

## Super Power

### Chapter 1281: The Real Show

“What you saw previously was just me stretching out,” Doll said.

“Okay then, skip the opening acts and get on with the real show,” Han Sen said, looking at Doll. If summoning and riding a dragon was just flexing her muscles, then how strong must the spirit have been?

“Can it summon a flock of dragons, maybe?” Han Sen tried guessing what was about to occur.

When the doll moved into the performance that it wished to show-off, Han Sen was amazed.

The doll swung its hand and sliced the dragon’s head clean off.

Han Sen had seen many chefs in action before, but he had never seen one make the effort to cook a dragon.

Her hands were like the finest blades, and they skirted, shaved, and slit the body of the dragon with mesmerizing precision. In a flash, the creature had been gutted. Then, the meat was thrown on to sizzle and cook.

The doll summoned a frying pan out of thin air to cook the meat. This was something else that surprised Han Sen.

Han Sen now knew why there were so many bones scattered across the underground shelter, as well. The master of the shelter must have adored food and been an avid diner of creatures. It was no wonder other creatures did not dare come close.

When the chef brought the dish out to Han Sen, he snapped out of his shock-wrought daze.

“Can I really eat this?” Han Sen asked.

The frightening dragon, that had been summoned from a black vortex, was now food. Han Sen struggled with the concept of it being something he could actually eat.

“Oh, yes! You can eat it,” Doll said.

Han Sen took in a good whiff, and he noted how the finely cooked meat reminded him of his experience in the restaurant named Doria. The marvelous ingredients that composed the meal he had just been given could not easily be found in the Alliance, if at all.

Han Sen put some of the meat in his mouth, and he was given a shock.

The meat was incredibly juicy and succulent, and the sauce that glazed his mouth delivered his tastebuds a substance that was nothing short of ecstasy-inducing.

A second later, after the pause that was brought on by the surprise, Han Sen resumed eating the meat with a ravenous appetite.

Bao'er leapt into Han Sen's arms after that. She wanted some too, and she made sure to grab a big and juicy piece of meat that hung from a bone.

"Aaah..." Bao'er was in equal delight. She scoffed down the meat and spat out the bone.

Her jaw operated like a machine, as she mowed through all the meat she could. Han Sen's eyes were actually tearing up, having never tasted something so delicious.

Han Sen ate as much as he could, and as soon as he was done with one portion of meat, Doll delivered another. Eventually, he was too stuffed to go on. But somehow, Bao'er was able to eat more than him, and she went on for a while after.

Han Sen felt as if his stomach was going to explode if he went on much further. And just as he lay back to revel in the wistful memory of that meal, he heard an announcement play.

"Self Geno Point +1."

Han Sen was surprised, not expecting the meal to give him a self geno point.

During his stint in the Valley of Time, Han Sen had consumed a lot of fruit. He had achieved a staggering nine hundred self geno points and opened nine gene locks of super king spirit mode in the process.

But after that, there weren't any more effects.

And ever since then, Han Sen had not been able to claim a single self geno point extra. You could imagine the shock, realizing Doll's food could actually provide him some.

Unfortunately for him, he was too full right now. And if he went on, he wouldn't be far off eating the entire dragon.

"Can I keep the meat and eat it later?" Han Sen asked.

"You can keep it, but each creature can only provide one self geno point. Eating more at a later time will not provide you any more," Doll answered.

Han Sen then thought of another question to ask, so he said, "Can you summon another ingredient? Like, at a whim?"

"I can summon a fresh one once a month, but the creature or ingredient is random. But keep in mind that they can also provide you with different types of geno points."

"Different types of geno points?" Han Sen frowned.

Doll had no answer to this, as she had no idea what they could be, either.

After all, she could only copy others. She didn't have the knowledge to inform Han Sen about things that were not inherent to her true self.

Han Sen was disappointed by the lengthy time frame between each meal. Still, each meal could be shared. And since there was far more than he could have hoped to eat by himself, he could share it with the rest of his companions, so they could all receive geno points together.

Han Sen didn't think it would do them any harm.

Before Han Sen could invite the silver fox over to eat, he had already sneaked in and started munching away. So, Han Sen called the rest of the people over to come and eat the meat. Thorn Queen received a self geno point.

"Woo, you madlad! My food is like dog food compared to this stuff!" Xie Qing King exclaimed.

Golden Growler and Meowth ate their fair share, too, while Little Angel only ate a small amount.

Back in the Alliance, Xue Feiyan sent Han Sen a message. She thanked him greatly for saving Xue Yucheng and Xue Chen, and retrieving the item they had been missing all that time. She invited Han Sen over to a vacation planet owned by the Xue family. And then, they sent a ship to pick him up.

It had been a long time since Han Sen had taken a holiday, so he decided to take Ji Yanran and Bao'er.

Before he went, though, Xie Qing King gave him a comic for reading material. It was the second installment in his Overbearing President Love Luv Looove series, and he wanted Han Sen to upload and distribute it on his behalf.

Last time, Han Sen set up an auto-release system. Once a day, a chapter would be released. He had never seen the results or what became of it.

## **Chapter 1282: Being Recognized**

Han Sen brought Ji Yanran, Bao'er, and Zero with him on the spacecraft to visit Otto Planet. Otto Planet was one big holiday resort, and a single ticket was all it took for a visitor to enjoy the plethora of services available there.

Chasing respite, you could eat and play to your heart's content. After being given access to the planet, everything there was free. Aside from the caveat that you couldn't take anything home with you, as that would be theft.

Since only the most high-class citizens could typically afford a vacation planet, tickets were very expensive. Those who went there were the sorts with fat wallets and thick purses.

And for certain additional services, people were expected to open said currency holders to experience them.

Han Sen's ticket was all-inclusive, however. He would be able to enjoy every single service available at his own pleasure and disclosure. Nothing was off-limits for his visit.

That being said, he wasn't interested in making use of any of the special services. He was happy enough with what the ordinary tickets provided.

Right now, Bao'er was playing with an animal that looked like an over-sized, brightly-capped mushroom. This, like the rest of Planet Otto's wildlife, was a tame creature. The animals that roamed the planet were mostly docile, friendly, and highly intelligent. Mushroom-like creatures were also the dominant species, able to be seen more than any other animal. They were plush, cuddly, and lacking limbs. Whether that was their reason for not being hostile was up for debate.

Han Sen and Ji Yanran were in the sea, enjoying the water and sunshine.

Zero, was spread out on the beach, gorging on a slightly-concerning swathe of foods and drinks.

Han Sen suddenly recalled that he hadn't yet uploaded the second volume of Overbearing President Love Luv Looove!

Not wanting to disappoint his friend, no matter how eccentric he may have been, Han Sen decided to depart the sea and return to the beach to sort out what he had promised Xie Qing King.

He separated the chapters and set them up for automatic release at a certain time each and every day.

"Excuse me?" As Han Sen was sorting it out, a woman spoke to him in a hushed, almost-trembling tone.

Han Sen looked up and saw two girls standing nearby. They looked to be about eighteen years old, and the way they stood was almost as if they were unsure if they might be provoking a wild animal.

"May I help you, ladies?" Han Sen asked the two.

As he did, he thought to himself, "It sucks to be famous. Not even sunglasses can hide my hot looks. Perhaps I should get a pair for my abs, too. And in regards to having so many fans, I should really work on my signature."

"Are you Xie Qing King?" The girls had a jittery stance, and the pitch of their voices was erratic.

"Xie Qing King? No!" Han Sen vehemently denied it.

"Well, we happened to see you uploading the second volume just now... but don't worry! We won't tell anyone you're him. Oh, gosh! We are your biggest fans. And the wait for a new volume has been SO painful!" The initial nervousness of the girls had been washed away by a sudden burst of excitement, and they now spoke to Han Sen with a near-rabid look in their eyes.

Han Sen tried telling them he wasn't Xie Qing King, but nothing he said made them believe it. They just thought he was being humble, and not fond of the limelight.

“Bossman, your secret is ours. We pledge this to you. We won’t whisper this to another soul. You can count on it!” the girls said, and then they left, giggling violently to themselves.

Han Sen quickly opened Skynet and hurried over to the website he had released Xie Qing King’s comic on.

“Keep going, Bossman! Don’t let it end here. I’m really loving your comic. If you ever need a baby-maker, I’m your gal! PM me.”

“A lady with long legs and big boobs is seeking your love.”

“Mister President, feel free to arrange a hookup so you can fondle my boobs to your heart’s content.”

“Mister President, I’ve just hit eighteen. I suppose now I can leave you my number for some raunchy fun...”

“You are my God. Capital G. You saved my soul.”

“Mister President, when is the next release? Please update the comic with a new volume. I’m dying to find out what happens next.”

“Still no new update? I’m jonesing for my next fix here.”

...

The comic was far more popular than Han Sen could have anticipated.

Across the entire Webcomic community, the comic had surged from the lowly positions of unknown authors without an established fandom to the lofty position of number two on the Power Rankings chart.

It was quite the surprise, considering updates were so infrequent. It had been half a month since the last update, so its continued charting was something that was almost unheard of. The Power Rankings were a fickle thing, too.

If the updates came at a steady pace, it’d undoubtedly reach first place on the chart.

“I’m a super aristocrat. How can Xie Qing King write some ridiculous comic and achieve such widespread fame and acclaim?” Han Sen felt as if he had been short-changed.

“Pah! Quite the charmer, huh? What did you do this time to end up merrily chatting with two young girls while your wife was left to swim alone?” Han Sen turned around to see Ji Yanran, with a fire blazing in her eyes.

Few things terrified Han Sen. He could stand up to Emperor-class spirits without fear, but before his wife’s scorn, his knees were jelly and his resolve was wet salt.

“No, you misunderstand! You’ve misunderstood the misunderstanding. They were talking with who they believed to be Xie Qing King!”

After that, Han Sen did his best to explain who Xie Qing King was. And then he proceeded to tell her about the comic. Ji Yanran had encountered spirits before, but she had never forged a friendship with one, as Han Sen did with many.

“I thought spirits were all heinous, murdering, hell-dwelling, boss-battle-type fiends?” Ji Yanran said, with a confused look.

“Many of them are, but Xie Qing King is special, that’s for sure,” Han Sen said.

Han Sen then turned to look at Bao’er, who seemed to have grown a following of her own. She was more popular than the much-adored wildlife of the resort, judging from the crowd that had gathered.

Han Sen then saw the group approach, with a short-haired girl carrying Bao’er in her arms.

“I am a professional warframe operator of the Alliance. My name is Xia Yuxin; are you Bao’er’s father?” The girl was polite in her introduction and subsequent questioning.

“Yes. Has she been misbehaving again?” Han Sen asked, standing up.

“No, she’s a delightful thing. But she did mention her father was a remarkable warframe operator, and even went so far as to strike up a bet on your behalf. If you win, we’ll deliver a shipload of candy to her from my home planet. If you lose, we are provided the opportunity to spend a few days in Bao’er’s company,” Xie Yuxin explained succinctly, not wanting a misunderstanding.

Han Sen looked at Bao’er, who was staring back at him with pleading eyes. She clearly wanted Han Sen to take the woman up on the bet. But it was clear to Han Sen that all she wanted was the candy that was up for grabs.

“Okay, let’s have a match.” Han Sen smiled.

### **Chapter 1283: SKTS of Yore**

“You’re serious? You want to challenge me?” Xie Yuxin was legitimately surprised.

WAA was the top warframe league across the entire Alliance. Those who were eligible to compete in such a league were the best of the best; true professionals in every sense of the word. They might not have received much fame, but that was no slight to their talents.

Han Sen put Bao’er on his shoulder and said, “If Bao’er made this deal, I’d be foolish to turn this down. I wouldn’t want to disappoint her.”

A young man then stepped forward to ask Han Sen, “You know what the WAA is, don’t you?”

Han Sen shook his head to tell them he didn’t. Aside from those who were invested in the warframe community, it was not likely people would know about each league there was.

Han Sen spent most of his time in the sanctuaries, so he genuinely had no clue as to what the WAA was.

Xie Yuxin, and all who followed her, were given a shock.

“Might I ask, where did you learn to operate a warframe?” Xie Yuxin nervously asked.

“Oh, let’s see... I think it was during my time in the military school,” Han Sen said.

Everyone was becoming breathless with their repeated gasps. The crowd that had come now looked amongst themselves, all with looks of confusion on their faces. What Han Sen had just told them was basically the equivalent of learning a sport through what you’ve seen on the telly.

“We’ll go to the holographic room. There’s no need to make use of real warframes. We like Bao’er,” Xie Yuxin said.

“Okay.” Han Sen then turned around and asked Ji Yanran and Zero, “Would you two like to wait here, or would you like to come and watch?”

“We’d love to go!” Ji Yanran exclaimed, pulling Zero roughly by her arms.

Everyone promptly went to the holographic room. The opponents took their positions.

Xie Yuxin winked to Bao’er and said, “If your father loses, you are ours.”

“My Daddy-o won’t lose,” Bao’er said, emotionlessly. Her flat tone was almost creepy.

“Bao’er, I would like you to remember this word: professional. That’s what I am.” After that, Xie Yuxin entered the holographic machine.

Han Sen then passed Bao’er over to Ji Yanran. After that, he entered the holographic machine. After the two entered the battleground, the lobby displayed a screen for all spectators to watch.

“Go Dad!” Bao’er shouted, in support of Han Sen.

Bao’er then punched the palm of her other hand, proclaiming, “When I win, all that candy will be mine!”

Everyone in the lobby had gathered around to watch. Then, another woman appeared there, wearing sunglasses.

“Shaoqing, why are you here?” The woman looked shocked at seeing everyone there.

A young man turned around then and asked, “Why have you come here, sister?”

Hearing Yu Shaoqing call her sister, everyone turned to look at her.

“Is that your big sister? Is that our idol?” another young man asked.

“How many sisters do I have?” Yu Shaoqing said, with a long roll of his eyes.

“You’re Yu Qianxun?” Everyone gasped in shock.

The woman took off her sunglasses, revealing herself to be the ace operator that she was.

Yu Shaoqing was a professional, but even he could not compete with the talents of Yu Qianxun.

“What are you doing here?” Yu Qianxun asked.

Yu Shaoqing explained what was going on, which prompted Yu Qianxun to then ask, “Why are you trying to hustle a random person?”

“The little girl is too cute. We want to spend some time with her! We told her father we’re from the WAA, and yet he still agreed,” Yu Shaoqing pleaded in defense.

Yu Qianxun did not say anything more, as the match was about to begin.

She was shocked, seeing Han Sen’s warframe.

“SKTS? Who uses an old model like that in this day and age? I’m surprised that thing is not a rusted mound of bolts and scrap.” Yu Shaoqing wanted to laugh, but he noticed something, and then went on to ask, “Sister, didn’t you advertise this model?”

“Yes. It has been many years since then,” Yu Qianxun said.

She had done many adverts for super warframes in the past, but the SKTS was the only model she had not operated herself.

She sighed and then said, “It is a shame this guy did not take a career as a warframe operator. He’d be a legend.”

Yu Qianxun seemed to take great interest in the fight that was about to unfold, and so she watched the screen intently.

Xie Yuxin recognized Han Sen’s warframe and identified it as the supremely outdated SKTS. This did not boost her confidence, though. She was humble enough to realize she had underestimated her opponent.

But she herself was using a Sky Warrior, a model that was, for all intents and purposes, better than the SKTS.

The SKTS did not have much in terms of weaponry and firepower, so even though its infrastructure was weaker and more fragile, it wasn’t as if it made up for it with greater damage output.

She wanted to showcase her agility, so she pulled out her laser sword and ran forward.

Han Sen had not operated a warframe for a while, so he chose to use the old SKTS. After all, it was the model he was most comfortable with and knowledgeable about. Han Sen moved around and got into the groove of its use again, despite acknowledging he was still quite rusty.

Fortunately, Han Sen had a high fitness. So, any bumps he took as he got comfy with the SKTS again were no big deal.

Han Sen laughed, seeing his opponent come at him with a close-quarter combat weapon. It surprised even him that she did not seek to use ranged weaponry.



If she was a real soldier, she wouldn't behave that way. The warframes of the Alliance were mostly for show, so range was favored in almost every way. It was strange how she wished to showcase her talents and impress the audience through close-quarter combat.

### **Chapter 1284: Real Professional**

Seeing the Sky Warrior approach, Han Sen wasn't going to fall back or be intimidated. Eagerly, he thrust forward to meet with it, his own laser sword in-hand.

The SKTS lacked mobility in comparison to the opposition, however. The speed and thrusting capabilities were inferior to the model he was going up against, which put him at a disadvantage when it came to the needs for agility, and there'd be no way around that.

Still, Han Sen wasn't fazed by this. At the end of the day, he firmly believed, the victor was determined by the operator's skill. Everything boiled down to how well the operator controlled their machine in the thick of things, from the delicate ballet of movement to the timing of attack, and all the little things in between. It wasn't too far off battling without being inside such a machine.

Han Sen might not have been able to drive as well as Xie Yuxin, and the lack of recent practice with warframes would usually result in a loss and the opponent being stronger.

But Han Sen had a higher fitness and a better level of judgment, and with that, he was going to even the odds.

Xie Yuxin was only an evolver, so her fitness wasn't even comparable.

Of course, fitness was not the end-all, be-all of warframe operation. His higher fitness level would help to close the gap, but he still needed to control his warframe well. And that came down to raw, simple talent with the machines.

Han Sen's skill with the warframe was still a little rusty, though, so he knew he had to rely on his fitness and judgment to help even the odds.

The audience were chatting a lot before the match, but when the fight began, they all fell silent.

"Weird. This guy looks sloppy, but then, why is Xie Yuxin having a hard time defeating him? This should've been over real quick."

"Is she playing poorly on purpose?"

"No way."

The SKTS was inferior on all fronts, and it wasn't being operated as smoothly as it could have been. The audience was primarily composed of self-asserted professionals. They might not have been the best in existence, but they really were proficient and knowledgeable when it came to watching and using warframes. They could all clearly see that Han Sen was a little rusty.

But the Sky Warrior, despite all its bells and whistles, and the fact it was taking every advantage, seemed to be the one getting beaten back. It was a perplexing sight, and for all intents and purposes, it should not have been happening.

Xie Yuxin, on the field of play, was unsure of what was going on herself.

Because Han Sen hadn't used a warframe in a long time, so he often made mistakes. Yet in a warframe fight, a mistake could very well be fatal, and a killing strike could come before the operator even acknowledged the blunder they had made. Knowing and understanding the constant mistakes he was making, she felt as if she should have destroyed him several times over by now.

But as time went on, she realized she couldn't. She wished to take advantage of every slip Han Sen made, but whenever she tried to, she was unsuccessful. It was frustrating, and it was starting to get her flustered. She almost thought he had to be purposefully playing with her.

When Han Sen made a mistake, it almost seemed deliberate. He'd slip in a spot she didn't expect him to be, or he'd simply be too far away for her to reach. Some mistakes even enabled Han Sen to dodge her attacks.

This battle was starting to stress Xie Yuxin out, as it was unlike anything she had ever had to deal with before. If she was to be beaten by someone who was much stronger, plain and simple, that would be fine.

But this opponent was, for all accounts, supposed to be much weaker. And yet, no matter what she tried, she could not defeat him. She knew she could, and she knew she should have been able to, but she just couldn't.

She kept on attacking, not realizing she had been pushed into a corner.

Han Sen found himself having a lot of fun with his warframe, and it took him back to his days in the military school.

"Am I getting old, thinking about the past? Nostalgia is the quotidian beast of aging," Han Sen thought.

Han Sen was using Heavenly Go to dictate his movements.

Han Sen made many mistakes, but he was able to predict each move his opponent was going to make, which had his mistakes fall in spots where he would be fine. Han Sen wished the fight would last longer, and he found it disappointing that he was so close to finishing her off.

Xie Yuxin kept on attacking without reprieve, unaware of where Han Sen had led her.

The audience, seeing everything, knew the Sky Warrior would be backed into a corner soon, and when that happened, her abilities would be severely limited.

“What’s going on?” Yu Shaoqing asked.

The professionals in the audience were not the best operators out there, and even they were perplexed by what had happened. Yu Qianxun was in a league of her own, so if anyone could elucidate the bewildering proceedings, it’d be her.

Yu Qianxun helped to clear things up by saying, “You have unwittingly tried to hustle an elite.”

“No way! He makes too many mistakes to be considered an elite. If we made those mistakes, the coach would be yelling at us until he was blue in the face.” Yu Shaoqing didn’t believe what he had been told.

Others were of a similar opinion, not believing Han Sen was a pro.

Yu Qianxun went on to say, “You might operate your warframes better than he does, but on a real battleground, this man would kill you.”

“Are you pulling my leg? Is he really that good?” The struggle to believe her was real.

While they were talking, the Sky Warrior was pushed into a corner. And when she herself realized what had happened, it was too late for her to do anything. The SKTS struck her warframe, breaking it completely.

Xie Yuxin exited the holographic machine with red eyes.

She was not afraid of losing, but it felt as if she had been misled. The opponent was weak, and she had not at all anticipated such a defeat.

She was an adult, though. Her eyes were very red, but she did not cry.

### **Chapter 1285: Attacking Saint Fan Shelter**

Xie Yuxin returned to Yu Shaoqing’s side and saw Yu Qianxun beside him, also. She asked, “Qianxun?”

Yu Qianxun stroked her head gently and told her, “It’s fine. There is no need for shame; you have merely encountered a genuine professional, that’s all.”

“Did he pretend to be a noob to trick me? Did he hustle me?!” Xie Yuxin’s sadness started to develop an undercurrent of frustration and anger.

“Not really,” Yu Qianxun said. She looked over to the holographic machine and then said, “But let me give him a go.”

“Yes! Avenge my defeat,” Xu Shaoqing proclaimed.

“There is no vengeance to be had,” Yu Qianxun rebutted.

But before she reached the machine, Han Sen came strolling out as casually as he had first entered.

“Han Sen...”

“Yu Qianxun?”

When they crossed paths, they spoke each other’s names in startled surprise.

“You two know each other?” Xu Shaoqing asked.

Xu Qianxun said, “Don’t tell me you don’t know about humanity’s first super aristocrat?”

The expressions of the two young ones now turned to shock, and they both squealed, “This guy is the Han Sen?”

Yu Qianxun said nothing more to them. Instead, she merely waved to Han Sen and spoke to him like the old friend he was. “Long time, no see.”

“You haven’t changed a bit,” Han Sen said.

Everyone was now fighting amongst each other to talk to Han Sen, and Xie Yuxin’s bitterness had turned to complete sweetness.

She would have felt terrible, losing the way she had to some commoner. But she was happy to let a superstar like Han Sen pound her all day.

Matching with a person like that, she felt she had been extremely fortuitous. Winning or losing did not concern her at all if she was going up against him. It was privilege enough to share the same air with him, she thought.

Furthermore, she was still just an evolver. Han Sen, on the other hand, had managed to take down an emperor shelter in the Third God’s Sanctuary.

Yu Qianxun then introduced her friends to Han Sen, while he also introduced to them his wife, Ji Yanran, and his companion, Zero.

Han Sen felt very relaxed after that, and he had a good time in the company of his new acquaintances. Pressure was omnipresent back in the sanctuaries. This vacation came at the right time, he felt. It had really done him a lot of good, having a holiday like this, after the trials he had recently overcome.

After the holiday was over, though, he decided to return to the sanctuary.

Han Sen: Super Body Super King Spirit

Level: Surpasser

Lifespan: 400

Evolution Requirement: 100 Geno Points

Owned Geno Points: 100 Ordinary Geno Points, 100 Primitive Geno Points, 100 Mutant Geno Points, 100 Sacred Geno Points, 93 Super Geno Points

Han Sen only needed seven more points to completely max out. His fitness was 3700, a staggering sum.

When Han Sen eventually reached demi-god status, however, he'd do so at the number of 7000.

Han Sen asked Dry Bone King about Saint Fan Shelter.

Han Sen had Little Silver, Purple Emperor, and now Serpent Throne for diligent companions, and he believed it would be enough to take on Saint Fan.

Han Sen actually had an advantage over the spirits. While he only lived once, he had no spirit stone. And having no spirit stone meant nothing worthwhile could be stolen while he was away. Even if Thunder Hell Shelter was claimed by another force, in the time he would be gone, he could return and promptly reclaim it.

Dry Bone King told Han Sen everything he could about Saint Fan Emperor and his shelter.

Han Sen could paint a greater picture and imagine how well-fortified the place would be, with the super creatures that protected it. It would be a fight more difficult than what had previously taken place on the plains.

The primary problem with assaulting the place, though, would be securing the initial insertion point. Han Sen could not walk right up to the shelter, as there was a broad, moat-like lake of holy water encircling it.

To get across, he'd need—at the very least—the protection only Water Fairy could provide.

Han Sen approached her and asked if she also had the ability to bring Blue Dinosaur.

Water Fairy answered his request by telling him, "I can do that, but none of you will be able to do battle across the holy water. If Saint Fan attacks us as we cross, there will be nothing I can do to stop him."

"Is there another way we might be able to get in?" Han Sen asked, with a frown.

Water Fairy suggested, "You could always blow up the lake it sits at the center of."

"Blow up... the lake?" Han Sen paused for a minute, then rephrased her request to see if he understood.

"You mean to suggest we drain the water, or at least get it away, by... blowing it up?"

"Precisely! The holy water is a purified substance; it's not actually water. It conducts raw power. If we feed it enough power, and go beyond what it can naturally hold, we can blow it all up," Water Fairy said.

"I love this idea! Blowing things up never gets old." Han Sen was keen on the idea, and so after hearing that, he hastily rallied his troops and set off on a march to Saint Fan Shelter.

The lake that encompassed the shelter was further encircled by a wide emerald expanse.

Rodman hailed from East-Crack Planet. He had been stuck at that shelter ever since he became a surpasser, and that was seventy years ago.

The only thing he was allowed to do there was water the flowers every day. The holy flowers resided in the center of the shelter like a big parasol. They were like some shield generator, too, as they kept the holy water from penetrating the shelter.

There were two hundred humans there, suffering in the same conditions he was. Some had been there two years, whereas others had been there an entire century. Regardless of their circumstances, they were practically one and the same. Once they entered the shelter, they were completely robbed of their freedom.

Rodman often thought about ending his own life, but he could never muster up the last bit of courage required for the act.

### **Chapter 1286: Blowing Up the Lake**

All the humans, spirits, and creatures of the shelter were able to become a part of Saint Fan Emperor, reduced to a bulbous, fleshy mass whenever the wretched spirit desired the transformation.

Many of the elder people considered committing suicide to avoid such a ghastly fate. But they knew that if they tried, Saint Fan would have them resurrected and forced to endure a punishment far greater than any that a grueling death could deal them.

Rodman was more hopeless than ever, acknowledging the grizzly doom that might inevitably await him. Mustering the strength to march on as a slave, each and every day, with a wicked noose such as that above their heads was a monumental achievement; especially with the knowledge that not even the mercy of death could ever be obtained.

For the human residents of Saint Fan Shelter, hope was nothing more than a hazy memory of some ancient concept they were once familiar with. It was a distant stranger that never ventured there anymore.

Like he did every other day, Rodman went to fetch water for the flowers. The waters might as well have been prison walls, and he wished for nothing more than to view the sky above with perfect clarity. Having to see the sky through the dreamy current of the water made it seem unreal.

But then, all of a sudden, Rodman noticed the flicker of a foreign shadow. He could immediately tell it was a human; a young man, no less.

He recognized this because the young man was wearing a battlesuit that belonged to the Alliance.

Rodman had seen something similar to this two years ago, and it wasn't exactly customary for spirits to don the garb of humans. But it was lovely to see, as it was a reminder of home.

“Has he come from another shelter? If he has, he needs to make himself scarce. If the spirits see him... he’s going to have a bad time.” As Rodman thought of this, more dark figures started to come into sight.

He saw a shadow shaped like a big dinosaur, a spirit that looked like a skeleton, and many others. Rodman was disappointed by this, though, thinking the young man was probably a slave to the spirits that were accompanying him.

Rodman wished it was one big bunch of humans he had seen; perhaps that would restore some of the hope that had long since abandoned him.

“I think too much, same as always. What a fool I am, to think people can be free in this wretched realm. Ugh, I should have just stayed home and become a family man.” Rodman almost laughed, but he knew it was a laugh brought on by the years of torture and slavery. He had been driven mad over the years, or so he felt. But just as he thought to disregard the shadows that seemed to be headed his way, the young man did something.

The young man had turned to say something to the spirits and creatures that had come with him, and they seemed to diligently listen and do whatever it was they were instructed to do.

“Is this an illusion brought on by the spores of that latest funky flower?” Rodman rubbed his eyes to make sure what he saw was legit.

“Why would spirits and creatures listen to the commands issued by a human? I really need to watch myself with those plants. They even gave me a rash last week,” Rodman thought, realizing his vision was unimpaired.

It was strange, seeing the young man there, standing atop the lake. He wasn’t quite sure what they were planning, but regardless, he had never seen anything like this transpire before.

After a short while of discussion, the group split-up. When Rodman watched what happened next, he slapped his own jaw in disbelief. Rodman had only seen super creatures and king spirits possess the power he was now witnessing.

“What are they doing, gathering up power like that?” Rodman pondered.

He had lived here for more than a few decades, and this was the first time he had ever seen anyone venture this close. Venturing near and causing trouble seemed like a fool’s errand, but he had the sneaking suspicion they wouldn’t be doing what they were if they didn’t have a plan.

A massive light erupted across the whole lake, and that was when Rodman noticed something.

Boom!

What he saw then was something he’d likely never forget.

The lake water had been dyed with a strange color, and then it blew up. An explosion occurred, and all the water of the lake went with it. Only faint raindrops followed after that.

Rodman could now see the outside world fully. He could see the sky, rain, and grass again; and there, he saw the young man. It wasn't just a human with a pleasant face, it was a human with a pleasant face and confidence. It was a young man who looked happy and carefree, and not one who was miserable and hopeless.

In Saint Fan Shelter, sadness was the primary craft of human expression. A miserable thing, but alas that was it.

"Okay, lads! It's time for an even greater display of your powers!"

Rodman heard the declaration the young man issued, and then the spirits and creatures rampaged forward.

"Are they actually obeying this young man? Who in the sanctuaries is he?!" Rodman was frozen stiff, suspended by sheer disbelief.

The next second, an angry voice sounded from the shelter.

"Who blew up my lake?!" Saint Fan madly cried out.

"Human Emperor Han Sen, you scrub."

Rodman heard this and then thought, "Can humans truly rival emperors in strength? Is this the sort of stuff I've been missing out on during my years in this sordid armpit of the Third God's Sanctuary?"

But suddenly, Rodman lost all control of his body. He was pulled over towards Saint Fan.

It wasn't just him, either. Every living thing was drawn towards the enraged spirit, from the creatures to the plants.

"Is this young man enough of a threat for Saint Fan to draw everything to him?" Rodman wondered, but he believed it. And it was this belief that made him happy, even with the wretched circumstance that was about to befall him.

Rodman was drawn to and became a part of Saint Fan and lost all control of his body.

Whether it was a fortunate thing or not, though, his mind was still his own. He could see and mull over everything that was about to happen.

### **Chapter 1287: Dirty Saint Fan**

When Han Sen saw Saint Fan absorb every living being in the shelter, he was taken aback. He was going to grab the spirit stone while the silver fox kept it busy, but that didn't seem a likely possibility now.

"All right, we'll do this the old-fashioned way." Han Sen drew Taia and his Phoenix Sword.

The silver fox and Purple Emperor flew up high, ready to swoop. Serpent Throne had taken on the form of the chef, straight from Hell's Kitchen. She was ready to slice and dice whichever foe came her way, like Satan's personal butcher.



Little Angel, Disloyal Knight, Xie Qing King, Dry Bone King, Qing Xun King, Thorn Queen, Blue Dinosaur, Metal Eater, and even Moment Queen now rushed forward like the light brigade. They were to be a merciless wave of death and destruction.

Saint Fan had absorbed a ludicrous number of creatures, spirits, and other lifeforms, but against the wrath of three emperors, not even he was sure he could triumph. The tides had turned on him.

The silver fox gathered up a large charge of lightning, and tried to fry Saint Fan's body with it. Purple Emperor lopped off a large chunk of Saint Fan's fleshy, bulbous body. The strike was so clean, it could not regenerate. The chef's cleaver peeled fine slices of the spirit's wretched biomass off, like strips of beef, ready to be thrown into a hotpot.

Han Sen didn't do half as much as he was expected to, and he was more-or-less like an onlooker, observing Saint Fan's beating.

But suddenly, Saint Fan's original form began to take shape. He spoke, stern and sullen, to say, "Han Sen, are you really going to kill me?"

"You are already dead," Han Sen said.

Saint Fan laughed and proclaimed, "Sure, you can kill me. That much is obvious by now. But by killing me, you doom the lives of all the others, too."

Saint Fan gestured, and then a number of humans were revealed as being a part of the ugly, horrendous mush that formed the spirit's mutated body.

Han Sen frowned, never imagining Saint Fan would use humans. And he thought it even sicker that Saint Fan would use them as a negotiating chip.

"So, do you want this to continue? Killing me means killing them. Their blood will, I assure you, stain your hands. Can you really tolerate their deaths on your conscience?" Saint Fan said with a callous tone.

Saint Fan could read the minds of the humans he had absorbed, and he knew this hostage trick would work. It wouldn't work on spirits, but it most certainly worked on the humans.

Han Sen didn't relent. He frowned at the nagging of his conscience, but he still allowed the attack to continue.

He had to kill Saint Fan. There was no question there. For as long as he lived, the humans that joined his shelter were already as good as dead. But still, it hurt Han Sen to even fathom having to be the direct result of a human's death.

Rodman was surprised, more than anything. The human was such a threat to Saint Fan that the spirit had to use such a dirty trick.

Rodman didn't think he could become any more disgusted with Saint Fan's behavior, and more than anything, he wanted the spirit to pay. With his now hideous, grotesque face, he managed to yell out, "Kill him! Pay us no heed."

The other humans also began to speak out with their pained, distorted voices. It was like a chant, in which they urged Han Sen to go forward with what he had planned to do and not look back. They wanted him to bring an end to Saint Fan.

"Yes, kill the pig!"

"We have endured far too much as it is. Our lives, for the most part, have been good. We will thank you and send you our warmest wishes from the afterlife."

"Please! End our torment and slay this horrid spirit. Free us!"

...

Rodman and the others all told Han Sen to kill the spirit and not think about saving them.

Saint Fan merely watched. Saint Fan had allowed them to speak this way. If he had wanted them silent, he would have shut them up.

Saint Fan thought if they did this, it would lighten Han Sen's resolve to free them, rather than harden it. He thought it would give Han Sen cold feet, and he'd not proceed with what he had come to the shelter to do.

Han Sen frowned. He acknowledged saving them would be impossible.

Killing Saint Fan would result in the deaths of them all, but if the monstrous spirit wasn't killed, they'd all remain as slaves.

It was impossible to get Saint Fan to free them, too. And Saint Fan knew that the humans were the best hope he had of survival, at this point.

Han Sen thought Saint Fan Shelter couldn't be moved, but then, the spirit absorbed the entire construct into him. If Saint Fan got away, carrying the shelter with him, Han Sen might never find him again.

Saint Fan did not know Han Sen would come here with another two emperors.

And neither did he expect Han Sen to have so many troops, with enough power to blow up the lake. As he mulled all this, his belief Han Sen would let him go began to wane. He wanted to get out of there before the attacks resumed.

"Kill him!" Rodman exclaimed.

Saint Fan smiled. Saint Fan's mind changed again, thinking now, after a long pause, Han Sen might not be able to do it.

Han Sen was incredibly angry. He knew he could kill Saint Fan with ease, but he couldn't just kill the humans.

Little Silver knew Han Sen was hesitating, and he knew the reasons why. If it wasn't for the humans, even the furry fox knew Saint Fan would be dead now.

"I am so sorry, guys." Han Sen gritted his teeth, and after a deep breath, issued his final command. "Take him down."

His companions heard the order and then moved in to attack.

Saint Fan was shocked, and so then he took over the minds of the humans.

"Please save us!"

"You murderer! You're actually going to do this?!"

"You were the Chosen One! You were supposed to destroy the spirits, not humans! You were supposed to bring balance to the sanctuary, not leave it in darkness."

"I'm so young. I'm not ready to die!"

"What about my wife and kids? You can't do this. Please, help me!"

"I'm begging you, don't do this!"

The silver fox doubted the legitimacy of these cries. He suspected it was Saint Fan controlling their minds, but still, even Little Silver was feeling bad about moving in to fulfill the command he had been issued.

Suddenly, though, a red beam hit Saint Fan's eyebrow.

### **Chapter 1288: Slashing Fan**

Everyone was shocked by what happened. Even Saint Fan's face twitched, as an expression of horrid surprise suddenly overcame him.

Between his two eyebrows was a wound that bled.

The emperor could regenerate broken tissue, so the small, phantom wound that had been inflicted should have been fine and nothing of much concern.

But it bled profusely, with no sign of recovery. And from the twitching muscles of his face, one could suspect Saint Fan was in some sort of agony. And with his utter silence and refusal to move, the entire scene was like a paused videotape, cliffhanging a big reveal.

Suddenly, cracks began to form across the disheveled biomass.

From afar, it looked like the ugliest vase in the market had been broken, then put back together again with swathes of glue.

Roar!

Saint Fan roared to the skies above as his webbed-looking body began to fall apart. Creatures, spirits, and humans all began to fall out of the mucus-laden mound of flesh. Somehow, they had been spared from the biomass and set free without damage to their bodies. Even the shelter and its holy flower had fallen out of the horrendous mass, seemingly without harm.

Saint Fan's forehead was cascading blood, and the fact that the wound was so small added to the creepiness of the scene. It was extremely unnerving.

Blergh!

Saint Fan spat out some blood from his mouth now, and a red light then flew out in Han Sen's direction.

Saint Fan was on the precipice of being done, and when he teetered to the brink and plummeted off, he did so in the grizzliest fashion possible. His body, and what remained of the biomass, exploded into a bloody, snotty mess across the region.

The red light did not seem to venture towards the shelter, but all the same, Han Sen heard a spirit stone-like gem shatter. The sound was unmistakable.

The humans were all in disbelief, rolling around trying to regain composure after what had just happened. And what's more, they felt the contracts binding them to Saint Fan break.

They looked around, stunned. The joy they sought to feel caught up to them through the daze, and the spirits and creatures that had escaped the biomass with them tried to flee.

Han Sen commanded his companions to go after the super creatures. Then, he turned around to look at someone who had tagged along, unannounced. He turned to look at Zero.

Zero's hair was a little purplish, but that color was on the retreat and had almost vanished.

The humans moved forward to thank Han Sen. They saw the red light head in Han Sen's direction, and thus believed it was he who had unleashed that magnificent blow.

He wasn't keen to correct them, though. And after the brief session of applause, Han Sen raced over to the spirit hall. There, he saw Saint Fan's spirit stone in pieces.

The humans all returned to the Alliance with much excitement.

Some of them had been trapped inside the shelter for over a century, so they weren't even sure if their friends or family would still be there. They had a most strange mood as they returned home.

All-in-all, Han Sen's companions had managed to slay seven super creatures and six king spirits. Through doing this, they had obtained seven Life Geno Essences and one beast soul.

Han Sen gladly accepted the spoils of war.

Rodman's return shook the Alliance to its very core, as he announced that Han Sen had taken down another emperor shelter and saved two hundred humans in the process.

The humans were fine with giving their statements to the media, and recounting their tale of what happened on the day they were saved. A documentary was made about it, and it was aptly titled, "The First Human Emperor."

Right now, Han Sen was more interested in Zero, though. Han Sen knew it was her who had killed Saint Fan, yet she accepted no fanfare and was not keen to even let others know it was her who had stepped in to save the day.

Han Sen remembered the red light, and he found it oddly reminiscent of the Bone Dagger she had once procured, under the strangest of conditions. That was fuel for his mind to wander and think.

Han Sen did not know if it was the bony knife itself, or if it was the Asura Sutra's power that propelled the skill she had unleashed to resolve the situation.

"Zero, do you mind telling me how you killed Saint Fan?" Han Sen asked her in as gentle a tone of voice as he could fabricate.

"You taught me," Zero said.

"I did? Ah, you mean the Asura Sutra thing I once asked you to read?" Han Sen half asked her, thinking he knew what she meant but wanting a confirmation off her all the same.

Zero nodded, and then added the simple sentence, "And the dagger."

Han Sen knew it had to be one of the two, but it seemed as if she didn't quite know which one, either.

Han Sen trusted Zero, but the Asura Sutra was incredibly powerful and so was she. It was almost frightening. But it looked like the curiosity that was Zero, and the mysteries surrounding her, were still present. Answers might not be achieved that day, but the event had renewed Han Sen's interest in who she was, that much was for sure.

This was why Han Sen never took to practicing the Falsified-Sky Sutra, amongst other reasons. It was weaker than the Dongxuan Sutra, and not as pure as the Asura Sutra.

But what concerned Han Sen the most was the fact Zero had come along and attacked. Han Sen could have killed Saint Fan, but the humans would have died along with the spirit.

Han Sen could think of only one possibility for how Zero had separated the spirit from the rest. He believed the Asura Sutra had a target select, where damage was only wrought upon those who the caster wished to deal damage.

The Asura Sutra might have well been the only skill there that allowed for the killing of Saint Fan, while saving the humans at the same time.

"That's the reason why Godslayer Luo is so famous. Ugh, I need to sort this out with Little Yan, and I need to become a demi-god quickly," Han Sen thought to himself.

Godslayer Luo was a famous demi-god, one held in a regard that was high above all others.

## Chapter 1289: Life-Door Opens

Two years went by, and over that time, Han Sen sent out Purple Emperor to take down a number of shelters to pave the realm for more common human occupation. While he had managed to take down many shelters of a lesser rank, he had also been able to take down three emperor shelters.

Han Sen had maxed out his geno points and practiced enough to open nine gene locks for the Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin.

For some reason, no matter what he tried, he was unable to open his tenth. And his inability to do so, after so much time had elapsed, was rather frustrating. The same applied for the Blood-Pulse Sutra, as well. That, the Dongxuan Sutra, and Jadeskin were all stuck with nine gene locks open.

Han Sen had almost managed to collect one thousand geno points. Once he reached four digits, he theorized, he could unlock the elusive tenth gene locks that had escaped him. Of course, that was all just educated guesswork. But everyone needed a target or goal to aim for, and that was his for the meantime.

But Han Sen had been practicing Life Door consistently throughout the two years, as well, and he desperately wanted a breakthrough with it by this point. This was something else that was refusing to budge.

Purple Emperor wanted more and more shelters to conquer and expand their influence and strength, but they soon moved as far as they could go.

The human-occupied portion of the Third God's Sanctuary they had managed to etch out was eventually bordered by mighty enemies not even they were able to overcome. It was a shame their expansion had come to an end, but Han Sen valued the prospect that there were still greater challenges for him to overcome some day.

Needless to say, over the course of those two years, Han Sen had saved countless humans from the clutches of tyrannical spirits and made a name for himself far and wide across the sanctuary. To the spirits, he was an absolute menace of an emperor, and not a person looked on fondly. That, of course, was a result of him being a human, more than anything.

And because of these deeds, new surpassers were able to spawn safely inside liberated shelters. The looming threat of doom after entering the sanctuary was no longer too strong, and evolvers were keener than ever to make the jump. Han Sen was hailed as a hero, and rightly so.

Knowing he had gone as far as he could go in terms of strength, Han Sen decided it would be best to spend more time with his family. Going out with his family often, he found himself happier than he had been in a long time. Life was, for all intents and purposes, good.

Han Sen asked Uncle Bug how he might open Life Door, but he didn't receive an answer that helped. It took him twenty years to open it, and he was never sure what instigated the success, and he had no clue if there was an easier or better way to open it, either.

Uncle Bug did say he taught his family Life Door, though. And strangely, no matter how much they tried to master it, no one had been successful.

So, even though Han Sen continued his practice with it, he put it on the back-burner most of the time. He wasn't going to focus on it 100%, and instead, he opted to spend more time with his family.

Han Sen, Ji Yanran, and Bao'er were currently playing. Bao'er was on a swing, which Han Sen merrily pushed.

He suddenly froze, for some strange reason, despite having a blank mind that was not occupied with the thought of anything.

Han Sen stopped pushing the swing, which prompted Bao'er to suddenly leap onto Han Sen's back and ask, "Dad, why are you ignoring me?"

Her voice was like an explosion, sounding directly in his ear drum. It made him shiver. But the shiver seemed to extend beyond a mere goosebump-raising. He felt his Life Door open.

All of a sudden, he felt revitalized. He felt as if he had been reborn anew.

Han Sen had no idea how his Life Door had opened.

"What are you laughing at?" Ji Yanran asked, noticing his sudden burst of merriment and laughter.

"You guys are my lucky charms!" Han Sen kissed Bao'er and kissed Ji Yanran with a thick smooch.

It really was just as Uncle Bug said. How it unlocked, he had no idea. This was the strangest thing Han Sen had ever taken the time to learn. But Han Sen wasn't one to question his blessings. He was grateful for its opening, and that was it. He wasn't keen on learning the specifics.

When Life Door finished, Han Sen's body felt much better, yes, but no standout change could be noticed. Han Sen could feel the Nine-Life Cat pendant pulsate with a certain energy, though.

It was different from the power he occasionally felt when practicing the Blood-Pulse Sutra. Now, the Nine-Life Cat pendant felt like an actual creature, with its very own life force.

It was just a pendant, so how or why it might have been alive confused Han Sen.

Han Sen examined the pendant in closer detail, but he couldn't really learn anything new about it. And the technology available didn't elucidate anything for him, either. Han Sen borrowed Bai Yishan's machine for the test. It was an inanimate object, as it should have been.

Back in the sanctuary, just as Han Sen was going to check-out another shelter, he frowned as he noticed something else. Han Sen felt a strong creature inside the shelter, and it wasn't one that belonged to him.

The scariest thing was that it was lurking someplace near the spirit hall.

This was Han Sen's favorite shelter, so intruders weren't the sort of thing to bring a smile to his face. Thinking unwelcome guests had come to invade, Han Sen's attitude quickly turned sour.

"Why are you hiding?" Han Sen called out, as he looked at a pile of bones.

Nothing responded, so Han Sen threw his fist into the bones to see if something was inside.

A light flashed away from his incoming punch to evade it.

He was keen to throw another punch, but something stayed his hand. It was the voice of a female, and it said, "I came all this way with an invitation, that is all. I came here to invite you to partake in the dining of Holy Baby Fruit. Perhaps you are as brutish as the tales suggest, and had I known your behavior would be this wild, I wouldn't have come."

### **Chapter 1290: Holy Baby Fruit**

"Well, well, well. Look who it is! Empty Witch? Why are you here? And if my eyes really aren't playing tricks on me, please tell me there's a good reason for your presence here. Last I recall, you weren't the fondest of company one could keep." Han Sen was surprised, seeing the mini lady.

Back in the Second God's Sanctuary, the Empty Witch had used the Empty Vine to access the Third God's Sanctuary. That was the first and last time Han Sen had met her, and it followed hot on the heels of a grueling adventure. The circumstances of their first encounter were not very pleasant, that was for sure.

Empty Witch stuttered to say, "Well, can I just be the first to congratulate you on your accomplishments? I can't believe you've managed to take down as many emperor shelters as the tales tell."

"Well, you're not the first. And for all you know, I just got a little lucky. I caught one emperor when he was napping," Han Sen said.

Empty Witch proceeded to tell him, "If you think these attempts at a jest are charming, I can only admit that you are gravely mistaken!"

Han Sen merely smiled and said, "Jokes aside then, come on; tell me why you're here."

"The Holy Baby Fruit is going to ripen soon. Miss Lotus wants every emperor to try it. You may not be a spirit, but you're an emperor all the same. Because of this, she has extended you a very special invitation," Empty Witch explained. Then, after a brief pause, she jumped to ask, "Where is the Holy Spirit?"



“She’s not here,” Han Sen plainly stated.

Ji Yanran had joined an aircraft expedition, along with Bao’er.

Empty Witch looked disappointed, but she moved forward to ask, “Can you bring her here? I would very much like to see her.”

“Bao’er is too busy to come right now. Anyway, keep explaining,” Han Sen said.

“That’s disappointing. Ugh, I don’t know why I came all this way.” Empty Witch rolled her eyes.

Han Sen said, “Why is the Lotus Empress being so kind as to invite us all to eat this fruit?”

“Holy Baby Fruit is an emperor-class geno plant. Only she can grow these, and every ten thousand years, she invites emperors from all across the sanctuary to taste them. It’s your lucky day, it would seem,” Empty Witch finished saying.

Han Sen did not say anything in response. It was a very strange proposition, one Han Sen thought to be a little fishy.

Plus, if he went, he’d be a sole human venturing into all-spirit territory. It could have been a trap. Even if he was to consider going, he knew he’d have to take many precautions.

Empty Witch could see the expression of doubt lurking behind Han Sen’s cold facade, and she tried to bring him ease by saying, “Don’t worry; there are many people there who despise each other. In the shadows of Evil Lotus Shelter, though, none would dare cause a scene. You’ll be safe.”

“Roger that, but... I think I’ll pass,” Han Sen said.

Han Sen wasn’t going to willingly place his life in the hands of others and take someone like her at her word. Normal geno fruit no longer worked on Han Sen, and if Lotus Empress was willing to issue it out as a gift, he didn’t think it could be anything all that special.

“I suspected you might look upon such an event with suspicion, and I’d wager that is because you don’t know really know what this whole thing is. But don’t worry, I have a sneaking suspicion of my own. A suspicion that suggests you will change your mind.” Empty Witch then threw something to Han Sen.

Han Sen examined the item and noticed it to be a lotus flower.

“This is her invitation. I suggest you ask your spirit buddies what Holy Baby Fruit is; I’m sure you are more inclined to believe them than me. And once you change your mind, this is your ticket.” Empty Witch paused, and then with bright and glittering eyes, jumped to say, “Bring the Holy Spirit, too. I still want to meet her.”

“I’m off now to go visit another emperor and hand him his invitation. He’s a grumpy fellow, but thankfully, they don’t shoot the messengers. Anyway, Mister Han Sen, I implore that you take the time to ask around and think about it.” Empty Witch then swiftly flew away.

Han Sen frowned. Empty Witch was able to sneak inside the shelter without being detected—she was good.

Becoming this strong in such a short time meant Lotus Empress must have been quite something. Empty Witch didn’t seem particularly special, yet her empress had trained her extremely well.

Han Sen asked his companions about Holy Baby Fruit and whether or not Lotus Empress could be trusted.

This event had been going on for a long time, and it was confirmed to be safe. No deaths or dangers had ever been reported as occurring there before, either. Every Holy Baby Fruit bestowed upon someone gave them one self geno point. And emperors had actually received two at the last event.

And one Holy Baby Fruit, out of all the ones to be given out, possessed a Holy Baby inside. If you were lucky enough to receive that one, you could open a gene lock.

If you had already opened ten gene locks, you could open the door and become a demi-god. Forty-thousand years ago, an emperor ate the Holy Baby and immediately became a demi-god.

There were three thousand fruits up for grabs, though. Getting the right one was sheer luck.

“Why doesn’t she eat the fruit herself, then?” Han Sen found it too good to be true.

Han Sen thought only a crazy fool would hand-out such wondrous gifts willy-nilly.

Dry Bone King, the source of Han Sen’s information, explained, “The legends say it is because she is unable to eat them. Instead of letting them go to waste, though, she charitably hands them out. Pretty much every emperor has tasted her fruit, and it kind of means they owe her one in return. It’s a way for her to earn respect more than anything. If spirits want more fruit, they must maintain their pleasantness with her.”

“That’s interesting,” Han Sen thought.

Baby Ghost told Han Sen, “Some berserk super creatures receive invitations, too. And while you hold that invitation of hers, you won’t be provoked when you’re out and about. Unless you go looking for a fight and start one, of course.”

## **Chapter 1291: Night Treasure**

“It sounds like quite the fruit,” Han Sen said with a smile.

“If you were an emperor who had not opened ten gene locks, you wouldn’t get invited. Oh, what I wouldn’t give to try it out myself,” Baby Ghost said.

“I’m afraid I’d be killed before my lips ever touched the skin of the fruit,” Han Sen said.

It was obvious Han Sen’s invitation was not one of simple courtesy; Lotus Empress had, after all, marked him back in the Second God’s Sanctuary. He was a human with only nine gene locks open, so that alone was enough for the sirens in his head to start wailing.

While Han Sen thought about what he should do, the item given to him by Lotus Empress lit up. A video played before him, like some botanical hologram. Han Sen watched it intently, and recognized the figure in the image before him as Lotus Empress herself.

“This is just a recording. I am concerned that you will not attend, and if you are not planning to, I would like to assuage your fears and tell you something.”

Understanding it was a simple video, Han Sen did not respond.

Lotus Empress went on to say, “I would like to make a deal. You are strong, there is no doubt about that; but you cannot open ten gene locks. If you attend, you can come speak with me. I will elucidate the reasons why. One way or another, however, we will meet again. If you do not show up at the Holy Baby Fruit event, I will be paying you a visit instead.”

After that, the video disappeared.

“There’s a proper reason why I can’t open ten gene locks?” Han Sen frowned at the thought.

Han Sen thought she could have been bluffing, enticing him to come, but then again, it made sense.

He hadn’t had the ninth gene lock for the Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin open for long, but Blood-Pulse Sutra’s ninth gene lock was opened years ago, and it had yet to improve. There had to be some sort of issue prohibiting his advancement.

With his talent, and the geno treasures he possessed, it only seemed natural that he’d have gone further by now. The fact he hadn’t was plain weird.

Perhaps there was truth to her words, and just maybe, she’d be able to help him.

Saint Fan Emperor was dead, but Han Sen wished he could ask him a thing or two about why he had been chosen. So, curious about this entire thing, Han Sen decided to scope the event out. He wasn’t afraid.

But just in case, Han Sen decided to bring along his most trusted companions. His OG—his old guard—was to come along, in the event that a conflict arose. With them there, he’d feel a lot more secure, and if things turned sour, the chances of flight were much higher. With the silver fox by his side, in particular, there was no danger on the road there. And Han Sen even had the invitation from the Lotus Empress on full display.

It would take a long time to get where they had to go, and in the midst of their journey, Empty Witch appeared out of nowhere. She came and pledged her desire to escort Han Sen and his fellows the rest of the way.

Evil Lotus Shelter had been constructed on an island, situated in the middle of a vast lake. There were many lotuses around it.

Its construct was quite different from other shelters Han Sen had been to, such as Blood River Shelter. It was also far prettier and a whole lot grander than the likes of Saint Fan Shelter.

Han Sen did not bring Bao'er, which disappointed Empty Witch once again.

Aside from that, the journey was uneventful. When they arrived, they were led into the gardens without a problem. They were to wait on the green for the event to begin.

Han Sen and the silver fox had to live in the garden for a while, but the entire time they were there, they could not see Lotus Empress.

Han Sen asked Empty Witch about her perpetual absence, and he was told that Lotus Empress was in the middle of practice, and that she'd only reveal herself when the fruit was ripe.

Since the trip had gone so smoothly, Han Sen had made good time. He had traveled so quickly, he had arrived ten days early. Empty Witch suggested Han Sen bring the rest of his companions to observe a curiosity of the shelter.

"What strange thing do you want us to see?" Han Sen asked.

"This is Evil Lotus Shelter now, but this was where Night Empress was born. This is the site where she became a demi-god, as well. She left a luminous stone behind when she left," Empty Witch explained.

"And what is so fascinating about a stone that glows?" Han Sen asked.

Even in the Alliance, glowing rocks were nothing special.

Empty Witch rolled her eyes and pleaded, "This is not a normal stone! This is a geno treasure, as a matter of fact. She cherished it, and wanted nothing more than to bring it to the Fourth God's Sanctuary. Unfortunately, it could not withstand the fires of The Ten Steps of the Holy Door, and it rolled back and fell to where it now still lies."

"It fell into the lake and became the Luminous Stone that we now know it as. Unfortunately, the flames did a number on it, and the power it once possessed has waned. Many emperors see it and become inspired; if it wasn't for the Holy Spirit, I wouldn't have brought you."

"I'll give it a look, then." Han Sen followed after Empty Witch, alongside the silver fox.

Before he reached there, however, Han Sen felt something vibrate inside his pocket. It was the jue, and Han Sen had no idea why it was behaving so strangely.

Han Sen knew it was an item from the Fourth God's Sanctuary, and it could trigger the demi-god altar. It could also bring demi-gods back into the Third God's Sanctuary.

Now that the jue was shaking, Han Sen thought, "Is it setting up a demi-god altar?"

## Chapter 1292: Moving Star Emperor

Fortunately, the jue was only shaking. Nothing else happened.

Han Sen knew that, for as long as there was no alcohol inside it, there shouldn't be any more incidents. For all he knew, it could have been having alcoholic withdrawals.

But as he continued to walk, the shaking of the jue became more vigorous. When Empty Witch brought Han Sen over to the west side of the shelter, it started to vibrate like mad.

"There it is! When it is dark, you can see it shining bright like a comet," Empty Witch said, as she pointed towards the object.

Han Sen looked in that direction and saw a very smooth black rock. If Empty Witch had not mentioned it to Han Sen, he never would have guessed it was once a treasure.

"That must be the Luminous Stone. If I pour wine into the jue, I bet you I can summon her," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen did not know if there was any particular use to summoning demi-gods. He had asked Moment Queen about it, and she had no clue. All she could tell him was that various treasures, belonging to demi-gods, were known to have been left over in the Third God's Sanctuary, and that was it.

"If I want to know the answer to this, it looks like I'll have to accept Dragon King's proposal," Han Sen thought to himself.

If it was an ordinary king spirit, Han Sen would have gladly given him the egg already. But he was one of the eight generals, and he had a connection to Asura. Han Sen wasn't entirely sure if he should be trusted.

And Yaksha, all this time, had not said a word to Han Sen about what happened with Ancient Devil Emperor, either. Even under the threat of death, he remained silent. This made Han Sen even more curious over the events that had transpired.

Han Sen thought that if he could figure out what had occurred, he'd understand a lot more.

Asura might have been related to the shura, and the shura were related to the Luo family. Zero could practice the Asura Sutra and the Falsified-Sky Sutra, and on her back, she possessed a Nine-Life Cat tattoo. Furthermore, there was a connection between Blood Legion and Han Jinzhi.

Han Sen felt all this was connected somehow, and it was all just one big jigsaw puzzle. There was only one problem: he didn't know what the whole picture looked like. And he wasn't even sure if he had all the pieces of the puzzle.

Han Sen needed more information, he felt. He had ownership over two key figures in this plot, but they refused to loosen their tongues about it. All he knew was that Asura betrayed Ancient Devil Emperor somehow.

The only other lead Han Sen had was in Baby Ghost. He once told Han Sen he was the vice-leader of Blood Legion, despite being a spirit. Han Sen wished he could crack open Baby Ghost's brain to get a peek at what hidden knowledge he possessed and refused to reveal.

As it got dark now, though, Han Sen heard footsteps approaching. There was a spirit coming. He looked colder than the black of space, and many star-like orbs surrounded his presence. He did not look like the friendly sort.

When he saw who this spirit was, he knew why, too.

He was Moving Star Emperor, and he had ranked tenth place in Divinity's Bout. He was also Han Sen's biggest enemy in the northwestern regions that he was practically ruling. He was Han Sen's roadblock for expansion, and after two years of skirmishes and fighting, neither side had yet to prevail over the other.

The spirits all whispered how powerful he was.

But Moving Star Emperor was not one sole spirit. He had a host of powerful subordinates, hanging on his beck and call. It was through their support that Han Sen was unable to defeat him.

Moving Star Emperor would have liked nothing more than to kill Han Sen then and there. Many of his subordinates had died during the battles he and Han Sen had waged, and it brought him great pain and anguish.

He thought Han Sen was a cheater, too, since he frequently used Holy Rhino and Little Silver for healing during their fights. Han Sen's tactics were infuriating.

"How could a pathetic human have been invited here?" Moving Star Emperor said, with a cold half-rhetorical question of insult and disdain.

Moving Star Emperor didn't start a fight, though. It just went to show how much influence Lotus Empress had over those who were attending.

"She can invite whoever she wishes to," Empty Witch answered.

Han Sen was quite shocked, following this. Moving Star Emperor did nothing to Empty Witch. Empty Witch had only opened nine gene locks, but she could talk down to whoever visited there because she knew Lotus Empress had her back.

Moving Star Emperor looked over to the Luminous Stone, though. And due to the night starting to settle in, it was beginning to glow. The darker it became, the brighter the light was. The light it emitted was warm, and it was beautiful in the way it scattered across all the lotuses around it.

Han Sen felt as if there was a rhythm to the way that light pulsated, but he couldn't hear anything to suggest there might have been music playing.

"Perhaps silence is the greatest music." Han Sen could feel it, but he could not hear it. He wasn't quite sure what he was witnessing, truth be told. But it was more than just a simple glowing rock.

"This dirty, down-trodden, filthy race can understand?" Moving Star Emperor said, with a clear effort to provoke Han Sen.

He didn't dare to attack physically, but sticks and stones and all that...

Han Sen did not participate in their battles, and he allowed Purple Emperor to lead. Therefore, Moving Star Emperor only had second-hand tales to estimate just how powerful Han Sen might have been. He was eager to learn the truth first-hand. If he could instigate a conflict right then and there, he thought it would be brilliant.

### **Chapter 1293: The Light Is Dark**

Han Sen looked at Moving Star Emperor and said, "Are you saying those that don't understand are filthy? Why don't you go ahead and explain what the Luminous Stone is, then?"

Moving Star Emperor rebutted with, "Pah! You don't deserve to know."

"Wow, now you look like some pompous idiot who is only pretending to be superior. You shouldn't go around telling people you're an emperor, much less a spirit. Even talking to someone as thick as you has me feeling embarrassed." Han Sen wasn't willing to let this go so easily, and so he said a lot of mean things.

Before his enemy, he'd never concede.

Moving Star Emperor was notorious, but he had quite the reputation, though. Between spirits, disputes were often settled through battle. The opportunity to sort things out through discussions, as most humans did, rarely arose.

Knowing he might be at a disadvantage made Moving Star Emperor extremely angry.

If he wasn't in Evil Lotus Shelter, he'd already would have been trying to kill Han Sen through the tried and true method of a pummeling. He wanted to provoke Han Sen and get the human to attack him first so he could feign being the victim. But now, he found himself being the one ready to instigate a fight.

Moving Star Emperor managed to swallow that big, bitter pill and reversed the dialogue instead. He said, "If you think it is that simple, then why don't you tell me?"

Han Sen explained it succinctly, "The Luminous Stone is a path of light."

Moving Star Emperor addressed that hypothesis with disdain. "Nonsense! Night Empress practiced the path of darkness. It is a geno treasure attuned with the element of dark. Dark is the complete opposite of light. Pah! What a cheap race, only capable of talking crap."

Han Sen was not mad. Humans knew a lot, and the Alliance possessed swathes of knowledge. Spirits could not understand things beyond the surface, and they could not understand things on a deeper level. Their development was in a whole different ballpark.

Perhaps no human could beat Moving Star Emperor through physical means, but giving him a verbal beatdown was nearly child's play.

Han Sen smiled and told the emperor, "You are ignorant. Light and Dark are two sides of the same coin. They both exist at the expense of each other. Light is dark, and dark is light. She may have practiced along a path of darkness, but she could also use the Light element. It's simple."

"Light is light, dark is dark. How can the two exist together? If she was still here, she'd kill you for talking such drivel!" Moving Star Emperor rebutted.

Han Sen pointed at the lotus plants which were bathing in the soft glow, then he pointed to the darkness the light did not reach. He said, "Now tell me, which is dark and which is light?"

Moving Star Emperor said, "Of course the area with the Luminous Stone is light."

"Are you sure it's light?" Han Sen asked, with a smile.

"Of course, do you think I'm blind? I'm not!" Moving Star Emperor said with frustration.

Han Sen then cast fire and lit up the other side of the lake. The Luminous Stone could glow, but its glow was rather faint. The light it emitted was not very strong. But Han Sen's fireball was so bright, it made the stone's side dark.

"Now you tell me; which side is dark, and which side is light?" Han Sen smiled again.

Moving Star Emperor gave an ugly look, and it prompted Han Sen to explain, "Dark and light are one-and-the-same, see? Light is the absence of darkness, and darkness is the absence of light. They are two sides of the same coin, but both are dependent on each other. Night Empress sought darkness, but used light to guide her practice. She sought darkness through the light she possessed. A dumb\*ss like you would never understand, my boy!"

Moving Star Emperor's face turned green. He was not an expert when it came to analyses like this, and so he had no clue how he should respond.

Clap! Clap! Clap!



Han Sen turned around and saw a spirit clapping her hands gently. It was Lotus Empress herself.

Lotus Empress spoke, saying, "Seeking darkness through the light? If my mother was still here in the Third God's Sanctuary, she'd be very fond of you. She'd relish the opportunity to meet someone else who understood her."

Empty Witch flew close to her master and said, "Miss Lotus! The Luminous Stone really is of the Light element?"

Due to the fact the Luminous Stone was blackened and charred by the fires of Holy Door, and its life force had been depleted, and it looked to be of Dark.

Lotus nodded and said, "This was her only Light-element treasure. She left all the dark treasures here, but she only wished to take this one. It was once called the Stone of Light. The light was merely drained due to its incineration."

When Moving Star Emperor heard this, he looked even worse. He looked as if he was going to faint. He didn't expect her most important treasure was not of the element of Dark.

"I thought it was pretty simple, really. I was just bringing it up in idle chit-chat," Han Sen said.

Han Sen really was just saying it simply, without meaning for it to come across as a lesson. His knowledge was vast, and so it made him go above and beyond a simple explanation. Still, he couldn't really learn much from observing the stone.

It wasn't that Han Sen was stupid, it was just that he hadn't reached that level of genius yet.

Many Dark and Light emperors had visited this shelter in the past, but they only learned a small amount. The melody and rhythm of the pulsating light came from the Fourth God's Sanctuary, so not being able to understand it was normal for someone who wasn't a demi-god.

### **Chapter 1294: I Need Your Body**

Moving Star Emperor greeted Lotus Empress and then left, thinking it was pointless for him to remain there with them. He was more than a little embarrassed, too; more fuel to the fire of hatred he kept stoked for Han Sen.

When Moving Star Emperor took his leave, Lotus Empress sat down. Softly, she bid for Han Sen to do the same, "Sit down."

Han Sen approached her and did as she told him.

Lotus Empress looked at Han Sen and said, "To be honest, when I first saw you in the Second God's Sanctuary, I didn't think too highly of you. I didn't think you'd go on to become what you are today. You killed Saint Fan; that is something many spirits have tried to do before, but always failed in their attempts."

“For my deeds to impress a gorgeous empress such as you, I can only say that it is a most magnificent honor,” Han Sen said.

Lotus Empress said, “You have conquered three emperor shelters. We are on the same level, practically. There is no need for you to be so gracious and polite. Today is a great day, and you should allow for some informality to take precedence. And feel free to simply call me Lotus.”

“You said in your video-thingy that you wanted to make some sort of deal. What kind of deal did you have in mind?” Han Sen asked.

“Wow! You are very forward, and perhaps that is why you have achieved so much in the short time you have occupied the Third God’s Sanctuary, but there is no need to rush, I assure you. That being said, there is much to discuss. So, our talk of it might take a while when the time comes. After the fruit event, maybe?” Lotus Empress suggested, and then went on to ask Han Sen, “Do you know why I hold this event?”

“I’m not entirely sure. If I had this amount of fruit, I’d eat them all myself. And if I couldn’t, I’d make a bed out of them and just sleep on the things. And yes, if you think charity isn’t exactly one of my strong suits... well, you’re right!” Han Sen said, in a half-jest.

Lotus Empress found it funny. She giggled a little and said, “You humans are quite hilarious, I must say. A little weak overall, but you are an exception to that rule.”

“I’ll take that as a compliment; thank you.” Han Sen smiled.

Lotus Empress returned to the conversation and said, “The reason why I hold this event is because I must choose... a helper. Yes, that is how I might best describe it. And this time, you are the one I have had my eye on.”

“This thing you need help with, is it associated with the deal you wish to make?” Han Sen asked.

Lotus nodded and said, “When I first saw you, I knew you could help me. That is why I left a mark on you. I was going to bring you straight to my shelter, but somehow, your mark was erased. I was worried, for a time.”

She then went on to say, “I didn’t expect that you not only survived, but you achieved so much by starting from scratch. With your help, I will definitely succeed in what I am planning to do, I am sure of it!”

“But I haven’t agreed to anything yet,” Han Sen said, with a slight smile.

Lotus said, “You will. And that is because what I am planning to give you cannot be given by anyone else, and it is precisely what you need.”

“Really? What is it?” Han Sen’s curiosity was most certainly piqued.

“You’ll find out soon enough. First, the event. Then, I will tell you. And if you think I am being coy because the task I want your help with is something sordid, allay those fears. It is not all that bad, I can guarantee it.” She sounded confident.

To have such confidence was rare, and she must have earned quite a bit of experience from making similar deals in the past, to be so sure.

Han Sen asked, “What is so special about me, then? What made you take notice of me?”

Lotus said, “You’re special because you aren’t.”

“Is that a compliment?” Han Sen asked with a wry smile, as it was an oxymoron.

Lotus Empress went on to explain. “Yes. As spirits, we are all attuned to a certain element in particular. Your body, however, isn’t. And I need someone as... flexible as you.”

“But all humans are like this,” Han Sen said.

Lotus shook her head and said, “I have examined many humans, since long before you stepped foot in even the First God’s Sanctuary. Humans have no elements to begin with, that is true, but by the time they reach the Second God’s Sanctuary, they start to become associated with one in particular. And when you reach the Third God’s Sanctuary, that association is settled and fixed.”

“You are different in this regard. I initially thought you’d be like every other human, but your body still has no element it focuses on.”

“That’s not right. I have absorbed many spirit genes, and even maxed out my fire gene tally,” Han Sen said.

“That’s different, but your body is still the same.” Lotus stood up, then went on to say, “Enjoy your time here. For as long as you remain on these grounds, no one will dare attempt to bring you harm.”

Han Sen did not understand why his body was special. And he wasn’t sure why he was special for not being special, as she had mentioned. Han Sen looked over to the Luminous Stone, and without earning any inspiration, he decided to return to his quarters where he could rest.

Han Sen summoned Dragon King and said, “Okay, listen up you. I am ready and willing to give you this egg, even if you don’t want to open up about this entire kerfuffle with your general buddies, but you must serve me for one hundred years.”

“Okay.” Dragon King did not hesitate to agree. One hundred years might have been a long time for humans, but it wasn’t for spirits.

Han Sen summoned Thorn Queen to take the egg and give it to Dragon King.

Dragon King was exuberantly happy now. He inspected the egg and immediately wished to drill into it.

“Not yet! If you go in now, heaven knows when you’ll finally come out. Tell me first: what is the point of summoning demi-gods?” Han Sen asked.

**Chapter 1295: Hit the Drum and Get Fruit**

Dragon King told Han Sen, "Demi-gods return for genes."

"Why would demi-gods require genes from the Third God's Sanctuary?" Han Sen wasn't sure how or why this would be.

Dragon King admitted, "I'm not sure, either. I have only seen this transpire once, in which a demi-god returned and went on a search for genes. To return, a sacrifice of many super creatures and king spirit stones was necessary."

"What can demi-gods do?" Han Sen asked.

"The demi-god I saw would fulfill the wishes of the person who aided them in gathering the components of a sacrifice and doing the ritual. Often that service took the form of killing someone. But you must collect a lot for sacrifice, and I can only suggest that you don't do it," Dragon King said.

Han Sen said, "The demi-god you saw, was it a spirit summoned by Ancient Devil Emperor?"

"I cannot comment on that," Dragon King answered.

Han Sen rebutted with a theory, saying, "If these sacrifices are so costly, were you offered up as a component of the ritual? Is that why you rebelled and betrayed Ancient Devil Emperor?"

Dragon King said nothing further, and simply went towards the egg. Han Sen didn't stop him, though. He believed he was getting closer to the truth, anyway, and he had answered what he had initially wanted to know. Han Sen did not know how long it would take for the egg to hatch, but he gave it back to Thorn Queen and told her to hold on to it.

Han Sen stayed at Evil Lotus Shelter for a few days, and every spirit that arrived had their tenth gene lock open.

Han Sen recognized a few of the emperors from Divinity's Bout. Four of the figures that were in the top ten of Divinity's Bout had come, which made Han Sen wonder about those who hadn't come.

But since the spirits around came from all the different corners of the Third God's Sanctuary, Han Sen didn't stick out too much. Many hadn't a clue who he was or had never so much as heard his name.

When the event started, super creatures and emperors were everywhere.

Han Sen made a rough count of five hundred, but he knew there were countless emperors who hadn't made the guestlist. It had to be a highly-curated list, that much was certain.

The top three from Divinity's Bout were not seen there, and Han Sen couldn't imagine why emperors so strong would not be invited or would choose not to come. And it was quite disappointing for him, too, as he really wanted to catch a glimpse of the notorious No God Emperor.

It was time for Lotus Empress to announce and reveal herself to all those who had come, and when she appeared before them all, everyone went silent. You could have heard a pin drop in the stillness that preceded her speech. When she did finally talk, she issued a command to her subordinates to begin distributing two fruits to each of the guests that had come.

Han Sen and the silver fox received two each.

While Little Silver gobbled them both up with nary a moment to breathe, Han Sen decided to spend some time inspecting them.

The fruits were creamy and semi-transparent, but they had the faint outlines of delicate patterns etched all across them. They were pretty things, almost like jewels.

And what's more, Han Sen was able to see a hidden energy radiating from within. Then, Han Sen decided to take a bite. It was juicy and incredibly sweet.

After Han Sen ate the first fruit in its entirety, he heard a message play: "Gaining Self Geno Point."

So, he proceeded to eat the other. He heard the same message play again.

"I only need fifteen more to max out. It's a shame one person can only receive two," Han Sen thought.

Han Sen looked around and noticed everyone had finished their fruit-lunch before him.

They all stood where they were, but they were turning left and right as if they were searching for something or someone, but what it was, Han Sen wasn't too sure.

Then he remembered there was supposed to be a fruit that allowed one emperor to become a demi-god. The spirits were all looking around, hoping to find out who was fortunate enough to receive it. Whether they'd congratulate or scorn that fortunate person was another matter entirely.

"I can only suppose this is not your first time here. I have three thousand of these fruits, but I have only distributed one thousand. The other two thousand will have to be earned," Lotus Empress said aloud, when no winner seemed to arise.

"We know the rules; hurry up!" an emperor boldly shouted back.

Lotus Empress smiled, and then a monster bearing a jade drum walked out.

Han Sen was both surprised and amused by the creature's appearance, as it looked something like a cross between a turtle and a kirin. The jade drum it possessed was actually a part of the creature, too. It was attached, growing out of the creature's back. Its lifeforce was strong, though, and it was clear that it had opened ten gene locks.

Han Sen had already guessed she possessed creatures with ten gene locks open, but this just confirmed it. His admiration for Lotus Empress was starting to grow.

“If you hit it once, you can earn a fruit. Who would like to give it a try?” Lotus Empress announced.

“Let me try!” An eager emperor jumped before the drum-beast and tried striking the instrument with all his might.

Han Sen was curious, wondering what was going on. This game that they were all playing seemed too simple to be true, and he was curious to learn if there was a catch. He imagined there would have to be, but that was just his suspicious nature.

The emperor was a moody-looking sort, and he wielded the element of fire. He leaped towards the drum, ready to unleash an impressive amount of power on it, with a fire that was even greater than the flames that wreathed Han Sen in his gold raven form.

Han Sen heard the beat of a drum sound, but it had almost completely escaped his hearing. It was very quiet, for some strange reason.

“Is that really a drum?” Han Sen thought it didn’t seem right for so much power to result in such a small amount of noise.

### **Chapter 1296: The Real Holy Baby Fruit**

The emperor frowned. Then he interlocked the fingers of both hands to form some sort of dome around a new flame he was conjuring.

With great fervor, he unleashed another fireborne punch at the drum. The power used was frightening, but the sound emitted by the drum was even quieter than the first time he had hit it.

The emperor hit the drum a third time, then, to the greeting of silence. Failing to sound the drum at all, the spirit looked embarrassed and tried to avoid eye-contact with the feverish crowd that had gathered to watch the proceedings.

Han Sen was surprised. The emperor had ten open gene locks, and he had thrown a punch carried by terrible fire; why could he not sound the drum?

After this emperor, a few other emperors decided to give the drum a few shots of their own. They all failed to make any sound worth noting. Even a few super creatures were giving it a go, but most of them lacked the ability to play the drum, same as the rest.

But then came one super creature that managed to hit the drum seven times, and produced seven firm acoustical sounds. This earned the creature seven baby fruits.

The super creature gobbled them all up at once, but it wasn’t lucky enough to earn the real holy baby fruit. That was something that came as a relief to those who had yet to try their hand.

Many emperors and super creatures followed, and it was startling to see that only a few were able to play the drum properly and earn themselves a reward. But Han Sen noticed the ones that could produce

sound with the drum were the ones that were lacking in strength compared to the others. Whether that was by design or not, he could not tell.

With Han Sen's Dongxuan Aura, he could read their individual strength. And it told him that the emperors with the most strength were the ones that could barely register a sound when hitting the drum.

Han Sen observed the event, but he could not establish any logical reason as to why this was.

"So, what do you think? Would you like to give it a try?" Empty Witch asked Han Sen.

Han Sen shook his head and responded, "Not many people can knock it and create a sound, but I'll give it a go sometime later I suppose."

Han Sen wanted to watch for a little longer. Once he figured out the trick, he believed, he'd have a greater chance of success.

"There is no skill involved. It's all luck," Empty Witch said, suspecting his goal. But then she went on to say, "I know you'll succeed, though."

"Why?" Han Sen asked.

"Lotus Empress was sure," Empty Witch said.

Han Sen looked over at Lotus Empress, watching members of the audience step forward to try to beat the drum. By now, only ten of them had managed to successfully sound the drum seven times.

Seeing no one else eager to try, Han Sen thought now was as good a time as any to test his luck.

Han Sen was the only human attending the event.

A lot of people looked upon him with disdain, particularly so when they realized he only had nine gene locks open. Han Sen walked in front of the drum and used Jadeskin, which made his fist look like jade.

Jadeskin was much stronger than the Blood-Pulse Sutra, and he had started using it more often now.

Pang!

An explosive drumbeat reverberated across the entire plaza.

It was ear-poundingly loud, and nobody else had come remotely close to producing a sound as shocking as that.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

Han Sen kept on hitting the drum, and he hit it seven times in no time at all. If he was able to go any further, he believed he'd be kicking up one heck of a drum solo.

“Weird. I didn’t apply any special techniques, so why did everyone else seem to struggle?” Han Sen pondered the strange turn of events.

Everyone looked on Han Sen with disbelief, none too sure of what they should be thinking about the boy. He was the first being that had ever managed to hit it so loudly.

“You can now accept the fruit you earned,” Lotus Empress said.

Han Sen walked over to the pile of fruit and examined the trove, wondering which he should take. All the fruit was here, and he could select it himself and try his luck.

Han Sen wanted to find the real fruit, so he used his Dongxuan Aura to see if he could spot something the others couldn’t. His Dongxuan Sutra had nine gene locks open, so he was able to sense and observe a lot more with the aura.

When it came to detecting, analyzing, and understanding lifeforces, the Dongxuan Sutra had proved exceptional since opening nine gene locks. With the Dongxuan Aura, nothing was a hazy blur of lights anymore. Everything was like a 3D image or model for him to examine with stunning clarity in his mind.

This also included the energy flow, which he could examine with far greater depth.

Han Sen compared it to having x-ray vision goggles designed for looking at women. Others saw them dressed up all fancy, but he could see exactly what their naked bodies were like. But truthfully, it went even further than that, and Han Sen had the proficiency to examine their internal organs, even.

In the past, Han Sen wouldn’t have been able to tell the difference between the fruit, and their lifeforces would practically have been indistinguishable from each other. But now, Han Sen could detect the one that looked different from the rest.

The fruit that snagged his attention possessed a lifeforce that was weaker than the rest, and what’s more, it felt human.

It wasn’t just a mere fruit. It had life inside it.

“This must be it,” Han Sen assumed.

Han Sen went forward and grabbed the fruit he determined to be the special one. After taking hold of it, though, he was suddenly overwhelmed with a most frightening feeling.

This horrible aura began to suffocate the entire shelter.

A person was descending onto the plaza, and seeing him, everyone was shocked. Even Lotus Empress was.

“This person must be quite special, for his presence to influence the dull expression on her face,” Han Sen thought to himself, as he turned to look at the scene.

Han Sen knew about this shadow, though. He was No God Emperor, the spirit who had ranked first place in Divinity’s Bout.

**Chapter 1297: No God Emperor**



No God Emperor was robed in black, and his hair was tied up. His figure was intimidatingly tall and wide.

“It is a great honor for me to know I am now hosting the almighty No God Emperor. I implore you to take a seat, and I hope you find the hospitality to your liking,” Lotus Empress stated.

No God Emperor was not there to participate like the rest, however. He responded by saying, “I am here for the fruit; each and every one.”

The guests and hosts alike were shocked at hearing the demand.

Lotus Empress was not too surprised, and she never expected him to be the sort who would join in the merriment of the event. Seemingly prepared for this, and having no fear, she said, “In this place, there are rules. If you have come all this way, you must abide them. I will grant you two. If you want any more, you will beat the drum.”

“Rules were meant to be broken,” was No God Emperor’s callous reply.

Lotus Empress’s face turned to fright, not expecting him to shoot her down like that, twice. She cast a wall of lotus flowers around the fruit to prevent No God Emperor from reaching them.

“If Night Empress was still here, I might not be so brash.” No God Emperor was now walking, speaking as he went.

No God Emperor stepped before the fruit.

Han Sen had only just picked up one when No God Emperor arrived before him and said, “Put it back.”

Han Sen ignored him, then took the six others he had won via the drumming.

Everyone was in shock as they witnessed someone disregard what No God Emperor had told them. There was no competition, and no one there could stand up to that bully. Han Sen had to be insane.

Many emperors had been killed by No God Emperor, some for merely sneezing in his presence. Han Sen was only just a human, too. Such behavior was suicidal.

Moving Star Emperor was amongst the gasping audience, but he thought to himself, “Nice! He’s going to get rid of that annoying human once and for all!”

No God Emperor did not say a word. He teleported directly in front of Han Sen and broadened his stance.

Pang!

A lotus appeared in front of Han Sen, but it was quickly shattered.

Lotus Empress looked at No God Emperor and said, "This is not your shelter."

No God looked at Lotus Empress, and then she summoned a host of additional lotuses. No God did not even move. It seemed his eyes were enough to kill a foe, as the protective flowers were cut down wherever his eyes trailed.

Han Sen was surprised. If he had to make battle with No God Emperor, he'd have no choice but to open his tenth gene lock.

The drum beast waddled over towards Lotus Empress and spawned a dome of green vines to shield her from what might occur next.

"Do you really want to make yourself an enemy of mine?" No God Emperor coldly half-asked.

"You started this," Lotus Empress responded.

No God Emperor's hands turned upwards to reveal a black hole on each palm. He looked ready to suck in everything in the vicinity. The drum beast did its best to stand strong and not fall prey to the creepy, cosmic wind that sought to pull it away, but its grip was failing. And as it was, the drum upon its back was pounding with a noise.

It was so loud and continuous, it was giving the collected audience a headache.

The vines were slipping away, releasing the protective shield it had tried to use to encapsulate Lotus Empress. Realizing this, Lotus Empress knew she had to move away, and to do this, she stepped on a raised lotus flower like a platform.

Everyone in the audience was falling back, not wanting to get themselves involved and potentially invoke the ire of No God Emperor upon themselves.

"This No God is an arrogant chump." Han Sen held the fruit and took a few steps back himself, eager to watch what might soon occur.

"Of course he is. He became the top Son of God by ranking first in Divinity's Bout; that's a feat that would inflate anyone's ego. And you know how spirits can be." Empty Witch paused for a brief moment, before going on to say, "Even I don't know if Lotus Empress can repel him."

The dimensions of the plaza, and the plane of reality it stood in, was beginning to distort and twist. Without his Dongxuan Aura, Han Sen wouldn't have been able to see a single thing with even a remote modicum of clarity.

Suddenly, Han Sen found himself without words. He wasn't sure what he could say.

It was two versus one already, and it would be a horrible, awry thing if she were to still lose.

Empty Witch knew things were going bad, and so she shouted at everyone there, requesting their aid. "You have all come here as guests! You have received the fruits; should you not help your hostess who has been so charitable to you all?"

But the spirits there acted as if they had not heard her plea, and one by one, they began to slip away and leave the shelter.

No one was willing to defy No God Emperor and make him their enemy, all for the reward of only a few fruit.

“I need to help her, then,” Han Sen thought to himself.

He was still suspicious of whatever Lotus Empress wanted with him, and he knew he shouldn't be trusting her fully, but No God Emperor was a figure who he hated. He knew if one of them had to die that night, it should be him.

And besides, if Lotus Empress did die, Han Sen might not learn the reason for his inability to open his tenth gene locks. And what's more, this fight had all started because Han Sen had defied No God Emperor's command to drop the fruit he had picked up.

Han Sen decided to join in.

“Pah! Fool,” Moving Star Emperor said aloud. He had remained there, keen to see what his most despised human might do.

#### **Chapter 1298: Fighting No God**

Han Sen ran towards the battleground, but he felt something was amiss.

The plaza looked bigger than it had earlier, and the illusion of a greater size seemed to expand until the cobbled ground stretched on for a distance that could only be assumed to be infinite.

“Has the battle twisted the dimension this much? It is no wonder I couldn't feel the shockwaves earlier.” Han Sen saw No God approaching Lotus Empress, each step a cruel and merciless stride.

Han Sen hadn't opened his tenth gene lock, so unless he used super king spirit mode and combined with Little Angel, he didn't think he stood much of a chance.

Han Sen didn't go right up to No God Emperor yet, though. First, he approached the wounded beast with a stealthy run. When he neared it, he whispered, “I'm here to help.”

Lotus Empress thought Han Sen was using the creature for cover and merely hiding. She thought that was a futile and silly endeavor.

Han Sen summoned Disloyal Knight next. The halo appeared, imbuing its boons upon Lotus Empress, the drum beast, and the green vines. Lotus Empress was delighted to see him chip-in.

Han Sen allowed Disloyal Knight to remain behind the creature, but he was surprised he had not weakened No God Emperor.

“It looks like he’s immune to the halo,” Han Sen realized. “Great...”

Still, it was better to have the halo active than not. Disloyal Knight would still be supporting Han Sen and his allies, and that was better than not having him out.

Han Sen, however, knew this fight was truly being waged between No God and Lotus Empress. Without Lotus Empress there, the drum beast and its vines would have been killed in no time.

Han Sen felt that, even if he did have ten gene locks active, he wouldn’t be able to defeat No God Emperor. There was a frightening aura of menace around that spirit.

No God was almost indestructible, and every move it made was lethal.

He thought it’d only take a disapproving look from No God Emperor to take down even the mightiest of super creatures.

Where such power came from intrigued Han Sen. And further, he wondered what element No God Emperor was attuned to; which element fueled such gross amounts of strength?

But amidst all this, Han Sen could tell Lotus Empress was not an unworthy opponent. Her delicate grace belied the truth of her power, and she was special in more ways than one. No matter how much power No God Emperor applied to his strikes, he could not damage Lotus Empress in the least.

While the lotuses she created for protection were destroyed, replacements were created with just as much ease. The drum beast and green vines were hiding behind the lotus shields, however, hardly even attempting to attack their foe.

The lotus flowers also seemed to be applying strain to the dimension they inhabited, as well, and the twisting dimension wasn’t entirely the work of No God Emperor. It made Han Sen think to himself, “If I open ten gene locks, will I be as powerful as them?”

As Han Sen imagined himself carrying such power, he saw No God Emperor reach a hand up to his head.

“Strange. What in the sanctuaries is he doing? It’d be nice if he wanted to kill himself.” Han Sen watched him in curious confusion.

Lotus Empress seemed to understand what he sought to do, though. And when she saw him lift his hand up, her face turned grim as she and her subordinates took a step back.

No God Emperor unsheathed a sword. Out of his head.

The sword was dull, sullen, and almost unremarkable to look at it with its lack of sheen and reflection. It was as if it chewed up all the light that sought to rest on it. When the sword was fully drawn, a new power seemed to manifest inside No God Emperor. It made Han Sen feel queasy when he tried to comprehend it.

If what had just transpired was the image of a calm sea, now it was one in a typhoon of epic proportions.

Han Sen now knew he had made a mistake by trying to join in. Looking back, he thought it'd be obvious that No God wouldn't show all his cards and reveal the true extent of his power at the beginning. But now he was, and Han Sen knew they were all in peril.

No God Emperor swung his sword towards the drum beast.

More accurately, it was aimed at Han Sen who was still crouched behind it.

Han Sen saw this attack, but he could not sense any power in its weight. If anything, that just added to his concern.

Suddenly, the creeping of pain began to overwhelm his shoulder from behind. The pauldron of his armor was cut-off. Han Sen then saw what had happened to the drum beast: it had been cut in two. It died.

But strangely, even after understanding the extent of such power that had been unleashed from that one strike, Han Sen could not feel it.

"I can't believe he killed a ten gene lock super creature with one strike." Han Sen was in utter disbelief.

"Go!" Lotus Empress grabbed Han Sen and placed him on her lotus platform and then took off in flight, abandoning Evil Lotus Shelter.

Before Han Sen could understand what had happened, he woke up as if he had been restored to consciousness. He was in the mountains someplace.

Han Sen saw Lotus Empress and asked, "Was it okay to just leave like that? Can't he take your spirit stone?"

Lotus Empress responded by saying, "It's not my shelter. It is a copy of my mother's shelter that I occupy for show."

Han Sen felt relief, knowing they had gotten away. He didn't want Lotus Empress to get killed on his behalf.

"I wanted to help you, but I just made it worse," Han Sen told her.

Lotus Empress comforted him and brought ease to these thoughts, saying, "It wasn't your fault he wanted all the fruit for himself. I wouldn't have allowed him to take it, anyway, and a battle such as that was bound to take place, no matter what."

"All that poor fruit," Han Sen said.

"That's fine. No one can eat more than nine, anyway. After that, your body doesn't receive any benefits," Lotus Empress explained.

Han Sen patted the silver fox, telling him, "I might not have been able to eat them, but this guy could."

As they spoke, the space before them cracked. Like a vortex that had just opened in the fabric of the dimension, No God Emperor came stomping out.

## **Chapter 1299: Desperate Wine**

“No God Emperor!” Empty Witch exclaimed.

Han Sen and Lotus Empress’s faces changed, both equally surprised to see he had been hunting them.

“You’re really this persistent?” Lotus Empress said.

“Leave me the fruit you took and go.” No God Emperor was referring to Han Sen.

“I ain’t leaving sh\*t.” Han Sen pulled out Taia, and with a burst of courage, he leaped towards No God Emperor.

No God Emperor spun No God Sword and went forward to meet him.

Argh!

Han Sen’s shoulder was cut, and if he had evaded him a split-second later, his arm would have been hewn completely off.

Han Sen’s Taia managed to find its target: No God Emperor’s chest. But it seemed to have been imbued with some sort of power that repelled direct attacks. Han Sen’s sword pinged off like rubber after coming into contact.

Han Sen’s shoulder was starting to heal already, though, so there was no need for a period of rest. Han Sen’s Jadeskin had opened nine gene locks, so his passive recovery was better than ever.

But now, Han Sen well and truly knew he could not defeat No God Emperor even if he made use of super king spirit. And with his transformation time still being limited, he couldn’t use it indefinitely. He’d eventually run out, and it was at that point Han Sen would meet certain death.

That being said, No God Emperor did not expect to get hit. And he was surprised he hadn’t been able to break Taia’s blade.

A second later, though, No God Emperor was back to attacking. He swung his sword without delay, employing its magic of being nigh untraceable. Even with his eighth sense, Han Sen could not feel that blade coming.

“Go!” Lotus Empress pulled Han Sen back and escaped with him just as they had earlier.

But this time, after the smallest of a break, No God Emperor found them and was on them. Wherever they went, he followed.

Han Sen still knew he’d have to open his tenth gene lock if he wished to have a chance in fighting their pursuant, but that didn’t seem likely to happen anytime soon.

Han Sen was still able to use the Dongxuan Sutra to keep an eye on where No God Emperor would next appear, so that was sufficient to keep them on the lam for a while, despite knowing it would not last forever.

But not even the Dongxuan Sutra could guarantee his survival in face-to-face combat. Even with its usage, every evasion or dodge took extreme effort.

And if all he could do against No God was dodge, then there'd be no point standing up to him. So they had to keep moving, with Lotus Empress teleporting them shortly after No God Emperor appeared. And it never took him long to show up.

"Let's go back to Evil Lotus Shelter," Han Sen suddenly said.

Lotus replied, saying, "Why go there? There are emperors and super creatures there, but they don't want to help us."

"We don't need their help, but perhaps there is a way I can stop his rampage," Han Sen said.

"And what would that be?" Lotus Empress asked with curiosity.

"It's hard for me to explain, so take us back and I'll show you." Han Sen was planning to use the jue and summon the altar, using the emperors and super creatures there as a sacrifice.

Lotus Empress nodded, and then they teleported back to the plaza.

Han Sen saw that a lot of the emperors and super creatures had yet to leave, and the fruit was still there untouched. Han Sen started sucking them into the Cruel Bottle, in the event that he needed those as an extra sacrifice.

"Put them back!" Moving Star Emperor bellowed, as he fired a number of star-like orbs at Han Sen. Han Sen was shocked at his sudden inability to break the stars that sought to slice him up.

So Han Sen dodged them instead. And then, he said, "This is none of your business!"

Moving Star Emperor did not say anything, and there was no guarantee he was even listening. He just smiled queerly. Han Sen was surprised to see every spirit and creature close in on them, then.

"We were tasked to guard these fruits. If even one is missing, No God Emperor vowed to kill us all. Leave the fruit and run!" an emperor explained.

"You're a bunch of pussies! You call yourselves emperors? Have some backbone and stand up for yourselves," Han Sen lectured them, while collecting every fruit there.

"This entire thing is the fault of this cheap human. We should just kill him and be done with it," Moving Star Emperor proclaimed.

Many of the emperors there were in agreement, and they walked towards him.

Lotus Empress wished to say something, but she saw a vortex appear in the sky again. Just like before, No God Emperor came out, breathing a nasty fire.

"Now, to the Luminous Stone at once!" Han Sen commanded.

She didn't know what Han Sen was thinking or what he was planning, but any plan was better than no plan. And with the confidence in his voice, she trusted him. Without hesitation, she took him to where he needed to go.

"What are you planning to do?" Lotus Empress inquired.

"Have a drink of wine," Han Sen said.

Han Sen brought out his jue and poured some wine into it.

"Is now the best time for you and I to share a drink?" Lotus Empress wasn't sure if this was a jest or not. Their enemies were coming closer, yet it was rather perplexing to see Han Sen so calm when doing this.

"Enjoy the swallow, because that'll be your last," Moving Star Emperor said.

Han Sen looked at the crowd that had gathered, and raising a glass, he proclaimed, "Anytime's the only time, baby. And to all of you, leave now and you'll live. If you remain, you'll suffer the consequences."

After that, Han Sen necked the wine.

"This guy is so full of crap..." Moving Star Emperor started to mock him again, but something took him by surprise.

The entire shelter was suddenly trapped in a darkness that not even an emperor could see through.

### **Chapter 1300: Demi-God Arrives**

The entire place had turned black, like an infinite, suffocating abyss. The only point of light was that of the jue, a sole beacon in a sea of darkness. It guided Han Sen. And in turn, Han Sen guided Lotus Empress. He led her through the realm of black until he reached another point of light.

They approached it, and there their eyes focused on a glowing goddess statue.

"It looks like Mother." Lotus Empress spoke as if her mind was vacant, drifting in a far-off reverie. She couldn't take her eyes off it.

Without the jue, the other emperors and super creatures were frightened. They had unwittingly found themselves trapped in a dark place no eyes could pierce. No God Emperor frowned and swung his No God Sword in an attempt to form of a vortex and exit the black prison he had been led to.

Upon the altar, the jue flew above the statue depicting a goddess and set the stone ablaze with a mesmerizing fire.

The statue started to slowly come alive, with a single hand raised. A lifeforce began to sputter through the dark, drifting into the palm of the hand as if it were accepting a blessing.



The last time Han Sen triggered the altar, there was no sacrifice on offer. In retrospect, that may have been why the statues were displeased and wished to kill him.

This time, things were different. There were countless emperors and super creatures in the area, and there were none of them that Han Sen and Lotus Empress were particularly fond of and wanted to keep around.

From out of the dark behind them, screams now began to erupt. There were cries of fright and bellows of agony, as the collective felt their lifeforces being stolen. It wasn't happening too fast to stop, but it was going at a speed that would soon see it over if nothing drastic was done.

"What's going on?"

"What have you done?"

"We can talk about this! We can talk things through."

"Why are you doing this to me? What did I ever do to offend you?!"

...

No one could escape the darkness and the draining of their life, and all they could do now was fall to their knees, begging and pleading for a mercy they weren't going to receive.

No God Emperor wasn't like them, though. He scanned what little of the darkness he could in an attempt to locate Han Sen and Lotus Empress.

While his vision had been hampered by the darkness, his lifeforce was the only one that wasn't draining. He could grip and hold it tight, not allowing the smallest modicum to seep out.

"Let me see what you're both up to, eh?" No God Emperor was fearless.

He hadn't seen what it was like for a demi-god to arrive in the Third God's Sanctuary, though. He had no clue what was actually transpiring, and thus, that bravery could do him a disservice.

Not many people had seen a demi-god return to the Third God's Sanctuary. Even Moment Queen hadn't heard of such a ritual.

Lotus Empress, in the midst of all that was going on, appeared to be just as clueless. She asked Han Sen, "What is going on?"

Han Sen was fairly aware of what was happening, despite his surprise and awe at it all. The Blood-River King he had unknowingly tried to summon before was so weak, he now assumed, because its sacrifice hadn't been strong enough.

Now, things were very different. An incredible source of power was being drawn to the statue as if it were a conduit.

“This is an altar to summon a demi-god. The person I am hoping to summon is the prior owner of the Luminous Stone. She herself: Night Empress,” Han Sen explained.

Lotus was extremely surprised to hear this, and almost found it difficult to believe. She asked him, “Can you really summon Mother?”

“I hope so, and from what best I can tell... it seems to be working,” Han Sen said.

“This is great!” Lotus Empress stared at the statue with utter glee, like a wide-eyed child on the precipice of seeing something awesome unfold.

After absorbing the exorbitant amount of lifeforces, the statue was beginning to resemble an actual person. It seemed to be taking on the shape of Night Empress, alive and in the flesh.

Suddenly, the statue’s forehead began to glow and illuminate the entire area.

Everyone could now see the altar Han Sen and Lotus Empress were situated near.

Most of the creatures and spirits had suffered a loss of half their lifeforce.

Unfortunately for the two near the altar, No God Emperor was as powerful as ever. He came striding towards Han Sen now, swinging his sword with the immediate desire to cut him down.

As this happened, a strong force landed on Han Sen just as it came.

The power of No God Emperor finally started to get sapped, and the force and power the spirit had unleashed were absorbed by the statue that had previously brought the land pure darkness.

No God Emperor could not believe his power had been robbed, just as he was about to kill the pestering human once and for all.

The statue then opened its eyes to look upon the crowd that had gathered.

Lotus Empress noticed the eyes were eyes that belonged to her mother, and without hesitation, she found herself running to the statue, calling, “Mother, I missed you so much!”

Night Empress held her hair as this occurred, and said, “I did not expect you’d be able to summon me here to the Third God’s Sanctuary.”

“Oh, Mother! That wasn’t me. That was Han Sen.” Lotus Empress then went on to explain everything that had transpired that day.

“How dare you disrespect my daughter and all she has built for herself!” Night Empress looked upon all the creatures and spirits in the vicinity with unparalleled anger.

And in return, every other being felt incredibly frightened.

Before Night Empress became a demi-god, she was the strongest in the Third God’s Sanctuary, without equal. If they had known Lotus Empress was her descendant, they wouldn’t have dared to treat her as they had.