

Super power

Super Power Chapter 561

: Silver-Eye Ice Snake King

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info The big fluffy tail of the silver fox hooked Han Sen's legs, and tickled him as it moved up and down.

Han Sen was beginning to realize that the silver fox had no intention of causing him harm, so he crouched to hold him. Without resisting, the silver fox allowed itself to be picked up in Han Sen's arm and thoroughly hugged. The fox's tail wagged in ecstasy.

"This silver fox is so strange; I wonder where it came from?" Han Sen held the calm silver fox with a puzzled expression on his face.

Some people had been known to own and keep some creatures, but they were usually kept behind bars, imprisoned against their will. More often than not, they'd eventually be killed to be served up as food.

Such creatures were known to have wild and varying personalities, but there was one common thread that linked most wild monsters together – their desire to attack and kill humans on sight. It did not matter how humans approached or responded, that's what they would do.

But this silver fox was showing itself to be the opposite of everything Han Sen thought he knew. It was so calm. If Han Sen hadn't seen it almost kill Yi Dong Mu, he'd be hard-pressed to believe that the fluffy little animal in his arms was a super creature.

So now Han Sen was in a difficult situation. Although it was docile and friendly at this point in time, there was no guarantee it would always be like this. If the silver fox turned violent after Han Sen returned home with it, it would be a disaster.

Across the ice fields, no one could bear the wrath of a super creature, and Han Sen was taken back to the image of the blue seahorse that had burned down the Seabed Shelter. That gave him a chill.

"I can't bring it back. There's no way I'd be able to bring it back." Han Sen watched the cute silver fox sit lovingly in his arms but had to resist. Though it hurt him to do so, he returned it to the ground.

"Little fox, it's not that I don't want to bring you with me, and if I was on my own I would... I just can't risk bringing you back in the presence of others. If something happened, it wouldn't just be my problem. You should go home," Han Sen told the silver fox, then turned around and left.

But the silver fox didn't listen, and continued following and mimicking every step Han Sen took. If he stepped forward, it did too. If Han Sen stopped, it would too. Han Sen thought about chasing it away,

but whenever he looked at the creature, it returned a delightfully cute, puppy-dog look that melted his heart.

Furthermore, Han Sen did not dare use force. The silver fox was far stronger than he was, and he feared what might happen if he attacked it. It was highly likely Han Sen would be the one to suffer the greater misfortune.

Besides, the adorable sight of the silver fox was enough to stay his hand.

Looking back at the silver fox that refused to be left behind, Han Sen picked him up once more. Like a little cat, he dug into Han Sen's chest and was the cutest thing.

"Fine, I will take you to the Crystal Palace. If something happens there, at least you won't be harming anyone else." Han Sen brought out his wings, and with the silver fox in his arms, took to the skies.

He'd have to hide the silver fox before meeting the evolvers, too. The tall tales that might be spun out of this turn of events would be dizzying.

"I'll just leave them to wait where they are, then. They are the ones that chose not to accompany me, after all. There is no harm in leaving them in the freezing cold for a little while longer." Han Sen clutched the silver fox tightly, as he flew higher and higher to leave the area.

As Han Sen prepared to fly towards the Ice Lake, he saw a multitude of ice snakes jump out from the snow in the ice valley. It was strange – the place had been empty before. There was an extra-large ice snake amongst them, as well, and his entire body was scaled in silver. It gleamed like the snow, and it was 100 meters long. It was a terrible sight.

"The silver-eyed ice snake king?" Han Sen was shocked. When he entered the valley and traversed it earlier, he had caught no sight of it. Where did it come from?

Han Sen's heart jumped, and he returned down to the snow valley. But when he returned, he saw the snake king and its clan return deep beneath the snow.

"I suppose it is because of you." Han Sen landed on the snow valley, but he could not now glimpse the faintest shadow of an ice snake. Even the king itself had disappeared.

The silver fox remained in Han Sen's arms, pretending to be asleep. He wasn't sure whether it understood what he was saying, or if the creature just didn't care. Calmly, it just wagged its tail.

He flew outside the ice valley again and put the silver fox down on the peak of a snowy mountain. Then he saw the ice snakes return to the surface.

"You wait for me here, okay?" Han Sen told the silver fox and then flew back towards the valley.

This time, the silver fox didn't follow Han Sen; it stood on top of the mountain, watching Han Sen descend into the valley.

Han Sen was going solo towards the giant pit of snakes, but this time, they did not return to below the surface. What's more, a legion of snakes leapt up and attempted to thwart his airborne descent.

The snake king's eyes were like braziers of silver light, staring at Han Sen. The beast spread open its own wings, and the two horns on its head shone like beacons. Like some deadly creature of ancient history, it charged towards Han Sen.

"They really must have escaped due to the silver fox's presence." Han Sen put away his wings and hit the snow with Treading Cloud, reverting to his previous attempt to grab the snake king's attention and draw it to the valley's entrance.

To go up against such a giant monster, Han Sen lacked the faith to battle it on his own. Not to mention the amount of other smaller snakes he would have to deal with at the same time. So Han Sen settled for his original plan of leading the snake king out and giving the evolvers something to do.

No matter how bad they were, he could at least get them to deal with any smaller snakes trying to prevent the slaying of their leader. Although they were afraid of them, if he led them out of the valley, the snow wouldn't be thick enough to cloak them. In such conditions, the evolvers could take on the snakes with far greater ease.

Han Sen was unsure whether the snake king had been suppressed by the presence of a silver fox in recent times because its insane temper was far beyond Han Sen's expectations. Without reprieve or thought, it mindlessly went after Han Sen. Its speed was surprising. With its silver wings allowing it to lash, twirl and snap its way through the sky in its pursuit of Han Sen, its mouth was perpetually open, ready to gobble up its desired prey.

Han Sen was no sluggard, though, as he dodged the attempted bites with ease. The faint trail he left in the snow made a zigzag, however, as he kept dodging the snake king and its minions. Before long, he had made it through to outside the snow valley.

Wang Liang and the other evolvers outside the valley were still waiting in nervous anticipation to see Han Sen return.

"He's been gone too long. I bet you he was killed by the snake king."

"If that were true, how come we have not heard anything?"

"I bet he didn't even see the snake king; the man can't even fly. To keep running like that, he probably kept attracting more and more ice snakes until they overwhelmed him. He probably died before reaching the snake king."

"What do we do then? Should we continue waiting?"

"It would probably be best to wait a little longer. If we leave now, and he does indeed return, we won't be able to explain our desertion."

"But he's been gone for so long. There is no way he'll be coming back now, after all this time."

"Just wait a bit longer; if we've waited this long already, what does it matter if we wait a little more? The day is gone, anyway. If he doesn't return by tomorrow then we can leave."

While everyone was talking, they suddenly heard movement from the valley. When they went to look, all of their mouths dropped to the ground.

They saw Han Sen running like a madman out of the valley, and behind him, a monstrous sea of snakes flying, twirling, writhing and slithering after him. In the middle, one that looked like a dragon was in the hottest pursuit. Its wings were outstretched as it tried to capture Han Sen, and each snap missed him only by a second. The insane sight sent their pulses racing in fear.

Super Power Chapter 562

: Snake-King Slaying Party

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Seeing Han Sen draw nearer to the valley's exit, Wang Liang hurried the group into battle formation. They were ready to fight against the snake-king.

The party was composed of elite evolvers. Some of them were currently serving in the army, whereas some others had retired. Having all shared military experience, they were hardened warriors with phenomenal abilities in battle. They did not fear the fight to come.

After he had established their formation, Han Sen had just about brought the Snake-King and its following of lesser ice-snakes out of the valley. Without the deep snow to hide their bodies, however, they all looked like colossal foes.

When the battle began, Han Sen ceased running. He summoned his ghost-pawed claws and started to attack the snake-king.

Dong!

Han Sen dodged the gaping maw of the silver-eye ice snake king, and with the ghost-pawed claws, countered to slice off one of its silver scales. The snake-king's silver flesh was too thick to fully pierce, however, and all that was inflicted upon it were three scratch marks. They weren't proper cuts, and were far from critical, life-threatening wounds.

Wang Liang and his men then ran towards the gathering of snakes. They maintained their formation, though widening to surround the snake-king.

Without the cover of the snow, the ordinary and mutant ice-snakes were unable to compete with the elites. In a great reckoning, countless ice-snakes were slain. As each snake dyed the earth a sickly red, their corpses were sent flying with great force.

Now, the ten evolvers had surrounded the snake-king. The beast was fierce, wild and mad. When it lifted its rear, it lashed around to smash numerous glaciers. Given how crazy it was, Han Sen and his fellow fighters did not dare to fight the creature head-on, face-to-face.

Giant creatures were born powerfully, and substantially outperformed humans. The silver-eye ice snake king's scales were solid, and its flesh was thick. Although Han Sen and his party gave the beast a series of strong attacks, none seemed likelier to kill the beast than the last. Instead, all they did was amplify the snake-king's rage to even greater degree.

Seeing the snake-king behaving like a sordid monster from some ancient tale, Han Sen felt gloomy. The ghost-pawed claws were too short, and didn't seem viable to fight a creature as large as that. If he had a longer weapon, perhaps then he would stand a chance.

Right now, though, Han Sen was glad to have brought along Wang Liang and the rest of the elites. Had he not, he didn't think he could do anything or have the opportunity to fight the snake-king without the interference of countless lesser ice-snakes.

"You guys go on ahead; I'll take a break," Han Sen shouted to Wang Liang, as he left the battlefield.

Wang Liang thought to himself, "We've come here to help you slay the snake-king. We're risking our lives enough, and now you run off? You are obscene!"

As he cursed Han Sen, Wang Liang caught a glimpse of a certain flame. A red firebird that looked like a phoenix appeared, drawn from Han Sen's body. The flames were scorching hot, and they rose high into the air. In just a moment, the flames had encircled the entire area.

Wang Liang noticed that his and his party's beast soul powers had been greatly increased. Though he was surprised, he was very glad and said, "Halo beast soul; and for such a large effective range? I wonder if it is a sacred-blood beast soul."

The beast soul powers of everyone else in the party were also greatly increased, and it felt to them that the fight had become easier. The pressure had most certainly eased up, and they look extremely pleased.

Han Sen left the desert bird behind on the battlefield and continued on his way, but he made sure to keep his eye on how the others did, as they battled the snake-king in his absence.

Of the ten of them, six of them were using a sacred-blood weapon. Three of the six were employing heavy weapons; there was a lance, a great-axe and a hammer.

These three posed the greatest threat to the snake-king, but still, the scales were too hard and they could not damage it.

"It's only a sacred-blood class creature; it cannot be indestructible! It must possess a weak point somewhere!" Han Sen watched the snake-king's every movement.

But no weak point could be found. The silver scales could endure ten strikes from the evolvers, and with such defense, there was no need for it to move around and protect certain parts of its body. It could bear the brunt of any attack.

Pang!

An evolver was unable to dodge in time and was struck by the snake-king's tail. He was sent flying for over ten meters and roughly crashed into the ground. He spat blood from his mouth, but the hit he had taken was not life-threatening. Quickly, he brought himself back up to his feet.

Han Sen jumped back into fray, filling in the spot left by the hurt evolver.

"Boss! The snake-king's scales are too tough. It's impossible for us to kill it! Why don't we retreat and think of something else?" Wang Liang shouted across the battlefield, as he continued to engage with the enemy.

He wasn't alone in this suggestion, as others had thought of falling back, too. Despite everything they threw at it, nothing seemed to heavily wound the snake-king. Their hopes of victory were fleeting, and they were getting discouraged.

To lose hope was a scary and dangerous thing. If you were weary, or even bleeding in a fight, knowing that you were dealing the same amount of damage to your enemy meant there was a chance of victory; there was no reason to be afraid. But they didn't seem to be damaging the snake-king and if their hope of victory was slipping away, so too would their battle fervor.

Han Sen however did not respond. He continued to fight the snake-king, while paying extra attention to the movements of the enemy.

He wanted to wait a while longer, so that the poison of the ghost-pawed claws might take effect. But there was no change in the snake-king's behavior, and it didn't seem to work. It was as powerful as ever.

"The flesh and bones of the snake-king are tough. Even if I use Yin Force, it would probably be useless. Perhaps I could use Yin Force on its head and damage its brain?" Han Sen thought to himself.

If he truly attempted striking the snake-king's head, this would be a perilous move. One mistake would result in a big bite, courtesy of the snake-king's cavernous mouth. The meter-long, frostbite-primed snake-teeth seemed as if they could slice right through and kill you before the frostbite could even take effect.

Pang!

The snake-king twirled, lashing away one more evolver. So powerful was the strike that the longsword was wholly bent out of shape. This beast was a fearsome thing.

"Boss, we must fall back! We cannot slay this creature." A voice called out from one of the evolvers.

Han Sen responded, "Keep fighting! Everybody must obey my commands. If any of you choose not to, don't bother returning to the shelter. Go find Dong Lin and explain your desertion."

"Wang Liang, move to your left by three meters and attack its left side! Zhao Qiang, move right by two meters, forward one meter and strike its right-wing!" Han Sen barked the orders.

Wang Liang had little choice but to listen and follow Han Sen's orders. The two who had been given instructions however weren't exactly sure what their boss was hoping to achieve.

The formation they were in was the result of much practice and perfect synchronicity between the elite evolvers. Never had they been issued a command that altered this formation, and no matter how smart

they thought Han Sen was, they didn't think he could randomly come up with a brand-new and better formation; and nor did they want him to.

Because these changes could result in an accident, it was now down to an individual's talent; the daily training and practice of blocking, dodging and striking were more important than ever. No immediate command such as this could put them in a better position than they already were.

But Han Sen was different. The way he viewed things, the men were just pawns on a chessboard. His use of the Dongxue Sutra was increasing, and this allowed him to control them as if he were a game player.

Earlier, when Han Sen had quit the fight for a brief while, he didn't just stop to observe the beast and try to find its weak points. He was also observing the skills and abilities of Wang Liang and his people. He had to gain a greater understanding of their powers to be able to issue the right commands.

At first, Wang Liang was forced to listen to Han Sen's command despite lacking any desire to, but his opinion quickly changed. And so too did the opinions of the rest of the party, for when their formation changed, their new positions made it considerably easier to fight the snake-king. They were all further from danger, and no one received another blow from the snake-king.

They were beginning to really admire Han Sen. They all used to be soldiers, so they were familiar with the qualities and traits that it took to be a brilliant commander. But in regards to Han Sen, they had never seen someone command others so well, and in such a calm and informal manner. It was unbelievable.

Super Power Chapter 563

: Slaying the Snake-King

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Wang Liang and the other evolvers greatly admired Han Sen. No-one they had served under could command with the talent he did. Battles were instant, moment-to-moment affairs that morphed and changed every second. To command people ahead of time in such a way was remarkable, because if anyone else had issued commands, by the time the evolvers performed what they were told, the opportunity to do anything more would be gone.

But Han Sen had just commanded ten people with amazing efficiency. He was quick in issuing his commands, that was to be expected, but his words were never rushed. Taking such impeccable orders relieved Wang Liang and his people from a great deal of stress, so they were able to do far more.

Wang Liang and his people admired Han Sen with the respect usually reserved for a religious deity. In the army, powerful people typically gained the respect of others, but for genuine admiration, one had to command others calmly and with grace, leading their troops on to victory.

They had all served in the army, but none of them had been under the command of someone with such a talent for it.

In theory, it should be impossible for Han Sen to individually command the actions of ten people in a battle. But there he was, disproving it. The most amazing thing about Han Sen's Dongxue Sutra was the layout, as he didn't command the others what to do, nor how they should react.

All Han Sen did was predict. The orders he issued came through his foresight and were therefore prepared beforehand, so what he did was relay his pre-emptive script of actions. He would lead his men into various positions, and like the forming of a jigsaw, an opportunity for them to strike would reveal itself to them just when they obeyed the command. But how they should attack was not specifically told to them.

It was like Han Sen was using his Dongxue Sutra. Every move would lure or force an opponent into the exact position he wanted them to be. The people at his command were now like extensions of his own body, and it was as if he had ten hands.

The key to doing this, however, rested in the fact that Han Sen knew the limits of his troops. He knew what they could do, and what they could not. If Han Sen had misjudged them, whenever they got into the position he told them to, they could not do anything and they would fail.

That is why Han Sen had made sure to take a step back and observe their abilities thoroughly from the beginning. When he leapt back into the fray, with his great grasp of what his comrades could do, he could confidently start to issue commands.

Under Han Sen's command, the ten people were fighting more calmly. They trusted Han Sen with an indomitable faith. This belief in one another had been forged through this experience of battle together, and it made their bodies and spirits accept it.

Although Wang Liang and his people had not been injured any more, the snake-king refused to submit and they still could not kill it. Their foe was not slowing down, and it would only be a matter of time before they got tired. If that happened, losing the battle would be inevitable.

Because of this, a nagging concern tugged at the minds of Wang Liang and his troops. After all, humans were not creatures, and their vitality and stamina were limited. To engage in a fight that was as rough as this, even the most experienced people could only last one or two hours.

But Han Sen did not worry about this. He was using these ten people to push the snake-king exactly where he wanted it.

At last, the snake-king's head had practically been delivered to Han Sen. This was his long-awaited opportunity. He jumped to the snake-king's head with a fist fuelled by a power that could shatter a mountain. With his Yin Force, Han Sen used his fist to drill inside the monster's head. The damage he inflicted to the skull of the snake-king was the critical hit he had been waiting for, and it was terribly injured as a result.

Roar!

The snake-king screamed and writhed in agony. When he lowered its head, its body's shape was all wrong. Although the creature looked just as strong and fierce as before, its composure and form was not as solid as before the hit.

Han Sen's heart was gladdened, thrilled that the Yin Force seemed to work. The blast must have rattled the snake-king's brain, ruining its form.

Han Sen continued to issue his commands to Wang Liang and the other evolvers to fight. Before long, the snake-king's head was in front of Han Sen once more. He delivered another Yin Force punch.

Following the second hit, it was as if the snake-king was drunk, as it began to lose control of its body.

Wang Liang was surprised at how things seemed to be turning out and he too was happy. Now, feeling assured of victory, and under the impeccable leadership of Han Sen, they put even greater efforts into the fight. Their admiration of the man did nothing but rise.

Pang!

When Han Sen struck the snake-king's head for the third time, the beast could no longer resist. It collapsed to the ground, writhing, twisting and contorting in pain.

For all intents and purposes, the battle was over. Han Sen told Wang Liang and his men to go and finish off the rest of the group of ice-snakes. Han Sen walked over to the helpless snake-king and pounded its head another dozen times, until its brain was exposed and he smashed it into bits, finishing the beast off completely.

"Please give me your beast soul. I have to get a beast soul... Hallelujah! May the sweet mother of baby Jesus bless me!" Han Sen was cheering in his heart and soul. To spend so much effort and get nothing out of it would be quite crushing.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Hunted: Silver-Eye Ice Snake King. The beast soul has been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of sacred-blood geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

Hearing that sound, Han Sen wanted to scream aloud in merriment. "I love you, Saint Mary!" But he only shouted in his heart.

Once the snake-king had been killed, the other ice-snakes did not want to give their lives to fight the evolvers. Quickly, they raced back to the ice valley.

Wang Liang and his men chased them to the entrance of the ice valley and when they turned around, they were quite surprised at the sight. The results of the battle in which they had just been victorious were strewn everywhere, with countless corpses of ice-snakes and the snake-king itself. There were even a few mutant class creatures piled up.

Following the battle, they each received a couple of ice-snake beast souls. Although most were an ordinary class, a lucky few received mutant beast souls.

They had killed far more ice-snakes than they had expected, but their haul of loot was their greatest ever.

“I will leave them for you. But go and find someone to help transfer the bodies of the snake-king and the ice-snakes back,” Han Sen hurriedly said, and then left.

Wang Liang and the rest of the evolvers had no problem obeying Han Sen’s commands, because his leadership abilities had earned every ounce of their faith, trust and respect.

Han Sen walked in a circle, returning to the top of the snowy mountain. The little silver fox was still patiently awaiting his return, and its hopeful eyes made Han Sen wonder whether the little thing would have waited there forever, if he had not come back.

Seeing Han Sen return, the silver fox elegantly approached his legs again. The big fluffy tail hooked his legs like it had before, and the fox rubbed his head up and down against them again, too.

Han Sen was beginning to grow fond of the silver fox. He secretly wished that it was just an ordinary creature, though, so he could have it by his side with relative ease. He didn’t yet know whether it had the intelligence or will to distinguish friend from foe.

He held the silver fox in one arm and used his other hand to summon the silver-eye ice snake king sword.

The thin silver sword was in Han Sen’s hand, and it was about three feet long and about as wide as a finger. The white silver of the sword gave it the feeling of having been forged from ice, and its composition was sure to leave a lasting impression on others. It looked as strong as it really was.

The handguard was shaped like the wings of the snake it once belonged to, and the blade itself was plated with the scales of the creature. It looked beautiful.

Although it was thin, the silver-eye ice snake king sword was still wider than the silver-haired lady spirit sword, which was thinner than a cicada’s wing. But the snake-king sword felt solid, having been built in an entirely different style.

Han Sen swung it twice, and felt a certain splendor in splitting the air with it. Overjoyed, he said, “I only need one more sword. Once I get it, I can visit the Royal Shelter and battle the Twin Spirit.”

Super Power Chapter 564

: Yi Dong Mu’s Secret Skill

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Han Sen fed a black crystal to the silver-eye ice snake king, and then brought the silver fox back with him. On his way, he encountered several other humans, and passed by them nervously. He held the fox extra tight, afraid that it might attack someone. It was fortunate, then, that the silver fox gave no particular reaction at all.

That put Han Sen at ease, for at least now – the silver fox was behaving unlike any other super creature, and it didn’t seem likely to attack humans on sight.

Back inside the crystal palace, the silver fox acted its usual self. It remained calm even when at close proximity to Zero, who was later able to hug the fox. The silver fox seemed indeed quite tame.

The more Han Sen saw it, the more he was surprised. If he hadn't watched the silver fox hatch from out of its egg, and had just met it randomly somewhere, he wouldn't have believed it to be a super creature. He would have thought it was just some ordinary animal that was kept as a pet.

In his body, he didn't get the sense that it was a creature. It felt like an average fox from the Alliance.

The ice-snake and snake-king flesh that Wang Liang delivered was split evenly between Han Sen and each evolver. Everyone received an equal amount, which broadened the mutual respect within the group, ensuring that they could work together in the future.

Han Sen prepared a whole meal for himself with the snake-king flesh he had received, and when he was full, gave the rest to the angels.

The size of the snake-king was indeed too big, and if he spent the whole month eating it, he wasn't sure if he'd receive a single sacred-blood geno point from it. With such uncertainty, he didn't bother to spend too much time eating it.

After that, Han Sen arranged a few more hunting expeditions, with sacred-blood creatures as the target. Unfortunately, none succeeded for the monsters proved too difficult to kill.

Although they did not manage to successfully hunt a sacred-blood creature, over the course of their next few expeditions, the respect that Wang Liang and his men had for Han Sen continued to grow. They may have failed to kill their targets, but they did not incur any losses of their own, either. And they did manage to at least gather the flesh of a few mutant beast souls.

To be victorious was a joyous thing but facing an overwhelming enemy and making it out alive under the command of Han Sen was a joy of its own. With such excellent leadership, their rising belief and faith in Han Sen could only accelerate.

After a period of them being together, Han Sen was totally comfortable being in the presence of the silver fox. It was so gentle and friendly, unlike anything he had ever encountered before. It was just like a pet.

When he brought the silver fox out, however, he couldn't ever find a creature no matter how many miles he travelled. To hunt with it was hopeless, as one couldn't even sniff the shadow of another creature when the fox was with him.

Humans weren't able to sense the presence of a super creature unlike how other creatures of the world could. They were sensitive to any in their remote vicinity.

The higher level a creature was, the more sensitive other creatures were to its presence. That disappointed Han Sen, because he would always have to leave the silver fox behind in the crystal palace when he ventured out.

Han Sen had now returned to what was previously known as the Blackgod Shelter due to a report he had received of someone looking for him.

Han Sen went to meet this person, and was surprised to see that it was Yi Dong Mu. He hadn't seen him in quite a while, but his injuries had now fully healed and his vicious wounds were no longer visible.

"You don't need to thank me. I was just trying to help. You can let it go. Of course, if you really want to reward me, I'd gladly accept the sum of a few billion in cash," Han Sen said.

But Yi Dong Mu coldly replied, "You are asking for money? If you hadn't tricked me, my injuries would not have been so severe."

"You can't say that! I tried to stop you the first time, but you misunderstood. And after the fox was born, you ran ahead of your own volition. That had nothing to do with me," Han Sen said, with his hands raised.

"When it was born, you dared to tell me you weren't preparing to attack it yourself?" Yi Dong Mu stared at Han Sen, because he thought Han Sen truly was going to attack. He wanted to get in the first strike and earn the kill before he did.

But Han Sen did not strike, he simply wanted to step back.

"No." Han Sen denied the claim vehemently.

Yi Dong Mu did not further the subject. Instead, he looked at Han Sen and said, "There is an opportunity coming up that will allow you to make some sweet money. Are you up for it?"

"Sure. What sort of money are we talking about? If it's something risky, though, I don't want to hear another word," Han Sen said.

"It's not risky, but you are talented when it comes to assassinations, right?" Yi Dong Mu observed Han Sen closely.

"I'm all right," Han Sen responded casually.

"If you were able to kill Blackgod in the midst of all that then you must be better than 'all right'. I am going to learn a hyper geno art, and if you become my training partner, I'll pay you." Yi Dong Mu explained the deal as straight as an arrow.

"Why me?" Han Sen was now quite curious.

"Because you are really good at assassinations, and your power is tremendous." Yi Dong Mu said.

"You have good taste. I like that you are honest. And, sure, I can be your training partner, but I'm an honest man, too; I must tell you that I don't come cheap." Han Sen was interested in which hyper geno art Yi Dong Mu was looking to learn.

They were both accomplished when it came to their learned assassination skills, but if Yi Dong Mu was serious enough about learning this skill, then perhaps it would prove useful for Han Sen, too.

“A problem that can be solved with money is not a problem,” Yi Dong Mu stated sagely.

Yi Dong Mu had the money it took to say something like this. Although Han Sen asked for a really high price, Yi Dong Mu didn't even blink and agreed. He didn't even try to haggle or bargain with Han Sen.

Han Sen then brought Yi Dong Mu to the Blackgod Shelter's arena. He really wanted the hyper geno art he was looking to learn.

Yi Dong Mu was still using a dagger. The way that he would strike was near-untraceable, and it was obvious he had a grasp of the very essence of assassination skills. He had come a long way since Han Sen had first seen him in the First Shelter.

What Yi Dong Mu was learning was a skill to slash shockingly fast. The power and speed burst out in under a second, so it was almost like a duplication of the Tornado Knife skill.

And Yi Dong Mu was naturally powerful. The force put into each blisteringly fast strike was remarkable.

“This is some powerful skill.” Han Sen took a few steps back and dodged Yi Dong Mu's dagger. Han Sen himself was highly talented when it came to assassination skills, but he had a great mind too, which allowed for him to sense any incoming attacks. If it had been anyone else, the dagger would have found a new home in their belly.

“I still have a long way to go.” Yi Dong Mu wasn't yet satisfied with the skill, and he made sure he kept training with Han Sen.

Han Sen had met a lot of people who loved to fight over the years, but none were as crazy as Yi Dong Mu.

If Han Sen had not requested a break so that he could eat, he assumed Yi Dong Mu would have been practicing with him all day, every day.

From what Han Sen could see, Yi Dong Mu's skill was already really powerful. Not many evolvers would be able to dodge his first strike, but still, Yi Dong Mu was not completely satisfied.

“Do you have to put in this much effort? Are you that desperate to master it?” Han Sen couldn't help but ask, as he ate.

“I have to. I have no choice but to perfect this skill if I am to beat Coin.” Yi Dong Mu's face looked solemn.

Han Sen almost spat out the rice in his mouth. The reason why Yi Dong Mu was trying to learn this skill so much was so that he could beat Han Sen himself.

Han Sen looked at Yi Dong Mu curiously, and with a look that almost suggested pity. In his heart, he thought, “You could have looked for someone else to train with, yet you came to me? And now I know all about your secret skill and what to expect if we fight. No matter how hard you train, you will never beat me, Yi Dong Mu.”

: The Demon Shelter

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Whenever Yi Dong Mu had free time, he would go to practice with Han Sen because he wanted to master that skill.

Han Sen accepted the money he offered, as not to feel bad by rejecting Yi Dong Mu's request. He practiced with him every time he could. The power of the skill surprised him. Even though Han Sen's battle perception far exceeded Yi Dong Mu's, it was coming to the point where even he would not be able to dodge the slashing skill.

"It's a shame. You cannot find a skill like this in the Saint Hall, and I wouldn't mind learning it for myself. I'd wager it would feel great to kill things with this skill," Han Sen said to himself.

Accompanying Yi Dong Mu in his practice yielded a few benefits of his own, too. He had to apply his focus to sense when Yi Dong Mu was going to attack, and this worked to improve his perception even more.

The skill that Yi Dong Mu was attempting to master was one that employed speed and stealth. In front of Han Sen, the only advantage he had was speed, but beating Han Sen with speed was next to impossible.

So Han Sen was not particularly worried about Yi Dong Mu learning this skill to use against Coin. Even if he mastered the skill, it would still be impossible for him to beat Han Sen.

If Han Sen hadn't known about this skill, and Yi Dong Mu's mastery of it, then he might have stood a chance. But now that Han Sen was familiar with the skill, he doubted the possibility of losing to it.

"Poor Yi Dong Mu. It's not like I want to lie to you, but you are the one who approached me for practice." Han Sen was observing Yi Dong Mu, who was training and pushing himself as hard as he could, but his face looked strange.

During this time, however, the thought of how to obtain another sacred-blood beast soul sword gnawed at Han Sen's mind. He knew of a few creatures that would be able to provide him a beast soul sword, but they were all too strong for him. The ice fields were too small to host a great many more creatures, so his viable options were limited.

Even if Han Sen wanted to buy one, he couldn't, as very few people would willingly part with a sacred-blood beast soul sword; especially for the scarce resources in the ice fields.

Han Sen decided to drive the Crystal Palace to Yellow-Rock Beach. There were many human shelters there, and he wondered if he'd be able to find someone selling a sacred-blood beast soul sword.

Han Sen planned to use his Berserk Inferno Bull for a potential trade, believing no one would reject a Berserk sacred-blood transfigured beast soul.

This time, Han Sen brought Zero and the silver fox along with him. Humans would not be able to detect that the silver fox was a creature, and Han Sen believed they would just think that it was an ordinary pet. Bringing it would pose no risk.

He arrived at the Seaside Shelter which he had once helped claim. Han Sen thought people might still harbor animosity towards him, because he had stolen their Necron. To his surprise, however, the place that was supposed to be called Yellow-Rock Beach was now known as Golden Beach, and the shelter had also changed its name to Coin Shelter.

"Seriously?" Han Sen's mood took a hit. If he knew that people adored Coin as much as they did, to change the name of the place, he would have stayed. At least here he would have been able to receive free benefits, such as creature flesh.

He took a walk along the Golden Beach, and Zero looked so happy.

After entering the Coin Shelter, Han Sen managed to locate a few shops that sold beast souls. Unfortunately, he was unable to find one that supplied beast souls of the sacred-blood variety, except for one. But the item on offer was a sacred-blood beast soul gun.

"Boss, do you have a sacred-blood beast soul to sell?" Han Sen asked.

"For a small shelter like ours, finding one here would be pretty amazing," the boss laughed.

"Can you introduce me to a shelter that can provide the sacred-blood beast souls I am looking for?" Han Sen enquired.

The boss gave it a thought and then said, "On the western side of the Ancient Forest, there's a royal-class Demon Shelter, which is home to many beast soul shops. If there's ever a place to find a sacred-blood beast soul for sale, that would be it. There should be plenty, so if you have your heart set on purchasing one, I'd recommend looking there. Mind you, the journey you must embark upon to get there will be perilous indeed, for many spirit shelters reside along the way."

Han Sen spent some coins on a map that would guide him to the Demon Shelter he now sought. He wanted a sacred-blood beast soul sword no matter the cost, so he had to go there and take a look, at the very least.

The road was long, and Han Sen wanted to kill a few creatures along the way, so he decided to leave Zero and the silver fox behind at the Coin Shelter for a few days while he was away.

Han Sen followed behind a group of others on his way to the Demon Shelter.

"Brother, what are you doing going to the Demon Shelter?" On the road, a middle-aged man rode a beast soul stacked with cargo on its back. He asked Han Sen this question politely.

The group Han Sen tailed was a merchant group on their way to the Demon Shelter for trade. To accompany them, Han Sen offered them some coins to accept his presence. If he could travel with them, there was the safety-in-numbers aspect, alongside avoiding the prospect of getting lost on his way to the Demon Shelter.

“I heard there are many beast souls for sale there, so I’d like to visit and purchase a few,” Han Sen replied casually.

“There are indeed a good many, but the high-class beast souls there go for a fair price more than they do at our shelter.” The middle-aged man was quite talkative, which allowed Han Sen to gather more intel on the Demon Shelter he would soon visit.

What most surprised Han Sen was that the owner of the Demon Shelter was someone he actually knew.

It was Son of Heaven, the boss of Starry Group. He couldn’t believe that he was the owner of the Demon Shelter.

Son of Heaven and Han Sen had quite a history between them, but ever since the Ning family had come to think that Han Sen was the heir of Han Jing, they had never bothered with him. They had never helped him again.

Han Sen did not know what Son of Heaven thought of him, but Han Sen was impartial. His feelings weren’t frequently ‘felt’ anymore.

In Han Sen’s eyes, Son of Heaven was unable to ever become his opponent and as such, there was no reason for him to ever care about him.

If he hadn’t come to learn that Son of Heaven was the owner of the Demon Shelter, Han Sen might have forgotten about his entire existence.

This was unlike how he felt towards Ning Yue, who he dreaded. Han Sen had let his Aqua Reaper live with Ning Yue because he wanted to gather the secrets of the Ning family from Ning Yue.

But Ning Yue was aware of the abilities possessed by an Aqua Reaper, so he was able to control its behavior and mind and limited the amount of intelligence it provided Han Sen.

Usually, Ning Yue was alone and unwilling to see anyone. He would just wait. When he had nothing to do, he would just remain by himself and read Buddha books for about ten hours straight. It seemed as if he was extremely focused on learning Buddhism and Tao. He did not rush about and he was not nervous, so Han Sen could learn nothing.

“If Son of Heaven was half as good as Ning Yue, I would most likely have died at Steel-Armor Shelter.” Han Sen was now lamenting the past, and in his heart, the dread he felt about Ning Yue was increasing.

Luckily, however, Ning Yue had been made host to a parasite by the Aqua Reaper. If he hadn’t been, Han Sen would be extremely nervous.

Han Sen then remembered something that Son of Heaven used to say, in regards to if Han Sen had come too late, he couldn’t become his enemy. In the past, Son of Heaven was a proud person. Now Han Sen wondered how Son of Heaven would treat him, if they met again. Would he be considered a friend or a foe?

Han Sen was intrigued and wanted to find out, but his purpose there was to buy a sword. Beyond, that, he didn't want to see Son of Heaven or get himself into any sort of trouble.

Super Power Chapter 566

: A Mascot Monster

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Surprisingly, the road to the Demon Shelter had been a relatively smooth one. Han Sen had wanted to kill a few creatures along the way, but he hadn't had the chance due to the evolvers hired to protect the caravan getting to the monsters first.

This was the first time Han Sen had seen a royal shelter owned by humans. The building itself was a few dozen miles long and surrounded by forest. Structures built from wood were everywhere, but it was different to know what might be expected. Certain wooden structures were buildings ten-stories high, and they looked mystical and imposing. Around the city, you could see ancient trees reaching for the sky at 40-metres in height.

"A wooden city like this – it's quite the fire hazard." Han Sen said to himself.

"The wood of the Demon Shelter is not just any ordinary wood, because it cannot be burnt," the middle-aged man laughed.

Entering the Demon Shelter, Han Sen parted ways with the merchant group. He looked around, trying to locate shops that traded in the beast souls he was searching for.

It truly was a royal shelter, as stores that sold beast souls were everywhere and there were even certain streets dedicated to the trade. Other shops even offered one or two sacred-blood beast souls as a premium product to go along with their primary wares.

Han Sen had only to browse four shops before he found a sacred-blood beast soul. Unfortunately for him, it was a great-sword, which rendered it unsuitable for his Dual skill.

"This is what a human shelter should be like," Han Sen sighed, thinking his mother was quite lucky. When she entered the Second Shelter, she was sent to a royal shelter that was run by humans, unlike Han Sen.

The beast soul prices were quite fair, and not dissimilar to those in the First Shelter. The sacred-blood beast souls were between 50% and 100% more expensive, and that made for agreeable prices, too.

To find the sword-type beast soul he was looking for, Han Sen made sure to peruse the offers of every beast soul shop he could enter. Eventually, he came to a shop called 'Precious Beasts', and he found that it hosted a sword to which he immediately took a liking.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a proper product, and so the owner of the store presented Han Sen with a beast soul booklet. It was a colored one, provided by the Alliance. There was plenty of information on the sword he was wanting, and the booklet even illustrated the monster it had dropped from.

It was a Purple-Copper Ancient Sword, and its body was red and purple. It looked rather delicate, and the blade was engraved with numerous mystical carvings. It was quite beautiful, with nothing menacing about its appearance. The sword in its entirety was about four feet in length.

The sword was longer than the silver-eye ice snake king beast soul sword, and slightly wider too. Their appearances were almost polar opposites, as the Purple-Copper Ancient Sword looked quite righteous, against the malevolent-looking snake king sword.

Taking everything about its appearance into account, Han Sen deemed it suitable for his Dual skill. This was initially a skill that required two people to cast, but Han Sen had modified and morphed it into one that could be used by himself. This was perfect for his right hand, whereas the other was perfect for his left.

Having the righteous and the wicked working together would maximize the efficiency of the Dual sword skill.

The booklet stated that the Purple-Copper Ancient Sword came from a Mascot Beast. Its appearance was not unlike a copper-maned lion, plated with purple scales. Its face was one of portent and mystique, and its formal name was Ancient Mascot Beast.

"Boss, what are you selling this ancient sword beast soul for?" Han Sen pointed at the Mascot Beast in the booklet.

"I apologies, but this a premium product of the store. For this, we can only trade." The owner had a soft-sounding voice, but the hint of a boast sugared his words.

The ancient sword beast soul had had numerous prospective buyers, but the owner had never received a satisfactory offer. It was believed that the owner deliberately turned down each offer to leave the Purple-Copper Ancient Sword there in the store in order to attract potential customers. However misleading this was, it worked, and patrons flocked to the store due to the sight of the sword, made it comparable to a number of bigger stores in the shelter.

The owner hence viewed the Mascot beast soul as a lucky charm and did not relish selling it.

"What would it take to trade it with you?" The owner said that he wanted to trade a beast soul for a beast soul, which matched Han Sen's initial idea.

The then owner frowned and looked at Han Sen, saying, "For my sword, I could only accept a Berserk sacred-blood beast soul in exchange. Also, it would have to be a sword-type beast soul."

"What about other types of Berserk sacred-blood beast souls?" Han Sen eyed the owner curiously.

“No.” The owner shut down the counter-offer immediately.

Han Sen caught on to the fact that owner had no real intention of selling the sword. If someone did indeed possess a Berserk sacred-blood beast soul sword, who in their right mind would swap it for an ordinary sacred-blood beast soul sword? Such a transaction would not be remotely fair.

Han Sen thought it a great shame that the owner had no intention of selling the sword, but he wasn't willing to give up easily. He did his best to convince the owner saying, “I would like to exchange my Berserk sacred-blood beast soul with yours, but I do not have one that bears the form of a sword. Will you at least think about it?”

“I am sorry, but this sword must be swapped for a Berserk beast sword.” The owner gave a wry smile.

But the owner thought Han Sen knew he wasn't willing to sell it, which was why he had said that. Who would be stupid enough to make such an exchange, after all? But maybe it was just because Han Sen's Berserk sacred-blood beast soul wasn't very popular – what that why he was willing to trade it for the sword?

“Brother, you are saying that you want to trade a Berserk sacred-blood beast soul for this sword?” A curious man had overheard Han Sen's offer.

“Yes, but the owner isn't willing to make the trade.” Han Sen said, with a hopeless sigh.

“What kind of Berserk sacred-blood beast soul are we talking about here? If it is suitable, I have a sacred-blood beast soul,” the man said.

“Is it a sacred-blood beast soul sword? It is a sword I require,” Han Sen said.

“Yes,” the man replied quickly. He then summoned an icy-looking steel sword. Unfortunately for Han Sen, it was a great-sword. Its body was wide and its length exceeded five feet. It wasn't the sort that Han Sen was looking for.

“What is your beast soul? Summon it and let me take a look,” the man suggested.

Han Sen squinted his eyes. Although he did not plan to make a trade for the great-sword, he still summoned the Inferno Bull that infused his body.

Han Sen transformed into a black bull with great wings and giant horns protruding from his head. The mouths of the man and the owner both sat agape.

“Oh my days! A berserk sacred-blood transfigured beast soul that flies!? You truly want to trade this magnificent thing for a sword?” the man said, his eyes wide.

“Yes, that is my desire.” Han Sen took away the beast soul and returned to his true form.

“I will trade – I will trade with you!” the man immediately cried.

“Hey mister, this is my shop! If you want to trade or do business with this man, I must politely ask you to leave. You can talk with him once he's also left the building.” The owner ran from behind the counter and stepped between the man and Han Sen, with a mean, scowling face.

“You said you didn't want to trade – I did not disturb your business,” the man countered.

“Who said I wasn’t willing to trade?” The owner’s face was red, and he had to force himself to speak. He ignored the man and turned to smile at Han Sen. He said, “Mister, did you not wish to trade your beast soul for my Purple-Copper Ancient Sword? I will trade it with you. Yes, I will. I’ll do it right now!”

“After thinking it over, I’ve realized that the offer is skewed heavily in your advantage. This is a tremendous berserk sacred-blood beast soul, after all,” Han Sen smiled.

“Friend, do not listen to him! I’ll throw in an extra mutant beast soul to go with the great-sword,” the man now offered.

Super Power Chapter 567

: The Battle with Spirits

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info When Han Sen left the beast soul shop, he walked out with his desired Purple-Copper Ancient Sword and an additional Armored sacred-blood beast soul.

They were both top-of-their-kind in the sacred-blood league, the ancient sword in particular. It was the best sacred-blood sword a person could get and being able to swap the berserk Inferno Bull for both of these was absolutely worth it. Han Sen was more than happy with the deal.

Han Sen had even expected to make a loss when visiting these shops for a decent sword, having not expected to make such a decent trade.

“Friend, how about we go and have dinner together? It would allow us to get to know each other.” After he had left the shop, the curious man from earlier caught up with Han Sen and invited him out.

“Sure,” Han Sen agreed. If it wasn’t for this man, he may not have been able to make the exchange and get the sword. It was he who asked to trade initially, and if it wasn’t for his own interest, the merchant may not have seen the Inferno Bull and later settle for the bargain he did. Thanks to this man, Han Sen got the perfect deal and it was because of this that he did not wish to turn down the man’s invitation for dinner.

The man brought Han Sen to a restaurant and quickly ordered two meals. Then, he began talking with Han Sen.

The man’s name was Zhang Xiang and he said he was the organizer of an arena designed for the combat of pets and spirits. He gave Han Sen his contact details, telling him that if he ever had a pet or spirit he fancied putting in the arena for battle, all he had to do was call.

“You sell tickets?” Han Sen asked, confused.

Zhang Xiang smiled and said, “Sort of, but we mainly trade in the physical transaction of pets and spirits, with some gambling on the side.”

Han Sen's curiosity was piqued, as Zhang Xiang sold the idea. As little as he made it sound, however, Han Sen knew it was the 'side gambling' that made the big money.

"If you have the time, you can come with me to play. There is a challenge arena, and if your pet or beast soul can overcome the trials, you'll get a lot of money and fame. Any fights following that will only increase the money you could make," Zhang Xiang said.

Han Sen was interested. He wanted to take a look at the Second Shelter's range of pets and spirits and learn what level they might be at. He knew he wouldn't be lacking in spirits in the future, but if he wanted to sell them for a hefty price, he'd have to establish a relationship with this place first.

Zhang Xiang brought Han Sen to his arena. It was much bigger than he had expected. It was quite shocking that the little arena Zhang Xiang was referring to was actually the arena for the entire Demon Shelter. It could easily seat 100,000 people.

The arena was split into several different battlegrounds, with each hosting a number of assorted pets and spirits battling it out. They were mostly pets, though, with few spirits fighting at all. Even at this time, however, there were around 10,000 people watching.

Han Sen then caught sight of Son of Heaven, sitting in the rafters. There was a number of beautiful women around him, watching the biggest battleground of the arena in the middle. Inside, spirits were fighting.

These spirits were the only spirits in the arena fighting; the rest were just pets.

Han Sen took a look and noticed that both of the spirits were male. One was a giant Cyclops, the other was a warrior clad in heavy armor. As impressive as they looked, they were only knight class spirits.

"Why are there only knight class spirits fighting? Aren't there any royal spirits?" Han Sen casually enquired.

"You must be joking! Spirits are not that easy to come by. The higher-class spirit it is, the harder it is to recognize the owner, as well," Zhang Xiang explained. "The whole arena has only ever had one royal spirit, and it has never found an opponent for it to go up against. Our arena put down a substantial bounty in search of another royal spirit that could do battle with it in the arena, and the winner of such a fight would earn for themselves a free sacred-blood beast soul. But we've still had not any takers

"What kind of sacred-blood beast soul are you offering?" Han Sen was interested, for what reason would he decline a free sacred-blood beast soul?

"Brother Han, are you suggesting that you have a royal spirit?" Zhang Xiang's eyes sparkled.

"Yes, I have one," Han Sen said.

“What kind of spirit? Are you really looking to put yours to the test?” Zhang Xiang looked at Han Sen excitedly.

“I would first have to see what manner of sacred-blood beast soul I’d be getting,” Han Sen said.

“It’s a four-winged thunderbird. It is a rare, flying and mountable beast soul.” Hearing this, Han Sen quickly pulled out his beast soul booklet to take a look at what it was exactly.

“Brother Han, can I take a look at your royal spirit first?” Zhang Xiang was rubbing his hands excitedly as he asked.

“Of course.” Han Sen then summoned Snow Charmer.

Zhang Xiang looked at the Snow Charmer and then his eyes almost popped out as he screamed, “A royal female spirit!”

Han Sen frowned his eyebrows. Fortunately, they were in a private room. If they hadn’t been, Zhang Xiang’s grating scream would have drawn the attention of everyone.

“Brother Han, I knew from our first encounter that you are a very special person! I can’t believe you have such a beautiful royal female spirit in your possession. It is so very precious – are you ever going to sell it?” Zhang Xiang was nearly leaping with excitement, his eyes not leaving the Snow Charmer for one second. It was as if she had frozen his gaze upon her.

“No.” Han Sen had never thought spirits were suitable for trading as they were extremely intelligent. To him, it would be no better than human trafficking. Han Sen wasn’t lacking in money, either, so there was no reason for him to ever sell it.

Zhang Xiang looked disappointed, but he still happily arranged the Snow Charmer’s challenge with much excitement.

Shortly after two other spirits had ended their battle, the host drummed up excitement by saying, “Our Demon Arena is heating up, as we’re getting set to a host a battle between two royal spirits. It has been a long time coming, but our royal spirit demon has finally received a challenger!”

From the audiences, noise and chatter quickly erupted.

“Another royal spirit actually showed up?”

“Is it true? Another?”

“I wonder what kind of spirit it will be; I hope it’s a pretty woman. Man, that would be awesome!”

“Hmm, look at the list of challengers. It’s listed right there as ‘Snow Charmer’. That sounds like a woman to me. I’m not sure what she looks like exactly, but that doesn’t sound like another ugly cyclops!”

“Right! Just by hearing the name I know that it will be a beautiful female royal.”

“Place your bets people – who do you think is going to win?”

“Of course it will be the demon – just hearing the name you can tell which of them is the strongest!”

...

After Son of Heaven, who was sitting in the rafters, heard the speech by the host, his eyes looked strange. He said to himself, "A royal female spirit, huh? Well, I suppose it doesn't matter. It's impossible for it to beat my demon."

The demon spirit belonged to Son of Heaven. The entire Demon Arena belonged to Son of Heaven, as well.

Yet the demon spirit did not come from the Demon Shelter – it was something he had spent a great deal of money procuring. Its original name wasn't 'demon', either: this was just a title Son of Heaven had bestowed upon it to match the arena.

Son of Heaven wasn't worried that the demon spirit might lose, however. His demon was one of the top royal spirits one could possess, and he had equipped it with a few high-level beast souls. He refused to believe another spirit might ever possibly beat his own.

But this was not just a fight between two spirits: it was a show of one's power and wealth. After all, spirits could make use of beast souls, when they were provided them by the owner of the spirit. But Son of Heaven did not believe anyone had the talent to achieve victory over him.

Super Power Chapter 568

: Who Is This Person?

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info The battle was about to start. Han Sen gave his beast souls to the Snow Charmer to increase her power.

The list of beast souls he gave her included the sacred-blood, Blood-Scale armor Han Sen received in exchange for the sword from earlier, a Gargoyle glyph, a Golden Roarer to ride, a Golden Rock Worm King, Berserk pet armor, Nightmare Wings, a Snow-Lady transfiguration beast soul, and a Desert Bird. The Snow Charmer would be able to take advantage of all those beast souls, and so Han Sen made sure to transfer them to her for her usage.

But the Snow Charmer used a lance, and Han Sen did not have a sacred-blood lance. This meant she would have to rely on her default weapon. However, her opponent would be another royal spirit, and so her Ice-Blood Lance was sure to deal decent damage.

In the arena, the Demon was already there. It was a two-meter tall warrior, plated in black armor and wielding a greatsword. It was no ordinary-looking greatsword, and it could very well have been a sacred-blood one.

When the Demon entered the arena, it did so to the welcoming cheers of much applause. It was to be expected; after all, a battle of royal spirits was a supremely rare occurrence. The Demon was the only one owned by the arena, too.

“Brother Han, is your Snow Charmer ready to enter the arena?” Zhang Xiang looked at Han Sen.

Han Sen nodded to confirm his preparations were complete, and then the Snow Charmer walked out and into the arena.

When the Snow Charmer came out, the audience went crazy, screaming with excitement.

“It really is a female spirit. Whoa, she is so beautiful!”

“Ah, this royal spirit is far too pretty.”

“Who is the owner of this spirit? He is a lucky man, indeed.”

...

Son of Heaven watched the Snow Charmer’s reveal with focused eyes. Initially, he wasn’t too concerned with the coming fight, and he hadn’t even asked who his Demon’s opponent would be. But the Snow Charmer’s appearance startled him, and so he sat up, captivated.

In the beginning, before the arena, Son of Heaven wanted a beautiful spirit for himself, but there did not exist many in this world for him to claim. The likes of an actual lady spirit were even rarer. The appearance of his challenger was enthralling to see, and his eyes were wide in admiration.

The fight began. Holding its greatsword high, the Demon roared and dashed towards the Snow Charmer.

The Snow Charmer did not move, but her body shone with a red armor that was decorated in a variety of different glyphs. The icy cane she held in her hands became the Ice-Blood Lance she would use for battle.

Then, a golden light hovered between her legs and from it, what appeared to be a golden beast formed and raised the Snow Charmer upon its back. She had become a lancer of elegant doom.

Dong!

The Snow Charmer rode the Golden Roarer majestically, and their perfect synergy made them look like they were one. The speed at which she rode towards the Demon enabled Raging Impact. The Ice-Blood Lance thrust into the Demon and the Demon’s greatsword slashed the Snow Charmer.

The Demon took a few steps back, but fortunately for it, the armor had not been pierced. The slash that the Snow Charmer received was fair, but under the protection provided to her from Raging Impact, she was not hurt. After the dust settled on their opening moves, it was too early to gauge who seemed likely to win.

Son of Heaven’s eyes gleamed with a certain fire. It was too soon for him to level up and gain access to the Second Shelter, so he had never seen a Golden Roarer before and was therefore unfamiliar with its talents and abilities.

Son of Heaven was shocked to see the equipment that the Snow Charmer was loaded with. He knew that whoever owned that royal spirit was no ordinary person.

“Someone call for Zhang Xiang!” Son of Heaven ordered for the people beside him to locate Zhang Xiang so he could inquire about who the Snow Charmer’s owner was. He also wanted to know if there was any chance he could bargain for possession of her.

Zhang Xiang quickly appeared in front of Son of Heaven and politely said, “Boss, is there anything you require?”

“Who is the owner of that Snow Charmer?” Son of Heaven asked.

Zhang Xiang hastily replied, “It is a young man of the name ‘Han.’ He must have arrived here from another shelter. He is a reserved fellow, so I wasn’t able to learn much about him.”

“Han?” Son of Heaven could not help but frown, as that surname brought up many unpleasant memories. It reminded him of a person he hated a lot.

But Son of Heaven shrugged it off, believing the name was a coincidence and that the Snow Charmer would assuredly not belong to the Han Sen he used to know. That person was a late arrival to the Second Shelter, and he had only been there for less than a year. It would be impossible for him to acquire such spirits and beast souls in that amount of time.

“Wait until the battle is over. Then bring him to me.” Son of Heaven relayed this order to Zhang Xiang and did not say anything more.

Although the Snow Charmer’s performance was amazing, and the beast souls she owned were pretty remarkable, Son of Heaven still believed she was no match for his Demon. He watched quietly.

The clashes of the two spirits had pumped the audience into a frenzy of sheer excitement. The colliding of lance against sword, the trading of blows between a beautiful woman and a warrior, and the accompaniment of a terrifying mount rallied the crowd’s enthusiasm to the max.

“The royal spirits’ fight is much better! Now that I think about it, the fights between knight class spirits suck.”

“Of course this is awesome. Just look at the beast souls they use; they are sacred-blood ones.”

“I really want a royal spirit. If the Snow Charmer was mine, that would be a dream come true!”

“Stop dreaming, then! It would be impossible for an ordinary person such as you or me to take a shelter. Even if you did, the spirits would most likely ignore you. The chance to tame a royal spirit is 10,000 to 1. It would be easier for you to win the lottery.”

...

“Demon, it is time for you to reveal your true strength!” Son of Heaven observed that the mood of his audience was fever-high. A creepy smile raised his lips.

All of a sudden, the Demon leapt out of the battleground and screamed as a light emanated from the partings in its plate armor. The body quickly morphed into that of a black ape built from metal.

“A sacred-blood Blacksteel Ape? I had no idea that the Demon had a sacred-blood transfiguration beast soul.” Someone recognized the Demon’s transfiguration beast soul and screamed aloud in mounting excitement.

But this was not the extent of its abilities. The Demon pointed its greatsword and summoned a yellow lion which had a horn on its head. After the lion appeared, it roared at the sky intimidatingly.

“A sacred-blood pet Golden-Horn Lion? That is not fair! How is the Snow Charmer supposed to compete with that?”

“Two versus one? And it’s a sacred-blood pet! Victory for the Snow Charmer is surely unobtainable now.”

“He is too rich. He has too much money. It’s only a royal spirit, but it was stocked with so many beast souls.”

“There is nothing we can do. There are not many spirits.”

Everyone was in a heated debate over the most recent turn of events, and Son of Heaven was wallowing in the chatter of praise. He loved nothing more than to crush those who opposed him.

But before the Demon could start attacking, the Snow Charmer made a move of her own. Her body started to shine, and a really beautiful Snow-Lady transfiguration beast soul appeared to combine with the Snow Charmer. From it, the Snow Charmer’s hair turned white, her eyes gleamed silver, and her body was consumed with a biting frost.

“Ah! It is a humanoid transfiguration beast soul! It almost looks human now.”

“Is the Snow Charmer’s transfiguration a sacred-blood type?”

While everyone was reeling from shock, the Snow Charmer raised her lance. A red-armored beast with four wings then spawned. It approached the Golden-Horn Lion.

The two beasts collided with each other. One could not overcome the other, which resulted in a stalemate that rocked the audience to their cores. No one had expected the owner of the Snow Charmer to be so rich, almost as rich as the Demon’s owner himself.

When Son of Heaven laid eyes on what was happening, he was just as rattled. It was normal to have armored beast souls raise a sacred-blood pet, but that wasn’t something ordinary elites could do. It must have had really strong power.

“Who is this person?” Son of Heaven furrowed his brow once more.

Super Power Chapter 569

: Meeting Son of Heaven Again

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info While Son of Heaven was still in shock, he saw the Snow Charmer raise her lance again. A flaming bird of fire soared through the sky, looking like a phoenix, raining fire down on the battlefield.

“Ah! It’s an aura-type beast soul. How does that work?” The look on Son of Heaven’s face was bleak. An aura-type beast soul employed area-of-effect techniques best designed to go against groups of opponents. It was something sought after by numerous parties and shelters. He was in disbelief at the sight of an aura-type beast soul being used by a royal spirit. Even worse, the radius of the attack seemed significant, which might have suggested it was a sacred-blood aura-type beast soul. The color drained from his face.

Son of Heaven’s assessment was incorrect, however. The range of a Desert Bird’s aura was no different than the Second Shelter’s sacred-blood beast soul; the difference between the two was in power. Still, it was an intimidating attack and its efficiency was still quite remarkable.

The Demon had been totally restrained by the attack, and no matter what beast soul it had or at what quality, it could not overcome the Snow Charmer’s bombardment. They were both royal spirits, yet the Demon could not compete with her.

Even without the Desert Bird, the double Berserk armor and glyph would have proven too much for the Demon to breach.

The Snow Charmer paid no heed to the fruitless attacks of the Demon and traded them for a significant blow to her opponent’s weak point. In reaction to the critical hit, the Demon fell backwards, screaming in agony.

“It’s too strong. This is sick!”

“If I had those beast souls, I’d be that strong, too.”

“This is no longer an arena, it’s a showcase of one’s richness!”

“Yep, the Snow Charmer’s owner is too freaking rich!”

“I may not know who that person is, but I didn’t think they could get sicker than Son of Heaven.”

“It’s like two fairies competing, in that it has nothing to do with us.”

...

Son of Heaven couldn’t stop his face from twisting and contorting as he viewed the battle. After a while, he ordered his Demon to throw in the towel. Acknowledging his opponent’s victory, he felt extremely depressed.

If she killed the Demon, every sacred-blood beast soul he possessed would be gone. Even someone like Son of Heaven could not incur such a significant financial blow.

“Bring him to me. I want to see who this person is.” Son of Heaven gritted his teeth. From what had just happened, he felt humiliated.

Zhang Xiang quickly went in search of Han Sen and when he found him, said, “Mister Han, the boss wants to see you!”

Zhang Xiang did not dare refer to Han Sen as “brother,” anymore. The performance of the Snow Charmer had well and truly rattled him. He knew that Han Sen was an extraordinary character and could not possibly be any lower in status than Son of Heaven himself. He now felt the need to refer to him more appropriately.

“Son of Heaven?” Han Sen looked at Zhang Xiang and quietly asked.

“Yes,” Zhang Xiang replied.

Han Sen then casually said, “If he wants to see me, then tell him to come down and meet me. I don’t have the time or interest to go up there.”

“But... Mister Han, please, wait here for a moment.” Zhang Xiang, having received his permission for an audience with him, ran off to inform Son of Heaven.

“Fine, I will go and see who you are.” After Son of Heaven heard what he had said. He suppressed the anger he felt in his heart and followed Zhang Xiang back down to Han Sen’s room.

The moment he pushed the door open and laid eyes upon Han Sen, he stiffened as if he had just suffered petrification. He just stood in the door frame and did not move.

He could not believe that the Snow Charmer’s owner was Han Sen. He could not believe that Han Sen, who had only just gained access to the Second Shelter, had already amassed such a fortune.

“How is this possible?” Son of Heaven’s face was a mixture of conflicting emotions.

Zhang Xiang was standing behind Son of Heaven, looking at him with shock. He was used to seeing Son of Heaven as cocky and intimidating, but this was the first time he had ever seen him show restraint.

“Does he not dare to go inside fully? God, what happened? Who is that man named Han? He seems to have stricken fear into Son of Heaven himself!” Zhang Xiang thought, looking upon Son of Heaven’s face but misunderstanding him.

Son of Heaven was not afraid of Han Sen, it was just that Ning’s family avoided Han Jing and they had issued a decree stating no member of the Ning family could have any contact or conflict with Han Sen. So, when Son of Heaven saw Han Sen, he was crippled with shock and was unsure of what to do.

He did not dare throw Han Sen out, but he knew that he couldn’t be friends with him, either.

“Didn’t you want to see me? What are you standing there for; aren’t you going to say your bit?” Han Sen looked at Son of Heaven with amused confusion.

“You. Why have you come here?” Son of Heaven wasn’t exactly sure what to say. He had never bowed to anyone else before, and he wasn’t used to showing modesty or courtesy. An unexpected meeting

such as this made Son of Heaven uncomfortable, and it clashed with the way he generally presented himself to others.

“I heard there was a sacred-blood beast soul up for grabs here at the arena, so I came to take it. Can I have the Four-Winged Thunderbird now?” Han Sen smiled wryly as he spoke.

Son of Heaven’s eyebrows jumped as he looked at Han Sen, and then said emotionlessly, “Zhang Xiang, give him the Four-Winged Thunderbird.”

Zhang Xiang had never seen Son of Heaven behave like this before. He was flabbergasted, but he nodded and then went to retrieve and deliver the Four-Winged Thunderbird to its new, rightful owner.

“Ah, there it is. Well, I have what I came for. I should get going now, perhaps I’ll see you around.” Han Sen took the beast soul and prepared to leave.

Son of Heaven’s face looked quite ghastly, and he moved his lips as if to say something, but then stopped.

Han Sen left the Demon shelter almost immediately. The human shelters were well-developed around here, but it made it more difficult to kill creatures here than on the ice fields.

There were too many people. If you weren’t attacking a spirit shelter, you’d most likely end up competing against others for the kills of the local creatures. The greater resources a place had, the more people it would attract. It was unavoidable, really.

Back in the Crystal Palace, Han Sen teleported to the Alliance.

Now that he had both swords, he just needed to perfect the Dual-blade skill itself. After that was done, he could finally tackle the spirit shelter he wanted.

Back in the Alliance, he stuck to refining the Dual sword skill each and every day. He practiced and practiced to ensure that he could master it.

Because beast souls couldn’t be used on Skynet, Han Sen stuck to practicing in the training room. At the same time, he was trying to perfect his wielding of the Silver-Eye Ice Snake King sword and Purple-Copper Ancient Mascot Beast sword.

Annie wasn’t particularly thrilled about Han Sen occupying the only high-class training room all the time, because that was the only room that had artificial gravity.

To have gravity support, you had to visit the gravity chamber. But the things that you were able to do in such chambers were quite limited, and those places were too restrictive to train freely. For this, Annie was quite upset.

When Annie arrived that day, she saw that the high-class training room was still in use. She bit her lip and went to the control room. She wanted to take a look at what Han Sen was doing in there. If he was training in there, then she’d let him be, but if he wasn’t, she was determined to kick him out.

As a guard of Ji Yanran, Annie had great authority. Quickly, she obtained the tape of footage from the training room and took a look.

“Training a sword skill?” Annie saw Han Sen in the video training with two beast soul swords.

Super Power Chapter 570

: Dual Blade Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Annie watched the tape for a while, and her demeanor changed. She cared little for his power or speed, but she was shocked when observing his skills.

She noticed Han Sen’s left hand was holding a thin, silver sword. The style was quite floaty, and each slash was reminiscent of some toxic snake leaping out of a cave to strike. His arm was swinging from a wild variety of angles, and it was impossible to guess where he would be thrusting or slashing next.

In his right hand, he was holding a purple and copper sword, and the style was very free and wide. The power of each swing brought with it the force of a mountain.

The beat and rhythm of each sword skill were different, and they didn’t follow each other. If Annie saw these two skills being cast individually, she wouldn’t think much of it.

It was the fact that they were being cast in tandem, by the same person, that amazed her.

Each hand rolled and waved with a different beat and a different rhythm, and it was hard to believe anyone could use both hands so effectively. It was like two people using a sword but in one.

The more Annie watched, the more shocked she was. This was not any ordinary dual-blade sword skill, that was for sure. It had to be something completely different, one that employed both hands to do things separately. Very few evolvers in the Alliance could achieve something like this.

It required more than talent to do something like this, as you needed a lot of focus to control both hands individually. If you lacked this, you would quickly become confused and lose all semblance of the skill.

There were a few surpassers that had evolved in a way that gave them two personalities, so they could control each hand independently and cast two sword skills at the same time. But amidst evolvers, such a thing was very rare.

Annie really wanted to know whether or not he could use a dual-blade skill such as this in a proper fight. It would be quite terrifying to go up against someone who could.

After thinking for a while, Annie left the control room and went towards Han Sen’s training room.

Inside the training room, Han Sen was frantically practicing with his Dual skill. Han Sen did not have two personalities, and controlling two minds used a lot of focus that could be better spent elsewhere. This

meant that Han Sen's willpower was far stronger than anyone else's. If it wasn't, using a Dual sword skill like this would split his personality.

All of a sudden, the training room's door was open. A shadow rushed through with a sword in its hand and speedily approached Han Sen. He didn't even see the shadow's face before lifting his sword to block the incoming strike.

Dong!

The swords struck each other, and when the sparks cleared, Han Sen noticed it was Annie.

"Annie, what are you doing?" Han Sen furrowed his eyebrows.

Annie did not answer. Instead, she brought up her longsword and cast a skill. Although her move did not hit anything, it looked like a thunderbolt. It was quick enough to interrupt Han Sen's intention of continuing to talk, and it only gave him the time to try and block.

It was too quick. Han Sen's sword wasn't enough to block Annie's attack, so he had to use two. He managed, but it was no small feat, and he was sloppy in his execution.

"Annie, are you looking to kill someone?!" Han Sen managed to regather his composure and yell his question.

Although it was a question with a certain gravitas, Han Sen knew that if she truly wanted to kill him, he'd have been unable to dodge or block her previous strike.

Annie remained silent, and she restarted her assault. Her method of combat was wide and quick, like the brief flashes of lightning. To evolvers, her speed was remarkably scary, and few would be able to withstand her attacks.

Han Sen, however, was able to block every strike, and Annie could see for herself that he was using different sword skills without a single misstep. It was an exceptional choice.

"You can really do two things with one mind, can't you? You can cast two skills, one for each hand," Annie spoke with surprise, and her face looked strange.

Han Sen was super happy to be able to repel Annie's attacks. Annie's sword skills were quick, even quicker than the Twin Spirit itself. This was a perfect opportunity for Han Sen to train against someone with fast skills.

Annie was a surpasser, and although she lowered the speed of her attacks to go against Han Sen, she was still faster than any other evolver. Ordinary evolvers could never hope to dodge her frantic attacks.

Annie merely wanted to give Han Sen a quick test, and after doing so, she was ready to leave. But Han Sen shouted and ran towards Annie with both swords drawn.

"You come here, try to act cool and then just leave? I can't let you walk away so easily." Han Sen swung both of his swords in a bid to get Annie to stay.

Annie was surprised at his behavior. She made a hum sound and stayed her exit. She brought up her longsword once again and ran towards Han Sen, deciding to beat him up before leaving.

She didn't boost her sword speed from earlier but kept it at what it was instead. But even like that, it was both faster and stronger than Han Sen was capable of dealing with.

Han Sen's Dual sword skill was strange, but Annie still thought it wouldn't be difficult to beat him.

Dong!

Annie's sword struck Han Sen's silver sword in his left hand. She expected the strike to knock the sword away, so she could follow up with a couple more hits and push Han Sen to the brink of defeat and achieve the revenge she sought for the game Han Sen played upon her previously.

But when the two swords collided, Han Sen's sword did not receive the impact how she predicted it would. In fact, she felt an unnerving strength encroach and push against her own sword. She felt as if she had hit nothing at all.

"This sword skill of yours is spooky." Annie's heart was wondering why her skill was unable to disarm Han Sen how she wanted it to.

After a few more slashes, Annie was fairly sure that Han Sen's left hand was imbued with Yin Force. When her sword clashed with his, she felt his sword feed and drain most of her energy and power. Unless Annie was willing to amplify her powers beyond what any evolver could do, there would be no way she could knock the sword out of his hand.

"Then I'll just go for your right-hand sword." Annie switched her target and attempted to go after Han Sen's Purple-Copper Ancient Sword.

Dong!

Annie's longsword met the ancient sword and immediately felt a horrible strength push back against her. Although the force was not as grievous as her true max potential, it was enough to prevent her from knocking the sword out of his hand.

"How can he possess such power?" Annie was puzzled and distraught.

Han Sen's Dual skill was far from a combination of two separate sword skills. He was employing Yin and Yang, fusing the sword skill with Yin Yang Blast. The balance of Yin and Yang was helping each other, combining the skies and humans together.

Although now it was just the first shape, and he obviously had not mastered yet, it was still a shock for Annie to witness this.

The number of surprises she was receiving only kept growing and growing. The sword skills Han Sen possessed were incredibly special. This was the first time in her life she had been able to witness an evolver with such tremendous power, and it truly amazed Annie.

Dong!

Lightning now erupted from Annie's body and following her next attack, the thenar space on both of Han Sen's hands were cut. His swords were sent rocketing away, and the force made them both pierce and remain stuck in the metal walls of the room.

Annie looked at Han Sen one last time. Then she turned around and walked away. Her tall and slender shadow left the training room.