

Super power

Super Power Chapter 571

: There Is a Problem Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Annie returned to her room. She reclaimed the videotape she had watched earlier and sent it via a special communicator.

At the same time, in the same office, a middle-aged man opened the videotape. After watching it, he closed his eyes and reclined in his seat. It seemed as if he was resting, but then he opened his eyes and looked at the video once more.

“One mind controlling two things; is this really the heir of Han Jing? Is Han Jing’s prediction going to turn out correct?” The middle-aged man furrowed his eyebrows as he spoke to himself.

The communicator on his table rang again. He looked at the number and smiled. He picked up the call and saw the image of a beautiful woman fill the screen.

“Yanran, where did you find the time to talk with your old man today? Shouldn’t you be spending your free time with your boyfriend?” the middle-aged man joked.

Ji Yanran blushed and said, “Dad, what are you talking about? You know I always care about you.”

“I know my daughter cares about me, worry not. But recently, you have been spending less and less time communicating with me. If you do have the time, try and talk to your mother once in a while, as well. I know she can be mean, but she loves you and misses you dearly,” the middle-aged man said.

“I know, father. I was just talking to Mom, and yes, she kept complaining about me,” Ji Yanran said.

“Right, wait until Han Sen has finished serving in the army before introducing him to your mother. You two aren’t young anymore, and if there aren’t any issues prohibiting it, you both should get married sometime. I am still waiting for my grandkids.”

“Dad, you really want me to get married that much?” Ji Yanran’s face was red, but she was happy to know how accepting her father was.

“Are you saying that kid named Han isn’t good enough for you? Fine, I’ll get Annie to throw him into the Black-Plague Star and get him chained up in some mine somewhere. He can dig there for the rest of his days while you go and find someone you like,” the old man jested, with a cold face.

Daughters always knew what their fathers thought, and Ji Yanran knew exactly what this middle-aged man was thinking, too. She laughed and said, “Fine, quit your kidding about. When he’s done serving the

army, I'll bring him around so he can meet you and mother. If you aren't satisfied, I'll throw him into the Black-Plague Star myself!"

"You seem quite confident. It looks like my daughter really has been attracted by someone. To think that the daughter I have had for 20 years will be taken away..."

"Dad, can we quit pretending? Let's talk like normal!"

After the call ended, the middle-aged man's smile soon faded away. He carefully perused the information Annie had sent him, along with the videotape. His fingers tapped the table as he read, and he didn't say a word until he was done.

"Han Jing Zhi, you cause much unrest even in death." After a break of silence, the old man sighed. He closed the information tab.

Battling Annie must have cost Han Sen a lot of willpower. After their encounter, Han Sen retired for the day and did not continue training his Dual sword skill. He returned to his bedroom and laid down on his bed, reading news on Skynet.

Many media stations in the Alliance were covering the coming election for a new leader. This was a massive event for the Alliance. Nominees from every system were selling themselves, scrambling for every vote they could claim.

On the list of nominees, Han Sen spotted a strange name that evoked a sense of familiarity.

"If Ji Ruo Zhen became leader..." Han Sen read it once and then sighed. A puzzled expression spread across his face.

Then, he decided to read about other topics, including one that pertained to shelters. Apparently, some genius kid managed to evolve before he was 20 years old. A surpasser killed a certain sacred-blood creature. Some demigod used a punch to break a shura battleship, etcetera, etcetera... These news topics, however, were enough to bore someone to tears.

"If I don't become a demigod, it'll be far more difficult for me to ascend and become better than everyone else." Han Sen's eyes were shining, confident in his ability to one day become a demigod. But first, he'd have to become flawless with all the basics. If he didn't, he could very well die.

So far, no human had been able to enter the Fifth Sanctuary. And that was why nobody knew what it looked like on the inside.

Han Sen did not want to rule the world, he just wanted to be free. He didn't want to be governed by the whims of others, restricted and restrained from doing what he wanted.

The death of Han Sen's father was a mystery, as well. If he did not have the power he sought, he might never uncover the truth about his death.

While Han Sen was lost deep in thought, the communicator rang. It was Yang Manli. Han Sen knew Yang Manli would not seek him out if it wasn't something important, and as he answered the call, her entire body filled the screen.

"I am afraid you have a problem." Yang Manli wore a grave expression.

"And what problem would that be?" Han Sen casually asked. Problems followed him wherever he went, so what was one more to the equation?

"The special security group has given us a mission. It is to protect a person who has just levelled up and reached the Second Shelter," Yang Manli promptly explained.

"Is he from our Goddess Shelter?" Han Sen asked.

"No, he's from the ice fields. He's over in Starwheel Shelter, right now," Yang Manli said.

"Is this person special in any capacity?" Han Sen didn't think Yang Manli would refer to this person as a problem if he were any ordinary person.

"It's the son, Dong Sen," Yang Manli said, heavily.

Han Sen was quite shocked, and so he said, "That is quite the coincidence!"

"It is. That is why I said you are in trouble. That man wouldn't idly sit back and watch you claim the Blackgod Shelter, and your men are the ones who are listening to Dong Li. With his son there, it'll be difficult to maintain our hold on the Blackgod Shelter," Yang Manli said.

"I can't believe they have made us become his guardian. That Dong Li got me good, and it's not like I can reject this responsibility," Han Sen said and smiled.

"You can smile at a time like this?" Yang Manli rolled her eyes. If she were in Han Sen's position, she doubted she could eat. But there Han Sen was, smiling.

Again, Han Sen smiled. Then he said, "Why shouldn't I smile and laugh? No matter how much he has planned, control of the shelter resides firmly on the feeble shoulders of his son. He might not have what it takes. And besides, there is protocol to follow. There is no way Dong Li will be able to kick us out."

"Maybe you are right, but if those people don't listen to you and follow the son's command instead, what will you do?" Yang Manli thought Han Sen was being too naive.

"That's fine by me. But for as long as I am around, the Blackgod Shelter will be too. If I am gone, then the shelter will be destroyed. It's as simple as that," Han Sen said, with a streak of cold in his tone. Still, he did sound calm.

When Yang Manli heard what he said, she felt a frightful chill race down her spine. Beneath Han Sen's calm voice, Yang Manli could feel the slither of something sinister. It was something she had never felt from Han Sen before today.

Yang Manli took a deep breath. "He wants to see you."

"Sort it out tomorrow; it's too late right now." Han Sen was exhausted and could not muster the motivation to travel to the shelter again today. He talked with Yang Manli for a while longer and then hung up.

Super Power Chapter 572

: It's Just a Cat Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

"Mister Han, I have admired your name for a long time. Today, I finally get to meet you!" In the Blackgod Shelter, a young man shook Han Sen's hand with awe-driven sincerity.

Han Sen smiled and looked at Qi Xiuwen, a person who was young, handsome, and most certainly outgoing. He had a smile that could melt the collective hearts of the entire world.

But in Qi Xiuwen's features, Han Sen could spy the shadow of Ning Yue. Still, Qi Xiuwen was much younger.

Ning Yue's heart and mind operated in tandem, neither feeling differently from the other. Inner-disputes concerning morals and other such things stem from the differences of ideals and favoring of people's hearts and minds, but it wasn't so with him. Qi Xiuwen was no different than the norm, in this regard.

In Han Sen's eyes, Qi Xiuwen was a little girl in his mother's clothing, applying too much make-up and trembling in her high-heels. He was clearly attempting to come across as mature.

Even though his appearance left much to be desired, he meant well. Perhaps he would make a name for himself in the future, but for now, he was clearly too young.

Han Sen continued to observe Qi Xiuwen. He nodded but didn't care much for him and didn't consider him a threat or potential opponent. His opponent wasn't even in the general vicinity of Blackgod Shelter; he wasn't anywhere across the ice fields, either. From Han Sen's point of view, this was a small place and to keep it running against all odds wasn't really worth it.

"Big Brother Han, I must have you take care of me in the future. I have only just arrived in the shelter, so could you provide me with some mutant flesh and beast souls? It would be most favorable if they were of the sacred-blood variety, too!" Qi Xiuwen presented himself as lowly, like an absolute newbie.

"Sure, no problem," Han Sen agreed.

Qi Xiuwen was made immeasurably happy, and said in appreciation, "Then I will be sure to rely on you in the future! Father told me there is much I should learn from you. If it is okay with you, could you bring me along next time you go out to hunt creatures?"

"Sure," Han Sen agreed.

Han Sen made Yang Manli sell the flesh and beast souls that Qi Xiuwen desired to him. If he was willing to pay, there was no reason for his request to be rejected.

“Mister Qi, why are you being so polite to Han Sen? The Blackgod Shelter and its people are ours. Say the word, and we will have him thrown out.” An evolver spoke to Qi Xiuwen slyly, once Han Sen had departed.

Qi Xiuwen quietly said, “Things aren’t what they may seem to you. Han Sen really is quite something and kicking him out would not solve the problem. Attend to your own responsibilities and do not go against him. I will be around him for the time being, discussing various matters.”

“Why?” A few evolvers looked at Qi Xiuwen with befuddled expressions.

“If you want to beat someone, it’s easier when you get close to them,” Qi Xiuwen calmly said.

...

Yang Manli was very confused. She expected a great deal of things to change when Qi Xiuwen arrived at the Blackgod Shelter but was surprised to find everything mostly the same. Everyone continued to listen to Han Sen’s orders and everything was business as usual.

Qi Xiuwen, however, followed Han Sen around wherever he went like his shadow. It was almost as if Han Sen had asserted himself as his master, whereas Qi Xiuwen had accepted the role of a servant. Or like they were teacher and student.

But Yang Manli thought something was amiss with Qi Xiuwen’s behavior. Despite Qi Xiuwen’s apparent and continued respect for Han Sen, Yang Manli couldn’t help but feel a little paranoid of something sinister lurking beneath the newbie’s exterior.

“I think there is something wrong with that Qi Xiuwen. Please, be careful and don’t get too close with him.” Yang Manli made sure to remind Han Sen, whenever they had a moment to themselves.

“Understood,” Han Sen agreed, but he didn’t seem too concerned. Whenever Qi Xiuwen asked him something, Han Sen continued to teach and explain things.

Yang Manli made sure to remind Han Sen of her suspicions many times, but Han Sen didn’t make a single change.

“I think we need to talk about the problem that is Qi Xiuwen.” Yang Manli approached Han Sen, who was getting ready to go out on a hunt. She made sure to block his passage.

“Fine. Speak.” Han Sen smiled, sat down, and looked at Yang Manli.

“That Qi Xiuwen is dangerous. He is trying to please everyone around you, but he is something else. He is a slithering snake.” Yang Manli said her piece straight, hoping to talk some sense into Han Sen and get him to pay attention.

“I know,” Han Sen nodded.

“If you know, why do you still conform to everything he asks?” Yang Manli looked him in the eye and said.

Han Sen stopped to think for a second, then he tilted his head and replied, “Manli, have you ever owned a pet?”

“I am talking about something serious here!” Yang Manli was starting to sound annoyed.

“Why am I not being serious? I’m just wondering, have you ever owned a pet?” Han Sen smiled and asked.

“No.” Yang Manli couldn’t be bothered, but still answered.

“I used to know a neighbor who owned a cat. It was a really big, good-looking panther. It had thick black fur and the neighbor really cherished it. He groomed the cat each and every day, fed it luxurious cat food, and provided it with a magnificent cat house.”

Han Sen smiled and then continued, “Whenever I walked past his house, I could look over and see the cat sunbathing in the yard like some lord, behaving like the master of the house. Whenever it was upset, it would chew up the shoes in the house and whenever the master wasn’t paying attention to it, the panther would tear up the books he was reading.”

Yang Manli’s face lit up, as if she had just realized something. Then she started looking at Han Sen with wondering eyes, as if she were in deep thought.

“I was curious. So, I went to ask the neighbor why he spoiled the cat like that,” Han Sen said.

“And what answer did you receive?” Yang Manli curiously asked.

Han Sen sighed and said, “Well, the neighbor just rolled his eyes and said, ‘Don’t you know it’s only a cat? Its world is fairly small and as a master, I am its everything. In the reverse, from your point of view, it is only a cat.’”

After he said that, Han Sen patted Yang Manli’s shoulder and said, “You go do your thing. Our world does not belong here.”

Seeing Han Sen’s shadow leave the room, Yang Manli’s emotions were in complicated knots. A prevailing emotion, however, was one of shock.

“So, after all, he does not value Qi Xiuwen. And he does not prioritize the well-being of the ice fields or the Blackgod Shelter in his heart?” Yang Manli’s eyes looked confused, and she continued talking to herself. “To you, Qi Xiuwen is merely a fun pet.”

After Han Sen left the shelter, he boarded his Crystal Palace and went off in search of more mutant creatures to hunt. The flesh of the mutant creatures he had hunted previously had all been eaten, which had raised his amount of mutant geno points to 76. It was close to being maxed out.

Although there were many mutant creatures in the sea, eating their flesh took a long time, due to the rareness of small mutant creatures out there.

The silver fox perched upon Han Sen’s shoulder with a wagging tail. It watched the fish outside the sea with eyes of fervent wonderment.

“In the Crystal Palace, the silver fox’s presence doesn’t seem to be noticed by the creatures of the sea. Perhaps this is my chance,” Han Sen thought to himself.

Super Power Chapter 573

: Solo in the Shelter Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

“Look silver fox! I’m so poor. It’s already hard enough for me to look after myself. I haven’t got enough food, I can’t keep warm, and now I need to take care of you, despite the fact that you eat so much? It’s not that I don’t like the fact that you eat, don’t get me wrong, but you want everyone else to get their fill, too, don’t you? How about you help us catch a few fish. If you do that, we can help you cook it. It’d be nice if you chipped in, so how about it? Does that sound good?” Han Sen smiled in his attempt to discuss matters with the silver fox.

Zero gave Han Sen a disdainful look. The way she looked at him was as if she had just witnessed him trying to abduct a young girl.

The silver fox tilted its head, looking at Han Sen in a confused way.

“Fish... over there... you... grab it... we... cook it!” Han Sen pointed at the fish swimming past the Crystal Palace’s windows, making wild gestures with his hands and legs to try to get the silver fox to understand.

But when the silver fox looked towards the windows, it just reverted its gaze back to Han Sen. Then it walked underneath Han Sen and used its tail to hook his leg, rubbing its head as it frequently did.

“Geez, you are the child of a super creature. Have some dignity! It is obscene for something so fierce to act so cute. This world is cruel, and you must master your abilities of combat if you wish to survive. Do you understand?” Han Sen was now trying to lecture the silver fox. He pointed at the windows once more and said, “Go! Catch me a fish or you’re not having any food tonight.”

The silver fox’s face continued to look innocent. It quietly whined to itself as it carried on rubbing its face against Han Sen’s legs.

Not long after, Han Sen gave up. With a hopeless expression, he picked up the silver fox and said, “Another useless thing I have to take care of.”

But then, Han Sen had an idea. Although he couldn’t command the silver fox to hunt, and his previous attempt to kill sacred-blood creatures under the sea had failed, a new idea struck him.

“It’s okay not to hunt! I just need to bring you to the spirit shelter. If I did that, wouldn’t all the creatures start running off? That means I could reach the Spirit Hall with ease. The only thing I am not sure of is

whether the spirits will run off, as well. But if they did, I could pick up the spirit stones for free. Ha! I am such a genius.” Han Sen’s face smiled like a radiant flower, as he thought of how he might easily obtain numerous spirit stones with little to no trouble.

“Come, my cute little silver fox. I have cooked you a fish fillet. Would you like to try some?” Han Sen was still super happy. After his bright idea, he leapt into the sea and caught a fair number of fish to cook for the silver fox.

Seeing the silver fox eat the fish fillet slowly, the way Han Sen smiled hid his eyes beneath numerous layers of creases. He said, “Good boy! Good boy! Eat more and more. When you are full, let’s get to work.”

Han Sen hunted a few more mutant creatures on the seabed and the haul was good enough to last a month. Then he drove the Crystal Palace back to the ice fields.

After they were back on land, Han Sen grabbed the silver fox and ran towards the royal shelter. They arrived in no time at all.

The royal shelter was now standing before them, and numerous creatures were walking in and around its exterior. Han Sen took another look at the silver fox in his hands and quietly whispered, “This is the moment of truth.”

Continuing to hold the silver fox in his arms, he resumed his run towards the royal shelter. Just as he had hoped, all the creatures ran away at his approach. Not a single creature attempted to bar his passage, quickly fleeing before he even got close.

“Haha! I am going to be rich.” Han Sen, upon entering the royal shelter, smirked at the absence of a single creature there. He wondered where they all might have gone, but then hastily ventured towards the Spirit Hall.

He entered the Spirit Hall without any trouble. But much to his dismay, he saw that the Twin Spirit continued to stand firm where it should have been. It didn’t run off as he had expected it to.

Seeing the silver-haired lady and blonde-haired lady pick up their swords, Han Sen summoned his beast soul armor and glyph. He then summoned his Purple-Copper Ancient Sword and Silver-Eye Ice Snake King Sword.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The Twin Spirit’s swords came upon Han Sen like a hard rain. The silver sword and golden sword crossed each other, as if they were trying to trap him in a net of blades.

But what surprised Han Sen the most was the fact that their sword skills were accelerating more and more. They were getting faster and faster, with each hit being heavier and heavier. He felt as if he couldn’t hold out much longer.

Pang!



The silver-haired lady dealt Han Sen's shoulder a blow which drew blood. Fortunately, it was not in a critical spot and so the damage wasn't severe.

Han Sen knew that he had not perfected his Dual-blade skill yet, and that it still possessed a few flaws. But right now, there was nothing else he could do. He battled the Twin Spirit for half an hour, and after receiving a few more hits, managed to summon his wings and fly away.

The Twin Spirit was unable to fly, and the other creatures of the shelter would not dare approach Han Sen, for he still had the silver fox in his company. So they just watched Han Sen fly away.

"I'll be back!" Han Sen shouted at the Twin Spirit as he escaped to the skies.

"You are such a heartless fox. I give you nice food every day, treating you as I would treat my very own son. You saw me get injured, didn't you? So, how come you didn't help me out? You white-eyed fox!" Han Sen was gasping as he spoke to the silver fox.

He thought that if he was injured by the Twin Spirit, the silver fox would be enraged enough to leap into the fray and protect its master. But all it did was stay perched on Han Sen's shoulder, not moving an inch.

The silver fox was behaving as if it didn't see or hear anything. It did, however, lick his wounds after the escape, like it did once before. Almost immediately after the silver fox's application of its saliva, the wounds cleared up.

Han Sen was frustrated, but he wasn't mad at the silver fox. Seeing it care for his injuries, he smiled at the silver fox and rubbed its head.

But Han Sen wasn't walking away empty-handed. No matter how often he practiced his Dual skill, he had been unable to perfect it. It was designed to deal with the Twin Spirit especially, and if he hadn't been able to at least test it out with them, there was no real telling whether or not it could be perfected as the ideal skill to go against them.

He had also discovered that he could run into royal shelters with no trouble at all. He could walk into this particular one and battle the Twin Spirit whenever he desired. If he came back here a few times, every now and then, he could finally master his Dual skill and beat the Twin Spirit.

"Fine. If I can't get it right the first time, I'll be sure to get it right by the tenth. And if it's still not mastered by then, I'll go there a hundred times." Han Sen's heart was hyped, and after taking a break to restore his health and energy, he ran back to the royal shelter with the silver fox in hand.

Every time Han Sen battled the Twin Spirit, he lost. But during each fight, Han Sen's Dual-blade skill would improve in some way or another.

After this, Han Sen continued to harass the Twin Spirit in such a way, but still, the spirit did not dare leave the Spirit Hall. They were afraid Han Sen would run in and take the spirit stone if they weren't around to protect it.

Han Sen was getting better and better, and he went to the royal shelter at least once every two days. Whenever he was losing, he'd escape to heal, mull over why he lost, and make amends to any area of his expertise or skill that he could to improve upon.

Han Sen believed that if things continued in such a way, his Dual-blade skill would rival the Twin Spirit in under a month.

Super Power Chapter 574

: The Ice Skin Battle Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Lately, Han Sen's life had seemed to be going smoothly. He managed to collect a lot of taxes from people at the Blackgod Shelter, successfully commanded evolvers to hunt for him, and had been given the opportunity to visit the royal shelter as much as he pleased to train against his ultimate foe; the days had become relaxing and stress-free.

Han Sen's life was going well. Xue Yi Kuang's life was not going well. He had traveled 10,000 miles to the ice fields before noticing Han Sen was the current owner of the Blackgod Shelter.

Xue Yi Kuang was not averse to crowds of people, but if he were to spook Han Sen away, that would be bad.

So Xue Yi Kuang had been patiently waiting for his moment. He collected as much information on Han Sen as he could, before moving in to kill him.

Today, Han Sen was leaving the Blackgod Shelter to go to the royal shelter and further train his Dual skill with the Twin Spirit. This time, however, as Han Sen was running across the ice fields, the silver fox raised its head in a peculiar manner. The hairs of its silver coat of fur stood on their ends and its drowsy eyes were perked and wide awake. The silver fox looked in the direction of a giant glacier not too far away from them.

Han Sen patted the alerted silver fox's head to calm it down, but he was aware of what it had been looking at. As he stroked the fox, Han Sen started looking at the nearby glacier.

"Come on out, friend," Han Sen gently called out.

From behind the glacier, Xue Yi Kuang, who was clad in all-white clothing, emerged. His strong body was not something people were likely to forget, and his skin was transparent like ice. It was even more delicate than the skin of a woman. Combined with his grisly figure, it was a striking juxtaposition.

"Xue Yi Kuang?" Han Sen frowned as he looked at him. At the exchange event, he caught sight of Xue Yi Kuang, but he had assumed that he lacked the high-profile his brother Xue Yi Yang did. He didn't come on stage to give a speech, but nevertheless, Han Sen remembered him.

Xue Yi Kuang did not respond. He merely raised his fist and started running towards Han Sen. He was over ten meters away from Han Sen, but in one step, he had already appeared in front of him. Han Sen watched his crystal-like fist and observed the frosted aura that surrounded it.

Dong!

Han Sen summoned the silver-snake sword and brought it down on the incoming fist. Following the strike, Xue Yi Kuang's fist was not even bleeding. Han Sen took a few steps back, his sword ringing from the mighty slash as if it had been brought down on rock.

Xue Yi Kuang still did not say anything. His fists were like a blizzard, furiously thrashing towards Han Sen. Every punch was loaded with the power to kill a man, and the ferocity at which they were coming was frightening to witness.

Han Sen was holding two swords now, and he decided to put his Dual skill into action against his new nemesis. Rapidly, swords and fists repeatedly clashed against each other.

Xue Yi Kuang's icy fists were difficult to damage with a blade, and Han Sen's swords continued to ring and cry with each strike. Han Sen was surprised and worried.

"Is everyone in the Xue family a madman? If a person has a difference of opinion, why not talk about the issue? Staying silent, raising fists, and seeking to kill is barbaric. This guy is freaking insane!" Han Sen did not have the time to talk, but these thoughts raced through his heart.

Xue Yi Kuang's fisting skills were too cruel. Even with Han Sen's level of sword skills, he was being suppressed. He had to rely on his Dongxue Sutra to keep up with Xue Yi Kuang's pace.

Xue Yi Kuang was a far better fighter than Xue Yi Yang. Han Sen was putting all his effort into the fight, but it was proving barely enough to keep him alive.

After a blizzard passed through, Xue Yi Kuang fell back. The snowstorm disappeared as quickly as it appeared. Then, Xue Yi Kuang stood where he was and said, "You really are something. You are able to block my blizzard skill?"

"Xue Yi Kuang, I hold nothing against you. What is this all about?" Han Sen furrowed his brow.

"Pah! I don't need a reason to kill anyone. If I want to kill, I will kill; it's that simple." Xue Yi Kuang looked at Han Sen with proud eyes. "But you, you really are something. You are strong enough to make me use Ice Skin."

"Ice Skin isn't that great," Han Sen spoke with a disdainful face.

Xue Yi Kuang's eyes went cold. He laughed and slowly approached Han Sen. With every step, the frosty aura around him increased, his skin crystallized even further, and the endless chill that encompassed him grew thicker. He was looking more and more like an ice man.

Now they stood three meters apart. Han Sen could already feel the cold air emanating from Xue Yi Kuang. Han Sen was surprised, wondering why the Ice Skin that belonged to the Xue family could emit frosted air whereas his couldn't.

Xue Yi Kuang was getting closer and closer, and his entire image looked frozen. Han Sen imagined every cell of his foe's being was now ice. He was like a veritable ice demon.

But even though Han Sen was in the process of learning the same Ice Skin, he was actually starting to feel cold. He felt as if there was frost building up inside him.

"In this world, few evolvers can open their gene locks. Today, you should relish that which the tapestry of fortune has bestowed upon you; the opportunity of death by my first tier of Ice Skin." Xue Yi Kuang's eyes were so cold as he spoke. When he resumed his punching, it felt as if the air itself was going to solidify.

Han Sen tried to take a step back, but the fist was too quick and he was unable to dodge it effectively. So, he used his Mascot Beast sword to fight back.

Dong!

The fist collided with the sword, and a horrible force of icy power burst forth from Xue Yi Kuang's fist. Within a moment, the Mascot Beast sword was wholly consumed by ice, and as if it was a living parasite or infection, it frantically weaved a course down the sword to Han Sen himself.

Han Sen's fingers were the first to feel the assault of this spiteful ice, and he could feel the pulsing of his blood slow down as if it were about to freeze.

Han Sen was frightened, and he abandoned his sword to fall back. Unfortunately, his fingers remained numb, and they did not obey his wishes. It was like they did not belong to him.

It was fortunate that he had learnt Ice Skin. Making use of it, the feel of his fingers returned and the fright of frostbite diminished.

"What's going on? Xue Yi Kuang has only learnt the first tier of Ice Skin, but that is what I have learnt, as well. How has he managed to open his first gene lock and unleash such power while I cannot?" Han Sen's face looked grave when he stared upon Xue Yi Kuang.

Xue Yi Kuang observed Han Sen's fingers contact the ice of his power but was curious as to why they did not die. He lifted his eyebrows sharply and moved to attack Han Sen once more.

Xue Yi Kuang had unlocked the first gene lock, and this provided a wholehearted boost to his power and speed, and particularly to the strength of his ice. His only limit was his body, since he couldn't consume the whole power of the first gene lock. He couldn't draw upon such energy from his body.

If someone touched his body, they would be frostbitten; even a sacred-blood weapon, would be affected, such as Han Sen's sword. The number of evolvers with such scary amounts of power was extremely low.

Han Sen and his Snow-Lady then combined into one. His heart was beating like mad, and his kidneys were in hyperdrive for the formulation of energy. His legs had received an incredible boost to their speed, and Han Sen managed to bob and weave his way past every incoming fist.

That day in the exchange event, Han Sen heard that a talented evolver could unlock their first gene lock before they became a surpasser. Because they lacked the correct fitness level required to fully unlock it, people like that were practically indestructible.

: Absorbing Ice Power

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Xue Yi Kuang was like a demon. His eyes gleamed red and his body was wholly crystallized. The atmosphere around him swirled with a biting frost. Although it couldn't deal damage, if an ordinary person were to touch it, it would make them feel as if they were falling into an ice cave.

Han Sen used all of his power to run his Ice Skin skill, and it was only enough to repel the invasion of the frosty air that sought to consume him. He did not dare touch Xue Yi Kuang's actual body because his ice powers were simply too strong.

"The talent that I stole really isn't that reliable. It's the same first tier Ice Skin, but there is such a big difference. What could have gone wrong?" Han Sen thought to himself.

When he learned Ice Skin, he did not use a geno solution. Unless the Ice Skin Xue Long Yan possessed was fake, what other explanation could there be for it being so weak?

When Han Sen was learning Nano Crystal, he used a geno solution to complete the first tier of Ice Skin. At first, Han Sen was really glad about learning Ice Skin. But right now, this knock-off Ice Skin was proving itself to be worthless against Xue Yi Kuang's version of it.

However, Dongxue Sutra's formation was amazing. Although Xue Yi Kuang had opened his first lock and became incredibly powerful, he still could not hurt Han Sen.

That being said, it did little to sway Xue Yi Kuang's resolve, and the blizzard that encompassed him only seemed to grow. His eyes were blood red, and his fists flew quicker than the tumultuous waves of boiling water.

Han Sen continued to dodge, falling back as he did. Xue Yi Kuang was too fast, though, and he did not dare let Han Sen slip away from the battleground he had established. He was putting him in a very dangerous situation.

But in the midst of all this, Han Sen noticed something quite strange. The frosty air that was bursting out of Xue Yi Kuang was being doused by Han Sen's Ice Skin. He didn't think much of it at first, but after a while, he started to feel that the power he had been suppressing was now inside him. It coursed through his entire body, empowering him.

The absorbed frost gathered up in greater and greater amounts, but it did not hurt Han Sen. It mixed with his insides, becoming a part of him.

“Does this mean I can absorb Xue Yi Kuang’s frosted air?” Han Sen thought to himself, happily.

With this absorption of ice power, his Ice Skin seemed different. Han Sen could not put his finger on it exactly, but his body did not seem to be bothered by the plumes of frost Xue Yi Kuang continuously emitted.

Pang!

Han Sen was wearing his Blood-Scale armor. He threw his own fist to collide with Xue Yi Kuang’s. He was unsatisfied with the absorption of the atmospheric ice power and thought the amount he had consumed was not enough. He wanted to see if he could absorb the power right from the source—Xue Yi Kuang himself.

When the fists connected, however, he felt an overwhelming stock of ice power absorb into his body. Within seconds, his arms, half his body and his entire blood flow became frozen. His exterior was quickly encased in ice, removing his ability to fight or even move.

“Go die.” Xue Yi Kuang’s eyes burst with a flame of hatred, painting Han Sen with the color of murder. One last fist sought to drill itself into Han Sen’s body.

“Oh, crap! The ice power was too much for my Ice Skin to consume immediately.” Han Sen was terrified, and his mind raced with a thousand thoughts of how he might escape this dire predicament.

Boom!

The silver fox on Han Sen’s shoulder finally moved. Like a silver thunderbolt, it leaped towards his master’s enemy and tore into Xue Yi Kuang’s fist with its talon. With a flash of lightning, the ice that surrounded his fist was shattered, and his entire body was sent flying away. Electricity consumed Xue Yi Kuang, and when he hit the ground, his body was adorned with wretched scorch marks. His hand that suffered the dig of the talons had been blown to gory bits and pieces, revealing the bone of his arm.

Xue Yi Kuang looked at the silver fox with utter surprise; he was shocked.

The silver fox howled madly, and like an illuminated shadow, it jumped on top of Xue Yi Kuang.

“Aaaargh!” Xue Yi Kuang flailed his arms madly to try to stop the attacking fox, but they did nothing. His chest was torn open with a collection of scratch marks, and blood started gushing like a fountain. The terrifying power of the thunderous fox had shattered every last bit of ice that dressed Xue Yi Kuang.

The silver fox seemed to be really mad, and it angrily circled Xue Yi Kuang like a silver shadow. Thunder and lightning cracked the sky as it observed its master’s opponent.

Xue Yi Kuang, who was so strong, was utterly defenseless under the paws of the silver fox. Once more, the silver fox pounced to pierce its talons into Xue Yi Kuang’s body, drawing rivers of blood. His body was now a collection of bloody ravines and black, scorch marks.

Xue Yi Kuang was terrified, repeatedly screaming in fear. The ice power inside him resumed its activity, but without the strength to bear it, he became encased in an icy sarcophagus of his own making. The

silver fox had firmly proven the abhorrent power that resided within it, and there was nothing Xue Yi Kuang could do to revert the tides of this fight.

“It really is a super creature. It’s only a pup, yet it is frighteningly powerful.” Han Sen’s mouth was agape. Even though he had always suspected that the silver fox possessed an undemonstrated strength, he never thought its power would be so fierce.

Xue Yi Kuang, who had opened the first gene lock, lacked any remote chance of resisting the attacks of the silver fox. All he could do was watch himself get electrified.

Pang!

A silver lightning bolt struck Xue Yi Kuang’s chest. It lifted him into the air and away until his body crashed into an icy wall. There was so much force in the throw that the wall shattered as Xue Yi Kuang barreled through it. His body was now like charcoal, and he fizzed and crackled with residual electricity. His body convulsed and twisted madly with no refrain.

It looked as if he couldn’t breathe, and whatever gasps he could manage were going to be amongst his last.

“No way! This is impossible,” Xue Yi Kuang cried out. He had great trouble keeping his eyes open. He stared over at the silver fox, that stood atop the snow softly and elegantly. He could not believe he was going to be killed by what looked like a mere fox.

The silver fox turned into a silver shadow one last time and bolted over to Xue Yi Kuang again.

“Aaaargh—” Boom!

Xue Yi Kuang could not even finish his scream before a mighty flash froze him like a black, charcoal statue. As a stiff wind blew, what was once the body of Xue Yi Kuang succumbed to a gust and drifted away as nothing more than dust and echoes.

“So, Xue Yi Kuang died just like that?” Han Sen opened his eyes widely, trying to observe the traces of black dust floating upon the breeze.

He had been so used to seeing the silver fox tame, calm, and harmless, that he had almost forgotten that it was a fierce super creature. Seeing it become something so scary and violent was quite shocking.

He then returned his thoughts to the current state of his body, which was still mostly encased in ice. The blood inside was little more than ice, as well. If he couldn’t defrost himself soon, he would perish.

Han Sen slowly turned back on his Ice Skin, and he felt the ice that covered him start to thaw. It gradually turned into a frosted air that swirled its way into his body.

The silver fox quietly sat on the snow beside Han Sen. It did not even blink as it observed the ice seep back into the ground as water.

The icy air that swirled in and around him started to be expelled, returning to the atmosphere without form. His iced skin became crystal, and his flesh and bones turned transparent.

As time passed, the amount of power Han Sen expelled got heavier and heavier. The transparency of his flesh and bones increased, and you could now see his veins.

Super Power Chapter 576

: The Real and the Fake Ice Skin

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

As more and more time elapsed, the chilled air within Han Sen was becoming stronger and stronger. His cells were moving, but it felt as if they were turning into crystals.

At the same time, the Dongxue Sutra started running, and a strange feeling compelled Han Sen to stop his practice of Ice Skin.

Han Sen's face looked ghastly. He was excited to try to combine the frost air with his own cells and unlock his first gene lock. But not after he started the Dongxue Sutra.

"Could it be that these two skills contradict each other?" Han Sen was a little annoyed. If these two skills could not co-exist together, it ran the possibility of them frying his mind and turning him crazy.

The silver fox watched Han Sen wake up, and when he did, it ran towards his legs to rub against them. His foul mood made him push the silver fox away in irritation.

Seeing the silver fox's pitiable face, Han Sen's heart was given a shock. He pulled out a small mirror that had been prepared for beetle night. Looking at himself in the reflection, he did not notice anything strange.

When Han Sen cast Ice Skin, he felt the chill rise. Although it wasn't as scary as Xue Yi Kuang's, it still made some water turn into ice. If this was normal, Han Sen would be glad, but when he looked at himself in the mirror again, he saw cold sweat dotting his forehead. He could clearly see in the mirror how his eyes were starting to turn a faint shade of red. While it wasn't stark and obvious to see, a good look would reveal the encroaching color.

Han Sen thought that his eyes were starting to look like those of the Xue family; cold, callous, and cruel.

"Oh my days! What the hell is this skill? This is not right. Normally, I would never kick silver fox away, and I wouldn't be so moody. Can that crappy Ice Skin really change someone's personality?" The more Han Sen thought about it, the more annoyed he got. He thought about breaking the mirror, and he started to fear something had truly gone wrong with him.



He immediately cancelled his training of Ice Skin and cast the Dongxue Sutra. He retreated into a state of meditation, which woke up his cells and generated a sweet, pleasing fragrance.

The frosty air was chased out by the pleasant smell, out and away from his cells. This generated a white fog around Han Sen.

He was a beginner of the Dongxue Sutra and he had yet to complete the first tier. It could not rival Ice Skin, and that was proven with the entire hour it took to expunge the frosty power that had gathered inside his body.

Han Sen continued to sit on the snow, and he repeatedly cast Dongxue Sutra. The silver fox was sitting down near Han Sen as well, surveying the area with serious vigilance. He didn't move an inch.

The sky became clogged with dreary clouds, and a blizzard began to form all around. Han Sen was soon buried in the snow, and it wasn't long until he represented the image of a snowman.

The body of the silver fox supported no snow, however. It just maintained its position, awaiting its master's next move.

It snowed all day and all night and still, neither Han Sen nor the silver fox moved. The snow on Han Sen turned to ice, releasing frosted air beneath the sun.

"Whoa! That is a beautiful little fox." Not too far from them, the voice of a woman sounded.

"Liu Qing, don't be fooled by its appearance! No matter how cute a creature may look, it is most likely a cruel and despicable monster on the inside. I have never seen a creature such as this before and therefore, more than ever, we should be careful!" A man's voice followed.

A man and woman trudged through the field of snow, inching closer and closer in the direction of the silver fox.

The woman noticed the silver fox didn't move a single inch, and it continued to just sit there. Next to it was a snowman. With unexpected surprise, she said, "Oh, and there is a snowman! The little fox keeps looking at it. Do you think maybe that it built the snowman?"

"Your imagination knows no bounds. Tell me, how might a fox build a snowman? Obviously, that has to be the creation of someone else here. But I will admit that it is a bit strange. Why would the fox just sit there and not move?" The man was becoming more curious, as well.

"Let me go check it out. Perhaps it is frozen." The woman secretly wanted to touch the fox.

The man quickly pulled her back, saying, "Careful! That thing could be luring us closer, for all we know! It could be a trap. We should just run up there and smack it with our swords; problem solved, danger averted."

After this, he summoned a beast soul sword and started running towards the silver fox, waving the sword as he went. When the man brought his sword down to strike his target, he hit nothing. The snowman next to the silver fox moved.

An icy hand reached out, using its middle finger and index finger to stop the fall of the blade.

The only noise that sounded was a quick katcha, and the blade of the beast soul sword was cleanly cut in two by those two fingers.

The man and woman were shocked, and so they quickly retreated. Then, they saw the snowman begin to crumble. A human shadow emerged, grabbed the fox, and ran off. Within two seconds, they had completely disappeared.

"It's a fox fairy!" the woman screamed.

"What fox fairy? That was just a humanoid creature," the man said, with his face depleted of color.

They hadn't seen Han Sen's face clearly, only the shape and shadow of a man grabbing the fox and running off.

"Yeah, a fox fairy that shapeshifted into a human." The woman could not escape her belief of it being a fox fairy.

Regardless, the man and woman did not believe what they had seen was a human. But who could blame them? Why would any man be buried under snowfall and remain like a snowman, only to emerge, grab a fox, and quickly sprint away without leaving a single footprint? Ordinary humans wouldn't do such a thing!

Quickly, a rumor spread that a humanoid fox fairy creature lived out on the ice fields. A lot of strong people began looking for it, but to no avail.

Han Sen, meanwhile, had returned to the Crystal Palace with the silver fox. He tried running Ice Skin again, due to having now removed the frosty power he had absorbed from Xue Yi Kuang. Using it now, his body no longer felt chilled, and he instead became nice and cool.

As he was running the skill, he looked into his mirror carefully. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, his tension finally eased.

But now, despite the lack of frosty air, the Ice Skin still felt different than it did before. While it was running, his brain felt chilled. His mind and perception, however, became sharper.

The longer he ran the Ice Skin, the more calm he felt. It seemed as if nothing could affect his emotions right now.

"This is strange. There must be something wrong. The Xue family's Ice Skin must have some sort of problem." This made Han Sen remember the speech Xue Yi Yang gave at the exchange event, which pertained to another skill called Ice Heart. It was a Qi Gong that was supposed to calm your emotions and put them to rest. People said that everyone in the Xue family had learnt Ice Heart.

But every Xue family member Han Sen had met possessed an angry personality, and this made him think that this Ice Heart had a problem.

Super Power Chapter 577

: Conspiracy

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Han Sen was still unsure whether or not his Ice Skin had issues. Regardless, he decided not to continue practicing it and put it aside. Instead, he moved his focus on to training with the Dongxue Sutra.

Han Sen wanted to learn the first tier of the Dongxue Sutra sooner now, so he could unlock his first gene lock.

He saw the strength that Xue Yi Kuang had possessed through the unlocking of his own first gene lock. Han Sen was beginning to realize that acquiring such power would be imperative for the future, particularly with his desire to do battle with super creatures. He had witnessed first-hand the strength possessed by super creatures, like what the silver fox and the blue seahorse had shown, and he knew he would have to improve a great deal before he could be a match for them.

“I wonder what powers I might gain after unlocking the first tier gene lock with the Dongxue Sutra? This skill may not have powers attributed to the elements like fire and water, or even thunder; it only makes my body smell good! Unlike Zhu Ting’s Deadly Perfume, can I beat my opponents through just a pleasant body odor?” Han Sen mulled.

He came to the realization that no, it would not be possible. Dongxue was the master of Xuan Men, yet using the power of smell to beat foes seemed like such a feminine move. It didn’t quite match his persona.

Han Sen was hoping to acquire grand performance enhancements following his unlocking of the first tier of the Dongxue Sutra. Still, he couldn’t rush such a thing. So, Han Sen trained and practiced it every day, purifying himself from the problems that arose with Ice Skin at the same time.

Also, Han Sen’s mastery of Dual was almost complete. Soon, he could take on the Twin Spirit for real, but even though victory seemed achievable, it would still be a difficult fight.

Han Sen also spent time planning how he might cooperate with Li Xing Lun and Brother Philip in launching an attack on the royal shelter. Although he would be able to take on the Twin Spirit at the royal shelter by himself and claim the area, it would be a waste not to take out the spirits and creatures that resided there.

When the spirits were there, the creatures would gather up inside the shelter. If the spirits were captured, then the creatures would run off. If you wanted to kill them, you’d have to look for them one-by-one. If he took the opportunity to launch a strike with Li Xing Lun and Brother Philip, they’d at least be able to take down a couple of sacred-blood creatures and increase his sacred geno points.

“Brother Han, are you free today? Could you teach me how to fight?” Han Sen had just returned to the Blackgod Shelter, and already Qi Xiuwen was fretting for his attention.

"I don't have the time; I have had deeds of greater importance on my mind recently," Han Sen responded.

"Brother Han, what big things are you looking to do?" Qi Xiuwen's eyes possessed a strange look as he questioned Han Sen.

"It'll be a cooperative task with the Starwheel Shelter and Philip, in which we will take down the royal shelter," Han Sen casually answered.

"Brother Han really is a person who does big things. I would like to help, though. I can aid you when the time comes to take on this royal shelter you speak of," Qi Xiuwen excitedly said.

"If you have the heart, I will provide you with the task of enlisting the aid of the Starwheel Shelter and Philip Shelter." Han Sen smiled and looked at Qi Xiuwen fondly.

"I will not disappoint you!" Qi Xiuwen asked for a few of Han Sen's men, and then took off to the Philip Shelter.

"Mister Qi, you really are going to help Han Sen take down the royal shelter?" After they had left the shelter, an evolver following Qi Xiuwen posed the question.

"Why wouldn't I?" Qi Xiuwen said.

"If you are going to fight, at least wait for us to bring down Han Sen. At least that way, you can be the one to lead the fight. If we take down the royal shelter now, doesn't that just benefit Han Sen?" The evolvers weren't able to understand.

Qi Xiuwen smiled and replied, "You are wrong. If we let Han Sen take down the shelter now, we will be the ones to benefit."

"Why? What are you planning to do?" The evolvers were ardent followers of Qi Xiuwen, and their interest in their master's goals was fervent.

"Do you know what lies on the other side of the royal shelter?" Qi Xiuwen did not answer them directly.

A good many of the evolvers shook their heads because none of them had traveled beyond the royal shelter before and espied what lay behind the royal shelter of the ice field.

"After I leveled up to become an evolver and arrived at the ice field, I immediately launched an investigation of my own into the area. Not too long ago, I sent out a number of spies to check out what was behind the royal shelter." Qi Xiuwen smiled when telling them.

One evolver understood what he was getting at, and said, "Mister Qi is going to wait until Han Sen has conquered the royal shelter. At that point, we will surround Han Sen and take the shelter for ourselves!"

Qi Xiuwen elaborated by saying, "Well, it won't really be 'taking.' We are the ones who own the Blackgod Shelter, whereas Han Sen only owns the people from the Goddess Shelter. The royal shelter has nothing to do with my deal with my father and the Teng family. If I take that shelter, it is mine by right."

One evolver hesitatingly said, "But Han Sen is so powerful! When he killed our former master, Blackgod was under the protection of a few hundred evolvers. I am afraid..." The evolver's sentence drifted off in a fearful tremble, but Qi Xiuwen understood what he was getting at.

Qi Xiuwen smiled and said, "Are you worried he will do me harm when he is angry? He wouldn't dare touch me, and I wager he doesn't have a sufficient amount of power to challenge me even if he did find the guts. Even if he hadn't harbored the desire to take on this royal shelter of his own volition, I would have pushed him to formulate this plan of attack sometime. His mentioning the plan to me was perfectly coincidental and coincidentally beneficial."

A few evolvers still seemed hesitant. Qi Xiuwen then smiled and said, "I have spent much time with Han Sen. Through the time I have asked to be taught by him, I have come to learn much about the abilities he possesses. Even if I haven't learned 100% of what he is capable of, I am fairly sure I know at least 70%. And in regards to his power? I have accurately assessed his capacity in that regard, too. There is nothing to fear. If I know all of this about him, do you really think he can escape my grasp?"

Seeing how hesitant and fearful his evolvers still were, he continued by saying, "The Blackgod Shelter is composed of our people. I have even asked for the assistance of Thunder Devil and Lightning God. Do you really think Han Sen stands a chance against our combined forces?"

"Thunder Devil and Lightning God will join us?" In an instant, the mood of the evolvers took a swing for the positive.

Thunder Devil and Lightning God were brothers, but no one knew their true names. They were famous evolvers that had pledged their support to Qi Xiuwen's father. They were amongst the best an evolver could ever become and were not far off becoming surpassers. If they leveled up, they could become Celestial Beings, and neither was someone that ordinary people could touch.

This was especially true for Thunder Devil. Rumors said that he had already unlocked the first tier of his gene lock. His talents were shockingly powerful, and no evolver would dare make him their enemy.

"If we have over 10,000 evolvers in the Blackgod Shelter and have the assistance of Thunder Devil and Lightning God, Han Sen is a dead man walking," an evolver then proclaimed with glee.

Qi Xiuwen smiled and went on by saying, "That being said, Han Sen is a smart person. Killing him would be quite the shame, so if he knows his place and obeys, I could keep him around as a subordinate."

"Pah, Han Sen never stood a chance of outpacing the likes of you. He would be a lucky man to be given the opportunity to follow you. But regardless, he is a dangerous person. I am afraid..."

Again, the evolver trailed off before finishing his sentence, but Qi Xiuwen knew what he was implying. Acting uncaring, he merely responded, "Have him take a Geno Creation pill."

The face of each evolver warped into one of fright upon hearing the words "Geno Creation pill."

: Mechanical Fist

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Han Sen was still troubled, thinking about how he might convince Li Xing Lun and Brother Philip to attack the royal shelter. Right now, Qi Xiuwen had volunteered to rally their support, saving Han Sen some trouble.

Convincing Li Xing Lun and Brother Philip would not be easy. They still had the problem of the Silver Ladybug to sort out, after all. Without full support from both of them, taking on the royal shelter would be impossible.

Back in the Alliance, the Daphne was still under repairs. It made him wonder if he'd ever further his military career and take on more missions.

A beetle was slowly climbing inside a cage Han Sen had made, so he lay down and watched it for a while. He didn't understand; was it Cryster or merely Cryster technology?

If it was Cryster technology, Han Sen couldn't see the point in this weak thing. If it was Cryster life, and they were the ones who created civilization, how could they not have intelligence?

Han Sen had read a lot of books regarding the Cryster, but he could not find out anything about the beetle.

"Still looking? Did you find out where this thing comes from?" Ji Yanran entered, lay down near Han Sen and observed the beetle on the table.

"Nope. I have no idea." Han Sen shook his head and turned around to look at Ji Yanran. He smiled and said, "Captain Ji, how have you spared some time to come see me?"

"Please don't be mad, but I really have been awfully busy lately. I know you are the best." Ji Yanran reached her hand out to touch Han Sen's face and giggled. She then said, "Your skin becomes the envy of every woman. Whatever pills you must be taking, please share them with me."

"There are no magic pills, sorry." Han Sen moved her hand away gently.

"I don't believe you. If you didn't take pills, what about the smell? You possess such a pleasant scent, but you also say you don't use perfume. Don't tell me a stinky man can smell good." Ji Yanran's face drew closer to Han Sen's neck. She sniffed the tantalizing scent with her nose, which refreshed her.

Han Sen was thinking of something to say, but all of a sudden, he shivered. Ji Yanran brought out her tongue and licked his neck. Holding his jaw in a flirty way, she said, "Pretty boy, you better tell me. Don't make me punish you."

"Hmm. I'll die before I tell you," Han Sen responded.

“Then don’t take it out on me for being cruel to you.” Ji Yanran’s mouth opened, and she gently dug her teeth into Han Sen’s neck, leaving teeth marks. Then, she brought her face upwards, sealing Han Sen’s lips with her own.

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Han Sen decided to visit the training room to work on his Dual skill while he was still feeling good. Then, he went on Skynet and entered the official battlegrounds.

It had been a while since he last logged on and this time, no one was sending him invites requesting a duel. It looked as if people had given up on him, which made sense, since it had been several months since he last came online.

Han Sen decided to matchmake, and he was quickly introduced to an opponent. When that person saw Han Sen’s ID, he was extremely happy. The first thing he did was send a group message to his friends, telling them, “Guys, I matched with Murderer Coin. Come take a look!”

“Holy smokes! Is that legit?”

“Wang, you’re not lying, right?”

“I’m coming!”

“Is that really Coin?”

Many people entered the lobby to watch. After seeing Han Sen’s ID, they were all super excited, and everyone kept extending invites to their own friends.

“Guys, come look! Coin is back.”

“Coin is getting ready to battle. Quick!”

...

Word quickly spread, and the venue was packed to the brim with people. Han Sen had hoped to have a quiet duel, seeing as it had been so long. But after randomly matchmaking, a rabid audience had turned out in droves before the countdown had even finished.

When the countdown was over, Han Sen and his opponent entered the arena. The man who was to fight Han Sen said, “Coin, although I am fond of your battle style, I won’t go easy on you. I will do my best to beat you, in a showing of the respect I have for you.”

“Good.” Han Sen had no prepared response. This was only going to be a virtual battle—did things have to be so prim and proper? Did things have to be so wild?

After the man said this, he went to punch Han Sen. The fists came at him thick and fast, with a fair amount of power packed into each.

“Light Thrust Punch? Not bad.” Han Sen was quick to move and dodge the attack, of course.

Light Thrust Punch was the weaker variant of Medium Thrust Punch. Due to its lesser power, it was quicker, but it wasn't as fast as Spike Jab. When performed correctly, Light Thrust Punch could be cast consecutively, locking an opponent into a position where they could only defend and not attack. Its ability to stun-lock was special in this regard.

"Haha! I got you good. That wasn't Light Thrust Punch; it was Mechanical Fist." After this, the person's whole body began to move. All of a sudden, his body transformed into a lethal weapon. His fists, legs, back, elbows, butt, feet and knees became horrible weapons, attacking Han Sen simultaneously without reprieve.

Han Sen was surprised, not expecting to come across another elite who knew how to use Mechanical Fist. Although it was the most popular fist skill, it was incredibly difficult to learn and even harder to master. You needed a very high amount of fitness and practice points to use it, so the number of people that were able to take advantage of the skill was quite low.

Mechanical Fist was all about turning your body into some sort of a machine, using every part of your composition to fight.

Han Sen had once seen a video of an elite who was exceptional at using Mechanical Fist, and could use only his hair to take out an opponent of the same rank. It was a weird thing to see.

Earlier, Han Sen saw that his opponent's ID was "Dancer." He thought he was going to use rather big, open skills to fight. He did not expect him to use strange and delicate skills.

Dancer's body showed no restraint as he continued to attack. This strong move outperformed every other fist skill there was, too.

When the fist moved, the elbow moved. When the elbow moved, the shoulder moved. When the shoulder moved, the body moved. When the Dancer got in range of Han Sen, he could keep attacking. Although the attacks looked strange, they were performed with incredible finesse.

With this creepy, raging attack, Han Sen could only fall back and dodge Dancer's assault.

"This is a powerful Mechanical Fist. Who is this Dancer? He is very good. He even seems to be suppressing Coin, robbing him of his ability to fight back."

"Don't you know him? Last time he came third in the Alliance's silver fist fight. His Mechanical Fist is pretty awesome."

"Really?"

"Sacred-blood royals don't have weak people. To be able to go up against someone like Coin, you'd have to be an elite."

Dancer was being really cocky in his heart, as this was the exact sort of reaction he had hoped to receive. If he could beat Coin, the fame of his name was sure to spread far and wide.

But Dancer did not want to be heard for the purpose of simple vanity, it was for the betterment of his family's training business. They focused on training Mechanical Fist, and if he could use this skill to beat Han Sen, they would receive a lot more income.



: The Fight of Destiny

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info “Huh, this Dancer is pretty good. He’s put Dollar in a pretty bad position.” Tang Zhenliu managed to secure a seat in the audience and watched the fight carefully.

“His Mechanical Fist is fairly remarkable. He could be at an expert level of close-distance fighting. Very well done!” Lin Feng, who was also there watching, said.

“Is it really that powerful?” Tang Zhenliu enquired inquisitively.

“Well, it’s okay. It can indeed be quite troubling if it gets close to you,” Lin Feng smiled and said.

“If you say it can be troubling at such a close distance, then it must be powerful! I wonder how Dollar will get out of this predicament? Surely, he cannot just keep dodging like that.”

It wasn’t only Lin Feng and Tang Zhenliu who had come to watch, but many others had arrived there in droves to watch the fight.

Yi Dongmu was in the Alliance currently, and hearing about the fight with Dollar, made sure to come and watch. He was sitting in the stands and didn’t blink once as he watched the battle unfold.

Qian Hezhen and a few people from the Ares Martial Hall had also come to watch the fight, because people were whispering that Dollar was going to make use of Heavenly Go. Heavenly Go was a secret skill of the Ares Martial Hall. Very few trainees of the Ares Martial Hall would ever learn that skill, so it was only natural for them to desire to see it in action.

Qian Hezhen invited the Queen to come and watch, but she lacked interest in such events and decline the invitation.

Aside from those figures of prestige, many elite evolvers had come to watch the fight, eager to see and learn to what extent Dollar might use his skills and powers. Like the others, they were also interested in finding out whether what he used was Heavenly Go or not.

Ever since Kill Dollar last fought in the arena, a lot of people had come to believe that he was a member of the Ares Martial Hall. After all, if he wasn’t, how did he come to possess the skill Heavenly Go?

Dancer’s flurry of attacks were still coming on strong. In the beginning, people were shocked by the ferocity of his raging assault, but slowly, they came to realize that Dancer did not have as much of an advantage as they initially thought. Bit by bit, Dancer was being pushed into a corner.

“How could this happen? Dollar was only dodging. How come it is Dancer who has been pushed into a corner?”

“Dollar is Dollar. Even without attacking he can reign supreme; he is too damn strong!”

“This is amazing.”

The ordinary folk were shocked by how powerful Dollar was, but the elites had a strange look upon them.

“This is the real Heavenly Go, right?” Tang Zhenliu pondered with surprise, turning to look upon Lin Feng.

“It looks like it.” Lin Feng spoke briefly and ended with a nod.

“Heavenly Go? Is Dollar really from the Ares Martial Hall?” Yi Dongmu furrowed his eyebrows.

Qian Hezhen and many others had their eyes wide open. The excellent blocking abilities that Dollar possessed were indeed similar to the Queen’s Heavenly Go.

But they knew it was impossible for Dollar to be a person of the Ares Martial Hall. The only evolver in the Ares Martial Hall was the Queen.

“Damn, just who is this guy?” Qian Hezhen was looking frustrated. He suspected that Dollar was doing this to deliberately throw mud at the Ares Martial Hall.

Dancer was feeling terrible inside. He had been attacking all this time and yet he was unable to land a single punch or even brush his clothing.

It wasn’t just that, either; Dancer had come to realize that the space in which he could move around was getting smaller and smaller. The powerful attacks he had were getting harder to perform as a result.

Intimidation.

Dancer was feeling intimidated. Although the opponent did not attack, the way he was dodging was forcing Dancer to alter his position. This made him think a lot more.

“No. If I keep attacking here, all he has to do is reach out his hand and...” Dancer was getting scared. The way the opponent moved was quite threatening, and this was his weak point. Dollar was forcing him to change his skill.

The people who were watching could observe this strange scene. Dancer was attacking while Dollar kept on dodging, without fighting back. As time went by, Dancer was getting more and more spooked. His attacks were getting sloppier, and they were sometimes cut in half in order for him to hastily reposition. The ordinary people who were watching thought it looked weird, having no idea what Dancer was doing.

The real elites were able to tell what was so scary about Dollar. They really thought Dollar was using Heavenly Go, because no other skill could induce such an effect.

Pang!

In the end, Dancer had nowhere else to go and his back was now against the wall of the arena. He no longer cared much to attack.

Pang!

Dollar threw a punch to attack Dancer's weak spot, killing him outright.

"That was too strong! He killed him in a punch; Dollar really is Dollar."

"The Dollar is real."

"The level gap was too far; they were nowhere close to each other."

People were discussing what had just happened. Many hopped into matchmaking in the hopes of being the next to go against Dollar.

"Try it! See if you can match with him." Tang Zhenliu also jumped into matchmaking.

Yi Dongmu did not hesitate to matchmake. Qian Hezhen and the people from the Ares Martial Hall were of the same mind, as well.

Han Sen did indeed decide to have another fight, thinking there was no point in leaving without warming up. He didn't really care about the people who were watching, he just wanted a fun time sparring with people who were strong like Dancer.

Han Sen had learned a lot from Dancer's Mechanical Fist. If he used Mechanical Fist to fight back, he didn't think he would have been victorious.

But you had to be well-rounded if you wanted to excel in combat; specializing in one area, such as the power of the fist, would never be enough.

Quickly, Han Sen entered the arena. As soon as he was in, countless spectators joined to watch.

"Yi Dongmu?" Tang Zhenliu saw who had been selected to go against Dollar and was flabbergasted. He then laughed and said, "They really are inseparable! So many people are matchmaking at the same time but look who ends up being the one to fight him next! They really are meant to fight each other. This is going to be fun. I wonder how much progress Yi Dongmu has made in the past few years?"

It wasn't just Tang Zhenliu who recognized Yi Dongmu, many others did so too. With wide eyes and mouths agape, no one expected that after all these years, Yi Dongmu went up against Dollar again.

People who had seen their last fight were extremely excited, and they started screaming in anticipation. Those who didn't know about it asked around, and when they heard of what had transpired, became just as feverous.

Fang Mingquan, who heard the news and quickly came to see, was streaming this fight. His whole body became excited at the prospect of those two fighting once again.

"God, what am I seeing? Yi Dongmu! It's Yi Dongmu! After all these years, could this fight prove to be Yi Dongmu's much-desired revenge?"

Super Power Chapter 580

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: If You Lose, Tell Me Who You Are

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Yi Dongmu did not use the face blur function, and his cold and proud face was on display for all to see.

“He is so handsome. This is like a scene from Hamlet; I hope Yi Dongmu can finally exact his revenge.” A woman watched Yi Dongmu, her face blushing red.

“Yeah, he’s too handsome. Yi Dongmu has to win this fight!”

“Yi Dongmu is like the man from my dreams.”

“Before he gets his revenge, I want him to make a baby with me!”

“Move aside, you slut! Big Brother Yi is mine.”

The women, keen to gauge men on their appearances alone, were practically salivating over Yi Dongmu. As they all drooled, they looked ready to eat the man alive.

Such comments made the single men angry, and so they rallied all their support behind Dollar.

“You women don’t know anything! Who cares about appearance; true worth is in power and muscle. Dollar once killed Yi Dongmu with a single strike; today will just be a repeat.”

“Yeah, you all take a good look at Dollar. This is what an elite should look like; dressed in black, nothing fanciful. This is what a real man looks like! If you want to be a man, look like Dollar. Don’t try and be some pretty boy like Yi.”

“Our Dollar is indestructible and cannot be spent. He will end Yi Dongmu in a single blow.”

“Dollar, let me be the one to make babies for you!”

Han Sen listened in on the comments during the countdown and felt as if something was wrong. Why were all the pretty girls supporting Yi Dongmu, and the only ones supporting him were big, rough men?

A few men sat in seductive positions, chanting their desire to produce babies for Han Sen, which made his skin crawl.

Looking over on Yi Dongmu’s side, all he could see were droves of beautiful women, clasping their chests to suppress the feverish pounding of their hearts.

“Geez, this pretty boy has to die!” Han Sen felt sour. As he looked at the burly supporters that had banded together behind him, all he could think of doing was digging a hole to hide in.

He did have some sympathy for Yi Dongmu because of their earlier fight, but after this turn of events, that sympathy was quickly depleted.

“Yi Dongmu is subject to the wrath of every single man in the universe right now. Whoever makes them feel bad will meet their end by my hand!” For a moment, Han Sen forgot that he had a girlfriend too.

Fang Mingquan was chief commentator on live stream, stating, “It would appear no one has forgotten that glorious fight. The young men who watched that event, back in the day, are the primary evolvers of today. That fight went down in history as a paramount event of the battleground, and it is not something that will ever be forgotten. Although I personally place my bets on and support the almighty Dollar, I would like to see Yi Dongmu achieve more this time, and not end up wallowing like a sad prince through a second defeat.”

“Brother Quan, this is not right! If you are a fan of Dollar, how can you say something in support of Yi Dongmu?” someone commented.

“It is because, um... there are too many women supporting Yi Dongmu. If I don’t maintain some impartiality, his lady fans might all turn on me. I don’t want to be single forever.” Fang Mingquan had opened both of his hands innocently, as he scrambled for a response.

“Haha!”

When the countdown was over, Yi Dongmu and Han Sen entered the arena. Yi Dongmu did not rush to strike; he just stood there, staring at Han Sen without a word.

And that’s what they both did; they just stood and watched each other. As people observed the confrontation, they did so with bated breath. It was so quiet, you could hear a pin drop.

Although neither of them moved, the tension was palpable. It was like the long, dark calm before the storm of a thousand hurricanes. No one breathed.

Yi Dongmu broke the long silence. “If I win, tell me who you are.”

His simple request impacted the audience. People had been guessing Dollar’s identity for what seemed like forever, yet no one had come close.

His identity was something everyone wanted to know. During the peak of Dollar’s popularity, experts analyzed every aspect of the enigmatic character to try and determine his real identity. But again, no one had been able to find out.

After Yi Dongmu said this, the crowd’s focus turned to Han Sen. They all hoped he would oblige Yi Dongmu’s request.

“Okay.” Han Sen said this single word, and the audience exploded with countless screams, like a boiling kettle.

“Yi Dongmu, I support you! Kill Dollar.”

“Take him down! Take him down! Take him down!”

“Haha! Dollar is indestructible. Answering so quickly just proves he has no fear of losing, because it’s true; Yi Dongmu won’t stand a chance!”

“I don’t think so. Back in the day, Gou Jian’s chance at revenge succeeded. If Yi Dongmu has trained this many years, exclusively for this chance at revenge, Dollar may not achieve victory quite so easily.”

“Dollar must lose. I want to see who he is!”

“Hm, do you think Dollar might actually be a girl?”

...

Han Sen then continued, “But I have a counter-proposal; one for if I am the victor.”

Han Sen was confident in his abilities and didn’t think he could lose. He knew Yi Dongmu too well, whereas his opponent didn’t. It was almost impossible for Han Sen to lose.

“Okay, tell me.” Yi Dongmu’s face remained motionless, as he continued to simply stare at Han Sen. If one didn’t know any better, it would be possible to believe Han Sen was the love of his life.

“If you lose, this will be our final fight,” Han Sen said.

Yi Dongmu did not know Han Sen was Dollar, and yet they had grown to be good friends. Still, he kept searching for Han Sen to be his training partner. But now that Han Sen was back to being Dollar, the accidental deceit made him feel a bit guilty. That is why Han Sen made this proposal, so he could avoid having to fight him as Dollar once more.

“Okay.” Yi Dongmu’s eyes remained fixated on Han Sen, as they had for a long time. There was a long pause before he said that word.

After Yi Dongmu said okay, the audience was excited; but they were just as nervous. If Yi Dongmu lost this time, then the years-long battle between these two enemies would never repeat.

The women who were supporting Yi Dongmu did not say a word, as their nerves were wracked. And then, they watched Yi Dongmu slowly unsheathe his daggers.

“Do you think Yi Dongmu agreed too quickly?” Tang Zhenliu was quite surprised.

Lin Feng calmly said, “Yi Dongmu had no choice but to agree.”

“Why?” Tang Zhenliu did not understand and looked at Lin Feng for clarification.

“Yi Dongmu has learned an assassin’s skill. The principles of an assassin hinge on the dedication to move forward, and never go back. Make it or break it; their fealty to this pledge can never change. If he did not agree, then it would reveal doubt. Without absolute confidence in your abilities, the principles of the assassin are broken. If that happened, defeat would be guaranteed. This is why Yi Dongmu had to agree. And now, he will use every ounce of his power in his attempt to take down Dollar,” Lin Feng explained.

“Ah, that is why. Dollar is quite manipulative, then.” Tang Zhenliu had only just realized this. As they spoke, the fight began.