated simpler varieties of some of the more complex ones that could be found. That way, those who weren't the brightest of bulbs could still participate, learn, and become stronger.

Yuan Zhufeng's influence was sprawling, and he had garnered a great deal of respect over the years. He was so well-respected, he was given more credit than the original authors of hyper geno arts themselves. Over the years, though, his services had aided countless people, so it wasn't undeserving.

Fang Mingquan was proud and honored to have been given the opportunity to interview someone of such prestige.

Fang Mingquan, however, was soon surprised. He received a reply to the message he had sent, and the answer was quite unexpected.

"I'm sorry. I am in a match, currently; I'll be available shortly."

Fang Mingquan confirmed this in his online status, so without anything better to do, he decided to spectate.

Fang Mingquan was quite curious over who the combatant was, who might have delayed him, and so he thought to himself, "Old Yuan is having a match against someone? Could it be another demi-god? Could it be Zhuo Donglai?"

Fang Mingquan looked to his opponent and noticed they had hidden their ID.

Fang Mingquan knew every person of renown's ID, but without being able to see theirs now, he couldn't tell who Yuan Zhufeng's opponent was.

The image of the opponent's face had been obscured, as well. As such, all that Fang Mingquan could learn about that person was the shape of their body.

As the two fought intensely, Fang Mingquan reclined and made himself comfortable. He noticed that Yuan Zhufeng was being very defensive.

Not that this came as a surprise. In fact, this was quite normal for Yuan Zhufeng. When he joined matchmaking, he did so to teach. He never fought an opponent with the desire to win, he only did so to encounter individuals with strength and teach them.

"From the way Yuan Zhufeng is defending, though, I can only suppose his opponent is of a lower tier," Fang Mingquan noticed.

After a while of watching, a slow-boiling shock began to alter his perception.

Due to the fact he always watched matches and had developed great skills of analysis, he started to realize Old Yuan's opponent's attacks were perfect. There was not a single flaw to witness in his abilities of combat.

Before Old Yuan, it was nearly impossible to remain perfect and flawless for a whole five minutes.

Yuan Zhufeng, although his outward demeanor would not suggest it, was even more surprised than Fang Mingquan was. He thought he could kick back and relax for a while, matchmaking quickly through a number of people before the interview.

And with Yuan Zhufeng's power, ending a fight when he wanted to shouldn't have been difficult. He had continued to defend against his manic opponent, in the hopes of spotting a flaw he could quickly exploit.

There was still fifteen minutes to go before the interview was supposed to start, though, so it wasn't as if he was late.

Slowly, Yuan Zhufeng's surprise turned to shock and a mild perspiration. He had difficulty believing how great and talented his opponent truly was.

Fitness could always improve through the increase of geno points, no matter how they were obtained or consumed. A person's abilities in combat were something else entirely, though, and they had to be properly learned.

The opponent was not making use of anything special, but he truly moved like water. He was like a ribbon of silk on a gentle breeze, moving delicately and without the single shadow of an error.

Or perhaps he was more of a machine; programmed to perform a move with the precision and finesse of a computer, devoid of flaws or human mistakes.

Twenty minutes had elapsed, and Yuan Zhufeng was unable to notice a single error. He was going to stop the fight, due to the timer ending soon, but his curiosity had gotten the better of him.

He wanted to see how long his opponent would last before making a mistake.

Mistakes were inevitable, and they were a fault of the human condition. Everyone made mistakes, but his opponent was clearly something special. Yuan Zhufeng really wanted to see just how long his opponent would last.

Han Sen did not know he was fighting a demi-god, but it felt as if he was getting nowhere, and each strike made zero progress.

“So strong!” Han Sen thought to himself.

Easy wins had been boring him before this, though, and a good challenge was exactly what he had wanted. Yuan Zhufeng was exciting him quite a bit. Yuan Zhufeng’s seemingly impenetrable defense was fascinating to Han Sen, and Han Sen wanted to see if he could eventually break it.

Han Sen used everything he had learned to fight, making every inch of his body a deadly weapon.

Fang Mingquan was still in awe. It was as if he were watching a visual, fighting textbook spring to life, with a rehearsed and choreographed fight that seemed too good to be true. The person on the offense and the person on the defense were both perfect in everything they sought to do.

The skills and techniques performed weren’t particularly special, but both of them together in perfect harmonious combat was strikingly unique and infinitely riveting to watch. It was a sheer spectacle to witness, no doubt. He had never seen anything like it.

Every human’s body was different. A strong, chunky body could not make use of soft and delicate skills. It was not uncommon to see muscular men fail to bend and weave with the finesse of someone who was thinner and thus more agile.

Han Sen was an exception to this rule, though, it seemed. It didn’t matter what skill Han Sen performed or which way he attacked; he was perfect. This was why Yuan Zhufeng almost mistook him for a computer. The precision of his fighting was almost inhuman.

Chapter 1196: You Are Han Sen?

As the march of time went on, so did Han Sen’s ravenous barrage of attacks.

His opponent was like a tumbler doll, refusing to fall over no matter how hard or how quickly Han Sen struck. Even while channeling all his powers of prediction, he simply couldn’t find a way to knock him down. Han Sen was actually shocked by what was going on.

Yuan Zhufeng was just as shocked. They had been going at it like this for one hour, and Han Sen had yet to make a single misstep or produce a move that featured a flaw.

Yuan Zhufeng was reducing his own abilities to match with his opponent, but he was starting to worry.

Yuan Zhufeng was strong, but he was a human, after all. Even he could make a mistake after such a long, intense session that required absolute focus.

And while he had been waiting for his opponent to make a mistake, he was starting to have the sneaking suspicion that this was what his opponent was waiting for, as well. They were both in on the game, waiting to see who would be the first to slip-up.

Yuan Zhufeng no longer treated Han Sen like a junior. He fought as seriously as he could and took him as a real challenger. Yuan Zhufeng was having to use every ounce of his power to stay strong, and he'd have to continue to do so if he wanted to emerge victorious.

Fang Mingquan was in awe. It was only supposed to be a casual, social match; he never expected to watch a balls-to-the-wall, high octane match such as this, given the circumstances.

Amidst the dizzying array of skills consistently being cast, Fang Mingquan was only able to recognize around one in ten. And before he could finish blinking to acknowledge a skill, another flurry of attacks and defensive skills had been flung.

Fang Mingquan knew his knowledge was lacking as he watched this battle between two hardcore elites. He was glad he had been recording the match, though. Once it was over, he'd be looking forward to a steady and studious rewatch.

Although he couldn't fight very well himself, it was always an admirable trait of Fang Mingquan that his passion for combat never waned. It enthralled him, despite his lack of participation.

The fight was frightening to watch, and it kept its spectators on the edge of their seats. It was one that required a constant, pinpoint-precise usage of stamina and endurance to maintain a status quo that could collapse at any minuscule miscalculation. Any who were to watch it would know that, and it imbued the atmosphere with a feeling of dread and unease.

One attack, followed by one defense; whoever made a mistake first would be the loser.

After three hours, there was still no change. But Yuan Zhufeng's gentle perspiration had turned to him full-on sweating bullets. This fight was no longer taxing on the body, it was exhausting to the mind.

His opponent continued to show no sign of human emotion, and it continued its assault with the cold lethality of a machine built to destroy. Yuan Zhufeng was starting to fear he'd be unable to keep up, and that he'd make a mistake any second now.

“Who is this man? Who can have such a vast amount of power and stamina?!” Yuan Zhufeng thought to himself.

He was well-acquainted with many of the elites that populated the Alliance, but his opponent was not someone he recognized. Wrack his mind as he might, he just couldn’t think of anyone who fit the bill.

But he didn’t think he was just some nobody, either. Anyone who possessed that much power must have some manner of renown.

Fang Mingquan had been there, staring intently for the past three hours. He was as captivated as ever. Still, he was starting to feel exhausted, moreso than the fighters that were actually engaged in the battle. And just as Fang Mingquan thought this fight would go on for another eternity and a day, an explosion sounded.

Yuan Zhufeng used his arms to block the incoming fist, but when the dust settled, he had lost.

“Impossible. He blocked the punch, but... he lost?” Fang Mingquan’s face had twisted into an expression of utter disbelief.

Seeing Yuan Zhufeng’s virtual body outside the battleground, Fang Mingquan had to immediately ask, “Old Yuan, did you encounter a glitch?”

Old Yuan gave a wry smile and answered, “I lost. He is not only strong of body; grand power resides in every aspect of that person.”

“He’s powerful overall?” Fang Mingquan wasn’t entirely sure what he was being told.

Old Yuan did not elaborate any further, though. Instead, he sent an invitation to his opponent, to request a meet.

“Who was your opponent? Do you know? Was he a demi-god?” Fang Mingquan believed his opponent had to be someone of a comparable level.

Old Yuan smiled and admitted, “I don’t know who he is, but believe me when I tell you that he is just a surpasser.”

“A surpasser?!” Fang Mingquan was shocked, and he partially believed his ears had been fibbing. It was more than a surprise to hear a surpasser had beaten Old Yuan, even if he had weakened himself to compete.

Fang Mingquan wished to say something more, but all of a sudden, the opponent arrived to greet them.

“You are so strong. My name is Yuan Zhufeng; can we be friends so that we may compete again sometime?” Yuan Zhufeng gave a gentle, heartfelt smile.

Han Sen was surprised. He knew who Yuan Zhufeng was, but he never expected that was the person he had spent the past three hours fighting against.

"I appreciate your compliments." Han Sen then showed him his ID and name, then added him as a friend. Han Sen respected his elders a great deal, particularly those that had done great services for humanity in their time.

Han Sen was not opposed to telling people he had healed, either.

"You are Han Sen?!" Fang Mingquan unwittingly blasted, while Yuan Zhufeng beside him was still deep in thought.

It was shocking to see him there fighting like that, as many demi-gods had believed his condition to be beyond repair. Although they had never met before, Yuan Zhufeng knew exactly who he was.

"You are healed?" Yuan Zhufeng asked, with visible surprise.

"Almost." Han Sen smiled. He wished to say more, but all of a sudden, he disconnected from Skynet and disappeared.

"WARNING! WARNING! UNIVERSE IS UNDER ATTACK! ALL PASSENGERS OF UNIVERSE, PLEASE PROCEED TO THE EVACUATION TERMINAL!"

The hologram disconnected and then all doors opened. From beyond, the blaring sounds of a siren raised everyone to their feet and incited panic.

Boom!

The ship called Universe was shaken, causing everything to be cast around in disarray. It was as if something had rammed the ship.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It kept going, as if a cannon was repeatedly firing at the ship.

Chapter 1197: Shura Ship

The ship was rattling and shaking like mad, as passengers scrambled in their attempts to reach the Panic Terminal.

Fortunately, most of the people on board were humans with a good fitness level. They were unfazed and unshaken by the sudden bombardment from a hostile force.

Before Han Sen could exit the hologram lobby, he saw the girl who had asked him for a signature make her way out alongside her boyfriend. They were both young, and neither of them was an evolver yet. Due to their inexperience, they struggled to maintain calm in the face of what had assuredly ruined their day.

Han Sen approached them, wanting to guide them to safety.

The Panic Terminal was the sturdiest location of the ship. It was designed for an event such as this, as it had been built to withstand the crumbling of the entire battleship and to deflect cannonfire that was aimed directly at it. It also served as a large evacuation pod.

Their ship was now in the farthest reaches of the Alliance's system. It was on the outskirts of human-inhabited space; the edge of the bubble. It wasn't near the shura, but it was a mostly uncharted, rarely-visited pocket of the black.

Interstellar Pirates frequented such desolate strips of space, so this attack did not come as a complete surprise. The Universe had to divert away from the course it had been following. If things continued, this could end poorly.

If they were being attacked by pirates, they would probably be alright. Pirates were thieves, and if the Universe was boarded, then they would only want to steal valuables.

Han Sen had an ace up his sleeve, unbeknownst to everyone, though. He had the black beetle with him, and he could use that to slip into space and destroy the attackers with ease. Even the infamous pirate Minotaur only had three star-class ships. A threat such as that would be nothing for the black beetle.

For now, though, Han Sen was going to cover the couple in their rush to safety. All of a sudden, an extra large explosion struck the ship. A hole had formed in the hull, producing a large amount of suction, pulling everything out into space.

Surpassers could not survive in space, only demi-gods.

The couple were unable to grab ahold of anything to prevent themselves from being pulled out into the black. Hope of survival seemed bleak, and Han Sen witnessed the pain and realization of what was coming across their expressions.

He was not willing to let them go. Han Sen went into the suck-stream, donning armor and a wing beast soul to aid him.

Then, he activated his nine gene locks of the Blood-Pulse Sutra.

The couple, by this point, had been pulled outside the ship. They were sure death would come for them. And with the ship still moving, at the speed they were going, it seemed impossible for them to get back inside.

They continued to flail in an attempt to grab ahold of something, but they couldn't. Out in space, their lives were now at the mercy of fate.

But then, a red-shadow with draconic wings flickered past their eyes.

Amidst their shock at what had just occurred, they struggled to comprehend anything. But something familiar appeared directly before each of them. There was a hand; one for each of them to grab.

They couldn't see who it was, but the arm seemed to be the only thing near enough to grab. So, they did.

Boom!

All of a sudden, it felt as if they had been wrapped up in the warm embrace of a friendly dragon. They heard the wings flap in their ears, and they watched as they were brought back into the safety of the ship.

With the incredible speed they were traveling at, they were able to push through the suction that sought to keep them out. The couple could not believe what they were seeing.

In a situation such as that, demi-gods were the likeliest people to risk life and limb going out into the black physically to save others. Surpassers were almost guaranteed to die.

So, the person who saved them must have been incredibly powerful. The couple were shocked but honored to have been saved by someone with such strength.

Han Sen held the couple tightly and continued flapping his wings to defy the vacuum.

Then, Han Sen reached the controls for sealing the hull with an emergency panel and re-pressurized the room. He pushed the button.

"Thank you so much!" They both thanked Han Sen profusely.

Han Sen put away his beast souls and then guided them to the Panic Terminal. At its entrance, he told them, "Get in there; it's not safe elsewhere."

"It's you!" The boy could hardly believe his eyes, recognizing his savior had been Han Sen.

The girl's face was one of utter surprise, too.

Han Sen didn't pay them any mind, though. He had been able to glimpse a lot when he allowed himself to be pulled out into space. There was an entire fleet of Shura ships outside. There were two that were star-class, amidst an armada of many others.

And that was all Han Sen was able to see in his brief look outside. There had to be many more he hadn't been able to catch sight of.

Han Sen now knew they weren't up against pirates. This was a proper military force; an entire arm of the shura's military.

A small passenger ship, such as the one they were on, had no hope of survival. If the shura wanted to, they could blow up the Universe any second.

But what may have been stranger was what had prompted such an attack. It was strange for the shura to attack so aggressively with a large military force, despite the uneasy establishment of a ceasefire. Why would they come for a small passenger ship such as that?

When they attacked Universe, they had exposed themselves, though. Han Sen might have understood if they wanted to attack a large Alliance fortress by surprise. But that element seemed to have been squandered, now that they had chosen to pepper the Universe with a small amount of fire.

The Alliance was guaranteed to have heard what was going on by now, and the shura were most likely aware of this. For that reason, there had to be something on the Universe they desperately desired.

Chapter 1198: Old Alloy Box

After Han Sen took the couple to the Panic Terminal, the shura ship started firing once more. This time, however, there were more misses than hits, and it gave them the uneasy feeling they were being issued a warning.

If the shura had been attacking for real, the Universe wouldn't have lasted more than a second.

"Little Lian, are you okay?"

After entering the Panic Terminal, an old man grabbed the girl in worry.

"Grandpa, I'm fine. Han Sen saved me and Ling Yuan both," the girl told him.

The old man thanked Han Sen profusely, but Han Sen had more on his mind right now, and he didn't have the time to hang around and indulge any further social niceties. Understanding the situation better than anyone, he wanted to ask the captain what the ship was transporting in the cargo docks.

Before Han Sen left, a person approached with a few more stragglers. This person was dressed in the uniform of a captain, and he said, "Old Xu, the shura have us surrounded. I don't think the Panic Terminal was built to withstand the pounding of an armada's fire and take us to our proposed destination. We must proceed to the next step; asset denial. We will destroy the information."

It was then that Han Sen noticed the old man was clutching an alloy box. It was fairly modern in its design, but it looked weathered and worn, as if it was a few decades old.

Han Sen felt as if he had seen a similar box elsewhere.

"No! This is irreplaceable," the old man pleaded, as his grip on the box tightened.

"Old Xu, we cannot be saved. Hope is lost. All we can do now is make the most of our predicament by preventing the shura from obtaining this item. I apologize, but this is how it must be." The captain gestured with his hand, prompting soldiers to come forward and try to seize the box.

"I remember!" Han Sen remembered where he had seen this box before.

It was an old box, one whose trace could not even be found on Skynet. He had seen it in the sanctuary.

When Han Sen first met Zero in the cave, he saw an identical box there, except it was broken. Looking at this box before him, Han Sen knew they had to be the same model. Han Sen also remembered he found a geno solution and some information inside it.

Han Sen never figured out what that information dictated, so he had it hidden.

It was all coming back to him, now that he was seeing that box.

If there was a connection between the two, Han Sen could not tell just yet. After all, the box itself wasn't particularly remarkable.

Two of the soldiers were now directly in front of the old man, who had yet to flinch. His grip on the box only tightened.

"Old Xu, I am sorry. You know I wouldn't let it come to this if there was another way." Another round of explosions echoed around the ship, prompting him to gesture for the soldiers to hurry.

They both grabbed the old man and removed the box from his grasp. The old man looked very upset, but he didn't resist too much. A soldier tried to open the box but found out he was unable to.

"Old Xu!" the captain shouted.

The old man then sighed, providing the soldier a keycard to open it. The soldier used it, and the box opened successfully. Han Sen looked at the now-open box and was delivered quite the shock.

Inside, there was a bottle. A bottle and information. The bottle was the same one Han Sen had found.

"The box is the same. The bottle is the same. No way the solution inside can be the same... can it?" Han Sen thought to himself.

The soldier opened the box and brought a punch down on the bottle with a fire-wreathed fist.

Han Sen watched the events intensely.

The soldier was a surpasser, and with a fire element attack, the box was sure to be destroyed.

If Han Sen hadn't seen that bottle, he wouldn't have cared too much. But he wanted to learn more, so he ran before the soldier, blocked his fist, and grabbed the box himself.

Pang!

The hot flames came down on Han Sen's hand like a meteor that spewed lava, but he was undamaged. Everyone was shocked, and the rest of the ship's personnel all aimed their weapons at Han Sen, thinking he was a threat.

"You are a traitor! You are working for the shura?" the captain asked, with half a rhetorical tone.

"I am Han Sen and my wife is Ji Yanran. Ji Ruozhen is my father-in-law," Han Sen quickly stated, raising his hands in innocence.

Han Sen didn't think the laser guns could hurt him too much, but he didn't want to risk having to fight humans. Being a relative of President Ji had its perks. When he said this, everyone stopped and lowered their guns. Then, they all pointed at Han Sen.

"You are Han Sen?" the captain asked.

"Yes," Han Sen answered.

"Yes, he is Han Sen! And he just saved our lives," Xu Lan proclaimed.

"Regardless of who you are, you cannot interfere with our task. It is imperative we stop this box and its contents from falling into enemy hands. We must destroy it!" the captain exclaimed.

Seeing the way the captain held himself, it didn't seem likely he'd care too much, even if Han Sen was the president's father. It was his task to destroy the box and its items, and he wasn't going to let anything get in the way of that.

Boom!

Another explosion sounded, as a wide hole was punched through the hull of the Panic Terminal. The shura were going to board.

Chapter 1199: Shura

The shura that boarded the ship were all wearing the same armor. Aspects that often revealed their level, such as horns and faces, had been hidden.

Only one of them stood out from the crowd. He was dressed in armor that was a far more glamorous and a far more intimidating sight. Presumably, this figure was the leader.

The shura in the front were holding energy shields.

The humans inside all looked dismayed, thinking they were all to be killed by the ruthless shura that had come for them.

The captain gritted his teeth and fired his gun at the box which was still in Han Sen's possession. Han Sen knew he was going to do this, so he was quick to react and avoid the shot hitting its target.

Pang!

The laser beam hit the ground, forming a scorch mark.

"If I give this to you, will you let me live?" Han Sen asked the shura boss, holding the box up. Everyone was angered by this action, not expecting Han Sen, of all people, to betray them so casually.

“Rebel scum! Kill him! We cannot let that box fall into shura possession,” the captain issued the command without hesitation, prompting everyone to turn their weapons on Han Sen and attempt to gun him down.

The lasers came at Han Sen like the passing of stars, but they did little to stop him. Han Sen was able to duck, dodge, bob, and weave his way around every shot.

The shura leader made a gesture, telling his shieldbearing men to provide him protection.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

The rest of the laser hits pinged off the energy shields. The power of the shots was not enough to break them. It was only just a passenger ship, after all. The most hi-tech weaponry was not given to traditionally uneventful cruise personnel.

Han Sen ran into the middle of the shura horde, wanting to give the box to the leader.

“I will give this to you if you spare my life,” Han Sen said, with a trembling voice.

The leader took the box from Han Sen with visible glee.

Tracking down the box had caused them a lot of trouble and grief. It made them exuberantly happy to see a human hand-deliver it for them. The leader did not care much for Han Sen, though. He thought the human looked young and weak.

And with the humans wanting to kill Han Sen for real, he was able to tell this was not an act. The leader followed his instincts, which were telling him Han Sen genuinely wished to help, even if it was for his own benefit. He didn't think Han Sen harbored any malcontent.

“A pathetic human,” the leader thought. But Han Sen had done him a service, after all.

The leader accepted the box, but in the next moment, a copper dagger was plunged into the shura's chest.

Katcha!

The armor he wore was unable to provide an adequate defense against the power of that strike. A second later, Han Sen turned red, as wings sprouted from his back in a glorious display. In his hand, a copper dagger was clenched tightly.

The leader threw a punch towards Han Sen's face with ferocious, terrible power. The shura were powerful beings, and it usually took a lot more than a stab to stop them from being able to fight.

The rest of the shura then turned to fire at Han Sen.

Han Sen didn't care too much about them, though. He dodged the punch and evaded every single laser. He ducked his head as one last laser whipped past his face. The soldier had only missed that shot because he didn't want to hit the leader.

Han Sen pulled out Taia and drew back closer to the shura leader.

The shura leader cared nothing for the wound he had suffered, and with the box in one hand, he threw a whole bunch of punches towards Han Sen with the other. Again, Han Sen was able to dodge the punches with relative ease, all the while avoiding the lasers blasting in his direction.

With Taia in his left hand, Han Sen hopped and sliced it across the leader's throat.

The leader was still standing, but only just. He wished for nothing more right now than to grab Han Sen by his neck and snap it. Han Sen spun around, dodging the feeble attempts of the dying leader, and continued to evade the laser fire.

He went around the leader and cast Blood-Pulse Sutra as he went.

Taia returned to dig a trench across the other half of the leader's neck. And this time, the entire head left the quivering body. It went flying up into the sky, casting blood across the room as it went.

Han Sen took the box back and kicked the headless body into the crowd that still sought to gun him down.

This had all happened in a short amount of time, and the humans who were now watching barely had time to acknowledge what had transpired. They almost didn't realize Han Sen had spun a yarn to trick the leader and behead him.

The moment Han Sen kicked the body, though, he disappeared from sight.

The shura were now in chaos. The blood of their leader had them at a loss, and they grimaced at how quickly the tables had turned.

Chapter 1200: The Reaper's Busy Day

The captain was frozen when Han Sen re-appeared. He flashed between being visible and invisible, as each re-appearance coincided with a strike that brought several shura soldiers down in a haze of blood and pained screams.

The shura that were still standing fired their weapons as they had been doing the entire time, but it was as if they were firing blanks. Despite the barrage of laser fire that was being cast each second, none of the shots were able to find their target. The Panic Terminal was blackened by the laser scorch marks.

Han Sen was like the reaper himself, come to make good on a quota that had fallen far behind. His harvest of shura was grand, but terrifying to behold. One by one, under Han Sen's sword-scythe, the shura fell and submitted to the cold clasp of death.

The captain and Old Xu were not soldiers, but the men under their command were. They already had their guns out, firing at the shura to aid Han Sen.

“Get to cover or get down; we’re lighting this place up!” a soldier exclaimed at the top of his lungs, as he squeezed the trigger of his blaster.

The captain, guards, and passengers all fell back and got to cover.

The formation and planned tactics of the shura had fallen to ruin within moments of letting Han Sen into the middle. They were in disarray, with no clue how to respond. It was utter anarchy. Han Sen slew a few more shieldbearers after killing the leader, resulting in a complete collapse of their immediate chain of command. They were headless chickens, and all they could think to do was to try to kill the man who had brought ruin to their plans.

But Han Sen was like a ghost, and no matter what they tried to do, they could not hit him.

More shura soldiers came onboard as backup, but they were just meat for the grinder.

Han Sen thought to speed things up, so he summoned a copper knight and a stunning angel to join him in his running riot.

The angel of death moved her hand, then soared into the midst of the soldiers, cleaving a bloody path as she went. She swung her greatsword as chunks of flesh and ribbons of entrails curtained and showered her as if in celebration of the feat.

Disloyal Knight was no slouch, either. He used his halo to suppress the soldiers and make them move even slower.

Han Sen left a few of the shura soldiers behind for the other humans to deal with as he pushed forward with Taia to clear a path. There were many shura soldiers waiting for him, but the corridors were narrow, and they couldn’t respond very well to the threat that was bearing down on them.

When the human soldiers finished up the final few shura, they wanted to follow Han Sen. They took off after him, but when they turned the corner to look down the corridor Han Sen had gone, all they saw was a dim, red tunnel of death and destruction.

The human soldiers were shocked and even disgusted by the ghastly sight of all the dead shura that had been mercilessly slaughtered by Han Sen.

“Who said this guy’s a cripple?!” the captain gasped.

“This lad could very well be a demi-god, but...” Old Xu sighed.

Everyone understood what he was going to say. No matter how strong Han Sen was, the shura he was slaying were a fraction of the fleet at large. The ship was still surrounded by an armada and countless thousands of shura.

If the shura didn’t get what they wanted, Universe was doomed. Not even Han Sen could survive in space, so they were still at a grave disadvantage.

“I’ll kill as many as I can,” a soldier solemnly said. For as long as he drew breath, he wouldn’t run. He would march into the maw of hell itself if it meant buying as much time as possible and bringing down a bunch of ox men with him.

The two soldiers ran down the corridor, trampling the fallen shura as they went—the floor was too littered to avoid this. When they turned the next corner, the same horrific sight greeted their eyes.

The captain and passengers followed from behind, too.

Ling Yuan felt like throwing up when he saw Han Sen’s work. A stomach-churning mixture of fear and excitement spun in everyone’s bowels as they treaded those murder-halls.

“Han Sen killed all these?” Ling Yuan asked.

A man who he had not believed to be special had suddenly become a deity of death. He had killed a lot in a gruesome way, but Ling Yuan couldn’t help but admire Han Sen for sticking it to the shura.

Old Xu said, “I have seen many strong surpassers in my time, but never before have I seen one wield this much power. If he doesn’t get himself killed, he might very well become the second Godslayer.”

The captain gave a wry smile and said, “It’s a crying shame he has to die with us lot, out here in the armpit of the system. ‘Tis a crying shame!”

The two soldiers in the front moved forward in silence. They couldn’t find Han Sen, but it was easy enough to follow what was left in his wake.

A door eventually barred their passage. There was a window next to it, and when they looked through, they saw the boarding craft that had latched itself onto the Universe through the hole they had punched through the hull.

Han Sen was nowhere to be seen, though.

“Where is he? Where did he go?” Xu Lan asked, as her eyes scoured the limited view the windows provided.

“It is space out there. If you can’t see him, I’m afraid...” the soldier’s grim suggestion faded without finishing, but everyone knew what he meant.

“Look!” a passenger shouted from the observation deck. Everyone looked to where the passenger was pointing.

They all went over to join him, since the radar was broken and they would have to use their eyes if they wished to know what was waiting for them outside in the black.

That place was supposed to be a simple sightseeing platform. You could see nothing but a black screen from the outside, but from the inside, you could see everything.

And what was transpiring out there was not what they had expected.