

Super power

Super Power Chapter 581

: Sacrifice

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Yi Dongmu didn't think much. There was only one heartfelt desire right now – defeat Dollar.

Yi Dongmu clutched his daggers upside down like fangs, and his eyes were fixed calmly upon Han Sen. He seemed to be wholly relaxed, as if his breathing had achieved a constant, uninterrupted rhythm.

He slowly walked closer to Han Sen, quite unlike the expected killer out for his enemy's blood. He walked casually, as if he were just taking a stroll in the park.

"Mister Long, what are your thoughts concerning this fight?" Fang Mingquan, the commentator, had with him a very famous evolver as a guest on the broadcast.

This Mister Long was known to any person who frequented the official evolver's platform.

He was over 100 years old and had made countless instructional videos to help out fresh evolvers, teaching them how to perform skills and hunt creatures. Those videos were a great help to normal people, and they reduced the risks evolvers would take when ascending to the Second Shelter. His videos were invaluable to the development of people's talents and abilities; this made him a person of much renown, respect, and admiration among evolvers.

Fang Mingquan was able to invite Mister Long as a guest on the broadcast, and it drew in a lot more viewers. People would tune in so they could see what was about to unfold with greater clarity, through Mister Long's live analyses.

Mister Long looked upon the two people pitted against each other in the arena and said, "I haven't studied Yi Dongmu much; but Dollar, I have researched extensively and analyzed his battle tapes."

"Mister Long, if you have done serious research on Dollar, could you share some of your conclusions? We are all curious as to what we can expect out of Dollar tonight. We are all extra keen to know whether or not Dollar is using the legendary Heavenly Go, as well. Could you provide us your input?" Fang Mingquan asked.

"This is tricky. I have spent a lot of time analyzing this move of his, and what he uses isn't 100% authentic Heavenly Go. It is not even a high-end replication of the skill, either; in fact, it is a low-quality knock-off," Mister Long replied, with absolute certainty.

If Han Sen heard what Mister Long had just said, he would have admired his perception. Han Sen really did just copy the skill loosely, and very little of it was of his own invention.

“So, Mister Long, you are fairly sure that Dollar is not using the true Heavenly Go. Do you have evidence to back up your claim?” Fang Mingquan noticed from the stream chat that there were many Dollar fans dismissing Mister Long’s statement.

Mister Long was able to see the comments as well, but he calmly said, “I haven’t had a very fortuitous life, but when I was younger, I was lucky enough to hunt with Fu Qingmei, and I witnessed the entirety of the skill Heavenly Go. It was right before my eyes.”

After he said that, no one said anything more about his claim. If Mister Long was able to witness Fu Qingmei perform Heavenly Go, then his analysis could not be incorrect. Everyone knew Fu Qingmei’s Heavenly Go, since the skill gained its popularity from her.

At this time, Yi Dongmu made a move towards Han Sen.

Mister Long, who was watching Yi Dongmu’s casual demeanor as he strolled, expressed absolute surprise. In his reaction, he blurted out, “Huh?!”

“Mister Long, what is going on?” Although Fang Mingquan was a professional commentator, he didn’t know much about fighting skills; it was because of this that he did not notice anything special.

Mister Long said with admiration in his voice, “If I am not mistaken, Yi Dongmu is using Sacrifice. This skill is reliant on your mental fortitude, not your physical power. If you could not focus your mind, it would not matter if you were a surpasser – you could not perform the moves efficiently.”

“That sounds like an incredible fighting skill. How would you gauge his performance, Mister Long?” Fang Mingquan asked.

“Fighting skills aren’t mathematics. Everything is relative on the field of battle, and that is especially true of this skill, which depends entirely on the situation in which it is cast. I cannot use numbers to calculate his performance of it; all I can say is that Yi Dongmu has indeed mastered ‘Sacrifice.’ A great future must lay ahead for this young man.”

Fang Mingquan then asked, “My knowledge of fighting skills is limited, so I’m not entirely sure what Sacrifice is. Could you provide me and the audience an explanation of why Sacrifice is so spectacular?”

“To use Sacrifice, you must throw away all the other thoughts that might occupy your mind. You need to be without fear, without worry, without sorrow and without happiness. Your mind must devote itself to one, singular purpose; if you do this, then you can achieve mastery of Sacrifice, and it will aid you. But doing this is more difficult than it sounds. Reaching the state absolute single mindedness is something not even the ancient heroes of yore could frequently attain. And what’s more, Yi Dongmu is still so young. His ability to channel Sacrifice through his pure, dust-free mind is something extremely rare.” Mister Long was in true admiration of Yi Dongmu.

Fang Mingquan noticed Mister Long was not speaking in specifics and was failing to explain what the skill Sacrifice actually did. So, he had to ask, “I’m not sure what type of skill Sacrifice is.”

“The most straightforward explanation I gave give is that Sacrifice is a movement. But it’s not just any movement; it’s one that combines the sky with the earth. Every step he takes will accelerate his

momentum and increase the power he can achieve. The more steps he takes, the more power and momentum he can use. If he reaches one hundred steps, then his power and momentum will max out. If that were to occur, I don't think there is anyone out there who could stop such an attack."

"Is it really that powerful? If Yi Dongmu takes one hundred steps, then Dollar will lose?" When Fang Mingquan heard this, he was shocked.

The audience watching the stream started to discuss the skill amongst themselves, too.

"Is that true? That sounds way too magical."

"According to what Mister Long says, if Yi Dongmu took ten thousand steps, then he could beat the world!"

"There must be a reason why Mister Long is saying this."

"I think what Mister Long says makes sense. Look at Yi Dongmu's momentum; it's getting stronger and stronger. Even right now, my heart trembles."

"Is Sacrifice really that powerful?"

"Oh, no. Dollar doesn't know Yi Dongmu is using Sacrifice. He should strike now, before he gathers too much momentum."

...

Mister Long shook his head and said, "It is easier for someone to make up his mind to die for a noble purpose than to actually go through the execution of such sacrifice. Sacrifice still needs its user to maintain his focus for the entire duration of the cast. The longer he walks, the greater the chance his faith and focus might change. If his resolve quivers by only just a bit, his momentum will decrease."

"It is very much like war; first, there is much momentum, but when the horrors of battle rear their ugly faces... it's gone before you know it. Humans are sensitive beings, and even scholars and geniuses cannot maintain their faith forever. The highest Sacrifice I have seen was one hundred steps. Even if he kept on walking after this, his momentum would still decrease."

"I wonder how many steps Yi Dongmu will be able to take, with his usage of Sacrifice." Fang Mingquan was watching Yi Dongmu intently.

After Mister Long's explanation, viewers of the stream started counting Yi Dongmu's steps.

Super Power Chapter 582

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: The Final Strike

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Ten steps... Twenty steps... Thirty steps... Everyone could calculate that the distance between Yi Dongmu and Han Sen was about fifty steps. If Han Sen still did not strike, then Yi Dongmu would be right in front of him in about fifty more steps.

Yi Dongmu had only walked thirty steps, yet his momentum had already risen a great deal. It was as if he had been possessed by a god. With every step, his momentum increased.

Every step was like the tide of the sea, and a strong, ever-surfing gust of wind was blowing Han Sen. The atmosphere was volatile, teetering on the precipice of a grand storm.

Yet Han Sen still did not move. He just watched Yi Dongmu calmly, standing firm against the waves.

Boom!

With every step, Yi Dongmu was generating increasingly ferocious waves that sought to topple and consume Han Sen.

Faster and faster; faster and faster; Yi Dongmu's footsteps were getting really quick, and he was now only five steps away from Han Sen. The momentum in his body was illuminating him with some form of angelic light, and it frightened those who were watching.

"He's going to strike!" Everyone had stopped breathing, and they observed Yi Dongmu without any idea what his attack was going to be like. But even now, Yi Dongmu's daggers were still in his hands, propped behind the arm in a manner that suggested he wasn't yet ready to attack.

When the distance between the two fighters had reached a mere two steps, Han Sen finally moved. But he didn't go forward; instead, he went back.

He fell back like a rowboat, that had been rocked away by a tumultuous sea. Han Sen re-faced Yi Dongmu with a calm look, in stark contrast to the fiery appearance of Yi Dongmu. Now, they were only one step away from each other. One step forward, one step back; it looked as if neither would connect.

"Dollar...he was retreating..."

The crowd's eyes widened in disbelief. No one had expected Dollar to back away, and now, no one believed that he actually had.

Does Dollar fear Yi Dongmu's Sacrifice?

Everyone was now wondering this.

"Beautiful! Dollar is a smart guy; he made the right choice." Mister Long complimented Han Sen's action.

"Mister Long thinks Dollar did a... good thing?" Fang Mingquan looked at Mister Long with a confused expression.

“Yes, it was a clever retreat,” Mister Long looked excited as he continued. “Earlier, I said what was most important about Sacrifice was the momentum. If you reach max capacity, you will only get worse and worse. Yi Dongmu has already walked fifty-three steps, and he has already gathered a lot of power and momentum. If Dollar chooses to fight back with him right now, it’d be a bad decision. When he fell back just now, it opened up a great set of possibilities and opportunities. If he keeps avoiding Yi Dongmu, up until Sacrifice weakens, that would be the time for him to strike. It is a beautiful response, one that proves how smart and wise a fighter he is.”

After hearing Mister Long’s profound analysis, everyone watching understood.

“This means Yi Dongmu will have to catch up with Dollar before his momentum decreases, otherwise, it will be difficult to win. Am I understanding this correctly?” Fang Mingquan asked.

“Yes,” Mister Long nodded. “The strongest person I have ever seen only managed to walk one hundred steps. If Yi Dongmu can catch up with Dollar with one hundred momentum-building steps, the power unleashed from a hit of that force may be unavoidable. That would utterly wreck and annihilate Dollar. However, if he cannot catch up by the time he hits one-hundred, there is a 90% chance Dollar will have already won.”

Everyone was intently focused on these two characters, who were chasing each other around the arena. They were too nervous to say anything, and they kept their eyes fixed on two men like they had been startled by thunder.

They were both only one step away from each other. If Yi Dongmu took one more step, then his dagger could hurt Han Sen. But despite taking each “last” step, he was unable to get any closer.

They both watched each other, moving about quickly. They were like twin birds, quickly walking ten meters.

Sixty... Seventy... Eighty... Everyone quietly counted each step to themselves. Every step was like a jump scare, frightening their hearts. Through the power of his momentum and strength, Yi Dongmu’s speed become frightening, and he was only continuing to get faster.

“Can Yi Dongmu really catch up with Dollar before he reaches his hundredth step?” Even Tang Zhenliu was nervous, and his hands were sweating.

Lin Feng calmly responded, “One hundred steps? That is only the start.”

Shocked, Tang Zhenliu looked at Lin Feng and asked, “What does that mean?”

“Look.” Lin Feng only said one word and gestured to the two fighters in the arena.

Eighty-five... ninety... ninety-five... one-hundred.

Han Sen turned around and started walking, but Yi Dongmu did not catch up. After taking his one hundredth step, everyone’s heart sighed. Yi Dongmu was brimming with insane power, but Dollar’s strategy had worked. He had made it too hard for Yi Dongmu to use his true strength.

After one hundred steps, everyone feared Yi Dongmu's momentum would fall into insignificance, and he'd be unable to catch up with Dollar at all.

Although people thought Dollar was going to win, Dollar's fans were a little disappointed. This form of winning lacked the certain spice they had come to expect, and it lacked excitement.

But people then realized that after one hundred steps, Yi Dongmu's momentum did not weaken. Instead, it was continuing to increase by a scary amount. He was like a god. And he came at Han Sen with greater ferocity.

One hundred and ten... one hundred and fifteen... one hundred and twenty...

"Oh, my days! It is too powerful. It is too powerful! A one hundred and twenty step Sacrifice?! And this insane momentum continues to grow? For this man to so young, and to have such talent with this skill, his abilities are unfathomable!" Mister Long's voice was trembling, and you could see the excitement that pounded within him.

Yi Dongmu's approach towards Han Sen was crazy, and everyone's heart leapt with each step taken. A feverish excitement had grabbed ahold of their hearts, as if it tugged them to run alongside Yi Dongmu together.

Boom!

One hundred and fifty.

Yi Dongmu's body cracked the air in two, sounding thunder. His hair trailed in the wind of his pursuit, hunting after Han Sen like some mad god of lightning. His body had reached maximum capacity, and it seemed as if it would even be able to tear the space by a single strike.

"One hundred and fifty steps? One hundred and fifty steps?!" Mister Long was at a loss for words. Through his whole life, this was the first time he had ever witnessed such a phenomenal talent.

And it was at this moment that Han Sen stopped. He was moving incredibly quickly, but when he stopped all of a sudden, he became a mountain, allowing the waves to shatter against his body.

After all these steps, Yi Dongmu's momentum had reached its maximum.

"Kill!"

In this final step, Yi Dongmu no longer resembled a human being. Following his raging sprint, with his long mane of hair riding the violent winds of his passing, the daggers in his hands moved.

In this moment, everyone understood; Dollar wasn't falling back. He did not fear his opponent, and he wasn't employing the strategy Mister Long had been talking about. All this time he had just been waiting; waiting for Yi Dongmu to reach his prime and unleash his most powerful attack.

Super Power Chapter 583

: This Life, This World, This Sky, This Earth; This Single Strike

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info The audience that were in their seats couldn't help but stand up and lean forward with their mouths open, to watch Yi Dongmu perform his final strike.

Yi Dongmu's momentum and power had reached maximum capacity, and now, the daggers in his hands finally moved. They travelled at an unimaginable speed, quicker than the wind.

You cannot touch the wind, nor can you see it. The beginning and then end of that strike was untraceable.

Although everyone knew Yi Dongmu was going to strike, when he actually did it, people thought their eyes were playing tricks, as the strike launched out of nowhere.

Its speed was so great, people could not follow the blade and its driving hand, but a collective gasp of shock was still given by the entire audience. Following that tantalizing moment, chills ran down their spines and their faces were drawn of their color; it was as if the spectators themselves each suffered the same strike.

Although they were unable to watch the blade on its journey, everyone was able to imagine it. They pictured it rocketing through the air, cleaving through Han Sen's neck and letting his head be carried by the wind, painting the arena in claret.

In reality, when the sudden gust of gale-force winds started, the blade disappeared from their eyesight. When they felt it, it was already too late.

"Wind strike!" Mister Long shouted. With wide eyes, he watched Yi Dongmu unleash his strike.

But people weren't paying attention to what he was saying anymore, as the focus of the audience and spectators now moved to Han Sen.

Everyone was eager for the result. The scary power of a one hundred and fifty step Sacrifice had built up within a sole man, and it had been delivered to a single opponent through a blade; they did not know how Han Sen could survive it.

Fall back!

Aside from falling back, they did not know how anyone could avoid being the recipient of such a strike.

But then they thought to themselves, who could possibly be able to react and fall back in the time from such a strike?

They imagined if a person sought to dodge the incoming attack, their head would have been removed from their body before their toes had been lifted.

Can't dodge it!

Everyone who thought to put themselves in Dollar's boots and imagine how he might react had their faces turned white, thinking to themselves how they probably wouldn't even see the strike coming.

The wind does not have a shape, but a knife does.

Han Sen's hand did not possess a weapon, and in this terrifying moment, he placed the palms of his hands together like a praying buddha. His eyes did not even look at the knife come his way, and still, he looked so calm and so chill. It was in fascinating contrast to Yi Dongmu's raging, intimidating aura. The people who watched it felt really bad.

Dong!

The extreme attack by Yi Dongmu, the final strike of Sacrifice and the blade of its deliverance, found itself caught and wedged between Han Sen's palms.

It was at that moment the storm stopped and the air became gentle; the excitement that had built up was now empty. Silence robbed the room of its life, and it was as if time stood still.

The brutal attack had been stopped by a man's bare hands.

Everyone's mouth dropped. They scoured the canvas of that scene in absolute shock. No one was able to believe or accept that the strike that had received so much build-up was now over.

It was like a truck going over two hundred miles per hour being brought to an instant stop without any prior sign. The audience felt strange, and they could hardly accept what their eyes told them. Even if a vehicle was going at two hundred miles per hour, slowing down to stop would take some noticeable time.

And even if such a truck had smashed into a wall, considerable damage would be dealt to both objects.

But nothing happened here. Everything just came to an instant stop.

The blade's distance to Dollar's eyebrow was only about an inch, but even that was a great distance.

Dollar was like a buddha that was able to operate and control everything. His palms had their own sky and that moment was forever. Even if the sky was falling and the world was ending, nothing would have allowed his hands to move an additional inch.

It was unfathomable; not a single sound came from the audience seats. It was as if the brains of everyone there could not react. The countless eyes of the spectators just watched those two still, silent people.

Yi Dongmu's hands, still clutching his daggers, were trembling. The strike that was known to kill anything did not even pass his enemy's hand.

The way of the assassin teaches that in failure, it is over for you. This strike took everything for Yi Dongmu to perform, and this was not the result he had expected. His will to continue this fight was now broken. His face was pale as snow and his hands were trembling so hard that he could no longer hold his knife.

Han Sen moved his hand to grab the dagger. He returned it to Yi Dongmu and said, "I accept the passion behind this strike. This life, this world, this sky, this earth; this single strike."

Yi Dongmu's body was shaking. He took the dagger and turned a complicated look on Han Sen.

The battle did not continue. Han Sen quit the virtual platform.

Yi Dongmu and Dollar left, and although the fighters had not determined who was the victor and who was the loser, everyone knew it in their hearts.

"I accept the passion behind this strike... I am going to cry. Poor Yi Dongmu."

"This life, this world, this sky, this earth; this single strike. Yi Dongmu was honored to have these words spoken to him. That attack was so powerful, it was a shame he had to go against Dollar to use it."

"People always like to believe themselves better than others; it is a tragedy of this generation."

"Don't cry Yi Dongmu. We will support you forever. In our hearts, you are the strongest assassin king."

"Dollar is still Dollar."

...

Fang Mingquan gave a long sigh. Feeling sorry, he said, "This attack determines life and death, but for now, they are strangers. One battle fought by two legends; this is something that we will never witness again."

Hearing Fang Mingquan say this, everyone's mood turned a bit dim. Because Dollar and Yi Dongmu made their arrangement, they would never fight again. This was their final match.

"Mister Long, what is your review of this fight?" Fang Mingquan turned to Mister Long and asked.

"This life, this world, this sky, this earth; this single strike." Mister Long repeated that sentence and left the virtual platform.

Almost everyone who watched this fight rewatched it a number of times. But no matter how many times they watched it, they were parched and thirsty for more. They watched it again and again, unable to stop.

"What happened to Yi Dongmu is a shame."

"The passion behind this strike, I want to see it again. I have to see it again!"

"Poor prince."

"I am willing to give up ten years of my life for the opportunity to watch those two fight again."

"I accept the passion behind this strike. I am going to cry; Dollar was too cruel and he robbed Yi Dongmu of his soul."

...

After Fang Mingquan returned to his office, he sorted out the video recording of the battle. It did not need editing; it only needed a title and an article to go alongside it. But this article was not for Dollar, it was for Yi Dongmu.

“Assassin King.

This life and this world never end.

This sky, this earth, and this single strike.

To see the cruel reign all these years, only Yi Dongmu’s passion was the most touching.”

“This is for my favorite Assassin King Yi Dongmu.”

For the result of this fight, few people mentioned Dollar. Most of the talk was directed to Yi Dongmu. Even though he didn’t win, the passion behind that strike touched the hearts of all who had seen it. It led to him being given the title Assassin King.

But as for Dollar, he was already an unbeatable deity and people no longer had any interest in talking about him anymore.

Super Power Chapter 584

: Red-Scale Dragon

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info “Watching Dollar battle is so boring. I want to watch Han Sen battle Yi Dongmu; two assassins fighting each other would be pretty fun!” Tang Zhenliu sat on his sofa rewatching the video of Yi Dongmu and Dollar’s final battle.

“A battle between two assassins would be too fatal,” Lin Feng said quietly.

“That’s why it would be exciting! But those two don’t have a grudge with each other, so the chance of them fighting would be pretty low. It is a shame, though.” Tang Zhenliu felt remorseful.

The two people that Tang Zhenliu spoke about were in the shelter, one meter apart.

“I am going to hunt a red-scale dragon. Do you want to come?” Yi Dongmu looked at Han Sen and asked.

“That is too dangerous.” Han Sen blinked.

The red-scale dragon that Yi Dongmu mentioned was a powerful sacred-blood creature. Even with the powers they both possessed, it would be an incredibly difficult fight.

“It is dangerous; that is why I am going.” Yi Dongmu turned to leave as he spoke.

“Then let’s go.” Han Sen knew that Yi Dongmu’s spirit had been crushed. He didn’t say much, he just followed Yi Dongmu to the slopes of a particularly snowy mountain.

Yi Dongmu killed the creatures along the way in one hit. Seeing him angry like that, Han Sen began to believe it may have been better if he had thrown the match and lost.

But Yi Dongmu was really powerful, and if it wasn’t for Han Sen’s constant practice of wind strike with him, he most likely would not have been able to block the skill. The win didn’t feel entirely clean, and it made Han Sen feel a little ashamed.

Before long, they both reached the cap of the mountain where the red-scale dragon was said to reside. From afar, they saw a creature that looked like a T-rex on the slopes of the mountain, curled up and sleeping in the snow.

Because it had not yet been given a name, it was Yi Dongmu who called it “red-scale dragon.” According to him, the power and speed of the creature were incredibly high. And even with sacred-blood weaponry, its scales would be extremely difficult to penetrate. He had come here twice before attempting to kill it, but had failed both times.

But today, Yi Dongmu had clearly resolved not to be beaten again. He was going to kill it, no matter what it took.

Yi Dongmu summoned his beast soul daggers and ran towards the red-scale dragon. He was shouting all the way, and it gave Han Sen a cold sweat.

“Geez, you are an assassin. What is wrong with you, running in with a battle cry like some brutish warrior?!” Han Sen felt deflated, but still, he summoned his silver-eye ice snake king sword and ancient mascot sword and ran to the other side of the red-scale dragon, which was now rising from its slumber.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

Han Sen and Yi Dongmu’s weapons were slashing the red-scale dragon with ardent ferocity, but their strikes only left shallow scratches in the dragon’s scales. The creature was unharmed.

The red-scale dragon was like a mechanical truck that kept sprinting up and down the slopes of that mountain. It was so fast and fierce that Yi Dongmu and Han Sen could only dodge again and again, unable to get in hits from the front.

“You go draw its attention!” Yi Dongmu barked the order at Han Sen before running behind the red-scale dragon.

“Why don’t you draw its attention?!” Han Sen felt frustrated, but he still waved his two blades to hack at the red-scale dragon’s legs. He managed to obtain the red-scale dragon’s attention, and with a capped aggro, was promptly chased all over the mountainside.

Yi Dongmu found the perfect opening and managed to leap onto its head from behind. He repeatedly stabbed the creature in its neck, the only spot that wasn't plated in thick scales.

Roar!

The red-scale dragon thundered its agony. It shook its head and threw Yi Dongmu down into the snow. Then the red-scales of the dragon burst into flames. As they seared in fire, the scales turned to crystal.

"Holy smokes, it's turning Berzerk! Run!" Han Sen yelled, and then started running away.

Although Yi Dongmu's mood was foul, he wasn't stupid. He joined Han Sen and ran as fast as his legs could carry him.

But the red-scale dragon was furious. It chased them over the mountains and valleys for over one hundred miles before they finally lost the monster on their heels.

Yi Dongmu and Han Sen felt as if their legs were ready to snap by the time they outran their pursuer. Gasping in unison, they collapsed to the ground for respite.

After a while, Yi Dongmu said, "You are going to attack the royal shelter?"

"Yes." Han Sen looked at Yi Dongmu and then continued, "You want to join me?"

"Be careful of Qi Xiuwen." After Yi Dongmu issued his warning, he got up and turned to leave.

Han Sen remained sitting in the snow. He shook his head and said, "I don't know if Qi Xiuwen convinced Li Xinglun and Philip to join me yet, but I have to take down that royal shelter as soon as I possibly can."

Han Sen remained unconcerned about Qi Xiuwen. With the silver fox around him most of the time, he knew no evolver could cause him great harm; no one across the ice fields, at least. Before the terrifying power of the silver fox, all conspiracies would be useless against him.

Han Sen then got up but noticed something moving in the snow up ahead. He stayed as still as he could, trying to figure out what he had just seen.

He saw something move around in the snow, and after a while, a big white turtle came out from under the powdery snow.

The turtle was pretty large. After it emerged from the snow, it poked its head about to look around. It seemed to be searching for something.

Han Sen watched the turtle from a good distance, but he could see where it had come from. Behind it there was an ice cave that appeared to have been flooded. The surface of the water was mostly ice, and it was dressed in thick snow, so it took a decent pair of eyes to see it.

The big turtle wasn't looking for Han Sen, and after it walked around in a few circles, it returned to the cave it had emerged from. It then dipped its head into the water. Whether it was drinking or not remained to be seen.

A while later, the turtle pulled its head back and simply looked into the ice cave. Han Sen thought it was a strange sight, so he sat back down and continued his observation in greater comfort. After some time had passed, another turtle came out of the water in the cave.

But compared to the first turtle, this turtle was much smaller. It was like a small rice bowl. After this small turtle exited the water, many more followed. At final count, nine turtles came out of the water of the ice cave.

Han Sen, who was hiding in the snow, opened his eyes wide and said, "These cannot be the babies of the big turtle, right?"

Han Sen was aware that it was a difficult task for creatures to breed. He had only ever seen a Golden Growler, an Old Turtle, and an Obsidian Dragon give birth, and their litters were incredibly small, usually singular.

Yet this big turtle had eight baby turtles behind it. If they were its children, those numbers were crazy.

After the eight turtles came out to join the big turtle, the big turtle led them down to a wide basin below the snow-cloaked mountain. Watching the trail of turtles take off on their little adventure, Han Sen could not help but admire them and think they were rather cute.

Han Sen did not know the details of the snow turtles he had just seen and could not tell what tier of monster they could be considered. So, all he did was hide in the snow and watch.

After the big turtle reached the basin below the mountain, it used its claws to dig into the snow. Han Sen watched as it slowly unearthed red mushrooms. Then, when the smaller turtles arrived, they each happily started eating their bounty of food.

Super Power Chapter 585

: Red Mushrooms Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Han Sen was amazed. Seeing a creature bring its children to eat was an incredibly rare sight, one that few people would ever be given the honor of seeing.

When the snow turtles began to dig into their food, the screech of a bird came out of the sky. A golden bird dropped into view. As if it had been searching for the turtles, it came down at an extremely high speed with its talons raised and ready to snatch them.

Pop!

Before the threatening bird reached them, the big snow turtle shot a beam of frost towards it. In the next second, the bird turned into a block of ice. From the height it fell, it hit the ground hard and shattered into nothing but bits and pieces.

"Holy smokes! It's a super creature," Han Sen was staring at the turtle with wide eyes.

This was the first time Han Sen had ever seen such a large amount of super creature babies all in one place. There were eight of them and now, Han Sen was afraid to even breathe. The last thing he wanted was for the snow turtle to take notice of his presence.

The silver fox was frighteningly powerful, even as a baby. But here, there were eight super creature children and their mother. Woe to him if they thought Han Sen to be hostile.

Seeing the golden bird shatter into crumbs of ice, Han Sen felt a shiver run down his spine. Being afraid to breathe, he gave the task over to his cells so he could continue watching the nine turtles eat.

After the small turtles ate the red mushrooms, the bodies of the creatures started to glow red. At first, the turtles were as white as the snow itself. But now, they looked like blood turtles.

The small turtles were really young, as their size suggested. Thus, they couldn't eat much, and after eating a mushroom about the size of a man's fist, they were full. But the big turtle was really hungry, and it ate about ten mushrooms before it turned red.

It looked like the turtles were all satisfied, and when they were, the big turtle buried the red mushrooms beneath the snow again. Then it led the small turtles back to the ice cave where they had first emerged.

Han Sen waited until they had all entered the cave and swam down beneath the water. The big turtle went in last, and before it went down deep, it let out another frosty beam to reseal the ice where they had come out. No one would have been able to tell something lived under there.

Han Sen waited for a while longer, and when he confirmed there was no more movement, he ran to the area where the snow turtles had eaten and dug his way down to the red, fist-sized mushrooms.

They seemed like mushrooms you would cook. They were the size of a fist, and they glistened with a sparkling clarity. They also emanated a lovely smell, and Han Sen wagered they would taste pretty good.

Han Sen used to follow a certain botanist, and through him, he learned many of the tips and tricks one could use to identify plants, herbs, and mushrooms. He looked at the red mushrooms and noticed there were only three left. The rest had already been eaten by the turtles.

But judging from the way they looked, they didn't seem poisonous. There were many strange plants back at the shelter that Han Sen wouldn't dare eat.

Han Sen pulled out a bag and picked a single mushroom to put inside it. He didn't take any more, but he prepared to take the mushroom with him, thinking it might become useful.

He covered the others with snow once again and summoned his Golden Growler. He collected and reassembled the body of the shattered bird and placed it upon the Golden Growler. It looked like a sacred-blood creature, and even if it was only a mutant, Han Sen didn't want to waste it. This was free stuff that he wasn't going to pass up.

Back inside the Crystal Palace, Han Sen asked Zero to cook the golden bird's meat. Then, he heard the announcement, "Sacred-blood Golden Wing Bird flesh has been consumed. Sacred geno points obtained is zero."

Because he ate so little, he was unable to increase his sacred geno point total. But that still made Han Sen quite happy. Although he had failed to hunt the red-scale dragon, the free collection of a sacred-blood Golden Wing Bird made up for it.

He ate a whole meal of the sacred-blood Golden Wing Bird, but his point total did not increase. There was still a lot of meat left, however, so Han Sen prepared it and got ready to eat it all slowly. The bird wasn't that big, after all, so he figured he would be able to eat it all within ten days.

Back in the Alliance, Han Sen found a way he could contact Professor Sun Minghua. Although Professor Sun had spent his entire life in the First God's Sanctuary, he had yielded incredible results for the world of botany, and this was something few would understand. Han Sen gave him the details of the red mushroom he had collected and told him about the turtles. He wanted the professor to find out whether or not the mushrooms possessed any beneficial traits that would apply to him.

It was a shame that he could not carry the mushroom out of the shelter; otherwise, he would have brought it for the professor to see.

Professor Sun intently listened to Han Sen's description of the mushroom and then asked a few questions. After a brief pause, he said, "According to what you have told me, this red mushroom sounds like it could be something quite powerful."

"Professor Sun, is there any way you could tell me if this red mushroom can benefit humans?" Han Sen thought these snow turtles had the ability to find rare plants to eat.

The food that super creatures consumed had to be good stuff, but humans were biologically different than creatures, so Han Sen wasn't sure whether or not humans could eat it.

"The shelter's plants have great power. They should be quite effective on humans, but the bodies of humans are very different. It is difficult to say whether the effects will benefit you or ail you."

After that, Professor Sun stopped. He hesitated for a while, but then began talking to Han Sen again. "I have something to tell you. But after I do, I want you to forget I told you this. And I absolutely do not want you telling others."

"I understand," Han Sen responded dubiously.

Professor Sun then said, "In the Third God's Sanctuary, there are some amazing plants that can improve your genes. But still, humans have yet to fully uncover which are beneficial and which are harmful. The way such food is eaten is important, as well. If eaten incorrectly, the benefits you would expect to receive can instead become deadly."

Han Sen thought what the professor said was quite strange, and so he replied, "If humans cannot determine the effects a plant will impart, how can we find out which ones can improve a human's genes?"

“I won’t answer this question, but after you visit the Third God’s Sanctuary, you will understand.” Professor Sun seemed to dodge Han Sen’s question, and he quickly changed the subject. He only told Han Sen a few simple methods he could use to help determine what consumption of the red mushroom might do.

Han Sen felt curiosity swell in his heart. There were quite a few surpasser humans, a few hundred thousand at least. Despite this, information regarding the Third God’s Sanctuary was quite limited. Surpassers never talked about it, and there was very little information about it to be found in the Alliance.

Now, with Professor Sun not willing to talk about the Third God’s Sanctuary anymore, Han Sen’s curiosity about the place increased.

According to the advice Professor Sun gave him, Han Sen was going to give the red mushroom to another creature to try out. Maybe then he would see the effects it could impart.

Han Sen then thought to himself, “I wonder if the silver fox would be willing to eat it?”

Back in the Crystal Palace, Han Sen picked up the silver fox and placed the red mushroom in front of its mouth. He was eager to see how it would react.

Super Power Chapter 586

: Poison Test Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

The silver fox saw the red mushroom, opened its mouth, and swallowed it.

And then Han Sen and the fox looked at each other. There was no movement for quite some time.

“That’s it? Give me some reaction, at least.” Han Sen waited for a while longer, but still, the silver fox did not react. He might as well have eaten a candy bar.

After waiting a while further, there was still no sign of anything changing. The only curious thing he had learnt was that the silver fox was very interested in eating it.

Fortunately, Han Sen knew where he could find another two; back in the snow. So he returned to that icy tundra and dug up one of the two remaining mushrooms.

This time, though, he didn’t give it to silver fox. Instead, he cut it into pieces and hung one slice from a tree. Then, he waited to see if any creatures in the vicinity would take interest in it.

It wasn’t much later when a boar arrived. It came for the mushroom, but despite a few strenuous jumps, it was unable to nab the food of its desire. It didn’t give up so easily, though, for it then circled around the mushroom that was dangling from the tree, refusing to leave it.

A while later a few smaller creatures arrived, like snakes and bugs. There was a squirrel amongst them, and it quickly raced up the tree and got the mushroom. It hastily swallowed every morsel.

The squirrel had grey hair, but after eating the mushroom, it turned red. Then, the creature shone like a beautiful ruby gem.

Han Sen grabbed a few more slices of the mushroom and spread them about the area, to see if he could test it out on a number of other creatures.

Han Sen then discovered something new. Not every creature was interested in the mushroom, only a good deal of them.

But every creature Han Sen saw eat a bit of that mushroom had a noticeable change. Their response to the food was vastly different than the silver fox's reaction, when it did nothing, without letting out nary a fart.

When ordinary creatures ate it, however, they appeared smarter, more energized, and of course, red. But aside from that, Han Sen couldn't tell what more.

Han Sen recorded the reaction given by the creatures after eating a piece of the red mushroom, then returned to the Alliance. He sent the data to Professor Sun for analysis.

Professor Sun told him that he would need some time, and that he would give Han Sen the results of his research in about two days time.

Han Sen had half a mushroom left that he planned to keep. Unfortunately for him, he left it lying around and the silver fox caught scent of its presence, dashed to it, and gobbled it all up. After eating the mushroom, it leapt into Han Sen's arms and fell asleep.

"It is fortunate I did not take both; otherwise, they'd all be in your belly. That would be a waste." Han Sen was glad.

Qi Xiuwen was still away in his talks with Li Xinglun and Philip and had yet to return. Han Sen could only assume that the talks were not going so well. But he wasn't in a rush, so he had plenty of time to relax and read a few books. He also spent some time training his Dongxuan Sutra and Jade-Sun Force. He even managed to squeeze in time for a bit of practice with Dual. Overall, the days were calm and without interruption. It had been a while since things were this relaxing.

"Han Sen, after my analysis, I have come to the conclusion that the red mushroom you discovered is a provision that can increase one's vitality. It's not the most in-depth research result, but I would suggest that you try it out yourself. Eat a little bit and see what happens." Professor Sun seemed to be quite interested in the red mushroom. He didn't wait for Han Sen to follow up on his request, and he got in touch as soon as he could.

“You don’t think there’ll be any problems with it, do you?” Han Sen felt a little strange, for he would feel bad eating this in the shelter.

“Just eat a little bit; no more than ten grams of the stuff. But be prepared! If something does go wrong and it doesn’t sit well in your stomach, make sure you have an alchemical concoction to help flush it out. General medicine for sickness would be good, too. You’ll most likely be on your own doing this, so be prepared to save yourself.” After that, Professor Sun continued, “But from what I can see, it should not be harmful. If it really is something that can strengthen your body, then go for it. Just don’t eat too much, lest it bring you harm.”

“I’ll think about it.” Han Sen did not dare to say he would indeed try eating it.

“It’s a shame I don’t know anyone out on the Icefield. If I did, I could have someone accompany you and help test it out,” Professor Sun said in a remorseful tone of voice.

But what Professor Sun had just said gave Han Sen an idea. If he did not want to take the risk of eating it, why not find someone else to do it for him?

“That Zhu Ting has Deadly Perfume. It should be no problem for a toxic man like that to try it out. I’ll get him to give it a go!” Han Sen thought, deciding Zhu Ting would be his guinea pig.

Zhu Ting had to be the tester, for if it was someone closer with Han Sen and something went wrong, Han Sen couldn’t handle the responsibility of bringing harm to his friends. Besides, Zhu Ting was known to eat poison like he had a sweet tooth for the stuff, so there was no one more qualified to try out the red mushroom than him, anyway.

Han Sen picked up the last bit of mushroom he had from when he was testing it out on the creatures of the Icefield and threw it into a meal he was cooking. He prepared a few different dishes and invited Zhu Ting over for dinner.

“Come, let’s drink together this night!” Han Sen dragged Zhu Ting over to sit down, speaking with overbearing friendliness.

Zhu Ting looked at Han Sen with an extremely puzzled expression, thinking, “Why would this guy invite me over for dinner? He must be conspiring against me or something. Is the food poisoned? Does he want to poison me, huh? Is that it? No way, he’s not that stupid. Surely, he knows I have Deadly Perfume and I am immune to poison. He must have dropped his brain somewhere, if he has thought to poison me.”

Han Sen was acting all nice, dishing Zhu Ting as much food as he could, topping up his drink after every swig. “Brother Zhu, have you gotten used to living out here on the Icefield? If you are having issues, feel free to confide in me. I may not be able to help you with big things, but if it’s something relatively small, I’ll do what I can to make your life here all the more comfortable.”

Zhu Ting then retreated back into his mind and said to himself, “Something here is not right. This guy must be buttering me up because he needs me for something. There is no way he is being this nice out of the kindness of his heart.” Zhu Ting rolled his eyes and then boisterously thought, “Fine, if you have something you want to ask of me, and you’re even going so far as to call me brother, I am going to be the boss.”

“Brother Han, if there is something you want, just tell me. Considering our relationship, there is no need for you to put on such a show.” Zhu Ting was scoffing the food and chugging the wine as he spoke.

“I do have a favor to ask of you, funnily enough,” Han Sen said.

“Then shoot. If you and I are brothers, there are no hoops you need to jump through before asking me something, and neither must you beat around the bush. If I can help...” Zhu Ting’s tone of voice then changed. “You know, it is difficult to live. I am so poor. I have very little money.”

“No problem. If you help me out, I’ll give you ten thousand coins. No sweat,” Han Sen told him.

“Ten thousand?” Zhu Ting froze, thinking, “What do you think I am? A beggar? Ten thousand won’t even buy me an afternoon refreshment.”

Zhu Ting laughed and responded, “Ten thousand. Haha! You want me to help you drink something?”

“Something like that. I dug up some mushrooms out on the Icefield. I would like you try some out and tell me whether or not they are poisonous. I know you have Deadly Perfume, which makes you immune.”

“You are only going to give me ten thousand for doing something as dangerous as that?!” Zhu Ting peered at Han Sen with an expression that painted him as a bona fide cheap bastard.

“Oh no.” Han Sen slapped his lap.

“Oh no what?” Zhu Ting looked spooked.

“Why didn’t you say something earlier? I thought you had already agreed, and see? I have already served you the food.” Han Sen was wearing his innocent face.

“You bastard.” Zhu Ting’s face started turning green.

Super Power Chapter 587

: The Use of Red Mushrooms Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Zhu Ting was not afraid of being poisoned, it was just that Han Sen was toxic enough himself.

“Brother Zhu, don’t you worry! Your Deadly Perfume is the best; there is no need for you to fear those little mushrooms. Even if they are poisonous, there is no way they can poison you, the poison king, yes?” Han Sen did his best to comfort him.

“I suppose...” Zhu Ting said cockily, but then he changed his face and said, “But this is different! I know I am good, but good or bad, ten thousand is not enough.”

“No problem. I am willing to raise the monetary offering for this kind service of yours to a whopping twenty thousand,” Han Sen said with a smile.

Zhu Ting was angry, and he pleaded, "Han Sen, you do not treat professionals with the respect they deserve! Twenty thousand? To lay bricks would give me more. You... make... me... um... something is wrong."

"What is it? Is it the poison? Don't worry, I have medicine prepared! Quickly, shove this down your throat and I'll get you on your way to the detox center so they can rinse out your bowels." Han Sen quickly grabbed the medicine Professor Sun told him about.

But when he looked back, Zhu Ting's face and eyes had gone ruby red. He was gasping for air like an enraged bull and sweating profusely as he looked at Han Sen.

"Brother Zhu, don't look at me like that! I thought your Deadly Perfume rendered you immune to fatal poisons. Who knew..." Before Han Sen could finish his sentence, Zhu Ting started to tear the clothes from his body. Much to his surprise, a muscular body was revealed beneath. Zhu Ting had an eight-pack!

"Geez, what are you doing?!" Han Sen reached out his hands to ward off Zhu Ting from coming any closer.

Zhu Ting's eyes were red with lust, and as he advanced on Han Sen, he tried to get on top of him to rip his clothes off. Zhu Ting tried to kiss him with the ferocity of a horny bear.

"I want... I want..." Zhu Ting moaned and groaned in between his mumbling.

"Holy smokes! Those mushrooms can't be aphrodisiacs, can they?" Han Sen pushed Zhu Ting away from him and dashed out of the room. He closed the door on his lusty aggressor and locked it tight.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

Zhu Ting hammered the stone door like a madman.

"Brother Zhu, hold on! I'm going to get you a woman." Han Sen was glad that the shelter's doors were made of stone. Due to the strength needed to break down such a door, there was no way Zhu Ting would be able to escape.

"I can't take it anymore!" Zhu Ting screamed from behind his stone ward.

"Hold on! Use your hand first, while I go search for a woman in the meantime." Han Sen double-checked that the door was locked firm, and then ran off.

After walking around Blackgod Shelter for some time, Han Sen came across an impoverished woman who was willing to sell her body to make ends meet. On a horse, she returned with Han Sen.

“Brother Zhu, I have brought a woman to take care of all your needs!” As Han Sen opened the door, he saw Zhu Ting sprawled out across the floor with a few shreds of cloth over his body. Crumpled balls of tissue lay scattered around the room.

“Han Sen, are you even a human being? I cannot believe you fed me horny pills!” Zhu Ting was furious, and he ran towards Han Sen, trying to grab him by the neck.

Han Sen dodged the incoming assault and tried to reason with him, saying, “Brother Zhu, see? I have brought you a woman. But who would have guessed you’d finish up that quickly, eh?”

“Quick, my ass! You were out there for two hours, and here I was, all alone and almost bleeding. And besides, what kind of woman did you even bring me? This fat tramp looks to weigh two hundred kilograms! Is it a mutant creature?” Zhu Ting yelled angrily at Han Sen.

“A woman with a little booty is good; you’ll never understand.”

Han Sen waited around for a little while so Zhu Ting could calm down. Then he asked, “Brother Zhu, aside from this can you tell me of any other effects the red mushroom had upon you?”

Before he replied, Zhu Ting reached out his hand and said, “Give me my money.”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” Han Sen reached into his pockets and presented Zhu Ting with a few thousand-dollar bills. Regretting what he had subjected Zhu Ting to, he said, “I know I was only supposed to give you twenty thousand but take thirty. Consider it my way of apologizing and trying to make up for what I just put you through. And payment for that woman will come out of own pocket; there is no need for you to cover the fee.”

Zhu Ting thought what he was saying was fine, up until he mentioned the woman. Then his face became bleak. All of a sudden, he threw the money back at Han Sen. “No one wants your pity money. If you want to give me something, give me your medicine. Give me more of your red medicine!”

“Why? What do you want it for?” Han Sen opened his eyes wide and looked at Zhu Ting.

“That is none of your business. You owe me, don’t you? Consider this retribution!” Zhu Ting said, with a scolding temperament.

Han Sen pulled out the last remaining bite of mushroom. He presented it to Zhu Ting, but when he tried to grab it, Han Sen pulled his hand back. He smiled at Zhu Ting and said, “I already gave you a slice. This is the only one I have left. If you want it, you’re going to have to tell me what it does.”

“Aside from making me horny, you mean?” Zhu Ting said, before reaching out his hand again.

Han Sen avoided his grab again and said, “Tell me clearly.”

Zhu Ting then told Han Sen that the mushroom worked not only to heighten your desire for s*xual activity, but to considerably strengthen your kidneys as well. The effects were powerful that even now, his kidneys were really warm. It was as if he had two hot water bottles inside him. He was brimming with so much energy that, even after playing with himself for so long, he was yet to feel tired.

“This stuff really is the good stuff.” After Han Sen heard what the red mushroom did, he was quite happy. Something like this would most definitely benefit his progress with Jade-Sun Force.

Learning it by himself without any supplements would take a long time, after all. The red mushroom had incredible effects, and if he was to consume an entire mushroom, Han Sen wondered if he might be able to finish his study of Jade-Sun Force.

But the most blatant side effect of the mushroom was quite tempting for Han Sen. If he got Ji Yanran to eat it, he pondered, what might happen?

Still, he wasn't able to bring the red mushroom out of the shelter, and Ji Yanran was nowhere near the Icefield.

In the end, Han Sen did not give the last bit of red mushroom to Zhu Ting. The s*xual effects of the thing were too scary. It was so powerful that not even Deadly Perfume could withstand it. Han Sen was worried Zhu Ting might use the red mushroom for an ill purpose, so he refused to hand it over.

Zhu Ting left angrily. He collected the thirty thousand and cursed Han Sen numerous times before leaving.

Han Sen then returned to his room and locked his door. He looked at the last piece of mushroom in his hand. He looked and looked until at last, he put it in his mouth.

He chewed it a bit, and soon the pleasant feel of it in his teeth became a warmth in his belly. His kidney was already quite warm, and now, it was even warmer. It was as if he had two little stoves inside him, generating an endless supply of energy.

At the same time, Han Sen felt the entirety of his body heat up. What was below the belt could hold up the sky. He was starting to feel horny, and he was overwhelmed with the desire to rip his clothes off.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and held off on that feeling, casting Jade-Sun Force as he did. He wanted to use Jade-Sun Force to absorb the power of the red mushroom.

As he did this, someone knocked on the door. From behind it, a woman's voice called out to him.

Super Power Chapter 588

: Entering Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Han Sen was shocked as a burning sensation overwhelmed his insides. His kidneys were sizzling with heat, and it felt as if they had become two fireballs ricocheting around his body. Han Sen did not feel good.

"Damn it! Why are you coming here at this time?" Han Sen did not have the willpower necessary to suppress the riot that was going on inside him.

Han Sen was in a trance. He couldn't hear who it was outside or what the feminine voice was talking about. But regardless, he did not need to listen because Han Sen could guess who it was.

Visitors to his room were infrequent, as it was something few would dare to do. It was only on the odd occasion that Yang Manli would come to visit him, when there were important matters to discuss. Aside from her, there was no one else.

Thinking about Yang Manli's thick, white legs, Han Sen felt his brain start to implode. He couldn't take his mind off those delicious legs, and he wanted nothing more than to kick the door down and hop onto her.

He used everything he had to suppress his lust and double-timed it on the Jade-Sun Force. He was going to do his best to wait this desire out.

In the Second God's Sanctuary, unlike the First God's Sanctuary, anyone could enter another person's room. But Yang Manli was not the sort of person to boorishly march into someone else's room, so Han Sen was not concerned about a possible intrusion.

If he was able to avoid seeing her, then Han Sen was of firm faith that he could beat this lusty force that was consuming him.

But Han Sen's heart suffered a shock quite quickly when he heard the door open.

"Holy smokes! Yang Manli, I thought you were a reserved person. What is going on with you today?" Han Sen's mind was scrambled like an egg, and his heart was ablaze.

He heard the footsteps of a woman tread across his room. Although Han Sen was forcing his eyes closed, when he heard her voice, the resolve of his will crumbled to the machinations of lust. The image of a woman's beautiful naked body was omnipresent, layered across all of his thoughts.

As he tried to suppress the carnal desires, his face started turning red. Then his nose began bleeding.

The woman was walking closer and closer to Han Sen, which almost made him scream out and call for aid. The effects of the red mushroom were too powerful. Zhu Ting was known to possess a strong will, but even he was eager to jump on top of a man for release. Given that, you might imagine the power of this mushroom.

Han Sen did not dare open his mouth or eyes. He was afraid that if he started talking, or even opened his eyes to look, his mind would forfeit all control to the lust that was attempting to conquer his mind.

"Leave. Although I enjoy sleeping with women, I will only do it with the woman I love. I'm not entirely against consuming pills for added excitement, but shouldn't that be a woman's job? How can I eat them and suddenly be all lusty? Leave. Leave. Get out of here! Get out of here, Yang Manli!" Han Sen's heart was encouraging itself to not give in, despite the rebellion of his mind.

But the woman continued to approach Han Sen, having seemed to discover that something was not quite right with Han Sen's behavior. She walked in front of Han Sen, trying to get a look at him.

The woman was drawing extremely near, and Han Sen could smell her. It was like his entire body was on fire and his nose was gushing like a fountain.

Han Sen was fighting the desire to open his eyes, and he bit down on his teeth and kept them shut. He bit on his own tongue until it bled, hoping the addition of pain might help him beat back the lust. Blood dripped from his lips.

The woman furrowed her brow, believing something had gone wrong with Han Sen's training. She suddenly thought that her uninvited entry was the catalyst for this apparent mishap of practice.

The woman bent over and reached out her hand to feel for Han Sen's pulse on his neck. She seemed eager to find out what had happened to Han Sen.

But when her delicate fingers touched Han Sen's neck, the floodgates of his mind were lost. It felt as if the fingers were bringing a fire, and it made Han Sen open his eyes.

A beautiful woman stood before him, and her body was incredibly refined. Her height was almost the same as Han Sen. She was wearing a tight white battlesuit. The curvatures of her thick, long legs, bubble butt, and big boobies were highlighted in the suit, perfectly sculptured, angled and curved to catch the attention of everyone, and get their hearts racing.

Her delicate face was as cold as it was elegant. It was the face of someone who was difficult to get close with.

The woman was directly in front of Han Sen, and her lips opened as if to say something.

But at this time, Han Sen couldn't hear a single thing. Although this woman did not look like Yang Manli, she was even more attractive, with a body and personality Han Sen favored even more. Han Sen lost all self-control.

An aura of utter evil shone in Han Sen's eyes. He reached out his hands and tried to grab the woman.

The distance was great enough that she was able to take a graceful step back to avoid his lecherous hands.

The woman's face did not change. She just looked at Han Sen with the strangest of stares.

But over the next second, her face warped. She could not believe Han Sen was coming after her.

The woman thought it would be impossible for him to do so, but he did. It wasn't long before her back was against a wall and there was nowhere else for her to go.

Han Sen blocked her every exit, and it was impossible for her to run away now. The woman became incredibly angry in her shock. She reached her hand out to hit Han Sen, but then quickly refrained. She knew she had disturbed his training and caused this predicament. Right now, his eyes were blood red, which more than suggested something was wrong. She pulled back her fist.

As soon as she hesitated, Han Sen grabbed on to the woman's battlesuit. Within moments, the battlesuit that had been designed to withstand bullets was ripped apart by Han Sen's lust-fuelled hands. Her succulent pair of big white breasts were now on full display in front of him.

Han Sen threw himself on to the woman and pushed her against the wall. One hand was clutched one of her giant boobs, which one hand could never hope to hold in its entirety, and his other hand reached down to squeeze her firm, bubbly butt. Han Sen then brought down his lips to seal her own.

The woman opened her eyes wide, and her body froze. Within just a few seconds, her curvy, voluptuous body had been grabbed and touched all over by Han Sen.

A second later, her eyes were filled with the chaos-fire of hatred, and she looked at Han Sen a murderous eye. It was as if her entire body had entered berserk mode. Her body seemed to emit a purple light, and she took on the shape of a fairy.

Pang!

A walloping knee drilled its way into Han Sen's stomach, which sent the horny baboon flying across the room. Then the woman jumped up and struck Han Sen with her battleaxe-like legs while he was still airborne.

Before he could even hit the ground, she kicked him sideways again.

Pang! Pang! Pang!

The beautiful legs had become frightening weapons that struck Han Sen around thirty times. And for the entire time he was beaten up, right, left, and even down, Han Sen did not touch the ground.

Her exposed breasts jumped and jiggled with every kick.

The woman knew that there was something wrong with Han Sen, however, which helped to calm her down somewhat. So, she used her hands to try to conceal her wobbling, jelly breasts.

Super Power Chapter 589

: Absorbed Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

The purple light that was being emitted from the woman's body started to fade. Although she was truly mad, she still managed to limit how much power she exerted on her horny aggressor. If she hadn't, with the power of someone who had unlocked her first gene lock, one kick would have been enough to end Han Sen.

It was clear to her that something was wrong with Han Sen. So, despite her rage, she managed to put a cap on the damage she dealt him. Especially with the purple light, which she pushed into Han Sen's body. This purple light would attempt to course its way through his body and clear his mind from any encroaching force.

Although Han Sen's body was suffering, he was able to feel a strange but gentle sensation flow throughout his insides. It seemed to help subdue and eliminate the effects of the red mushroom he had consumed.

Clarity began returning to his mind, and when it had done so in a sufficient amount, he was able to close his eyes and focus on recasting Jade-Sun Force. He then started to absorb the purple light and the red mushroom into his kidney.

When these two distinct forces entered his kidneys, they made the organs glow in their two representative colors. His kidneys then started to glow like red, purple, and gold nuggets. This bounty of power was going all around his body.

Han Sen felt tremendous joy in his heart. Having both of these powers consume and reinvigorate him, he felt as if his Jade-Sun Force was getting better and better. The process was quick and free from trouble, and it seemed that it would all be over soon.

The woman summoned beast soul armor to cover her body and went to sit on a chair. She had a curious, complicated look on her face as she watched Han Sen, in between her blushing.

"I should have killed you." The woman thought about the shameful scene and terrible groping she had been subjected to, and she looked at Han Sen with disgust.

Queen had been travelling through the Icefield, and she had come to learn that Han Sen was living in the area from Huangfu Pingqing. So she thought to give him a visit and ask him something.

Queen did not want to disturb or affect anyone else, so she came here alone during the night. With her skills of espionage, she knew she would not be discovered on her way there, but this was the last thing she had expected to happen.

When she thought about her body being felt all over by a man like Han Sen, she wanted to slap him to death.

But she was also conflicted with the knowledge that it was her disturbance that most likely prompted his out-of-character misdeeds. She didn't blame Han Sen, but she again thought about how her body – which had never been touched by another man before – had been so vigorously fondled by someone in such a manner. She blushed deeply and gnawed at her teeth in uncertainty until she almost drew blood.

But Queen had something else nibbling at the back of her mind. With her talents, she knew she should have fended Han Sen off and kept him away, but when she moved and used Heavenly Go, Han Sen was able to follow each step and block her way.

Perhaps this could be largely attributed to the small size of the stone house, but there was also the element of surprise. She would never have expected Han Sen to possess a power such as this. It was this sudden shock that led to her disadvantage.

She was the one who taught Han Sen Heavenly Go, but her calculations of his progress with the skill were obviously incorrect and had led to this grievous mistake. Her mind and body were not prepared, which was why she had been pushed to the wall.

If Queen had been prepared for what was to happen, things would have been different and it would have been impossible for Han Sen to follow her steps and pin her to the wall.

“How did he do that?” Queen’s heart wondered to itself.

She only taught Han Sen the bits and bobs of Heavenly Go, but he had already shown that his level with the skill was not too far behind hers. At this rate, it was inevitably going to get better.

With Han Sen’s fitness, and the number of skills he actively trained, it was unlikely he would lose to her in an all-out fight, either.

This surprised Queen a lot. She almost didn’t believe that the little amount of the skill she had taught Han Sen could have been developed to such a great degree.

Han Sen’s fitness was surprisingly powerful, too. His fitness was not too far behind hers, despite the fact that his first gene lock remained locked.

From what she could recall, Han Sen had only been in the Second God’s Sanctuary for just over a year. This wasn’t a popular place, and to attain such talents and abilities here in such a short time was almost terrifying.

“I was going to test his power, but that seems to be unnecessary right now. Perhaps when he unlocks his gene lock, I can allow him to join me. But...” Queen then thought back to the scene from earlier. Part of her wanted to leave and never lay eyes on this bastard again.

But Queen was Queen, and she was of a greater resolve than most women. She did not leave. She just continued to sit there and look at Han Sen coldly.

When Han Sen finally absorbed the red mushroom and purple light, although he hadn’t finished learning Jade-Sun Force as he had expected to, the horny side effects of the red mushrooms seemed to have totally disappeared. But it was worth noting that this minor victory had only been achieved through the aid of the purple light.

Now that his kidney had absorbed the purple light, things seemed different. He believed that if he ate the red mushroom again, the horniness would not affect him.

To test this out, all he would have to do was collect the final mushroom and eat it, then practice the Jade-Sun Force one last time to finish its training.

Han Sen opened his eyes and saw Queen in front of him, staring at him coldly. The scene and all its wretched s*xual tension came rushing back to him. Imagining his prior grab of her boobies, he couldn’t help but stare at her chest.

Excellent. They were excellent. Han Sen had laid eyes on many beautiful girls in his time, but this was the only stunner that was as powerful as he was. And her pair of boobs were in no way inferior to those possessed by Huangfu Pingqing. Everything about her was perfect, pretty much.

“If you have a death wish, then by all means, continue to stare.” Queen coldly looked at Han Sen. Her face did not display emotion, but anger continued to boil in her heart.

If Han Sen’s behavior had not been triggered by her intrusion, she would have slapped him to death by now.

“I am sorry, but this is my room. You are the one who came in uninvited; you cannot blame me.” Han Sen was coughing when he said this.

He saw the woman continue to peer at him, and it looked as if she wanted to kill him. His heart was stricken with a chill, so he quickly shuffled along the proceedings and asked, “Who are you, anyway? And why have you come here?”

Han Sen had never seen Queen’s face before, and the lusty thoughts from earlier had messed up his head. Having light amnesia over what happened when he was beaten up, he had forgotten what skills Queen had used to beat him to a pulp.

But Queen’s general temperament had tipped Han Sen into thinking he knew her from some place.

“Queen,” Queen told him.

Han Sen was flabbergasted. He said, “It’s you! Why are you here?”

After Queen introduced herself, Han Sen understood why she seemed so familiar. Only someone with the power she possessed, dwarfing the presence of any other woman he had met before, could name herself Queen.

“I am just passing by. I was coming to see if you were able enough to join us on our hunt, but from what I have seen so far, I don’t think you are. When are you going to unlock your first gene lock?” Queen emotionlessly said.

Queen had indeed been impressed with the skills and fitness Han Sen possessed, but it would be all for nought if he had not unlocked his first gene lock. Without doing that, he would never survive the fight she was going to take part in.

“I am afraid it will be a while yet before I unlock it, but I can still lend a hand in the hunting of creatures,” Han Sen responded.

Queen didn’t say anything else, she just stood up and got ready to leave the room.

The reason why she stayed was so she could ask that question and see how Han Sen responded. After all, it was because of her Han Sen behaved the way he did.

: Infinite Power Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Han Sen did not plead for Queen to stay. After all, what had happened earlier was far too embarrassing.

“After I unlock the first gene lock, where should I go to find you?” Han Sen asked.

“Send a message to Pingqing. She will let you know,” Queen answered as she exited the room.

After she stepped out of the room, she stopped and said, “In regards to what happened earlier, if word of it gets out, you are a dead man.” Then she was gone for good.

Seeing Queen leave, Han Sen thought about all the words she had spoken. Clearly, Queen herself had unlocked her first gene lock. She also said the term us, which meant she wasn’t hunting alone.

A powerful character like her needed others on the same level to go on a hunt? There was only one possibility Han Sen could think of. They were hunting a super creature.

“I wonder if they have killed a super creature before.” Han Sen was disturbed at this revelation, but he hadn’t yet unlocked his gene lock. He simply wasn’t qualified to join them.

“It looks like I must hurry up with the Dongxuan Sutra, despite my inability to rush it.” Han Sen continued to sit where he was, thinking things over. If he wanted to unlock his first gene lock, the quickest way to do so was through mastery of Jadeskin. But he was afraid of learning that skill to its full extent, due to his fear of becoming like the cruel people of the Xue family. It was a difficult decision to mull over.

“I have been learning Dongxuan Sutra for so long, perhaps Jadeskin has been purified. Let’s give it a go!” Han Sen really wanted to see if the people with Queen were truly off to hunt a super creature. And he wanted to know if they had killed one previously. For this, he thought it was worth the risk of going back to Jadeskin.

But he already had Dongxuan Sutra, and if there were any issues while learning Jadeskin, he could always use Dongxuan Sutra to alleviate them.

But before he continued learning Jadeskin, he returned to the snowy basin to collect the last red mushroom.

He cut it into thin slices and used it to train Jade-Sun Force. Although he continued to suffer a burning sensation, it was something he could keep under control.

After he absorbed the energy of the red mushroom, his kidney shined and his power felt limitless.

Han Sen’s heart felt strange, however. Although the Jade-Sun Force he learnt was correct, it now seemed a touch different than before. There was a magical, purple light shining alongside it.

“That purple light must be the power Queen shoved into me. It must be the power she gained from unlocking her first gene lock, too. But how can I use that to my advantage? I am not sure if this is a good thing or a bad thing, since it seems to be trapped in my kidney now.” Han Sen was lost in thought.

Whatever the case might be, there didn’t seem to be any negative consequences to its presence. After consuming the rest of the mushroom, the Jade-Sun Force was finally complete. Both of his kidneys now shone like stoves, providing endless power for Han Sen 24/7.

He was not sure if it was affected by the Jade-Sun Force, but Han Sen’s Heresy Mantra had also completed its first stage “Long Live.”

In the past, whenever Han Sen used Heresy Mantra, if he used it for too long, his heart could not withstand it. It’d end up damaging his body. But after learning Long Live, not only was Heresy Mantra more powerful, he could use it infinitely without damage being dealt to his body.

“With Jade-Sun Force and Long Live, it’s as if I have infinite power. Any difficult skills I learn can be used indefinitely without the need for a break.” Han Sen, after learning all this, became really happy.

This was almost like a cheat. Although it felt like nothing special when dormant, using it felt extremely powerful.

It was just like Yi Dongmu. When he used wind strike, he concentrated all the power in his body into one fell strike. After he used the strike, there’d be a long recovery time.

But right now, Han Sen was different. He could use wind strike like normal, over and over without rest. He did not need a break.

It was like playing a videogame where people had to gather power to unleash their ultimate ability. But Han Sen had glitched it so he could use his super ability over and over.

Jade-Sun Force and Long Live made a frightening combination. Han Sen was shaken.

But Han Sen did not know how to use wind strike. But that did not matter, because of the most powerful burst-power skill there was: Thunderknife. In the past, he would suffer a cooldown of at least eight seconds before being able to cast it again. Now, he could use it over and over.

“It looks as if I’ll have to modify Dual some more.” Han Sen was overjoyed, despite the extra trouble.

Because of his vitality, his Dual skill had been lacking in certain departments. His vitality and power could never remain high enough to support the demands of the skill.

But now things were different. Han Sen could use Dual to its full extent. Every skill was an ultimate power skill; and now, his damage output would most likely be tripled. It would be far easier for him to kill the Twin Spirit like this.

Han Sen was of the mind to do it, and so he did. Off he went to modify his Dual skill once again. He wanted to make it into an ultimate skill. He exchanged five S-rank Saint Hall licenses for five evolver-class powerful sword skills. He borrowed the techniques inside and implemented them in his Dual skill, modifying them so each skill performed was an ultimate one.

The Dual skill now was two sword skills combined with over a hundred movements. After vigorous modification, that number was brought down to fifty. After even more extensive work, that number was brought down to twelve.

Those two sets of twelve movements were the skills that dealt the purest, most concentrated amounts of damage. Every move had its own special trait, but when they were all combined and cast at once, he didn't believe any opponent could withstand such a devastating attack, no matter their power or level lead on Han Sen.

"This is the Dual skill I have always wanted. Dealing with the Twin Spirit should no longer be difficult. But I wonder if Qi Xiuwen has managed to successfully convince Li Xinglun and Philip yet." Han Sen could no longer wait to attack the royal shelter.

Qi Xiuwen had faced much resistance in his attempts to convince Li Xinglun and Philip. This was because he was unable to solve their silver beetles problem. Li Xinglun and Philip did not dare attack a random royal shelter while under the thumb of their current threat.

So, Qi Xiuwen had to pay a heavy price to convince Li Xinglun and Philip to agree and join the attack on the royal shelter.

"The ice field will belong to me, Qi Xiuwen!" Qi Xiuwen returned to the Blackgod Shelter with much excitement.

Taking the royal shelter and becoming the boss of the ice fields was an exciting prospect for him. And a record like this was sure to paint him in a different light in his father's eyes. Maybe he'd even be able to inherit Dong Lin.