

## Super Power

### Chapter 701: Devil Ant King Beast Soul

Han Sen: Super Body – King Spirit

Status: Evolver

Life Span: Three Hundred

Body Evolution Requirement: One Hundred Geno Points

Owned Genes: Basic Geno Points; One Hundred – Ordinary Geno Points; One Hundred – Mutant Geno Points; One Hundred – Sacred Geno Points; One Hundred – Super Geno Points; Seventeen

Han Sen punched the testing machine. The meter showed “217.6587”, which meant Han Sen’s fitness was over two hundred. He was in his purest form, too.

The strongest known human in the Second God’s Sanctuary was sitting at around one hundred fifty.

There was a frightening gap between Han Sen and that person.

Although this was just a simple test he had conducted, he was still supremely satisfied. If he had calculated things correctly, when he maxed out his super geno points, he’d be at a fitness level of three hundred. He would become a Celestial Being and be able to challenge super creatures solo, without a problem.

Although he could not effectively face them as he was right now, he had what it took to fight back. He wasn’t like other people, who would quickly find themselves crushed by such intimidating foes.

He exited the testing lobby at around lunchtime, and he was planning to have lunch with Yanran.

Unfortunately for him, she was busy with work and had to leave the base. That led to Han Sen going for lunch by himself.

Han Sen had ordered his lunch and sat down when he saw Annie approaching, with a dish of her own in hand. She sat directly in front of him.

“You really don’t want to take part in Divinity’s Bout?” Annie asked Han Sen.

“No, I don’t want to,” Han Sen replied, as he shook his head.

“Why?” Annie asked, frowning. In her eyes, Han Sen had a super pet that could even the odds and cement a position amongst the ten Son of God’s, bringing some much-needed glory to humanity.

“The pet’s power is only that of a pet; do not overestimate it,” Han Sen told her coldly.

“But even so, you still have a chance,” Annie pleaded.

Han Sen smiled and said, “That is a genuine battleground. It’s not a game; I won’t respawn. I won’t put my life on the line for some title.”

Annie just took a long, icy stare at Han Sen, before grabbing her dish and walking away.

Han Sen was aware that many people were hoping for him to join, but he really couldn’t take part. If he exposed the fact that he had absorbed the Life Geno essence, the Alliance would require an answer. In such circumstances, the Ji or Qin family would be unable to protect him.

This was a matter concerning the human race. He would be pressured by people on every side.

That was why Han Sen was going to use Dollar as his identity when he joined. Even if people were able to tell that the elusive Dollar had absorbed Life Geno essences, no one knew who he was. Nothing could be done about it.

“There are a lot of humans in the Second God’s Sanctuary. In fact, it is the shelter with the highest population of humans, but despite that, we aren’t at the top of the food chain here—not by a long shot.

I understand why people want us to ascend and break our image of inferiority," Han Sen thought to himself. He believed he should go all the way in Divinity's Bout and earn a position as Son of God. At the very least, it would give others hope.

But if he were to compete there, he couldn't use his Flaming Rex Spike or little angel. He estimated his chance of beating a super spirit under such conditions to be under 30%. And that 30% chance was only due to his fortunate acquisition of a super ant beast soul.

Super Devil Ant King: Armored Beast Soul

The defense of a super armored beast soul was unfathomably high, and that was the key he'd have to exploit when going up against a super spirit. Plus, Han Sen could simulate the Devil Ant King's energy flow.

That energy flow, when combined with the ant king armor, increased his defense by an incredible amount. In addition, it also improved his recovery speed and his strength. It was a powerful energy flow, and using it in tandem with the ant king armor would make him as tough as a cockroach that stubbornly refused to die.

Han Sen had long, powerful legs and large muscles in his chest and shoulders. His waist was thin but solid. Beneath the cover of the dark purple armor, he looked strong and wide. He looked like a devil that had clawed its way up from the pits of hell.

Han Sen ran the devil ant's energy flow and the Devil Ant King's armor looked even darker. From bright purple, it became a deep, dark shade of purple.

Han Sen had a look at himself and was satisfied with his appearance. He thought this super armor would enable him to battle the super spirits with relative confidence. Even if he lost, he wouldn't go down without a good fight.

Han Sen put away the ant king armor and fed it the black crystal. There should have been enough time for it to evolve, before the Divinity's Bout began. With the armor evolved, he'd be even stronger.

After that, Han Sen no longer went to hunt. He used the remainder of his time to learn stronger melee skills.

He couldn't use the Flaming Rex Spike or peacock crossbow anymore. The Dual sword skill was quite powerful, but he wouldn't stand a chance if he used the berserk sacred-blood swords.

The Dual sword skill itself was no weaker than the little angel's talents, but the swords were. He tested out his swords on her, and when she struck Han Sen's silver snake and ancient mascot swords, she left deep gashes on them both. That was with her only operating on partial power, as well. If she gave it her best, there was a high chance she'd cleave right through them both. Given that, Han Sen did not expect to make use of his Dual sword skill to beat whichever super spirit he was pitted against. When fights dragged on and were boiled down to the nitty and gritty, limbs were your most trusted allies.

Dragon Punch could only increase in power, but it was not a fist skill. Out of the melee skills Han Sen knew, there was only Thunder Knife and Seven Kill.

Logging into the Saint Hall at the military, Han Sen started searching for a fist skill he deemed suitable. He looked for quite some time, but to no avail. None enticed him.

"The hyper geno arts here in the Saint Hall tend to focus on S-rank skills for ordinary folk. Only a few people own true, legendary skills, and they are never listed for sale. I don't think I'll be able to find a skill suitable for me to fight the super spirits with here." Han Sen perused every S-rank skill available to him, and not a single one interested him.

The S-rank skills were not weak, but Han Sen had far exceeded their benefits. He wanted something like Heavenly Go or Seven Twist; something legendary. He wouldn't waste time on other skills anymore.

Han Sen went to the Saint Hall's ordinary section but had even less hope going there. If he couldn't find one in the military section, there'd be even less chance here.

Han Sen took a look, and to his surprise, managed to find a melee skill that attracted him.

It was a hyper geno art called Sonic Thunder Punch. The description stated that after mastery of the skill had been achieved, it was possible to deal sonic damage. But, such a level required a very high fitness.

Although it was an evolver's skill, the practitioner had to be near the rank of a Celestial Being to learn it effectively. Otherwise, he would need a really good thunder element body build.

## **Chapter 702: Melee Skills**

After giving it a good look, Han Sen grew fond of the concept of Sonic Thunder Punch. Although he didn't have a thunder build, he could easily simulate the silver fox's energy flow to possess the element of thunder. If he did that, Sonic Thunder Punch would come easy to him.

Han Sen thought this skill could really work, but he didn't dare buy it there in the Saint Hall. If he ended up using it in Divinity's Bout, it'd be easy for someone to look up the records of who bought it in recent times. Usually, purchase logs were kept secret in the central computers, in accordance with the laws of the Alliance; but just to be safe, Han Sen went to ask Li Xinglun.

He had hacked the military's virtual Skynet, so it was only natural to assume he could provide some advice on how to proceed.

Han Sen wasn't going to mention the specific skill he wished to purchase, just ask how he might go about buying something from the black market anonymously.

Li Xinglun was well-versed in such topics and shady deeds, so he was able to explain a few simple and effective methods Han Sen could use for what he wished to do.

Han Sen checked out a few of the places that Li Xinglun mentioned, and they were indeed black market trading grounds. Buying stuff there, however, was a risky ordeal. Trades there were not protected, and there were no guarantees, warranties, or records of such purchases. There was also the possibility he wouldn't even receive the stuff he ordered. Monetary transactions weren't secured, either.

Plus, the black market never did face-to-face trades. In short, there were some tall risks in using it.

As a result, Han Sen gave up on his idea of purchasing something from the black market. He would instead visit the free trade sections and see if he could buy Sonic Thunder Punch there. It was not uncommon for people to sell second-hand goods there, including hyper geno art and geno solution.

Han Sen searched for Sonic Thunder Punch there, but he was out of luck. Not a single person was selling it second-hand.

He searched through the S-class hyper geno arts, as well, and received quite a few hits. Many people were selling second-hand hyper geno arts and geno solution, just not the skill he had come for.

When it came to buying second-hand hyper geno arts, however, there were a few clauses would-be buyers had to be aware of. There was no way of knowing whether or not hyper geno art copies were complete, and there was no way of knowing whether or not the accompanying geno solution matched. Scams and misleading transactions were common there, due to the lack of official support. Therefore, a buyer had to be a little street-smart when buying stuff there.

At least, if he bought something there, no one would be able to tell where the product came from or went to. Following Li Xinglun's suggestions and methods, Han Sen would be able to buy anything he wanted without any traceable evidence.

Although he had to find out if the products being sold were real or fake, it would be easier to do so

when making face-to-face transactions.

In the free trade zone, Han Sen was unable to find Sonic Thunder Punch. What he did find, however, was another hyper geno art that stood out to him.

The hyper geno art that enticed him was called Elephant-Disc Punch.

Han Sen had heard about this skill before, as it was a legendary skill hailing from ancient times. The scrolls said that back then, people thought that the world was built on a disc that rested on the back of an elephant. The elephant was everything, whereas the disc was time and space.

Although it was little more than a myth, the skill that had been written down on the scroll was extremely difficult. It had many illegible portions and missing text, so it was quite incomplete. But the one Han Sen found was close to completion.

The geno solution could mitigate any shortages of the host caster, so they would be equipped to cast the skill. But as for the skill itself, not many people could learn it, and the power of the skill was weaker than they expected, anyway.

Someone had researched the leftover portions of the scroll, and said that some manner of elephant blood was necessary to finish learning the skill. They took nutrition from the elephants and put it in the geno solution, which allowed others to learn the skill. But the power and depth were quite poor.

The Elephant-Disc Punch was in the A-class section, due to its inability to fulfill the requirements necessary of an S-class skill.

But the skill was a great way to strengthen one's body, and in this facet, was no worse than most S-class hyper geno arts. So, the people that could not afford S-class skills would often opt for this one instead.

Han Sen was feeling hopeful and rather excited. He thought to himself, "The Elephant-Disc Punch is so in-depth. If I simulate the bone elephant's energy flow, I wonder if I'll be able to cast the true strength of Elephant-Disc Punch? If I can cast its true power, I doubt anyone would be able to tell it was from a little-known A-class skill."

Han Sen followed Li Xinglun's suggestions and bought a used Elephant-Disc Punch and geno solution from a second-hand community. It was an ordinary, A-class hyper geno art, and he was able to check its authenticity on Skynet. After checking it, he no longer had to worry about the possibility of purchasing a fake product.

The Elephant-Disc Punch was fairly common, actually. He could have bought it in the Saint Hall, but he wanted to buy it second-hand so he could get acquainted with the process of buying things that way. By doing this, he would be ready for when he needed to purchase Sonic Thunder Punch.

After a while, Han Sen received the skill and geno solution. After that, he compared it to the stuff available on Skynet to ensure it was legit.

Han Sen used the geno solution and got to work on practicing Elephant-Disc Punch. He tried to combine it with the bone elephant's flow.

By doing this, Han Sen discovered something amazing. Whenever he used the bone elephant's energy, he could not control his power and instead had to blast it all out at once.

But the more he continued to use the bone elephant's energy to practice Elephant-Disc Punch, the more he could control its energy.

Han Sen was pleased. If he could more effectively control the energy and power of the bone elephant, then he wouldn't be entirely drained of energy after a single punch.

By being able to control the strength of the punch, he wouldn't be wasting his power. All he would have to do was cast what he needed.

Han Sen gave up on buying Sonic Thunder Punch now, since his time was limited enough as it was. In

less than a month, Divinity's Bout would start and he would have to practice with the Elephant-Disc Punch as best he could.

With the energy flow of the bone elephant, the Elephant-Disc Punch possessed power of massive proportions; all the while the energy influx and efflux came under greater control. When the two abilities combined, their power increased.

The more Han Sen practiced, the better he got. A single punch packed enough strength to sunder a mountain, or so it felt. Regardless, the power was massive.

The Elephant-Disc Punch was incredibly in-depth, and it wasn't any worse than his Dual sword skill. In some ways, it was even better.

Han Sen practiced with his little angel every day. The Elephant-Disc Punch continued to gain power in that time, as well. Although he kept losing to her, he applied many changes and fixes.

At least Han Sen could compete with the little angel and not get wrecked.

That month flew by, and all the shelters had now named their top combatants. It was time for Divinity's Bout to begin.

### **Chapter 703: Divinity's Bout**

Fang Mingquan entered the battle arena from the shelter and found his seat. He looked to the center of the arena, waiting for Divinity's Bout to begin.

Although Fang Mingquan was in a royal shelter that had half a million people in it, the arena itself could seat very few.

The humans in the Second God's Sanctuary were not very enthusiastic about Divinity's Bout. The primary focus of humans when it came to Divinity's Bout was on the holy battles that took place between humans in their own shelters, so that they could see who was the best. But when it came to the actual Divinity's Bout, interest quickly waned.

A lot of humans would choose to concede following their qualification, as the battles to come were of life and death. If their opponents were powerful spirits, they were often ruthless; humans could only live once, and they couldn't afford to squander their lives in battles they would most likely lose.

And the deaths of human fighters was a frequent tragedy in Divinity's Bout, as spirits showed no mercy in the brutality of their combat. As such, the entire event wasn't something friendly and well-suited to humanity's participation. Viewership of Divinity's Bout was low, in stark contrast to its prominence in the First God's Sanctuary.

Even the media paid little attention to the events of Divinity's Bout. After all, there had not been a single human Son of God yet, and they had no desire to spend time and resources reporting the victories of spirits. A simple list of names usually sufficed.

People who did take the time to watch Divinity's Bout were the higher-ups of the bigger factions of the Alliance. They were the sort of people that could take down spirit shelters, so observing the spirits that participated in Divinity's Bout allowed them to collect intelligence on how to one-day face the spirits of shelters that had yet to be conquered.

Fang Mingquan was watching Divinity's Bout in the hope that Dollar would be there. Dollar was in the Second God's Sanctuary, and it was likely an accomplished fighter such as he would be willing to participate.

That being said, he didn't have much hope. Dollar had only been in the Second God's Sanctuary for a short period of time. No matter his strength, the spirits were likely to dwarf any hopeful competitor. It was like that for any human who wished to test their mettle there.

"Fang Mingquan?" Fang Mingquan, waiting for the match to begin, heard his name called out from behind. He turned his head to the sight of someone he knew.

"Mister Hua?" Fang Mingquan quickly walked over and shook his hand.

Mister Hua's full name was Hua Ping. He had been in the Second God's Sanctuary for a hundred years. He was one of the earliest evolvers. He now worked in the media, as well, and was a supervisor to Fang Mingquan.

"You are interested in Divinity's Bout?" Hua Ping looked on Fang Mingquan with modest surprise. Fang Mingquan was the most well-known commentator in the Alliance.

The fact that no one could record videos or take pictures of the Divinity's Bout was the source of his surprise. If he wished to make reports or commentate, it would all have to be spoken or written. It didn't make for entertaining reading or listening, either, due to the misery and losses that would make up every single report. This was another factor in its lack of prominence in the media.

"I am interested, yes. That is why I have come to watch. Old Hua, have you come here to report on Divinity's Bout, as well?" Fang Mingquan asked.

Old Hua smiled and said in response, "Once every ten years, I do it. This is the thirteenth article I will have done in regards to Divinity's Bout. Few people read them, so it is not likely many would know of this work."

"If it's that bad, why do you still insist on doing it?" Fang Mingquan asked, with visible confusion.

Doing a show that no one paid heed to tended to go against the principles of someone in the media.

For an old supervisor to insist on doing a show every tenth year on Divinity's Bout was quite surprising.

"Viewership figures are important, I must confess. But as a man of the media, I believe in reporting things that are meaningful for the progression of the human race. Humans don't do well in Divinity's Bout, that is true; but there are glimmers of inspiration and awe to be found. Talented people come here, every tenth year, in the hopes of securing honor and glory for humanity. Regardless of whether they win or lose, they are selfless heroes."

Old Hua sighed and then continued to say, "But now, I fear glory has taken a grander prominence in the hearts of men. Only victory and success define a person's worth these days. Humans who fail are disdained, and that is something no person can bear. I make records of these battles so future competitors of Divinity's Bout can learn something."

Fang Mingquan saluted him. A media man with such values and integrity was rare, and even Fang Mingquan himself wasn't sure he could do the same. Fang Mingquan was ordinary and didn't harbor much sentimentality; he never really thought of things that way. Yet despite that, it didn't stop him from admiring the grace of his peer.

The two of them chatted, waiting for the fight to start. The arena could house one hundred thousand spectators, but only a few thousand had come.

Other human shelters were like this, as well. Aside from the fighters, and important figures and officials of the Alliance's greater organizations, humans weren't likely to come and watch a fight that would most likely result in defeat for their entire race.

Those who claimed victory would receive their time in the limelight, but the same could not be said for those who, despite significant effort and diligence, could not find the success they clamored for.

Humans adored heroes, but they often failed to realize that it was the past failures of the heroes that

resulted in their own victories further down the line. In the legends of heroes, failures did not matter. They were small and insignificant in the grander scheme of things.

Divinity's Bout was soon to begin. Those who had placed first in the shelters of humans and spirits were now drawn into the battle arena.

The arena was massive, and there were many smaller arenas separated neatly alongside each other, making it possible for a thousand fights to go on at the same time.

Humans and spirits were put apart, not allowed to have contact with each other. This was to avoid conflict outside of the organized battles.

Because so many humans and spirits were taking part in the event, it was difficult to find a specific person. Fang Mingquan perused the list of participants intently, in the hopes of finding Dollar there.

Hua Ping, who was beside him, used a pen to record something. His face was very serious.

"He really is here!" Fang Mingquan blurted out when he found Dollar's name on the list of battlers.

Hua Ping looked confused. He turned his head to look at Fang Mingquan and asked, "You have a friend who has joined Divinity's Bout?"

"Yes," Fang Mingquan responded with great enthusiasm.

Although he had never met Dollar, or even exchanged words with him, he cherished him as a good friend in his heart. He considered him his best friend, as a matter of fact.

He could not describe this feeling succinctly, but it was how he felt, regardless.

"What is the number of your friend's battleground? Let me see if he's going up against a spirit," Hua Ping said.

Fang Mingquan quickly gave him the number. Hua Ping was an expert, so he'd be able to tell him quickly what Dollar was about to go up against.

"Dollar and Black-Gold; your friend is unlucky, it would seem. He has encountered a spirit in his very first match. Black-Gold is a very powerful royal spirit. He has armor that is nigh impenetrable. Even sacred-blood class weapons have great difficulty dealing damage to it," Hua Ping said, as he looked.

#### **Chapter 704: One-Punch Victory**

After what Hua Ping told him, Fang Mingquan started to worry. He didn't want Dollar to go up against something so fiercely powerful.

As they spoke, the two combatants entered their battleground. One combatant was three meters tall and clad in black armor. He looked terrifying. His movements were almost like a mechanical robot, built from steel.

The other fighter looked fairly strong compared to what might be expected of a human. However, he was clad in a purple armor that looked relatively thin next to his opponent's.

The Black-Gold spirit shouted and raised the hammer he wielded, which was bigger than a small car. He smashed the ground in front of Han Sen with a force that probably could have toppled a small mountain.

Fang Mingquan watched Dollar with great trepidation. Although Dollar was wearing purple armor, he could tell it was Dollar from the way the man held himself. As he observed Dollar facing-off with Black-Gold, it frightened him. Fang Mingquan was an evolver himself, so he could clearly sense the threatening power that resided within the hammer Black-Gold wielded.

"Your friend seems a little slow. His abilities are strength-focused? If that is true, he won't fare too well

against a foe such as Black-Gold. His enemy's power is infinite, so unless he is one of the strongest humans in history..." Hua Ping trailed off, but such a sentence had only one conclusion.

Fang Mingquan didn't see Dollar dodge, and neither did Dollar draw a weapon. He watched nervously, as Dollar had only been in the shelter for a couple of years and his power had most likely not peaked yet. Going up against such a frightening foe was wildly dangerous.

As Black-Gold's hammer swung again, poised to land on Dollar's head, he brought out his right fist and punched the hammer.

When Hua Ping witnessed this move, he shook his head and said, "Your friend is a reckless one. Black-Gold's power is..."

Before Hua Ping could finish his sentence, Dollar's fist collided with the hammer.

Boom!

The hit was deafening, and the fist shattered the hammer into pieces.

Hua Ping and Fang Mingquan were motionless. They couldn't even fathom the strength that resided in that fist, for it to break a giant metal hammer such as that.

Hua Ping was shocked the most. He had witnessed many Divinity's Bouts over the years and was knowledgeable about many of the fighters there; that included Black-Gold, the spirit. He was a remarkable warrior. He may not have been the strongest, but he possessed a lot of strength nonetheless. Against his unbreakable armor and intimidatingly large hammer, many evolvers had died, or at the very least, been grievously injured in battle with him.

A lot of sacred-blood weapons had been broken by that hammer, as well. But now, that very same hammer had been utterly annihilated by a human fist. The sight was unimaginable, and it was the sort of tale that few would ever believe.

Hua Ping could only stare at Dollar, mouth agape. He was forgetting to write his report.

On the battleground, after Han Sen wrecked the hammer, a flood of power boiled inside his body once more. Seeing Black-Gold himself aghast at what had just happened, Han Sen stepped forward with atmosphere-cracking strength, directly before the spirit's face.

His flesh was like that of a tiger, and his fist buzzed loudly as it flashed towards Black-Gold's face.

Black-Gold shouted and crossed his arms in an attempt to block the incoming attack.

Boom!

His armor, arms, and skull were crushed under the weight of Han Sen's Elephant-Disc Punch. Blood soaked the arena, and the disfigured and dismembered body of Black-Gold was launched out of the battleground. The bloody mess crash landed fifteen meters away.

"How is that possible?" Hua Ping was on his feet, his book and pens fallen to the floor. As he looked upon Dollar, his eyes widened until it looked like they were going to fall out.

It was a one-punch victory.

The immeasurably powerful spirit Black-Gold was killed shortly after the fight began, and he hadn't stood a chance. No one could imagine the strength that was delivered in that punch, and Hua Ping struggled to believe it was possible for an evolver to achieve such a wretched power.

Fang Mingquan was almost as shocked, as well; he almost cried aloud. He did not expect Dollar, who had only been in the Second God's Sanctuary for as long as he had, to have managed to achieve such power. He killed a royal spirit with a single punch, and it was a ravenous crowd-pleaser.

"Mingquan, is this man human?" Hua Ping asked after Dollar left the arena, excitedly grabbing Fang Mingquan's hand.

"Yes, he is. Dollar is pretty popular in the Alliance," Fang Mingquan quickly told him, in his own



excitement.

“If he is really human... Wait... Let me see...” Hua Ping was no longer coherent in his dialogue, as he ran his hands up and down his body in search of his book. Realizing it was on the floor, he raced to pick it up. He began flipping through the pages, scanning the battle lists and frantically drawing with his pen. Fang Mingquan wasn't sure what he was doing.

He drew with a manic speed. Every time he wrote down a name and drew a line, his face perked with further excitement.

Fang Mingquan looked at what Hua Ping was doing and noticed it was a calculation of the battle list. It seemed as if Hua Ping was trying to determine who Dollar would face off against next.

“Ten matches... He won't go up against anyone stronger than Black-Gold for another ten matches. This is a chance.” Hua Ping's face had gone red as a beetroot, and he beamed with delight in his mad drawings. The excitement in his face was getting deeper and deeper. But after a while, his face froze. His excitement drained away, and he sat down in evident disappointment. His eyes looked empty as he mumbled, “It still doesn't work. It still doesn't work.”

“Old Hua, what doesn't work?” Fang Mingquan quickly asked, eager understand what was going on.

“Your friend is pretty lucky. If he continues fighting, he shouldn't encounter any more opponents who are that powerful. Even if he met another spirit that was as powerful as Black-Gold, he would still have every chance of beating it. If he is lucky enough, he can reach the top ten. But...” Hua Ping gave a long, drawn-out sigh. Then, he continued by saying, “In his final fight, the one before he can be crowned Son of God, he must face-off against an opponent no human can possibly defeat.”

“What manner of opponent do you speak of?” Fang Mingquan asked.

“In the fifth Divinity's Bout, there was a light-element Son of God. Although this Son of God had only joined once, he was extremely powerful. His power now is something few humans might ever fathom. No human can beat him. Even evolvers with unlocked gene locks don't stand a chance. Before the Light Son of God, they would be crushed like bugs.” Hua Ping bore a wry smile as he explained the predicament.

## **Chapter 705: The Light Son of God**

“Is he really that strong?” Fang Mingquan asked Hua Ping with a look of disbelief.

With a wry smile, Hua Ping said, “You know the Alliance created a forfeit guide, for the Second God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout, yes?”

“Yes, I know. It contains a record of all the most powerful spirits that have participated in Divinity's Bout. If they encounter a spirit on that list, they are advised to immediately forfeit to avoid being killed,” Fang Mingquan said.

“Light Son of God is one of those. He has only taken part in Divinity's Bout once, so there was a lack of information about him at the time. A human with an unlocked gene lock was pitted against him. He was one of the top evolvers of all time, and he was a very famous man. He had many sacred-blood beast souls, strong hyper arts—the works. But the Light Son of God killed him in a single hit.”

Hua Ping shook his head and continued his explanation. "I have been too presumptuous. No human is powerful enough to become a Son of God. You need more than luck on your side to do that. I advise that you inform your friend of this wretched development. Tell him he can continue fighting for now, but he must pull out before the final battle. If he doesn't, the Light Son of God won't even allow him the opportunity to concede."

Fang Mingquan was getting an idea of how bad things might get, but he had no way of contacting the elusive Dollar.

Fang Mingquan thought his best bet for informing Dollar would be posting a news article about it. If he did that, there was at least a chance Dollar might see it.

Divinity's Bout continued. Today, everyone would have to fight five times. Dollar had another three spirits to go against; the other two were human.

Han Sen beat down the two humans and slew the three spirits with ease.

"Powerful. He is so powerful. He might very well be the strongest evolver in history. With such power, I cannot imagine..." Hua Ping was very excited, but a pang of woe nagged at him from behind. Dollar was practically only one step away from being a Son of God, but he feared what might happen to him if he tried to take it.

The better Dollar performed, the sorrier Hua Ping became. By the end, he couldn't bear to watch Dollar fight.

Someone so excellent was soon to be stopped, right before earning the title and becoming one of the ten Son of God's. He had no clue the next time humanity might have a similar opportunity.

Fang Mingquan, on the other hand, was thrilled and excited. Although he wasn't wholly clear on when Dollar joined the Second God's Sanctuary, he suspected it hadn't been more than a few years. Ascending at such a sharp trajectory, it was difficult for him to gauge his power correctly.

But Fang Mingquan and Hua Ping were both still worried. If they couldn't contact Dollar, and he ended up facing off against the Light Son of God, things would go very bad, very quickly.

"He has read the forfeit guide, hasn't he?" Fang Mingquan pondered aloud. He was sure that Dollar had, but he was still prepared to go back and make a broadcast about the show. He hoped it would be popular enough to let Dollar know how powerful the Light Son of God truly was.

Too many fights were taking place at the same time, so people tended to just watch their family members or at least the people they cared for.

So, for this reason, very few people paid attention to Han Sen.

A few people did come over to see, and although they were blown away when witnessing his power, it wasn't enough to attract others over.

Fang Mingquan decided to return to the Alliance and start a broadcast about Divinity's Bout. In particular, he wanted to talk about the five matches Dollar had already taken part in. He also wished to speak about the opponents he was going to face-off against in the future; the Light Son of God, in particular. He wanted to deliver plenty of information about that spirit, and what the spirit had done in the past.

This broadcast was almost like radio. There were no pictures of the event and it only featured Fang Mingquan discussing Divinity's Bout, alongside a rough map he had drawn up. Despite this, it drew a lot of attention.

"Dollar is here? And he's taking part in Divinity's Bout!?"

"Dollar only became an evolver a few years ago; he's taking part in Divinity's Bout already?"

"Holy crap! Black-Gold's hammer was smashed into smithereens by Dollar's fist? And he then proceeded to kill the spirit with a single punch? Are you yanking our chain? I remember the previous Divinity's Bout, in which my friend went up against Black-Gold. He had unlocked his gene lock and yet despite that, he was immediately struck by the hammer three times and was at the precipice of death before he could be dragged out in forfeit."

"Dollar rocks!"

"I'm going to go watch Dollar battle."

"Let's all go support Dollar tomorrow."

"If Dollar is there, I'll be there."

"If the analysis is true, though... poor Dollar. He'll be stopped in his tracks one step away from the top."

"Why do you guys assume he can keep on winning? Let's just see if he can beat the rest of the spirits and humans first."

"That Dollar is BS. His previous record was only landing as the tenth Son of God in the First God's Sanctuary. And he only competed there once."

"Yeah! Dollar is a scrub out here in the Second God's Sanctuary. The Light of God will crush him with his finger."

"What is the point of fighting, if it's all down to luck? If he didn't face-off against the Light Son of God, and become one of the top ten, he'd still be killed by the other Son of God's. He is sidewalk litter against them; trash kicked to the side on the pavement."

"With the luck you guys are talking about, I could be a Son of God. I could join and be lucky enough not to face-off against any strong foe and then POW! I'll be a Son of God."

...

Dollar's participation in Divinity's Bout was the catalyst for a great schism in the Alliance. A great debate had begun, and many people rooted for Dollar. They wanted him to become the first human Son of God in history.

But there were many people who did not believe Dollar could make it and beat the Light Son of God in the process. People with sense were more likely to advise Dollar to give up the fight, lest he be killed.

Many professionals had analyzed Dollar's Divinity's Bout. They thought his luck had been pretty good thus far. Every fight seemed to be an easy one, apart from the upcoming Light Son of God.

The other humans who took part in the holy battles would be out a few rounds before Dollar, as the spirits they met were too powerful for them and they had to quit.

But Dollar's luck stopped there. Even if he went ahead and beat the next few spirits coming up, he would most likely withdraw before going up against the Light Son of God.

That was what most professionals assumed Han Sen would do. As things were, they did not believe any human had what it took to go against the Light Son of God and win.

There were some really crude and offensive professionals, however. Many of them firmly believed Han Sen would stumble and fall long before he reached the Light Son of God.

And of course, there were some who believed Fang Mingquan was making stuff up or at least exaggerating the truth in a bid to increase viewership. They did not believe Dollar could break Black-Gold's hammer with a single hit. After much research and analysis, they theoretically proved Dollar lacked sufficient power to do such a thing.

Regardless, the whole Alliance was talking about the event, and everyone seemed to have a theory of their own. And on the second day of Divinity's Bout, the stadium was packed to the gills with attending spectators. Humanity's interest in the Second God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout had suddenly been reinvigorated.

## **Chapter 706: The Return of the Dollar**

Where once there were only a few in the audience seats, now the stadium was jam-packed with eager spectators. They all stared down at the battlegrounds, waiting for the shadow of Dollar to emerge.

"Here he is! Here he is!" A man clad in purple armor stepped onto the battlegrounds, and when he arrived, the crowd went wild with screams.

"Why is he wearing purple? Dollar is usually dressed in gold. Is this some sort of knock-off?"

"It looks like him, yet it doesn't at the same time."

...

Han Sen emerged onto the battleground not having researched his opponents nor read the forfeit guide. He only had to detect an opponent's life force to determine how powerful they truly were. Even if he couldn't tell, the devil ant king armor would keep him safe.

Han Sen's opponent now entered the field. It was a pretty-boy spirit, dressed in silver armor. In his hand, he held a silver sword. He had bunny-like ears and there was an eye in his forehead. Aside from that, he could have passed for a regular human.

People had already looked at Han Sen's list of battlers, so they knew what to expect from his first opponent.

The enemy was called Silver-Eye Prince. He was a royal spirit with a really quick moveset. In the analysis provided by professionals, he was one of the strongest foes Dollar would have to overcome if he hoped to fight against the Light Son of God.

The Silver-Eye Prince checked out his opponent without saying a word. Then, he drew his sword. Like a sudden flash of silver light, he dashed towards Han Sen. At the same time, he unleashed a barrage of sword-thrusts towards Han Sen; there were too many to count. They came down on Han Sen like silver rain.

A lot of people stood up, wanting to get a better look at how Dollar sought to best this silver-rain sword.

But Han Sen did not move an inch. He stood and watched the silver rain fall without blinking.

The silver sword rain that came down was little more than an image. Han Sen had many talents, and before he became famous, he had already encountered this move. The fact that the Silver-Eye Prince sought to use this move on him was something Han Sen believed to be childish.

The audience watched the silver shadows pierce through Han Sen. Their hearts pounded, and many women held their mouths to prevent screaming.

But despite what they saw, nothing happened. Han Sen still stood where he was, unmoved. He just peacefully watched the Silver-Eye Prince prance about with his sword.

Suddenly, Han Sen raised his hand and used two fingers to catch a single silver shadow. And then, all the rain disappeared. Han Sen was left where he was, holding one silver sword between his fingers, three inches away from his throat.

But the three inches might as well have been a thousand miles. Despite being held by two fingers, the Silver-Eye Prince could not budge his sword. It was stuck.

Katcha!

Han Sen's fingers moved, snapping the sword. Then, he followed up with a palm strike into the Silver-Eye Prince's chest.

All the audience heard was the sound of shattered glass. The Silver-Eye Prince's silver armor was smashed into little more than glitter, as its pale colors surrendered to the wash of blood. The spirit's blood soaked the battleground, but he was dead before he hit the ground. Right before he crashed onto the floor, he disintegrated. He had returned to his spirit stone.

Everyone who watched the fight had been petrified, as if they had been turned to stone. The supremely powerful Silver-Eye Prince did not stand a chance against the might of Dollar. The spirit didn't even have the opportunity to fight back.

"Dollar! It really is Dollar! Dollar has returned!"

"That is way too powerful. That's frightening!"

"Cool! What nonsense were those professionals spewing? Didn't they say Dollar could not break Black-Gold's hammer? They also said Dollar could not defeat the Silver-Eye Prince. Well, take a look at that result. What are they to say now, huh?"

"Dollar, our Lord and Savior, is always with us."

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

"Keep going Dollar! Show them spirits what's up and become a Son of God!"

"Holy crap! Dollar really is still Dollar! Invincible as ever, even here in the Second God's Sanctuary. Allow me to kneel before you and kiss your hand."

...

A lot of Dollar's fans were driven into a frenzy by the excitement of his most recent, sensational win. Although some humans had been known to show such strength in Divinity's Bout, facing down Black-God and the Silver-Eye Prince and emerging untouched was an incredible thing. It was a very rare occurrence.

Of course, many people had never paid attention to Divinity's Bout before.

After this fight, however, people were beginning to see a warming light of hope. They started to believe a human could actually claim a spot amongst the Son of God's.

Han Sen exited the arena to wait for his next fight.

Not long after, it was time for him to return. He didn't look at the list, assuming such a thing would be trivial and pointless. As such, he didn't know who he was to face-off against next.

The person who arrived on stage surprised Han Sen. He never expected his next opponent was to be a human, and more surprisingly, someone he personally knew.

"Queen? Queen is going up against Dollar!?" A lot of elite evolvers who saw the person standing in front of Han Sen were shocked. No one expected Dollar would be going up against Queen this day.

Time was short, and they had only briefly been given the opportunity to analyze the list. And in regards to who his second opponent might be, there were far too many possible matches. And there was also the variable of not knowing whether Queen would win her previous match.

The list Hua Ping had formulated only accounted for spirits, and he cared little for the analysis of which humans might face each other. People read the list, assuming Han Sen would be facing either another spirit or a human called Huangfu Jing.

No one knew Huangfu Jing was Queen's real name.

"This is interesting. Queen is Dollar's opponent. I'm not quite sure who will be stronger. It's a shame Lin Feng is still on his mission and was unable to join Divinity's Bout. His participation would make things even more interesting." Teng Zhen Liu was shocked, seeing Queen square off against the enigmatic Dollar. But he still felt as if it was a shame.

Teng Zhen Liu was hoping Lin Feng would be the one to go against Han Sen. Although he knew Queen was powerful, Teng Zhen Liu had to admit he did not know much about her.

"Queen versus Dollar will be an interesting fight, that is for sure. The Murder Dollar legend is Dollar himself, and he knows Heavenly Go, too."

"I don't know if it's Heavenly Go or not."

"This is rather interesting. We'll have a metric to determine how powerful Dollar truly is."

"Who is Dollar, anyway?"

In the ice fields, in the royal-class Goddess Shelter, the Beetle Knight continued to take on the shape of Han Sen, like a doppelganger. It brought the little angel to observe the fight, and the people who had guessed Dollar was secretly Han Sen were quickly disappointed.

## **Chapter 707: Elephant-Disc Punch**

Seeing that woman, who was as cold as a monarch, Han Sen did not move. His very heart had been rocked with surprise and he thought to himself, "This is too much of a coincidence. Despite the countless other humans and spirits here, I am put against her?"

Queen looked at Han Sen, then kicked towards him with her long legs like the throw of an axe. Queen did not care who her opponent was; she had no idea she was up against Dollar.

But Han Sen waved his fist, and after doing so, Queen's face changed. Her legs canceled their attack and pulled to the side in evasion. When she neared Han Sen, she raised her fist and attempted to punch him. Han Sen raised his elbow and pushed away Queen's incoming fist, as his left hand swung towards her waist.

They both engaged in very close-quarter combat. Their attacks, deflections, dodges, and parries came thick and fast, and the eyes of the audience could barely follow the speed at which they fought. By the time they could admire one move, another ten had been performed.

The crowd became cross-eyed, and it was like they were witnessing the fight of two rabid monsters.

"Who is this woman? She is so cool; she can actually go toe-to-toe with Dollar!"

"I did not expect to ever see a woman evolver be so powerful."

"This woman is amazing. Her body and general appearance are divine, and her strength is incredible."

"She is like a goddess. This Huangfu Jing... she cannot be from the Ares Martial Hall..."

...

Many evolvers did not know who Queen was, but witnessing this fight, they quickly started to admire her.

And for the people who knew Queen, they were more surprised that Dollar was able to fight her. Queen was a master of close-quarter combat. She was regarded as nearly invincible by her peers, in part due to her knowledge of Heavenly Go. The combination of Heavenly Go and superb close-quarter combat abilities made most fights a breeze for her.

Therefore, people were surprised Dollar was able to fight Queen. The punching skills Han Sen used surprised people even more, however.

“Can Elephant-Disc Punch beat Heavenly Go?” Many people had recognized Han Sen’s skill, Elephant-Disc Punch. After all, it was a fairly common hyper geno art. Of course, they never expected the skill could stand up to Heavenly Go.

Before this day, if someone had been told Elephant-Disc Punch could compete with Heavenly Go, they’d have been laughed out of the room.

But there he was; Han Sen was using Elephant-Disc Punch to repel Queen’s Heavenly Go with no sign of being at a disadvantage. And now, people began to think Heavenly Go wasn’t as effective as they had previously been led to believe.

“Holy crap! Dollar is using Elephant-Disc Punch; I know this skill myself! Why can’t I use it as good as him?”

“Yeah, if he can use that skill to this level of effectiveness, he might as well be a god.”

It didn’t take long for people to recognize the skill Han Sen used was Elephant-Disc Punch. After all, it was very common and many people had learnt it due to the affordability of A-class hyper geno arts. It was frequently considered a must-have skill.

But it shocked them to see Dollar cast the very same skill with such a terrifying amount of power.

“I have known Elephant-Disc Punch for many years; how have I been unable to notice how much power this skill can actually discharge?”

“Skills are still dependent on their caster, mind you. In Dollar’s hand, it is like an invincible hand of death. In your hand...”

“It is a shame I can’t record these fights. If I could, I’d watch them over and over in an attempt to learn Dollar’s trick.”

“It’s strange. Is Dollar really using the same Elephant-Disc Punch you and I use? It looks similar, yes... but it has a certain element of strangeness to it.”

It wasn’t just the ordinary folk who viewed this skill with such bewilderment. Wang Yuhang was just as shocked as the rest. Everyone knew the battle between Queen and Dollar would be quite the spectacle, but no one expected Dollar would be able to repel Heavenly Go with such a common skill.

“Is this guy human? How can he do this?” Wang Yuhang’s eyes were opened wide.

“Dollar is Dollar. The word ‘freaking awesome’ is what we can use,” Teng Zhen Liu said in praise.

“Brother Teng, that’s two words.” The comrade beside him looked at Teng Zhen Liu, confused.

“He is awesome, awesome is him. The word freaking can be ignored, so it’s just one word,” said Teng Zhen Liu.

The comrade acknowledged that with a sudden, “Ah, I see.”

Queen was shocked just as much. She knew exactly what kind of skill Elephant-Disc Punch was, despite not having learnt it herself.

She was shocked to see her opponent using such a regular skill and still keeping up with her.



But Queen was Queen, and she didn't let the surprise put her at a disadvantage. She didn't care about which skill he used against her, all she wanted to do was win.

This fight was a surprise to be sure, but a welcome one. It amazed each and every spectator, and even Hua Ping. When he saw the name Huangfu Jing, he only expected it to be an ordinary human. As such, he cared little for the fight's potential significance.

He did not expect Huangfu Jing to be a person of such strength, let alone that she would come the closest to matching Dollar's power so far.

Hua Ping thought Dollar was the strongest evolver in existence, but he never expected there to be a woman who could achieve such power.

"This is good. So, after all this time, humanity hasn't been resting on its laurels. The younger generation has followed in the footsteps of their predecessors, taking the abilities of their forefathers forward with greater strength. They are stepping up, and it now seems more possible than ever for humanity to claim a pedestal and be deemed a Son of God." Hua Ping was overjoyed to see so many excellent young people stepping up to the plate.

Fan Mingquan was excited to see this, as well. He didn't know such a powerful female existed, and that she could do so well in combat against Dollar.

His fists were like an elephant and hers were like a battle axe.

The fight between Han Sen and Queen looked nuts, and it didn't seem like either one had a clear advantage. The audience was so thrilled, they wished they could take part.

Han Sen admired Queen. He didn't use all his energy as he did while casting Elephant-Rex Strike, but he used the most he could with Elephant-Disc Punch. He was able to suppress Queen well-enough, but he could not beat her.

This woman's Heavenly Go was already at a scary level, so unless Han Sen had much greater strength and speed, he wouldn't be able to beat her outright.

Han Sen knew he could not beat her, if he maintained this status quo. The best he could hope for right now was Queen exhausting all her energy.

If he fought for his life, Han Sen might win. But he didn't want to kill her, nor did he want to spend too much energy. So, Han Sen suddenly stopped. He let Queen's battle-axe leg, which was currently being driven at his head, carry on its approach and did not dodge.

## **Chapter 708: A Father's Love**

Everyone was shocked; they had no idea why Dollar just stopped fighting all of a sudden. They believed, if he accepted the strike that was coming his way, he'd end up half dead.

Everyone thought Dollar might have had a trump card up his sleeve, but he didn't. Queen's leg struck Han Sen's head without resistance.

But what happened next dropped every jaw in the vicinity. Although Queen's strike hit Dollar's head with startling velocity and pitch-perfect aim, he didn't move. Dollar did not move a single inch.

It was like Queen had whacked a statue, not a human body.

But with Queen's power, even if Dollar was a statue, he'd be nothing but rubble right now. And still, Han Sen stood upright as if Queen had not even touched him.

"Impossible!" Teng Zhen Liu stood up, and with wide eyes, peered at Dollar who had just stood there in

acceptance of the kick.

It was not just Teng Zhen Liu bearing such a reaction. Everyone who knew even the slightest thing about Queen and her power could not believe what had just happened.

Queen's power was above all other evolvers, it was commonly believed. It was hard to imagine how tough a person would have to be to withstand one of her strikes and not even budge.

And Queen herself was just as shocked. But still, she did not let that be cause for refrain. Her pair of beautiful legs went back to kicking Han Sen like two fierce dragons, and again, she was unopposed. She hit Han Sen heavily, over and over.

Queen kept on kicking, striking, and hitting. Her leg skills left no room for retaliation, had Dollar sought to pull a stunt. The legs just came at him in a ceaseless barrage from every angle.

The crowd was frozen at the sight, at how none of Queen's attacks made Han Sen move a single inch.

The entire shelter was quiet. Even the other human fighters who had joined Divinity's Bout were in awe.

The raging sound of the kicks echoed far and wide across the battlegrounds, but Dollar's strong purple body continued to stand still, as if Queen's hurricane of attacks was nothing more than a stiff breeze.

Queen, who always did what she wanted and achieved the results she desired, suddenly started to look a little panicky.

Dong!

Queen kicked towards Han Sen's face, but then stopped right before it landed.

Everyone looked at the two. Dollar did not move; all he did was raise his right hand slowly. He grabbed Queen's lower leg, and she was unable to move it anymore.

"Have you kicked me enough yet? Can we end this now?" Han Sen asked gently, as he held onto Queen's calf.

Everyone who heard this was struck with a strange feeling, and the atmosphere changed. It no longer looked like a fight on a battleground. Queen now looked like a little girl who had been throwing a tantrum to her father. Dollar was the father who allowed her to let it all out before taking her home.

Although it was inappropriate, that was how people viewed the scene after hearing Dollar speak. The cold and powerful Queen was little more than a sulking little girl now.

Queen took notice of this strange atmosphere, as well. She gritted her teeth and lifted her other leg. She twirled in the air and kicked Han Sen.

Han Sen did not care for the other kicking leg, and he allowed it to strike his neck. He stepped forward, reached out his hands, and grabbed ahold of Queen's waist as she was in the air. Then, he lifted her up on his side like a little girl and walked to the edge of the battleground.

No matter how many times Queen kicked, Han Sen did not care. He just continued his walk to the side of the battleground.

Everyone thought their eyes were playing tricks. No one could have expected a person as calm and composed as Queen to take part in such a juvenile scene.

The father and daughter feelings only continued to grow. Queen was the tantrum-throwing girl while Dollar was the understanding father. He did not argue with the little girl, he only allowed her to release the anger she had pent up inside her.

Somehow, a phrase popped into many people's heads; "A father's love."

Everyone looked puzzled; the people from the Ares Martial Hall, in particular. Their mouths continued to remain open, not seeming likely to close anytime soon.

No one expected Queen, who was the boss of the Martial Hall—the woman who they looked up to the most, like a goddess they could not look at directly—would end up in a scene like this.

Queen's heart was stricken with anger and embarrassment. She never thought she would be treated like this, and she would have preferred to be killed.

But at the same time, Queen was shocked. She was aware of the extent of her own power, and she knew there were only two possible explanations for Han Sen's ability to withstand her attacks. Firstly, his armor must have been incredibly hard to survive her barrage of kicks. She struggled to imagine what sort of armor he possessed, if it was indeed that tough.

It was either that, or he was just much stronger than her. The strength of his armor would not matter too much if their powers had been on a similar level.

A lot of the educated spectators could see this, and it made them even more surprised than the evolvers.

Queen had already maxed out her sacred geno points. She also had the best hyper geno arts. Her power was way above the limits of most normal evolvers, and yet, she could not do anything. Those watching could not believe or even fathom how powerful Dollar might have been.

"Super geno points; he must have absorbed super geno points. Otherwise, he could not be that powerful." These thoughts ran through the minds of many people.

The First God's Sanctuary and Second God's Sanctuary had people who had killed super creatures and obtained their Life Geno essences.

But up until now, a method of absorbing the essences and gaining super geno points had yet to be discovered. The only explanation for Dollar's performance was that he had managed to do what others thought impossible.

In the silence that now enveloped the arena, Han Sen had reached the edge of the battleground. He threw her off the stage.

"Go home and stop wasting your time. I am not here to fight humans," Han Sen coldly told her.

As he said this, it was like everyone stopped breathing.

"I am not here to fight humans."

It was an average sentence but still, it made people unable to breathe. The blood of the audience began to boil in excitement.

## Chapter 709: The King's Declaration

In addition to his supreme fitness level, Han Sen wore berserk super armor. He also simulated the cub's energy flow to make his body not far-off the strength of obsidian. That was how he managed to shrug off Queen's attacks.

If he had not simulated that energy, the armor itself would not have been enough. After all, Queen knew how to make use of Yin Force, and no armor could withstand all that power.

"It looks like my absorption of Life Geno essences is going to be exposed." Han Sen had known exposure would be inevitable when he went up against the final spirit, but he hadn't counted on meeting Queen and having it revealed so early.

But Han Sen was prepared for the world to know, anyway. He was playing the role of the enigmatic Dollar, and no one would be able to find him once the matches were over.

In the next two fights, he met humans again. When his would-be opponents walked on stage, however, they did not fight him.

“Dollar; I am a fan of yours. Can I have your signature?” A two meter tall big man stood in front of Han Sen looking shy, and handed over a pen and paper.

Han Sen froze for a second, expecting another match. He didn’t expect someone who had come so far to give up the fight and instead ask for a signature. He took the pen and paper and scribbled his name down.

He was not worried about someone recognizing his hand-writing. He could control his body well enough to mask his handwriting, so he used a style no one would be able to trace back to him.

“Thank you, thank you!” The big man greatly appreciated his autograph, and then quickly exited the stage.

The second human opponent was not as fanatical as the other man, fortunately. He did tell Han Sen something, though. He said, “Good luck, Dollar. You have our support. Go and become a Son of God.” Then, he also gave up the fight and exited the stage.

The last opponent of the day was a royal spirit. Han Sen killed it with a single blow, which made humanity super happy.

Han Sen did not stay for long, afterwards. He quickly made his leave and returned to the privacy of the Crystal Palace.

Fang Mingquan had never been so excited. The media-man’s soul was burning with the fire of unadulterated passion.

Dollar’s words lingered on the minds of many, but they particularly stood out to Fang Mingquan; “I am not here to fight humans”.

Returning to the office, Fang Mingquan wrote an article called, “I am Not Here to Fight Humans – The King’s Declaration,” and posted it.

It described Dollar’s fights over the previous two days. He made sure to highlight Dollar’s most profound line.

In the end, Fang Mingquan wrote, “The king has returned; his sword directed to the position of becoming a Son of God. Will Dollar become humanity’s first Son of God?”

The day held unparalleled fervor and excitement. They were hopeful for Dollar’s performance in the future, hoping he would stand as a representation for humanity’s position amongst the Son of God’s.

But the real shock came from the Alliance's office. Normal people only understood he was strong; they didn't quite grasp the full extent of his strength like others might have.

The high-class officers of the Alliance were aware Dollar must have absorbed Life Geno essences. They also knew he was wearing a super beast soul armor. If he wasn't, they knew he couldn't possibly have possessed such insane defense.

Even Queen could do nothing before him, and as a result, they were certain this was so.

A lot of people were excited and curious about this development. They were almost salivating at the prospect of Dollar proving that humans could indeed absorb Life Geno essences. Their inquisitiveness of how he had done so was difficult to temper.

A lot of people wanted to find out, but they did not know how to get in contact with the elusive Dollar.

Almost at the same time, the leaders of every faction issued a decree to seek out the man behind the mask; they wanted to find Dollar. The matter of Life Geno essence absorption was a concern of the human race and it was crucial for the development of humanity. They had to find out who Dollar was, no matter what. They had to learn, from the horse's mouth, what Dollar knew.

Many people analyzed the information they had on Dollar, in an attempt to predict who Dollar might be. They composed a list of suspects, one which contained the name Han Sen.

But Han Sen and Dollar had appeared in the same area many times, as well as at different locations at the same time. This led to his name being crossed from the list.

Not many people owned a doppelganger beast soul. People only knew Han Sen and Ning Yue had one, so no one considered this possibility.

Ning Yue was there watching Divinity's Bout, as well; this made him think of something. Not being wholly certain, he didn't let people know what he was thinking of just yet.

The aqua reaper lived inside him, and his thoughts and life were in Han Sen's hands. If he did something to displease Han Sen, he'd be a dead man.

Han Sen won the next few matches, which led to the generation of another major topic in the Alliance. Everyone was talking about whether or not Dollar could truly be the next Son of God. They wondered if he could beat the Light Son of God.

Because of his amazing performance thus far, many people were extremely hopeful at this prospect. A lot of people who did not care about Divinity's Bout started caring about it a lot more.

When people watched Dollar fight, the ferocity drew them in and made them feel as if they were a part of the battle themselves. This wasn't a simple series of fights anymore; it was a conquest for obtaining glory for all humanity.

Although Han Sen was only fighting for himself, to humanity at large, he was doing something no one else could. He was committing a selfless deed for the rest of the human race, they thought.

Even though Dollar had his fair share of detractors, they still hoped he could achieve glory for humanity and win.

Especially the old men who had been in the Second God's Sanctuary for a century. They had lived their entire lives in the Second God's Sanctuary, and throughout their lifetimes, all they had heard was how miserable humans were doing in Divinity's Bout. Although they looked like they didn't care, they still secretly harbored a desire for humanity to excel and win the tournament. They wanted someone to get payback on the spirits more than anything.

They acted like they did not care because they could not do anything about it. The efforts of every generation had led to countless deaths and innumerable injuries. Disappointment was the only reward for such grievances, and thus, they lacked hope. They continued to pretend as if they didn't care, even going so far as to make jokes about the event.

But when the hope came, even if it was only a little, they were excited. And they prayed and bid their wishes upon the people or person who showed the most promise.

The people who were older would feel an even greater amount of glory.

"Old Hui, have you heard about this year's Divinity's Bout? That Dollar there is pretty good, and maybe there is a chance this year will be the one." A lot of excited old men shared the news of Han Sen's many victories.

Over 80% of human evolvers were focused on Divinity's Bout for the first time. The media began reporting as much as they could on the event. Most reports were about Dollar, his past, present, and possible future legacies.

Overnight, Dollar became a legendary figure to the entire Alliance. His name was on the tip of everyone's tongue. The fame he received was different than what he received in the past. This time, Dollar was shouldering the glory of all humanity. He possessed a figurative halo that separated him from traditional celebrities, as well.

Even Han Sen himself did not expect things to turn out this way. Even in the military base, soldiers and officers ravenously talked about Dollar and Divinity's Bout.

## Chapter 710: Glory

Victory! Non-stop victory.

Dollar won again and again, which thrilled the Alliance. More and more people became excited about the Divinity's Bout, as the focus on Dollar increased.

Although there were many differing opinions, the mainstream media were all hopeful that Dollar could see his trials through and manage to become a Son of God, or perhaps even the number one Son of God.

At the same time, there were many people trying to determine who the elusive Dollar actually was.

Some people believed he was a gifted child of some large organization, with profound talent. Made-up stories said he could walk around the day he was born. He could fight when he was merely one year old and admire women with big boobies by the time he was three.

Others were firm in the belief that Dollar had volunteered for some super geno engineering. They believed the genes of his composition had been modified, enabling the supreme power he wielded.

Everyone had their own story, and all manner of false rumors and tall tales had begun to spread.

Many articles and books had been released, some unabashedly false such as “The Secrets Between Me and Dollar” or “Trapped in an Elevator with Dollar.” Such stories became quite popular.

The officers and factions of the Alliance worked tirelessly to figure out who Dollar was, but still, they could not find out. The way they clamored for intel was considerably worse than the general populace, but it was all to no avail.

But the more battles Han Sen fought and won, the closer he was to confronting the fearsome foe Light Son of God. And that time had now come; he was to battle with him the very next day.

People like Hua Ping had painstakingly analyzed the potential outcome of the next fight, with the data collected from Light Son of God’s and Han Sen’s previous fights. He had come to the conclusion that Han Sen had only a 20% chance of winning.

Hua Ping and his people had been predicting this outcome for a while now, even before Dollar’s popularity exploded. They hoped to find a way Dollar might manage to beat his ultimate enemy.

But in each one of Light Son of God’s battles, he killed everything that came close. No one had managed to last longer than a second after a bout started with him, and standing before him seemed to be a guaranteed death.

His movement speed was far too quick, too quick even to see. He would blink away, and the head of his opponent would be severed before he reappeared. He was the sort of foe no human could go against.

Although Dollar was strong, his speed was nowhere comparable. It was highly doubtful Dollar could dodge his attacks.

The reason Hua Ping believed Han Sen still had a 20% chance of winning was attributed to his armor. With good fortune, such sturdy armor might be what was needed to survive one of Light Son of God’s killing strikes.

While blocking his attack did not guarantee a win, it still provided an opening. It was a slim chance, but it was a chance nonetheless.

All the big factions of the Alliance conducted their own analyses, but each one’s result was considerably worse than Hua Ping’s prediction. They saw Han Sen having less than 10% chance of achieving victory.

Compared to these high-class sorts, however, the general populace was overall more hopeful and optimistic. It was almost expected that Dollar would become a Son of God, and they spent little time dwelling on the alternative outcomes for his final fight.

Han Sen himself tried not to pay much attention, but it was a popular topic that was making headlines everywhere he looked. He read a few articles out of curiosity, which revealed to him who he would be fighting.

Han Sen read one of Fang Mingquan's articles. It was a report that quoted Hua Ping's prediction of success and the reasons why, which gave Han Sen some sort of idea of what he should expect.

"A speedy spirit? That could be difficult." Han Sen frowned.

He was afraid of encountering speedy spirits, particularly those who would also be stronger than him. It was the worst of both worlds, and wielding such power with that terrifying speed really would make Han Sen an easy kill. The chance of victory was practically non-existent, if he could neither withstand the spirit's attacks nor fight back.

It reminded him of the raven on Sky Pillar mountain. It could kill humans freely due to its immense speed, and he and those who accompanied him that day had not stood a chance against it.

Han Sen's thoughts aligned with Hua Ping's. He had to hope his armor was sturdy enough to withstand the attacks of Light Son of God. That would be his window.

"I have berserk super armor. Even if he is a super spirit, I should be able to block it, right?" Han Sen was deep in thought, and he continued, "If he is fast, then that means he will be weaker physically. Heavy punches always hit harder than fast ones."

"If you had brought your pet to fight alongside you, all this glory might have been yours." Annie approached Han Sen, supper in hand. She sat in front of him, as he read the news while he ate.

Han Sen smiled and said, "I would have liked to, but I don't have super armor. I don't have defense like him. And I don't even have the ability to absorb Life Geno essences like this guy, either. My fitness would be too low. In such a small arena, a super spirit could gleefully ignore my pet and come for me right away. There'd be no room for me to maneuver and exclusively sic my pet on my opponent."

"You are right, but that Dollar's fitness is still lower than the super spirit's. Even with super armor, he is still useless. He will not be able to hit Light Son of God, and so he will still lose." Annie took a breath and then continued to say, "If your pet is with him, it might give him the edge he needs to become one of the ten Son of God's."

"Even if I wanted to lend the pet to Dollar, where could I find him? All of the factions are looking for him like mad, right now." Han Sen shrugged.

Annie nodded and said, "We have run many tests on the Life Geno essences. We have no idea how to absorb them, yet Dollar has somehow managed to."

"I would like to know how, too," Han Sen said, as he continued to eat.

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The next day, the human shelter's battleground was packed to the gills with spectators once more. The audience was rabid, eager to watch Dollar fight the Light Son of God. If Dollar won, he would become a Son of God himself. It would be the ultimate glory, and one of the highest achievements of humanity.

A lot of old evolvers also entered the battle arena, earlier than most. Quietly, they waited for the matches to start. Their hearts were nervous, and no one wanted Dollar to win more than they did.

From twenty year old people, to two hundred year old people, this fight was a cultural phenomenon. It attracted people of all ages, from all walks of life.

It was unknown how many billions of human evolvers now turned their attention to this fight. Even those who said Dollar had no chance of winning still prayed he might be able to summon a miracle.

This was nothing personal. Although Han Sen personally felt that it was, he was representing the entire human race.

Until Han Sen, no human had ever come this far. He was a genuine pioneer for humankind, and he shouldered the expectations of countless people. This was his glory.

"He's here!" A strong purple body stepped forward to enter the arena. The anxiety that tempered the mood of the crowd was suddenly loosed into a blazing flare of excitement.

A lot of people had read the analyses of Light Son of God. He was a terribly strong foe for anyone to encounter. As such, they were slightly worried Dollar would have been a no-show.

Although the Alliance had created the forfeit guide, no one wanted to see this man give up on this day.

And fortunately, he had arrived. Calmly, he walked on stage.

In that very moment, his body meant the whole world.