

Super power

Super Power Chapter 631

: The Raven's Treasure Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

"Are you okay?" The Queen looked at the wound on Han Sen's back in fright.

From shoulder to waist, his back had been sliced entirely open. The gash was so deep, his spine was visible.

On Han Sen's neck, there was another wound that oozed blood. Fortunately for him, it wasn't so deep as to touch the bone or windpipe. If the raven had been allowed to go any deeper, he'd most likely have been decapitated.

The wounds were scary to look at, but the blood loss wasn't too severe. Han Sen's Ice Skin allowed him to control his body, whereas his Heresy Mantra allowed him to control his blood flow. If it weren't for those talents, he'd most likely have bled out and died.

"I can hold it," Han Sen hissed from his gritted teeth. His back was in agony, and he knew he had a damaged spine. But fortunately, it wasn't too bad. If he had been a second slower with his jump, his spine would have been shredded and nothing could have saved his life.

The Queen retrieved some medicine from her satchel and applied it to his wounds, which made Han Sen cry out in pain.

Then, all of a sudden, a screech pierced the air. The black raven, tangled and restrained by the vines, didn't look so fearsome as it once did. The ends of the vines were spiked, and they drove themselves deep into the raven's body. The vines seemed alive, as if they had a thirst for the raven's blood. As they absorbed the scarlet, the vines themselves turned a deep shade of red.

The dried-up vines writhed with renewed vigor, and they started to grow longer and larger than before.

Caw! Caw!

The black raven called out twice. Its body contorted and twisted as plumes of feathers puffed out to dress the air like snowfall. With great strength, the raven squirmed its way free from the clutch of the vines and took off into the air in fear. It was gone for good.

Han Sen froze when he saw that. He did not expect the raven to be strong enough to escape the grasp of the vines.

After the raven escaped, the gourd vines retreated, wrapping their way around the bones just as they were earlier. The vines that had turned red now became yellow like before, as well. However, many of them started to sprout green leaves.

The gourd in Han Sen's hand continued to pulsate, but this sensation did not disappear like it had before. Han Sen held onto it, unsure whether or not life existed inside it.

If it contained something like the blood crystal wasps, Han Sen would rather discard it right now. But because he was unsure, he wasn't willing to let go of some potential treasure just yet.

Aside from the strange beating pulse, nothing in particular stood out. As he fingered it, his eyes drifted to the raven's feathers that now carpeted the ground.

The black feathers of the raven were of its outer-coat. It wasn't a great number that had fallen, but there were around thirty. Each feather was about one foot long. He reached to grab one and his eyes lit up.

The black feathers belonged to a super creature and did not look normal. Rather than enabling flight, they were more like weapons the raven could employ.

Every feather was like steel, and it was frightening to simply hold.

"This cannot be the treasure the raven dropped." Han Sen told the Queen to gather up all the black feathers for him.

After an accurate count, there were thirty-six feathers. It was a number that could be evenly split. With each feather being the same size, Han Sen considered the possibility of crafting a fan with them.

Han Sen's back was in terrible pain. He looked at the Queen and said, "How about you try out the sturdiness of the feathers?"

The Queen nodded. She drew her sacred-blood beast soul sword and chopped one of the feathers with a direct hit. Nothing. Not a single scratch was left upon it.

"This really is some good stuff!" Han Sen looked happy. If he managed to modify the feathers a certain way, he'd be able to craft a new type of bolt. If he used them alongside his peacock crossbow, he might be able to slay a super creature with them.

"How about we split them up evenly? Eighteen feathers each," Han Sen suggested to the Queen.

"It is useless for me to own a bunch of silly feathers. You can have them all." The Queen passed all of the feathers to Han Sen.

Earlier, the Queen took notice of the strange crossbow Han Sen had used to fire at the red-cloud donkey. Strangely enough, it looked quite similar to the Deadeye Peacock. The Queen was starting to wonder if the crossbow was the peacock's beast soul.

Han Sen was certainly not going to admit anything on such a subject, so the Queen didn't ask. If Han Sen wanted those feathers, it'd be to make bolts. Such bolts and a crossbow would come in handy for the

slaying of super creatures, so she preferred not saying anything and simply giving all of the feathers to Han Sen outright.

Han Sen gave the Queen a strange look as he accepted all the feathers.

He believed from the way the Queen looked back at him that she knew there was something up with his new crossbow. Yet she hadn't said a word about it. Her giving him all the feathers just made him confused.

"We have to leave while the raven is gone. If the donkey returns, our escape will be difficult with you unable to run due to your injury." After the Queen said this, she picked Han Sen up and supported him in his descent down the rest of the mountain.

Han Sen was being carried on the Queen's back. He felt incredibly privileged and cared for, for this was the first time anyone else had helped him in such a way. The fact that it was a woman made him feel odd, however.

Luckily enough, no more dangers arose during their time on the road. They managed to descend the mountain without interruptions. The Queen summoned an elephant ride and took Han Sen to the nearest shelter so he could return to the Alliance and recover. His wounds were incredibly grievous, and healing would not come quick or easy with only medicine.

But he didn't return to the Alliance, in the end. He had the silver fox, and it was better than any potion or remedy the Alliance could provide. Therefore, there was no reason to return.

Han Sen continued thinking about the gourd, as well. He did not want to return to the Alliance yet, because he did not want to leave the gourd unattended.

He went straight to the silver fox and it immediately approached Han Sen to lick his wounds. It was as strange as ever, to watch the wounds seal up with each passing lick. Even the damaged bones straightened, their gashes filling in.

With Han Sen's wounds recovering, the Queen booked another room so they could live there temporarily. After leaving his room, Han Sen pulled out the gourd and presented it to the silver fox, so he might determine if it was good or bad.

Examining the gourd, the silver fox looked upon it strangely. It continued to observe the gourd closely, circling it and sniffing it every way it could.

Han Sen looked at the gourd for a while, as well. But soon after, the silver fox just turned around and went to sleep on the carpet.

"Hey, you better tell me what this thing is." From the silver fox's behavior, he could not tell whether the gourd was a good thing or a bad thing.

But the silver fox just remained sleeping on the carpet, ignoring the commands of his master. Han Sen knew the silver fox wasn't human, and it would not understand the complex lexicon of the human language, so he stopped talking.

: Raven Feather Bolt Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

“Judging from the silver fox’s reaction, that gourd surely presents no threat. But if it was something good, why would the silver fox go back to sleep?” Han Sen was still unable to determine whether the gourd was good or bad, but he wasn’t willing to take the risk. Once he was healed, he planned to take the gourd out someplace far from the roads others tread and discard it.

It would be best to throw it somewhere deep into the wild, in case something emerged from the gourd that would harm innocent people.

It wasn’t as if Han Sen did not want to see what was inside the gourd, but it was too hard for him to break it. He had even tried to crack it with his berserk sacred-blood beast sword, to no avail.

Han Sen had been grievously injured, and even with the silver fox’s frequent licks, it took him four whole days to recover enough strength to walk. It would most likely take another half month for him to heal completely.

Han Sen still had the thirty-six raven feathers in his possession. If he was to transform them into bolts for his peacock crossbow, perhaps he’d be able to shatter the gourd.

Han Sen observed the black feathers with great inquisitiveness. They were one foot long each, and they were as black as soot. The shaft of each feather was hollow, with the vane tightly-knit across its length with little to no afterfeather. They were like two finely-cut slices of obsidian.

If you went along the vane, stroking gently with your fingers, you could push down the barbules. They were delicate and gentle.

But if you went against the vane, they were frighteningly sharp. It felt like countless spikes were forming a line to shred whatever came against them.

The shaft of the feather was lethally pointy, as well.

“I wonder if these feathers can be loaded directly into the peacock crossbow?” Han Sen summoned his peacock crossbow and tried to load one of the feathers.

It worked better than Han Sen thought it would, as the feather fitted inside perfectly. The feather aligned with the bolt chamber, so that it could glide softly along when fired. The only downside to using these feathers was the difficulty of retrieval. To pull a feather out of a target, you would have to go against the vane. This meant you risked the terrifying prospect of shredding your own skin against the feather.

Han Sen loaded one up and fired a raven feather bolt. A black streak flew a distance of three kilometers, managing to pierce through a giant fir tree without slowing down. It took another three barrel-thick trees to slow it down enough to remain stuck.

“It’s so strong!” Han Sen was so happy, he almost jumped with joy. He quickly went to retrieve the feather.

Han Sen could only load sixteen of the thirty-six feathers into the crossbow’s quiver. The feathers were smaller than the average bolt, of which the quiver could only contain nine.

After loading up his quiver, Han Sen traveled to the base of a mountain cliff. He placed the gourd into a little nook along its rough surface and took aim with his peacock crossbow. He fired it at the gourd.

Boom!

The black feather had a direct hit on the gourd, which triggered a powerful explosion. A big hole was blown into the craggy surface of the cliff, in which the gourd still remained lodged, without harm.

Han Sen wasn’t willing to give up so easily, however. Again, he fired an arrow at the gourd. He fired again and again. Hit after hit, explosion after explosion. The hole eventually became a deep cave but still, the gourd was undamaged.

“Holy smokes! What is with this gourd?” Han Sen couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

Now that Han Sen thought about it some more, the raven was unable to bring harm to the gourd vines. It had to shed its own feathers to escape their grasp. Perhaps this was to be expected.

Han Sen retrieved the gourd with a puzzled expression and a bewildered mind. After contemplating the scenario for a little while longer, he gritted his teeth and decided to fly up somewhere extremely high with the gourd and drop it.

Han Sen really could not shake the fear of toxic wasps one day emerging from the gourd to strike him in his sleep. Han Sen had heard the fable of the Farmer and the Viper many times, and the last thing he wanted was to become such a victim.

When Han Sen dropped the gourd from a great height, the silver fox quickly grabbed it and spat it back out into Han Sen’s hand.

“What the hell is that supposed to mean?” Han Sen asked the fox, holding the saliva-covered gourd in his hand.

But the silver fox was unable to talk, so all it could do was remain on Han Sen’s shoulder, wagging its fluffy tail.

Han Sen, not receiving a formal response, dropped the gourd once again.

And again, the silver fox leapt down, grabbed it, and passed it back to Han Sen. At least he knew that the silver fox wanted him to keep the gourd.

Han Sen observed the silver fox for a good while longer, but then turned around and left the area.

If this was something the silver fox insisted that he keep, he didn't believe it to be of any genuine threat. Perhaps one day, it really could yield a mighty treasure of some sort.

And at least when he held the gourd himself, he could not sense any danger. It was just his paranoia insisting that he be rid of it.

The heartbeat of the gourd was what disturbed Han Sen the most. Whenever he held it in his hand, the movement inside concerned him a great deal. The curious pulsation hadn't stopped ever since his return from Sky Pillar mountain. It beat rapidly, but faintly. He could only feel it if he held it in his hand.

Han Sen continued playing with the gourd for a few more days, unsure if it was actually the gourd that was playing with him. The dead, yellowish gourd did start looking brighter, however. It now looked like a yellow jadestone, with gold veins coursing around its complexion. It was quite beautiful.

The heartbeat of the gourd seemed to feel a little stronger, as well. It was still weak on the whole, but there was most certainly a minor improvement in its strength.

Han Sen rested for half a month. His body healed in that time and the mood of his mind improved, too.

Now that he had the peacock crossbow and raven feather bolts, providing he didn't meet an obscenely powerful super creature like the raven, he might finally be able to hunt one down.

"Hmm, but where would I find such a target? If it was a super creature like the donkey, I could give it a shot. Literally. And even if it did not die, I should be able to escape it without much trouble," Han Sen mulled to himself.

But the Sky Pillar mountain was still home to that wretched raven, and he didn't fancy going near that place for a good long while.

And in regards to the super creatures that might be found in the sea, he didn't want to hunt those, either. He would be relying on his crossbow, and crossbows were significantly weaker underwater.

The Queen told Han Sen she had something to do, and promptly returned to the Alliance. He asked her where they might find an easier super creature to deal with, but she didn't respond to him.

Just as Han Sen was wondering whether or not it was time for him to return to the ice fields, someone knocked on his door.

"Who's there?" Han Sen frowned.

"Brother Han, it is me!" A familiar voice sounded from the other side of the door; it was Chen Ran's.

Han Sen was shocked, unable to believe the old bastard was still alive and that he had actually dared to come see him. What could he possibly want?

Super Power Chapter 633

: Absorbing Perfume

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

“Old Chen, I am surprised you have found the time to come visit me.” Han Sen opened the door to the sight of Chen Ran standing outside it, alone.

“Zhu Ting said you are a good friend of his. I heard from him that you were here, and so I have come to see you. Why didn’t you say so before? If you had, perhaps our acquaintance and travel together would have been far more cordial.” Chen Ran smiled.

Han Sen thought to himself in his heart, “It would be a great misfortune to be considered your family.”

Han Sen’s relationship with the Chen family was fine. It wasn’t particularly amicable, but there had been no strife between them, either. Had Chen Ran known about his connection with Zhu Ting, it wouldn’t have made a difference. Chen Ran’s actions that day were not spurred by anything other than his selfish desire to live, putting himself before anyone else.

“Please, come in.” Han Sen allowed Chen Ran to enter. He was keen to know what he was here for. He was fairly sure Chen Ran hadn’t come here to wish him a warm recovery and become buddies with a friend of his family’s bastard.

Chen Ran entered the room, looked around, smiled, and said, “Brother Han, this place is no good for you. How about you move into my shelter? I will prepare the best room for you, have the nicest food served to you, and have the prettiest girls wait on you. You’ll have everything there.”

“Old Chen, thank you but no thank you. I will be returning to the ice fields in two days. If there is something you would like to tell me or get off your chest, I am standing right here,” Han Sen said.

“Okay. You and Zhu Ting are best friends. You aren’t outsiders, so I’ll come right out and say it.” Chen Ran looked at Han Sen and paused briefly. Then he told him, “Since you are returning to the ice fields, would you aid me by delivering a few beast souls to Zhu Ting?”

“How many beast souls?” Han Sen asked.

“A few thousand.” Before anything could be asked, Chen Ran continued, “Of course, this won’t be for free. This card I have here has fifty million in it. This is the price I can pay you for their delivery.”

Han Sen observed the card Chen Ran pulled out but did not take it. He laughed on the inside, and said to himself, “This old man is smart. There is a lack of beast souls in the ice fields, and now this man is having me transport a vast number there. He tells me he’ll give me fifty million, but who knows how many billions he’ll earn from their sale?”

“Old Chen, you are well aware of the situation in the ice fields. I am a self-proclaimed leader, little more. The true managers of the ice field are Li Xing Lun and Qi Xiuwen. Even if I did transport them there, I do not believe they would allow Zhu Ting to sell them,” Han Sen said, smiling.

The ice fields did indeed belong to Han Sen. The markets were his. The only way he would have helped Chen Ran earn such money was if he had become insane.

“We are family. You are king of the ice fields! I am sure you can think of something.” Chen Ran pulled out another card and presented it to Han Sen. Then he said, “Here is five hundred million. You have to take this money to help out Zhu Ting, this poor kid. He was born poorly, alone in the ice fields without family. It is my sole desire to help him.”

Han Sen did not believe Chen Ran was the sort of person who was willing to aid a bastard son. He eyed Chen Ran up and down and smiled, “Old Chen, there is no need for me to accept this money. The ice fields do not belong to me alone. If you want to do business, I will accept 20% of the revenue generated from any sale of these beast souls you wish for me to transport.”

Chen Ran’s face was unexpectedly happy. He jovially said, “Sure, if you say so!”

Han Sen then proceeded to say, “But like I said, the ice fields do not belong to me alone. Aside from my Goddess Army, there is the Star Wheel faction, Blackgod faction, and Philip faction. This deal will not work if they aren’t provided a benefit. If you really want me to help you, then you will have to provide them 20% of each sale, as well. If you are willing to accept these terms, then I would be delighted to help you!”

Chen Ran’s face was stiff. It didn’t move an inch. He looked at Han Sen and said, “Brother Han, you are too cruel. I thought you were a friend of Zhu Ting. Do you not believe yourself to be a little inappropriate by making such a suggestion?”

Han Sen smiled and responded, “Old Chen, I am helping you flood my market with a large number of beast souls. Through a simple export of beast souls, you can earn 20% for yourself! Not bad, eh? And besides, I’m only being this nice because it is as you said, we’re family. I’ll be giving you 20% on Zhu Ting’s account. Otherwise, you’d be lucky to receive 10%.”

“Young man, you cannot conduct business like this. Sometimes, a simple favor is better than any monetary gain. If you accept 50%, then perhaps I will have further business ventures for you in the future.”

“Then I apologize. I must regretfully inform you once more that the ice fields do not belong to me alone. If I only accept 50%, I cannot report this to the others,” Han Sen said.

Han Sen thought it better to be without a favor from someone like Chen Ran. He was happy to allow Xu Dong Jin and his brothers, who followed him with an unwavering faith, to be unceremoniously sacrificed so he could escape. His favors were the sort of thing that could get you killed.

“Well, if things are indeed like that, I regret bothering you this day.” As Chen Ran started walking, he appeared to be fuming.

After Chen Ran left Han Sen’s room, he signaled for a few others to come to his side. Then, Chen Ran coldly said, “Keep an eye on that one. As soon as he leaves the shelter, contact me.”

Accepting their appointed tasks, the people around Chen Ran got set up to spy on Han Sen.



“Huh, this is the son of Han Jing Zhi? No way that old man had a child.” Chen Ran’s eyes flashed with a sinister haze.

Han Sen stroked the silver fox’s fur and squinted his eyes. With his senses, he didn’t even need to take a proper look to learn his house was being watched.

“It looks like Han Jing Zhi’s name cannot keep everyone at bay,” Han Sen thought to himself, but he didn’t really care. If Chen Ran did not attack, then it would be fine. If he did attack, at least Han Sen could try out his peacock crossbow and raven feathers.

Han Sen took out a geno creation pill from his chest pocket. Dong Lin delivered them two days ago, and since the silver fox loved them so much, it’d eat one every day.

The silver fox wouldn’t eat more than one, though. Perhaps as a result of the pills, its hair was getting smoother and smoother. But aside from that, he couldn’t tell much of a difference.

“Dong Lin’s people say ordinary evolvers only have to consume one for their genes to mutate. But if the silver fox has already eaten a few, why have there been no changes?” Han Sen looked at the silver fox with wonder, as it gobbled down its daily pill.

Han Sen did not know if it was because the genes of the silver fox were too strong, thus making it difficult for it to mutate, or if it was because the pills would only affect humans.

Han Sen placed the silver fox aside. He put the gourd on the table and began practicing his Dongxue Sutra.

Earlier, he had been too injured to practice the Dongxue Sutra. Instead, he had been using Ice Skin to recover the wounds on his body. Now that he was fully healed, he could begin training with the Dongxue Sutra again.

After Han Sen cast it, his body began to smell good. The pleasant fragrance overwhelmed the entire room.

The silver fox was lying down near Han Sen, trying to sniff the pleasing scent that was coming from its master. Even the gourd slightly shivered, as if it was absorbing the perfume.

Super Power Chapter 634

Rate Translation Quality : The Talents a Creature Can Learn

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

After Han Sen concluded another round of training, he opened his eyes and looked at the gourd with much surprise.

Han Sen noticed strange streams of energy circling around it like wind. It was not unlike what occurred to the Queen on the day she improved her Heavenly Go alongside him.

“Does this gourd possess the ability to channel energy? Did this thing absorb my pleasant fragrance?” Han Sen looked at the gourd with a puzzled expression, as he observed the streams of energy wandering around it.

The energy was faint, however. And the scent it carried was quite light, despite having done an entire cycle.

The energy inside the gourd was amazing, and almost as good as the Queen’s Heavenly Go. There were many curious aspects to it that Han Sen could not explain.

A while later, the gourd refined all the fragrance it could and Han Sen could no longer spot the energy traveling around it. He reached out his hand to touch the gourd and could immediately tell that its gentle pulsations had gotten stronger.

All of a sudden, Han Sen thought of something. He looked at the silver fox and remembered he used to smell a pleasant scent off it. He initially believed the silver fox just carried his master’s scent due to being around him most of the times he trained, but now he believed there was more to it than that.

“The silver fox must have absorbed that pleasant smell of mine every time I practiced the Dongxue Sutra. It simply refined too quickly for me to catch the energy streams circling him,” Han Sen theorized.

“Is that why the silver fox follows me? And is that why the gourd allowed me to remove it from the vine? Is it because I practice Dongxue Sutra?” Han Sen frowned at the thoughts, but he couldn’t be sure.

He held the gourd and played with it for a little while, unable to ascertain another reason for the state of these things. So, he put the gourd aside and decided to observe the silver fox intently the next time he practiced Dongxue Sutra.

The next day, Han Sen got to practicing the Dongxue Sutra once again. After completing his first cycle of training, he opened his eyes and quickly observed the silver fox.

He could immediately tell the silver fox was carrying his pleasant fragrance, but it was mild. After a short while of observation, it disappeared entirely.

The silver fox, who was lying down next to him, opened its eyes now, as well. It was surprised to see Han Sen watching. So, it leapt onto his chest and rubbed it with its fluffy head.

“This little guy is strange. Do creatures know how to channel energy, and make it flow in and around their bodies?” Han Sen stroked the silver fox’s head as he pondered the idea.

The next time he decided to practice, he would remember how the gourd did it. The way it trained was largely different to the way humans did, and he wondered if he’d be able to adopt its method.

A few days later, the Queen finally arrived back at the shelter. But she didn't stay for long, as she only came back to tell Han Sen that she was still busy with matters in the Alliance, and that she'd be gone for a long time. Then she left.

Han Sen then decided to return to the ice fields. The mystery island was still there and many creatures had arrived because of it, bringing many much-needed resources to the area.

Not many people in the ice fields had wings, and for this reason not many people could visit the island. Since no one was really able to take on the mystery island, Han Sen decided to rush back and lend them a hand.

If he managed to conquer the royal shelter on the mystery island, it would give him possession of a space castle. With the crystal palace, he'd have forces for the land, seas, and skies.

Thinking of the benefits, Han Sen was now worried about missing out. If someone didn't claim it soon, it'd return to The Empty and be lost.

Han Sen had received a map for returning to the ice fields from Huangfu Ping Qing and with that in hand, he delayed no longer. He set out back to the ice fields.

Not long after exiting the shelter, Han Sen was traveling through a mountainous region. It was a desolate and lonely place, devoid of any sign of human life. But then, Han Sen stayed his travel and said out loud, "Old Chen, since you're here, why not join me?"

"Those are some strong senses you possess," Chen Ran said as he came out from behind a big tree.

Another twenty people emerged from a thicket of trees to surround Han Sen.

They were brandishing bows and the weaponry of assassins. As if they were prepared to attack, they all took aim at Han Sen. One signal from Chen Ran was all it would take to turn Han Sen into a hedgehog.

"Old Chen, is this petty gathering all due to me refusing to transport your beast souls? Are you planning to kill me?" Han Sen was still atop Golden Roarer when he spoke, and the tone of his voice was as mellow as ever.

Chen Ran smiled and said, "That was only a minor order of business; I would not harbor ill sentiments over your refusal of that request. You interest me a great deal, boy. As such, I am merely here to ask you a number of questions. If you answer them, I will bring you no harm."

"Then tell me, what is it you would like to know?" Han Sen did not move.

Chen Ran's first question was straightforward. "You have only been in this Second Shelter for a year; how have you managed to unlock your gene lock and amass such a high number of geno points?"

Chen Ran's eyes were fixated on Han Sen, and it was evident from his question that he had done a lot of research on him. He seemed to be in disgruntled shock at what he had learnt, as well.

When Han Sen was in the First Shelter, he may have received aid from Qin's family. But in the Second Shelter, he had been dropped into the ice fields, a place that wasn't half as good as the island.

With no resources and no relationships to count on, reaching this stage and becoming so powerful by himself was an incredible feat. It was unheard of and quite frankly, unbelievable. Chen Ran believed he must harbor a big secret.

Chen Ran thought if he learnt this secret he could become even stronger. He thought he might even be able to beat the super creatures of legend and become the strongest evolver in history.

He had been in the Second Shelter for almost a hundred years, and this had been his lifetime goal. But no matter how hard he tried and no matter how much he learnt, he was still too weak and unable to kill even the smallest super creature.

Now that Han Sen had entered his life, he thought he might have found a way to achieve this innermost desire.

Chen Ran believed Han Sen had to have been supremely talented to have unlocked his first gene lock in the single year he had spent in the Second Shelter. He also believed that he must have had powerful backers in order to accomplish so much.

But the truth was, Han Sen did not have those resources. He must have had some reason to make it so far so quickly, though, and that was what Chen Ran wanted to learn.

"I thought you were going to ask me a question of some importance. This is nothing, and there was no need for you to put on a show and build an audience for my answering." Han Sen laughed.

"Then tell me!" Chen Ran was not amused, nor in the mood for jests, so he coldly looked at Han Sen.

"I have amassed so many geno points and have already unlocked my gene lock because of one simple reason," Han Sen said, with a heightened tone of gravitas in his voice.

"What reason?" Chen Ran asked, with widened eyes.

"It is because I am a genius." Han Sen laughed.

Super Power Chapter 635

: Sacrifice Sword Skill Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Chen Ran's face dimmed. He coldly smiled and responded, "What a genius."

After that, Chen Ran waved his hand, and the arrows of his followers loosed upon Han Sen like rain.

Han Sen put away his Golden Roarer and moved to dodge the hail – not a single arrow hurt him.

Chen Ran did not expect them to hurt Han Sen, either. Such a thing would only be possible if there were an additional one hundred archers. The numbers he had with him were too few, so the most they could do was hinder his movement.

Chen Ran gestured with his hand once more, and then a man with a sword ran towards Han Sen. He was incredibly fast and in three steps, he was already in front of him. The greatsword he wielded was swung upwards, as if to tear the skies asunder.

Chen Ran watched Han Sen intently, keen to observe the full extent of his powers. He used to have three others with him that had unlocked their gene lock, but two of them died on Sky Pillar mountain.

But the only remaining elite was, by all accounts, Chen Ran's strongest man. Even when fighting together, Xu Dong Jin and his other elite could not beat him. This person was called Huang Mian.

Although he did not belong to the Chen family, he was looked upon highly enough to become a successor of Qi Gong. But because the Huang family was not as popular as the Chen family, the Qi Gong was not as effective.

When Huang Mian arrived at the Second Shelter, he was unable to locate his family. After a chance encounter, Chen Ran took care of him and eventually became one of his most trusted allies.

The Huang family's Qi Gong may not have been the best, but that did not mean it wasn't strong. The only reason their Qi Gong was not the best was because it was a lot more simplistic.

Many people knew the name "Sacrifice sword skill" in the Alliance. It was a skill that was based on the usage of swords. But because there were many mysterious and unknown components of the skill, its modification into a hyper geno art had proven too difficult.

Babies in the Huang family, upon learning how to crawl, were placed in rooms full of swords. The sword a baby touched first would be selected as the one they would carry for the remainder of their lives, and these swords were appropriately named "Lifetime Blades."

These blades, however, were not given for combat. Instead, they were provided as a signature. They defined and represented their carriers, becoming the core pillars and fundamental aspects of their existence. They were holy relics, only used in their practice of Qi Gong.

Many people believed the lifetime blade was a form of spiritual sustenance for their bearers and had no association to the practice of Qi Gong. But in the Huang family, they believed that one who treated his lifetime blade as a holy relic, cherished and cared for it throughout the years, would one day be able to complete his training of the Sacrifice sword skill. And after that, unlock his gene lock.

Huang Mian was the first member of their family to unlock a gene lock in the Second Shelter. The Sacrifice sword skill was insanely powerful, and in a swordfight, very few could beat him.

Recently, Han Sen had come to learn many sword skills. Although he had not mastered it, his progress with the Dual sword skill had come a long way. But seeing Huang Mian's attack, Han Sen quickly learnt what a true sword skill was.

That did not mean Han Sen thought the skill was powerful, however. It gave him the feeling that Huang Mian was an extension of the blade he wielded and vice versa. The sword and the person were bound together, like one. That was what was so profound.

Dong!

The ancient mascot sword effectively blocked Huang Mian's sword. Han Sen had activated his gene lock, which allowed him to sense the strength delivered in Huang Mian's attack. Quickly, he took a step back.

Huang Mian's waist turned, and the sword became a spike. It drove towards Han Sen like a drill.

Han Sen had never before seen a person use a sword skill so naturally. There was never much difference in the performance of sword skills from person to person, as a skill was just a skill. But this Huang Mian was a different beast.

Huang Mian's wielding of a sword was so dexterous, adept, and natural-looking, it really looked like the sword was a part of him. It was like a third arm connected with his flesh and bone, as wieldy and agile as his other limbs.

Han Sen's power was stronger than Huang Mian's, but when he attacked, he did so only with his sword. When Huang Mian attacked, his whole body was an extension of the metallic weapon, which gave him an edge.

Han Sen was able to evade each attack, but every time he tried to return a hit, his sword clashed with his opponent's and he was forced to fall back. Even though their sword skills were even, Han Sen was at a disadvantage.

If Han Sen hadn't turned on his gene lock, something which robbed him of all emotion, he'd undoubtedly have been in awe of his latest foe.

Dong!

Han Sen was pushed to the point that he had to summon the silver snake sword. He then used this sword to block his enemy's greatsword.

With two swords versus one, Han Sen cast Dual sword skill. But still, he was unable to gain the upper-hand and remained evenly matched with Huang Mian's abilities.

Chen Ran stood on the sidelines, watching them battle. He was shocked when observing Han Sen, as his speed and power were far exceeding his own lofty expectations. What amazed him the most were the sword skills he was employing.

He was using two swords, yet despite that, he was able to cast separate sword skills from each hand. The power to have two minds like that was almost frightening.

What was even scarier, however, was the fact that Han Sen could continuously cast sword skills with no reprieve or cooldown. It was as if he was a man powered by a high-octane, never-depleting generator.

With such profound power, he suspected he chose the right opponent for Han Sen. If it was anybody else, they would have been crushed and annihilated within seconds.

The Huang family's Sacrifice sword skill was the most oppressive, enemy-restraining sword skill in Qi Gong. Against Han Sen's barrage of attacks, he had to use Sacrifice sword skill to avoid being at a disadvantage. No one else save the Huang family could do this.

"He really is a scary guy. Still, nothing more." Chen Ran coldly laughed.

Chen Ran did not expect Huang Mian to beat Han Sen, though. He only wanted him to keep Han Sen engaged. Due to the low fitness cap on evolvers, they could not keep their gene lock open for extended periods of time. Eventually, they would become exhausted, too weary to fight.

Now, Chen Ran only had to wait for Han Sen to use up all his strength. Once this was done, he could easily capture him.

Chen Ran needed him alive, though. He had to learn all the secrets he possessed.

Only a living Han Sen would be useful to Chen Ran.

Chen Ran was not worried about him refusing to give up whatever secrets he possessed, as Chen ran had thousands of ways that would make him give them up. And besides that, he actually hoped Han Sen would remain tight-lipped to begin with, as that would just allow him more time to have fun.

Han Sen really admired Huang Mian. His power and speed may not have been on the same level as his own, and his sword skill wasn't as great as the Dual sword skill Han Sen possessed, but still, he wasn't submitting as easily as Han Sen might have initially thought he would.

"Friend, this is between me and Chen Ran. There is no need for you to sacrifice your own life on his behalf. If you are not from the Chen family, you should leave now," Han Sen said.

"I accepted Old Chen's money for his employment of my services. I have to see this through." Huang Mian kept moving his sword.

Chen Ran wore a smile of disdain. He thought Han Sen could not last much longer, and that was why he resorted to talking Huang Mian out of fighting him.

Super Power Chapter 636

: Assuming You Don't Mind, I'd Like to See What Happens Next Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Han Sen did not say anything more, but he found the idea of killing Huang Mian to be distasteful. It was just as Chen Ran thought, though; Han Sen did want to use words to bring about an end to the fight and conserve his energy. He didn't want to reveal his secret weapon to Chen Ran by using it on Huang Mian first, either.

Han Sen had come to learn a lot about Chen Ran; he was a smart, old fox. If Han Sen brought out his peacock crossbow to end the fight against Huang Mian now, he'd be running off before the corpse of his most ardent follower hit the ground.

The skills of the Chen family were no joke, and they were amongst the best the Alliance had. Han Sen did not believe he had what it took to keep the old fox where he was.

But the old fox had dared to come after him, and so, Han Sen would not let him escape so easily.

Han Sen realized Huang Mian had made his decision and was not willing to budge, regardless of the consequences. He had no choice but to continue fighting.

Han Sen was aware of the old man's true intentions, however. He knew Chen Ran wanted Huang Mian to drain him of all his energy by keeping his gene lock open. And so, when Chen Ran made his move, he'd lack the energy required to fight back.

But Han Sen wasn't concerned about this plan Chen Ran had concocted, because he had learned the Third Mantra "Long Live" and Jade-Sun Force. He could have his gene lock active for far longer than usual. Even if he was too tired to open his gene lock against Chen Ran, Han Sen would only have to summon his peacock crossbow, take aim, and pull the trigger to blast him to smithereens.

If he could not use words to send Huang Mian away, he would continue his current engagement and take the time to learn what he could from him, from his posture with the sword to the details of his sword skills.

Han Sen's sword skills were powerful, but he was not particularly great when it came to the acute wielding of the weaponry. Now that he had seen what a true master could do with a sword, he believed he had learnt a lot more.

Just by watching Huang Mian use a sword, he preferred to think of this entire ordeal as an educational experience.

Han Sen didn't allow his mind to be led astray by anything else. He remained focused on the observation of his opponent's movements and thought about what he could learn and adopt. Through this fight, he hoped he would be able to employ a thing or two of what he had seen.

As Han Sen continued to fight against Huang Mian, Chen Ran was firm in the belief that Han Sen did not have any more skills to use or tricks up his sleeve.

If he had, how could he not have beaten Huang Mian by now? If he continued going like this, even if he did manage to defeat Huang Mian, he would be too worn out to resist capture.

Chen Ran was not in a rush, so he continued to watch. He wanted to ensure Han Sen's capture and was willing to wait as long as it took.



One hour later, Huang Mian's power was beginning to wind down. With constant fighting, the time one could keep their gene lock open was considerably shorter. This was happening to Huang Mian, and he was struggling to maintain his composure.

Han Sen was not going to let this opportunity pass him by, so he exerted more and more power into his attacks in order to strike Huang Mian down.

Chen Ran noticed how Huang Mian was struggling to keep up, and he had seen enough. He knew all about the power of Han Sen's fighting abilities, so he did not hesitate to summon clouds to swirl around his body and bring out his Anser sword. Then, he leapt into the fray to fight alongside Huang Mian.

The skills of the Chen family were powerful. Compared to Chen Ran, Zhu Ting was just a rookie. Chen Ran was like some strange bird, swerving from left to right in an unpredictable manner.

Han Sen's two swords now had to block Huang Mian and Chen Ran's attacks simultaneously, which made him clumsy. Chen Ran's movements were too strange, and he didn't even have to touch the floor. He was flying, more often than not, and the entire spectacle didn't even seem human. He made many unexpected moves.

Dong!

The silver snake sword clashed against the Anser sword, and it was a strange sensation. Chen Ran's sword felt like a cloud, and Han Sen briefly thought his sword had hit a spring. After hitting it, his sword bounced back strongly, which forced him to take a few steps back.

"Han Sen, if you surrender now, I will spare your life. You are friends with Zhu Ting, after all." Chen Ran attacked as he tried to talk Han Sen into submitting and to extinguish his will to continue fighting.

"Old Chen, if you leave now, I will spare your life. You are related to Zhu Ting, after all." Han Sen was not mad, instead, he smiled as he spoke.

"You are a stubborn boy." Chen Ran's eyes went cold and he applied more strength to the fury of his Anser sword.

Han Sen was battling two opponents at once, and despite the disadvantage, neither of them was able to deal any damage to him. Han Sen's body was unbelievably light and graceful, and it was startling to see him remain calm under the attacks of two elites at once.

"You really know Heavenly Go, don't you? Did the Queen teach you? How dare they break the oath that was sworn! It looks to me as if Huangfu Xiong Cheng doesn't want to live," Chen Ran shouted.

"Even if the Queen did teach me Heavenly Go, what does it have to do with you? This skill is a legacy of the Huangfu family. They can teach whomever they please; there is no need for them to adhere to your petty, mistaken whims," Han Sen sternly rebutted.

It seemed as if Heavenly Go had something to do with the Chen family; otherwise, why would Chen Ran care so dearly? For this, Han San wanted to push it. Han Sen had always wondered why the Queen was the only one who had been able to learn it. No matter how difficult the skill was to learn, there were many

students in the Ares Martial Hall. It would be impossible for them not to select another student to learn Heavenly Go.

“Huh, Huangfu family is teaching Heavenly Go? If it still belonged to the Chen family, none would be able to dodge our Seven Twist,” Chen Ran said.

“Everyone knows Heavenly Go belongs to the Huangfu family. Since when did it become a skill of the Chen family? Come on! Don’t bullsh\*t me,” Han Sen said, in an attempt to further aggravate Chen Ran.

An old fox like Chen Ran knew what Han Sen was trying to do, but he coldly said, “You don’t have to try to push me. After I capture you, I am going ask Huangfu Xiong Cheng himself. Then I can see what reason he has for not giving me back my Heavenly Go.”

After that, the clouds blazed out of Chen Ran wildly. The attacks of the Anser sword came faster and faster. He wasn’t aiming for Han Sen’s weak spots, either; he was going for his limbs in an attempt to disable him.

Han Sen was able to deal with Huang Mian’s attacks, but as for the old fox, he really was displaying the power of someone who had lived in the Second Shelter for over a hundred years. His fitness was so powerful and the progress of his gene lock was incredible.

Han Sen’s hands became numb every time his swords went up against Chen Ran’s. His chest rumbled, as if he was going to spill blood.

“What an asshole. He is so powerful and only conspires to hurt others,” Han Sen swore in his heart.

But now that Han Sen thought about it, Chen Ran wasn’t too dissimilar to who he himself was. This realization quelled his swearing.

“Old Chen, you can leave now. Cease your attacks immediately. If you don’t, don’t blame me for what happens next.”

“Assuming you don’t mind, I’d like to see what happens next.” Chen Ran coldly laughed. He believed Han Sen had reached the end of his tether, and his gene lock was on the verge of exhausting him fully.

“I don’t mind.” Han Sen took a step back and summoned his peacock crossbow. He pulled a raven feather out of his quiver and loaded it, as quick as he could.

Super Power Chapter 637

: Heart of Loyalty

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Chen Ran saw Han Sen pull out a crossbow and aim it at him. He disdainfully said, “I believed you to be the sort that would pack real heat. You know, the big guns – not a crossbow.”

Chen Ran had been in the Second Shelter for a long time, and he had seen many things in his time there. He had even seen a sacred-blood crossbow used in conjunction with a sacred-blood bolt.

Against him, he thought a crossbow would be useless. If it was an ordinary bow, on the other hand, Chen Ran would have some trepidations. The power of a bow was derived from its wielder, and such weapons could be imbued with magical properties and other special powers; as such, he would be quick to try and avoid getting struck by one.

But the power of a crossbow was always derived from how it was initially manufactured. There was a limit to the power they had. Even a sacred-blood bolt, against an elite like Chen Ran, would be useless.

Chen Ran continued to swing his Anser sword with greater power and greater speed.

Pang!

Han Sen pulled the trigger and a black flash sparked from the crossbow's muzzle. The bolt was in front of Chen Ran's face.

Chen Ran's face changed, not expecting a bolt to ever possess such horrifying speed. And since it was fired at such a close distance, it didn't look likely he'd be able to dodge it.

But Chen Ran was a scary elder, and his reaction speeds had no equal. With the Anser sword, he blocked the black feather bolt.

Dong!

The blade deflected the speeding bolt at great cost. The berserk sacred-blood Anser sword shattered in half, shards splintering off in an array of different directions. The force knocked Chen Ran's body backwards, cleaving the earth with two three meter long skid marks.

Pop!

Chen Ran's mouth spewed blood. With utter shock, his eyes locked on the crossbow in Han Sen's hand. He could not believe a crossbow could possess so much power.

Han Sen quickly saw that his first bolt did not kill Chen Ran, so without hesitation, he loaded up another and fired again. The black streak beamed towards Chen Ran once more.

Chen Ran shouted, as clouds streamed out around him, masking his entire body in white puffs of cotton. Then, he immediately began flying away to dodge the second bolt.

"The Chen family's Seven Twist is powerful." Han Sen admired his hurried escape, but his hands did not stop moving. Again, he loaded and fired one bolt after another, not allowing Chen Ran to escape.

Chen Ran believed after dodging the first bolt, he'd be able to escape without a problem. The bolts were too frightening. He didn't dare rival such a formidable weapon, not knowing what was wrong with Han Sen's crossbow and how it possessed such a terrifying power.

What was more, he didn't expect Han Sen's crossbow to fire so rapidly. It was almost like a pistol. Chen Ran watched the black bolts soar past him in the sky, and the fear drove him insane.

If crying would have provided him mercy, he'd have bawled his eyes out in front of Han Sen.

Chen Ran gritted his teeth, flying like a creepy, headless bird in the air. He kept whizzing left and right with the strangest movements. He was smarter than a real bird.

But no matter how strong and agile he was, even he could not dodge the flurry of bolts that were being sent his way. After dodging four bolts, he could not dodge the ones that came after.

Pang! Pang!

Chen Ran was barely able to dodge the next two, but the gusts of wind that accompanied the bolts rattled his body so much that more blood spilled from his mouth. He could no longer maintain his formation.

The next second, a barrage of four bolts pierced his body. The bolts tore through the sacred-blood armor he was wearing like hot knives through butter.

The incredible power of the bolts sent him spiraling a few dozen meters away, pinning him to a nearby cliffside.

Huang Mian shouted, and as he did, Han Sen turned to fire another bolt his way.

Pang!

The bolt shattered Huang Mian's greatsword into little more than glitter, and still, its speed was not impeded. It went on to pierce his right arm.

Huang Mian did not react, as if he hadn't felt anything from the bolt that tore through his arm. Madly, he threw a fist towards Han Sen's face.

"What benefit has Chen Ran provided you. Why do you so earnestly wish to give your life for him?" Han Sen took a step back and dodged Huang Mian's incoming fist.

Huang Mian's punching skills were far inferior to his swordfighting ability, and thus not a threat to Han Sen.

"He saved my life, and as such, I must return the favor!" Huang Mian bit down on his teeth and started throwing more punches.

"Then I will allow you." Han Sen slapped Huang Mian's head, which caused him to fall down.

The other people who had accompanied Chen Ran were already running to the hills, at this point. A powerful character like Chen Ran had been defeated by a bolt, and fearing the same would happen to them, they wished they had an extra set of legs so they could skitter away at a greater pace.

They could not imagine how such a wretched crossbow could have come to exist. It was just like a pistol, and with such fearsome power, it was more overpowered than it had any right to be.

Han Sen could not be bothered to chase the yahoos that scampered away, and instead, ventured to the cliffside Chen Ran had been pinned to.

Chen Ran's body had four blood-stained bolts sticking out of him, but still, he had not died yet. He attempted to pull the feathers out but couldn't. Going forward, the feathers were as soft as silk, but going backwards, they cut like a dozen razor blades. If he attempted to pull them out, the organs and bones inside him would be butchered.

"Aw, Chen Ran. I hate to say it, but it's true – none of this had to happen." Han Sen smiled as he stood before Chen Ran's ruined body. Up and down, Han Sen's eyes lingered upon the near-lifeless defeated.

"Han Sen, you dare kill me? The Chen family will have their revenge. A world of pain will be the only thing that can come from this!" Chen Ran told Han Sen, as he seethed with rage.

But blood oozed from behind his lips, choking the words he wished to spit out at Han Sen. What might have been an unnerving warning was instead a pitiful sight.

"If you want to live, tell me the secrets to learning Seven Twist," Han Sen offered, smiling.

Chen Ran's mouth was full of blood as he laughed. "Kid, when I first wandered these lands, your father hadn't even been born yet. You dare give me such an ultimatum? Ha!"

Chen Ran spat blood out onto Han Sen's face. Then he gritted his teeth, which turned the blood in his mouth black. Then his pulse stopped. He was dead. Han Sen, to ensure the fact, examined his body.

Han Sen looked at Chen Ran with shock. He did not expect this evil, old fox would be so wild as to use poison to finish himself off.

"I really shouldn't underestimate prominent figures of such big families. Their loyalty to each other is almost scary."

Han Sen thought about it for a while longer. Then he started a fire to burn Chen Ran's body. If anyone from the Chen family came after him, his disappearance might lend credence to whatever story Han Sen decided to concoct.

Han Sen also believed burning his body would be considered a good deed in the eyes of any higher power that might have been watching. It wouldn't have been a very noble thing to leave his body to rot in the wild, after all.

But before Han Sen lit the fire on Chen Ran's corpse, his lifeless body suddenly came to life. He jumped up and yelled, "No, no, no! Stop! We can talk about this! Did you say you would like to learn Seven Twist? I can teach you, I can teach you!"

Han Sen's eyes opened wide and he stood motionless, looking at Chen Ran for a good long while.

After some time, Han Sen quietly swore, "Freaking loyalty. I can't believe I was willing to believe this old man had any modicum of loyalty. That makes me mad!"

: The Secrets of Seven Twists

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info “Brother Han, could you at least tend to my wounds? If I do not receive immediate aid, I might truly die! Death is fine, of course, but to meet my demise without passing on the knowledge of my Seven Twists to someone as worthy as you would be a sorrowful crime...” Chen Ran had been tied up against a big tree, with his wounds still exposed and seeping blood. His voice was a pitiable one, as if he was groveling a prayer before an ancient deity.

“It’s okay if you fail to finish teaching me this; you do, after all, have many other family members. If you pass during our training, I will merely find someone else in your family to finish whatever you begin. Now, you better start reciting the manuscript to me. If your blood begins to dry, it’ll be too late even if I wanted to save you.” Han Sen was sitting opposite to the tree, his posture relaxed as he watched Chen Ran.

“Fine, fine, fine. I will tell you! But Brother Han, after I have told you, you will keep your end of the bargain and set me free, yes?” Chen Ran sought to confirm.

“If you continue to stall and delay like this, I won’t be able to let you go even if I wanted to,” Han Sen coldly said.

“Seek to refine the delights, from a tempered fire of your own wrath. With clarity in speech, take flight and sail the skies,” Chen Ran began telling Han Sen, after gritting his teeth.

“Okay, and what comes after that?” Han Sen interrupted Chen Ran to ask, as he had just begun reciting the teachings and special incantations of Seven Twists.

“After that, the ether of your mind should feel refreshed,” Chen Ran answered.

“Good. Continue.” Han Sen smiled, also gesturing with his hands for Chen Ran to carry on with his recitation.

He recited for quite some time. Han Sen questioned almost every line, to try to authenticate what Chen Ran was saying and see if he could catch him in a lie.

But no matter what he asked, Chen Ran answered everything as precisely and unhesitatingly as one could. There didn’t seem to be any problems.

“Brother Han, please, stop asking me so many questions. My life dangles from the mercy of your fingertips. For what reason might I possibly lie? Please, save me! If this continues, I really will die. No benefit can be yielded from my death, only trouble might be wrought. Think about it; others from the Chen family will assuredly come after you. You may not fear them, but they’d most definitely be a thorn

in your side. Come, please let me go. Let me go as you would a fart. I promise I will never disrespect you or get in your way ever again!" His wounds continued to ooze blood and the color was starting to leave his face.

"Do remember you have taught me Seven Twists; is this something your family is okay with me knowing?" Han Sen stroked the silver fox's head as he spoke.

"Brother Han, why are you so stupid? I taught you Seven Twists, which is an insult and criminal deed in the face of my family's honor and heritage. If I told someone about this, I would be the one at the end of their swords. They'd kill me first, for what I have done is a treacherous act. They'd slice me up like a sushi roll of a thousand cuts. I don't want that and that is why my lips will remain sealed!" Chen Ran looked as if he was going to start crying.

"Ah, I see. Hmm, give me a moment to think your plight over." After Han Sen said that, he took a pill.

"Brother Han, there is nothing to think about. I won't tell anyone!" Chen Ran was now begging. Han Sen had his eyes closed, and it looked like he was practicing Qi Gong.

"Don't practice it yet. Help me!" When Chen Ran saw Han Sen start practicing Qi Gong, he started shouting in a panic.

Han Sen merely ignored him and continued with his practice.

Not long later, Chen Ran began to smell a pleasant fragrance. Not caring very much, he believed it to be the smell of Han Sen's pills.

Seeing Han Sen continue to ignore him, Chen Ran ground his teeth against each other and started meditating to aid his own wounds.

But after Chen Ran breathed in the pleasant scent, it followed along with his meditation as he breathed in more and more.

Chen Ran's body started to produce wooly clouds, which wandered around him. The wounds sealed up quite a bit and the bleeding slowed.

After Han Sen completed a cycle of the Dongxue Sutra, he opened his eyes to take a look at Chen Ran. He watched his meditation intently.

After a while, Han Sen's heart started laughing. He thought to himself, "This old fox really did give me a false Seven Twists. 70% was genuine and 30% was nonsense. He altered the most integral components of the skill to try to trick me!"

Not long later, Chen Ran opened his eyes to the sight of Han Sen. He shouted, "Brother Han, I gave you everything! Please help me, lest I die here on this tree!"

"It's better that you die, so you are not given the opportunity to harm innocent people in the future," Han Sen coldly told him, looking into Chen Ran's eyes.

"You seek to break your promise?" Chen Ran's face changed.

“Not yet. Let me ask you something; did Zhu Ting learn your Seven Twists?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes,” Chen Ran answered.

“Then why is Zhu Ting’s Seven Twists different than yours?” Han Sen squinted his eyes as he asked.

Chen Ran’s face changed, and he started yelling. “That traitor. That treacherous dog! How dare he tell an outsider. I knew I should never rely on a bastard!”

“You aren’t any better. You tried to fool me. And as a repercussion for your own mischief, I don’t see the point of letting you go.” Han Sen shrugged.

“No, no, no! Listen to me; I did not lie to you. Zhu Ting was just a bastard who was not qualified to receive the teachings of the genuine Seven Twists. You must have learnt Three Twists from him.” Chen Ran was speaking faster than a bullet.

“Isn’t Three Twists the first component of Seven Twists itself? Is that wrong?” Han Sen asked.

“Of course it is wrong! Seven Twists has an exclusive Qi Gong, which is the one I just told you. Without it, you cannot learn Seven Twists. Three Twists is just a lesser offspring of the original skill, and it pales in comparison.”

Chen Ran continued, “You should know, Zhu Ting learnt Deadly Perfume. That isn’t the exclusive Qi Gong for Seven Twists.”

“I suppose it makes sense. How about you tell me about the relationship between Heavenly Go and Seven Twists? If you do that, I’ll patch you up,” Han Sen proposed.

The reason Han Sen wanted Seven Twists wasn’t because of its individual power, but it was because of something Chen Ran once said. He had said that if Heavenly Go was in the Chen family, their Seven Twists would be unstoppable.

This must have been a lie, but there had to be some sort of relationship between the two. Otherwise, Chen Ran would have had no reason to say what he did.

Chen Ran hesitated for a while, but then said, “Heavenly Go and Seven Twists were birthed from a tome which belonged to my ancient ancestors. They are a pair. They are both used in conjunction with each other, combined to create what can only be defined as a God Power. But that faithless Huangfu family is obscene. They stole Heavenly Go from us and altered it so it would no longer be compatible with Seven Twists.”

“Heavenly Go has its own Qi Gong and Seven Twists has its own Qi Gong? How can they be combined together? Do you think I was born yesterday? Do you think you can fool me again?” Han Sen coldly snapped.

“Brother Han, why would I lie to you? Heavenly Go is the first part of this combo. You need to learn Heavenly Go before you learn Seven Twists. Do that, and you will become the strongest person to tread this world. It is the mightiest skill across all recorded history. Without Heavenly Go, our family can only learn the second half. So, Seven Twists is only 70% complete. With the base of Heavenly Go, you would be shocking to all who crossed your path.”



: Aero Skill

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info “Brother Han, I have already told you everything. Fix me, quick!” Chen Ran begged.

“Old Chen, I really would like to fix you and set you free. But in addition to not telling me the truth, you are trying to kill me.” Han Sen looked at Chen Ran sighed.

Chen Ran’s face changed and he said, “Brother Han, why would you say something like that? I am telling you the truth; there is no lie. And for me to be in such a position, how could I possibly try to kill you?”

“After the entrance, I am supposed to go up nine tiers, not down,” Han Sen coldly said.

Chen Ran’s face changed, but he still insisted that he had told the truth. “How come? I have always learnt by going down nine tiers, ever since I was a kid.”

“After the jade door, I should go left and then head up. The defense ballad should be three, not nine. Should I go on?” Han Sen squinted his eyes while looking at Chen Ran.

“Impossible. Impossible! Did that Zhu Ting... no... Zhu Ting shouldn’t know the real Seven Twists... you... you...” Chen Ran’s face looked at Han Sen as if he had just seen a ghost.

There weren’t many people in the Chen family who knew how to perform Seven Twists. Those that did were afraid of outsiders learning the skill. That was why most students were only taught Three Twists instead of the original, complete variant.

In addition to Three Twists, they were also given false, filler-skills to change core components of the art. Even a master-class person, had they not seen Seven Twists performed in its entirety, would not be able to tell the difference.

If people were being taught the fake Seven Twists, the differences were so minor they’d believe it was indeed the real thing.

But if you continued to practice it, you could become mildly paralyzed, and in extreme cases, end up dead.

Chen Ran could not understand how Han Sen already knew the real Seven Twists.

“I have given you far more chances than you are worthy of, but still, you haven’t said an honest word to me.” Han Sen raised his peacock crossbow and took aim at Chen Ran.

“No... don’t kill me... I can’t die... I can’t die...”

Pang!

Chen Ran’s eyes opened with a look of utter despair cast across his face. A bolt had blown a hole through his head.

“People like you, enemies of mine; I don’t feel safe leaving you alive.” Han Sen returned his peacock crossbow. He didn’t want to let Chen Ran go in the first place.

Han Sen burnt Chen Ran’s corpse as he initially planned to, retrieved his bolts, and continued his journey back to the Icefield.

Although he already had Seven Twists, he would need Heavenly Go as a base. Otherwise, he’d have to start from scratch.

Although Han Sen had stolen Heavenly Go from Queen, he’d have to learn it in its entirety from the source Qi Gong. And that would take a long time.

Han Sen was already in the midst of learning Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin, so he didn’t really have enough time to spare to practice another Qi Gong.

“I wonder if I can use the Dongxuan Sutra to replace Heavenly Go? After all, certain techniques of the Dongxuan Sutra aren’t all that different to Heavenly Go. But I’m not sure if the Dongxuan Sutra can wholly replace Heavenly Go.” Under the silver fox’s protection, Han Sen’s journey was almost too tame. That was why, with his thoughts free, he wondered if he could use Dongxuan Sutra for the base of Seven Twists.

The results of his attempts were better than he thought. Han Sen had noticed, ever since he stole Heavenly Go from Queen, he could use Dongxuan Sutra to simulate the skill. He could even simulate Seven Twists.

But that did not mean Han Sen had really learnt Heavenly Go and Seven Twists in their original form; he was just simulating them through the Dongxuan Sutra. And that still meant he was, at his core, using Dongxuan Sutra.

But for Han Sen, that was already enough.

When Heavenly Go and Seven Twists were combined together, Han Sen was able to fathom the terrible power such a combination could yield.

The original Seven Twists included, as the title suggested, seven airborne twists. But combined with Heavenly Go, the move wasn’t quite so simple.

With both of these together, he would not need wings to soar the skies in flight. And this was something only a handful of surpassers were capable of.

He could do it straight away if he combined Heavenly Go and Seven Twists, but he’d need enough energy. Provided he had enough, he could fly through the air as free as a bird.

Seven Twists would no longer be borrowing the strength of the air seven times, it'd be far more.

Chen Ran said you could fly for thousands of miles, but that was clearly an exaggeration. For airborne battles, however, it was something that would prove incredibly useful.

But flying required a lot of fitness and a lot of energy. Han Sen hated the fact that his Dongxuan Sutra's progress was so slow, and he had no idea when he could unlock its first gene lock.

He could use Dongxuan Sutra to simulate the Aero flying skill, but it would only last fifteen minutes.

But even that was a scary thing, because it was entirely different than using a beast soul. This was the true power of flight, and it would allow for the complete freedom of his body to do what it wished, just as efficiently as it could on the ground.

Han Sen was so excited at the prospect, he continued to practice it on his way.

Heavenly Go's formation was flat, but combined with Seven Twists, it became a three-dimensional formation with increased power. While this was quite the boon, it also required a user powerful enough to use it.

With the silver fox protecting him on his way, and the map he had received from Huangfu Pingqing, Han Sen arrived on the other side of the Devil's Mountain safely.

This whole area belonged to a man called Lu Hui. Han Sen had heard that this man was the Captain of the Blueblood Special Force and the Blueblood Reserve Force. To become such a captain meant he had to be quite a special person.

There were three royal shelters that were all under the control of Lu Hui. He was the boss of this area, and even though there existed another boss to the north, no one could dare to challenge him here. This was his domain.

Han Sen once asked around about Lu Hui's power, and the answers he received were quite shocking. Every one of Lu Hui's men were incredibly strong, far stronger than an average soldier of the Icefield.

Han Sen was lucky to have the Devil's Mountain separating his domain from Lu Hui's. Otherwise, defending the Icefield from either Lu Hui or the northern boss would be a near-futile endeavor.

Han Sen followed the path Thunder Devil once took, and it wasn't long before he caught sight of a giant floating island in the skies above the Icefield.

There were many flying creatures soaring to and fro around the mystery island, as if they were devils searching for their next hapless victims.

Super Power Chapter 640

: Shelter of the Mystery Island

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info Back at the royal shelter, Han Sen asked to see Yang Manli for a report on recent happenings during his absence.

Because very few people owned high-class wings, Yang Manli was off having a quick look at the Mystery Island. They hadn't attacked the royal shelter there yet, due to their lack of the necessary strength.

There were many creatures flying down from that place, however, which had resulted in a few casualties across the ice fields. But fortunately, they had managed to kill a good number of the beasts that had caused trouble for them.

Right now, the humans that were too weak to fight were under curfew and prohibited from leaving the shelter. Elites who went out to hunt had to do so in large parties, in fear of being attacked by the rogue flying monsters.

As for the royal shelter on the Mystery Island, not much was known. No one had dared to venture near it, so it was not known what the spirit inside looked like.

Yang Manli and a few of her trusted allies were now near it, and they watched many big flying creatures circle around the spirit shelter. Following this latest reconnaissance, they decided to return.

"Let's discuss how we plan to deal with the royal shelter at a later date; for now, you should rest." Han Sen knew discussions were pointless. With the weakened forces of the ice fields, and the lack of evolvers that could fly, attacking the royal shelter would be futile no matter how many conversations were held.

Although it was a bit of a waste, Han Sen could only bring the silver fox there with him. The greatest chance of conquering the place would be to fly up there by himself, fox in hand, venture to the spirit hall, and kill the spirit residing there.

But that would still be a near-impossible task. If the spirit in the royal shelter flew away, it'd still be around the ice fields providing many resources.

"Boss, did you kill Chen Ran?" After everyone left, Zhu Ting stayed and asked Han Sen with a low tone of voice and a droopy face.

"I don't know." Han Sen did not admit it or deny it.

There was no point in denying it. Even if Chen Ran's people had not run off, there were still many people who knew he was coming after Han Sen. The most likely conclusion of what transpired would have still been the same.

But Han Sen was not willing to admit it, no matter what people thought. Besides, no one had seen Han Sen kill Chen Ran, and his body had already been cremated.

Zhu Ting, with a conflicted expression, looked at Han Sen and said, "Chen Ran was one of the few elders in the Chen family. He was a scarily powerful evolver and evil of heart. His passing at your hands would

be a great shock to the Chen family. They won't dare trouble you here, in the safety of a shelter's walls, but out there? In the wild? You should be wary."

"I didn't kill him. Even if I did, would they dare to kill a member of the Alliance?" Han Sen was not afraid of the Chen family.

Han Sen was a member of the Special Security Operations Team and had since become leader of the ice fields. No matter how powerful the Chen family was, killing Han Sen was impossible.

"It may be difficult for them to deal with you, on a surface level, but you know them. There is much strife between members of the Chen family. While others are partial to doing it, many do not wish to offend the Jin and Qin families." After a brief pause, Zhu Ting continued, saying, "But Chen Ran had a real brother. He is a surpasser, and a powerful figure of the Chen family. He is the sort who is keen on the prospect of revenge. If he can't kill you publicly, there are many other ways he could go about it."

"Give me an example," Han Sen said.

"I'm not sure of any method he might try, but I just want you to be careful, that's all." Zhu Ting shook his head.

"You are from the Chen family; are you not afraid or upset that I killed Chen Ran?" Han Sen gave Zhu Ting a strange look.

Zhu Ting wore a wry smile, and he said, "I am nobody to them. I am just a faceless bastard to a family who has plenty of children and grandchildren of their own to take care of. A bastard can never be treated on the same level. Do you know why I had to learn Deadly Perfume?"

Han Sen watched Zhu Ting intently, allowing him to explain.

"The Chen family owned a country during a certain planet's era. It was ruled as a monarchy. Since time immemorial, kings have been subject to many assassination attempts. Many are killed by poison; that is why there are designated food testers. They taste the food, to confirm there are no poisons within. Deadly Perfume was taught to the people who performed that task. If what they consumed contained poison, their body would release a perfume. If the poison wasn't too strong, the tester could live due to the teachings of Deadly Perfume. If the poison was too much for the defense provided by Deadly Perfume, the tester would end up dead."

"Deadly Perfume is quite powerful; few poisons can breach its protection. Isn't that right?" Han Sen asked.

Zhu Ting shook his head and said, "Poisons used to kill kings are never so simple. The reason Deadly Perfume was so powerful is because of how often these incidents occurred. Every time a new poison was discovered, Deadly Perfume would be altered and improved to defend against it. Across the countless generations Deadly Perfume has existed, heaven knows how many deaths were sustained to bring it to where it is today."

"Only the servants of the Chen family can learn Deadly Perfume, where only real members of the Chen family can learn the exclusive Qi Gong Seven Twists. Do you still think I am considered a Chen?"

Zhu Ting sighed and proceeded to say, "Chen Jiu Ling commanded me to find a way in which I might kill you. But I know there is no way for me to do that. I cannot return with my mission incomplete and so, I will never return to the Chen family. I can only remain hidden in this shelter, never again venturing beyond its walls."

"You stay here, then. As long as you are on the ice fields, and even if members of the Chen family do show up, they won't be able to lay a finger on one hair on your head," Han Sen sympathetically said, secretly unsure whether or not this was a ploy of Zhu Ting. Was he being truthful? Han Sen did not know. But having Zhu Ting on his side was more useful than not. For now, he could continue working for Han Sen, while being comforted at the same time.

After Zhu Ting left the room, Han Sen departed the shelter. He found a place where there was no one around, summoned his wings, and flew up towards the Mystery Island with the silver fox in hand.

With the silver fox near, the flying creatures did not venture close and his passage to the Mystery Island was unhindered.

This Mystery Island was far larger than the one he saw in the First Shelter. You could see from afar a black metal shelter in the middle of it, like some crouching goliath.

It was far smaller than the royal shelter that had belonged to Princess Yinyang, and swathes of horrific beasts circled the skies around it. He could tell this spirit shelter was far stronger than the previous one he had striven to conquer.

But the creatures were merely set dressings to Han Sen, right now. Holding the silver fox, Han Sen proceeded onwards as the hordes of creatures parted to provide a path. Upon reaching the front gate, he walked inside.

Perhaps it was because this shelter was on a floating isle, but every creature that populated this island had the ability to fly.

There were giant birds, tigers with wings, creatures with four wings, and even a giant snake that writhed its way across the rooftops had a pair.