

Super Power

Chapter 711: Battle with the Son of God

He had long white hair to skirt his cold, handsome face. He wore a white robe hemmed with gold, and he approached like the Son of God he was. The whole world seemed humbled by his mere presence. Everyone watched the Light Son of God come on stage, and they all froze with bated breath. His oppressive presence made it difficult for the audience to look at him straight. To look at him felt like blasphemy.

“So handsome!” A woman could not help but blurt out. He looked so holy, even a woman from a different race couldn’t help but find him attractive.

Compared to humanity, the Light Son of God was like a perfect being. He stood casually, yet he emitted a holy aura that belittled everyone else who looked at him.

The Light Son of God was of a similar height to Han Sen, but from the way he stood, he looked taller. It was as if he was looking down on Dollar. His eyes were full of disdain, as if Han Sen’s worth was less than that of an ant.

The evolvers who watched felt suffocated. It was like a mound of rocks was slowly being built upon their chests, and they wanted to heave blood out of their mouths.

“God said, ‘Let there be light,’” these words exited Light Son of God’s mouth. His white eyes shone, as if to embody the God he spoke about.

He said these words before every single fight. It wasn’t anything personal uttered towards Han Sen, because he looked at everyone the same way—he considered everyone he opposed as nothing.

With his angelic voice, Light Son of God raised his index finger. It was thin, long, and perfectly chiseled. It pointed towards Han Sen.

A white beam suddenly formed in the air and pinged off Han Sen’s forehead, before he had the chance to react.

Han Sen looked as if he had been sniped with a perfect headshot. His body leaned backwards after the shot, and he crumbled like a castle to the ground, the momentum catching up and sliding him a good distance back.

The humans who watched the fight fell silent, and suddenly felt terrible. Dollar could not even withstand a ranged attack that came from Light Son of God’s finger.

The people who had researched Light Son of God bore wry smiles as they shook their heads. They knew this was going to happen, but still, they couldn’t help but feel bad.

The Light Son of God’s attacks were too fast, and humans had no chance of dodging the white beams emitted from his fingers.

Suddenly, Dollar’s collapsed body moved. He pulled himself back to his feet and touched his head. His dark purple helmet had a circular indentation in it. It was almost like a bullet hole, but it didn’t pierce all the way through.

“Coooin!” people yelled, with reinvigorated joy. They couldn’t put into words their sudden relief, and all they could do was chant his name in unison.

Han Sen’s forehead lit up with pain. He had already cast the ant king’s energy flow to boost his defense inside his berserk ant king armor, and still, Light Son of God’s attack had almost pierced right through. His foe was stronger than he had imagined, and he most certainly believed he was a super spirit. He was

most likely stronger than a super creature.

Light Son of God's power was indeed at the level of a super creature, but his wisdom far exceeded theirs.

When Light Son of God lifted his finger earlier, Han Sen could not even see the beam's trail. Without seeing it coming, he could not react to it. Before he noticed it was firing at his forehead, it was too late. Light Son of God saw Han Sen survive his beam attack, and was surprised that Han Sen's head was not blown off. He raised his lips and mockingly said, "Not bad. To not be killed by my beam, your life must have many accomplishments."

"If I can kill you, that'll just be another one to the tally." Han Sen shook his head; the beam was incredibly powerful. Although his helmet blocked it, his head still suffered a concussion. His neck was in pain as well, most likely suffering whiplash from the sudden impact.

Light Son of God had a disdainful smile and he said, "Ignorant human, that first hit was only a drop from the well of my power. Do you really think you have what it takes to compete against me?"

"Yes, for if that was any indication, you must have a pretty small well." After that, Han Sen ran towards Light Son of God with his fist raised.

But after Han Sen's first step, Light Son of God pointed his finger at him again. The white beam managed to strike Han Sen's head once more. Blood dripped from beneath his helmet.

Everyone was shocked, the blood telling them that things weren't going too well.

"Too strong. This is not something mere evolvers can go up against. With such speed and power, there is no way he can win."

A lot of people had similar thoughts, as the audience's faces went pale.

Although the Light Son of God was not going after them, they still felt hopeless after watching his dominating power.

The dark-purple body stood up once more. The helmet had another bullet hole in it, and this time it had pierced all the way through, causing blood to leak from the hit. It was a terrifying sight.

"Is that all you got?" Han Sen stared at the Light Son of God, as the blood in his body pumped faster to the accompaniment of his heart.

Han Sen felt no fear, only excitement. He saw the glimmer of hope, the one that would guide him to defeat the Light Son of God.

The Light Son of God's attacks did not heavily damage him. Even though the beam pierced through his armor, the power was not enough to damage his gargoyle glyph body. He had cast the bear cub's energy flow to strengthen his body even more.

Han Sen's greatest disadvantage right now was the fact he was using Dongxuan Sutra to cast a number of different energy flows at once. He couldn't fight much longer, so he had to find a way to end the battle soon. He could not risk collapsing from exhaustion.

He stepped forward with another look of certainty. He raised his fist again with the intent of hitting the Light Son of God.

The Light Son of God's face looked ugly, almost as if he was mad. Five fingers now pointed at Han Sen, and another five beams of light pierced through Han Sen's body.

Han Sen's body was sent flying, his blood like flowers in the air. A few sensitive female spectators held their mouths as tears fell from their eyes.

With more blood seeping through his wounds and the tears of his armor, Han Sen managed to stand up once again. He didn't say anything this time, he just tried to punch Light Son of God again.

Light Son of God's eyes went cold as he fired another five beams of light. Han Sen tried to evade them,

but the beams really were too quick. He could not dodge them, and again, five more bloody holes appeared in his armor.

But this time, Han Sen did not fall. His legs carved two deep marks into the hard floor of the arena. Han Sen used his hands to maintain his grip and not fall over.

Although things looked dire, he didn't fall. Blood continued to drip.

Chapter 712: Stand Up

Seeing Han Sen still managing to stand up, the chests of many people felt heavy with sunken emotions. When the Light Son of God looked at Han Sen again, there was no longer disdain in his expression. Instead, he looked at Han Sen with respect. He considered the Dollar he was up against to be a genuine opponent.

"Now, I will treat you like a real foe. You can quit now, if you'd like. If you choose not to, understand I will not allow you to live," the Light Son of God offered, continuing to look at Han Sen.

Han Sen did not answer, he just raised his fist to try to punch him again.

The Light Son of God's body finally moved. His entire body became light, and he teleported in front of Han Sen. Several beams of light were cast, which stitched together to strike Han Sen.

"Aargh!" Han Sen's body was smacked into the air as more and more blood began to pour from inside the dark-purple armor like a red peony.

Pang!

Han Sen's body crashed down onto the ground with a heavy thud. Not a single sound came from the audience that looked on, as the Light Son of God's power shocked them all.

But in their hearts the faint flame of hope was yet to be fully extinguished.

"Stand up." People chanted this line in their hearts but did not dare shout it out loud. They felt their hopes were pitiable, and nothing more than false hopes.

They thought it was like trying to light a match in a typhoon. They hoped the match could continue to burn, but they feared if they said something, its fire would go out.

Even though they did not speak, however, they still understood its futility. The wind itself was what would extinguish a match that was lit inside a typhoon.

But Han Sen was not a little flame. He stood up. A few cracks delicately traced and adorned his armor, blood seeping through them. Despite his wounds, he stood up straight in defiance.

He waved his fist towards the Light Son of God again.

The Light Son of God snorted and moved. The beams of light were cast again and they all struck Han Sen's body, which summoned even more spilt blood.

Han Sen did try to dodge it, but again, his foe was too fast. He could not see the attacks, and as a result, could not evade. He was repeatedly knocked down, but he never stayed there. Every time he was knocked down, he got up again. His armor was coated with a vast number of marks.

His dark-purple armor was now dyed red in his blood.

"Stop fighting; give up!" a woman cried out with a soft voice. She tried to hold it in, but no longer could. With a voice that was as soft as a prayer, she pleaded. She did not want to see Dollar suffer a slow, brutal death.

Han Sen could not hear her voice and even if he had, he would not care. He looked far worse than he actually felt.

If it was ordinary armor he was using, he would have been killed far sooner. Under the constant attacks, the armor would have broken a long time ago.

The devil ant king armor had very strong recovery abilities, however. Han Sen simulated the ant king's energy flow, which allowed it to absorb the damage that was being dealt and not wholly break.

The damage he had taken earlier was healed before he suffered the latest hit. This was what allowed Han Sen to pick himself up again and again. Without the protection of the ant king armor, he would have been shredded into nothing but bits.

Han Sen, who had been beaten down again, stood up once more. He raised his fist but could never get close enough to the Light Son of God to even touch the cloth of his garment.

Han Sen wasn't being reckless, but the Light Son of God was too fast and he simply could not follow. If he hadn't been able to sustain the attacks, then his inability to defeat the spirit would have been assured.

Han Sen needed to get a grip on the Light Son of God's attack pattern. If he could just touch him, he might have what it took to beat him.

Heavenly Go's formation allowed for the prediction of an enemy's attack pattern. He could react before they started attacking, and this even allowed him to dodge bullets. When the opponent started firing, it would be too late, of course; you would have to dodge just as the gun was raised.

Dongxuan Sutra could do this, too, but perhaps even more effectively.

The Light Son of God was too fast, though, and Han Sen could not even see when he chose to raise his finger-guns. Therefore, Han Sen had to analyze the Light Son of God's attack pattern.

If this was anybody else, doing so would have been impossible. But Han Sen had the dongxuan aura. He had been using it this entire time to observe his enemy's energy flow.

The energy moved before the body did, and the energy inside the Light Son of God could not lie. Han Sen had to better learn his energy flow so he could predict the spirit's movements and evade before he unleashed an attack.

"I'm almost there; I just need a little more time." Now, the Light Son of God's energy flow was starting to appear more clearly to Han Sen. Soon, he would be able to predict his every movement.

But the humans who were watching could only see him getting beaten down repeatedly, with seemingly no advancement. People felt their hearts slowly break, as they watched the blood paint his armor.

Pang!

Han Sen was hit by the white beams once more. He crashed onto the ground head first, his helmet carving into the arena floor as he slid another few meters. His head had formed a trench in the ground, which shocked the people watching.

This hit to Han Sen was the same as before. It wasn't deadly, but his neck was already injured and he struggled to stand up immediately. He rolled his neck a few times first to ease the pain.

But this movement, to the people who were watching, strained their suspended hopes.

All they could see was Han Sen being beaten down another time, now unable to lift himself up. They thought his neck had been broken, despite his urge to continue the fight. They thought he was dying. It was as if it was only his will that kept him coming back for more.

Even those who did not like Dollar were tense.

"Dollar, stand up!" No one knew who started it, but every human present began chanting those words. It did not matter whether it was in pity, or whether or not Dollar could even hear it, but they wanted to shout this out in his honor. They didn't want to believe he was dead; they wanted to see him stand up. And for as long as he stood up, they knew there was a chance of victory.

Han Sen could not hear what they were saying, and he only bent his neck to make himself feel a bit better. But after that, he chose to stand up. Of course, the others thought they had given him the encouragement needed to defy a looming death and get back into the fray. With grand excitement, they now started to feel emotional. The bodies of a few vibrated in the release of tension.

Even Queen, who hated Dollar to her core, now felt enthusiastic. She clenched her fists and although she did not say it out with the rest, chanted in her heart, and hoped for a happy ending.

“Doooooooooollar!” Fang Mingquan was watching the match, as well. Usually, he could talk a lot when commentating a fight, but he could not do that on this day. All he could think to say right now was to call Dollar’s name.

The Light Son of God was powerful like an ancient deity, but his eyes suddenly revealed a glint of panic—he noticed Han Sen’s body was recovering once more.

Even scarier was the fact that he couldn’t strike the same wound twice.

Chapter 713: Now the Real Fight Begins

Han Sen had now read the Light Son of God’s energy flow. Whenever his foe drew upon energy, Han Sen could calculate the exact time he’d make his next move.

Dongxuan Sutra was now beginning to prove its worth. Han Sen wanted to dodge the Light Son of God’s attacks before they were even executed, and later lead him into the exact position he wanted him to be. By doing this, he had greatly improved prediction and formation.

From the beginning up until now, that was what Han Sen had sought to achieve. But the Light Son of God was too fast, and Han Sen’s attempts were lacking as a result. The crowd couldn’t see any of this, but Han Sen was doing something. Subtly, he was preventing the Light Son of God from hitting him in the same place twice.

Now that Han Sen was familiar with the Light Son of God’s energy flow, his abilities of prediction and formation were getting better and better.

The Light Son of God’s body was like lightning, and he repeatedly slashed with his lethal white beams. Not one hit Han Sen, but still, each evasion was only accomplished by a scant few millimeters.

The Light Son of God was flabbergasted, unable to believe Han Sen had managed to dodge his attacks repeatedly.

“He dodged it!” Hua Ping’s eyes brightened. This was the first time he had seen Han Sen dodge the Light Son of God’s attacks.

Teng Zhen Liu and the rest saw him dodge the attack, too, and were all shocked. Dollar had taken a lot of damage, and if anything, should have been in worse shape now than earlier. But now, after all the damage he had sustained, he had managed to evade an attack from the Light Son of God.

“Coincidence?” Everyone asked themselves.

The Light Son of God was unable to believe what had happened, so he started to move again and use the beam to attack Han Sen once more.

Everyone who saw his next attack were unable to tell if Dollar could dodge it again. Although people believed his earlier dodge was purely a Dollarcidence, people were still praying for some sort of miracle to occur as they watched the fight.

“He dodged it again; Dollar dodged the Light Son of God’s attack!” Fang Mingquan was overwhelmed with excitement and leapt off his stool.

Those who had been disappointed in how the fight had been going up until now, suddenly felt the reignition of a warming fire. They were feeling hope once more. With wide open eyes, they paid extra attention to the arena. As for the girls who shed tears earlier, their salty streams ceased. Drying their eyes, they perked up and refocused their attention.

“Impossible!” The Light Son of God’s face suddenly looked dour. His body glowed with a holy light, which slowly consumed his entire body. He raised all ten fingers and pointed them at Han Sen. He hastily unleashed ten beams as he did so.

Han Sen started moving his body like a street-crawling drunkard. He looked so very unstable, but within those strange movements, Han Sen managed to dodge every single beam.

And during Han Sen’s wobbling, he inched his way closer and closer to the Light Son of God. This infuriated Han Sen’s nemesis, as he and his holy-looking body kept casting beam after beam, trying to kill him.

The crowd’s eyes opened wider and wider, watching the stage. They could hardly believe what they were seeing.

The Light Son of God, who had previously looked indestructible and flawless in his composure, was now unable to deal damage to Dollar.

Although there were still some beams that grazed Dollar, such hits were nothing grievous enough to slow his advancement, and nowhere critical on his body was dealt damage. The beams didn’t pierce his body like they did earlier, either.

The chance of the Light Son of God hitting Han Sen became increasingly lower. The holy-looking Light Son of God, who could not previously lose, started to tremble. His face hungered for feral violence. His calm composure from earlier had now evaporated, and his boisterous look was nowhere to be found.

“Heavenly Go? Is this Heavenly Go?” Kill Dollar really was Dollar himself.

“Heavenly Go can really be used against Light Son of God?”

Someone recognized the skill Han Sen was using, or so they thought. After taking a closer look, they noticed how it seemed to resemble Heavenly Go, but different in some way. It looked even better than Queen’s Heavenly Go.

“No wonder Queen didn’t stand a chance against Dollar. Dollar is good at Heavenly Go, too; he might even be better at it than Queen.”

“I thought only Queen knew Heavenly Go. How does Dollar know it, as well? And how is his version even better?”

“Dollar’s Heavenly Go does seem strange, and it is indeed different than the real one.”

Everyone was talking about it, and even Queen looked at the scene weirdly. Although it did look similar, she knew he wasn’t using the genuine Heavenly Go, and the difference between the two was something only she could tell with absolute certainty.

Even if it wasn’t Heavenly Go, what Queen saw was a skill that was better than her own signature move.

“The world has a better formation skill than Heavenly Go?” Queen didn’t want to believe this, but from what her own two eyes were telling her, she had to.

If Queen was in Han Sen’s shoes right now, and used Heavenly Go, she wouldn’t have been able to dodge the Light Son of God’s attacks. What Dollar was doing was unequivocally better.

People were perplexed, having seen the tables flip like they had. Dollar was getting ravaged earlier, but now, the Light Son of God was unable to do a thing. Although Dollar could only dodge for the time being, at least he wasn’t being injured. If he could keep this up, he might have a clear chance of winning. Han Sen pushed his Dongxuan Sutra to the max. He used dongxuan aura to sense the Light Son of God’s

energy flow and all the while continued to evade his foe's blisteringly fast attacks.

What the others saw was unbelievable. It was as if Dollar could predict what move was coming next, and always remained one step ahead.

Even the Light Son of God himself was shocked, unable to understand how the human before him could predict his every move. It was like the human was peering directly into his soul and understood everything he thought about.

The powerful Light Son of God began to harbor doubt in his heart. When he looked at Han Sen, he could no longer retain his look of supremacy. The purple-red body in front of him seemed unreachable, and it seemed as if his human foe had a thick fog or haze obscuring him from his vision.

The Light Son of God suddenly regretted torturing him in the beginning, and how he didn't simply blow the human away right when the battle began. No longer caring for Divinity's Bout, all he wanted to do right now was kill the human that threatened him. But he couldn't.

Now the real fight begins.

Chapter 714: Every Punch is Strong

The Light Son of God was firing on all cylinders, trying to catch Han Sen with his beams, but he couldn't. No matter how fast he fired, Han Sen seemed able to predict his every move, resulting in a miss every time.

Han Sen knew this was his opportunity. He knew he could keep dodging the Light Son of God's attacks, and all he would have to do was touch him to claim victory.

The Light Son of God was ridiculously fast, and it was clear that the spirit's primary trait was indeed speed. But this came at the cost of physical toughness; if the spirit was this quick, it wouldn't have the defense of a super creature.

He only wore a robe instead of armor, as well. This clue suggested that the spirit did not depend on vitality.

"I just need to hit him. If I do that, I'll have a chance. I am only one step away from the Son of God's reward! I have to risk it, no matter what. What if I am given a super beast soul, or even a super spirit?!" Han Sen gritted his teeth, dodging in a way to position the Light Son of God exactly where he wanted him to be.

"He can actually dodge the Light Son of God's attacks like that? This is amazing! But still, dodging alone cannot secure victory. His attacks are too slow; he might not be able to hit the Light Son of God." Hua Ping was full of both excitement and worry.

He had watched many Second God's Sanctuary Divinity's Bouts over the years, and Dollar was the only evolver to come this far. He really hoped Dollar could win, and thus claim the Light Son of God's position.

But there was still a gulf of power separating the two. Even though Dollar could utilize his magic dodging moves to avoid the Light Son of God's attacks, the speed of Dollar's enemy kept them distanced from each other. He would most likely not be able to touch the Light Son of God, and that was enough for the spirit to maintain his throne.

Everyone knew Dollar had opened his gene lock to fight, which meant his time was limited.

Ordinary evolvers, in a fight this long, would already have exhausted their strength and had their gene lock shut down.

Dollar was abnormal, it would seem. His fitness was much higher than the average evolver, and it seemed as if he could last far longer with an active gene lock.

But it was not infinite, and no one knew exactly when it might fail.

In fact, Han Sen's ability to hold on this long was not solely down to his fitness; it was because he had Long Live and Jade-Sun Force. Energy replenished constantly, giving him what he needed to hold on.

But Han Sen was still bound by his evolver status, and while he could indeed last a long time, he could not last forever. He would still have to beat the Light Son of God, sooner rather than later.

Han Sen's eyes were so calm, and his body was so composed. Slowly, bit-by-bit, he was threading the subtle movements to lead the Light Son of God into exactly the right position.

The Light Son of God, by this point, was madly attacking Han Sen like a rabid laser-dog. He hadn't noticed up until now that he had been driven to the edge of the arena.

The moment the Light Son of God backed into a corner, Han Sen made his move. Although he wasn't as fast as the Light Son of God, he was quick enough that others could not even see his body.

Even the spirit himself was spooked and taken off-guard by the sudden burst of speed from his opponent. He did not expect Han Sen to possess a speed like that, and he had unwittingly let him get close.

Han Sen's eyes burst into flames. His heart pounded like a hammer, as his bones and flesh vibrated. A white light coursed through his body to give him greater speed.

He simulated the Light Son of God's own energy flow. His fitness prohibited him from being as powerful as the Light Son of God himself, but it was still effective. And this was a move that went beyond the audience's wildest expectations.

Han Sen's fitness was two hundred seventeen. The fitness of a super creature was around three hundred. The difference between them was 30%, so there was no chance the spirit could utterly, completely dominate Han Sen.

“How can he be that fast?” Many people stood up in reaction to Han Sen’s sudden, blazingly quick attack.

“With a speed like that, maybe he can...” Fang Mingquan’s excitement was through the roof.

Hua Ping clenched his fist and stared at Han Sen’s next move with unblinking eyes. If this speed did not allow Han Sen to close the gap and touch the Light Son of God, there wouldn’t be another chance.

A lot of people held their hands, in the hope that Han Sen could now hit his fearsome foe.

The Light Son of God was already on the corner of the battleground, and he had been spooked by Han Sen’s sudden change of pace. When he realized what was going on, he quickly dodged Han Sen’s attack and went right past him. He managed to slip away from the corner.

The audience could not help but sigh. They felt sorry for Dollar because, after all that, the Light Son of God had still managed to dodge the attack that had so much build up. His enemy was still too fast.

“If you want to compete with my speed, you have a long way to go,” the Light Son of God said with a mocking smile and disdainful look, as he passed Han Sen by.

“I do?” Han Sen stood where he was and coldly looked at the Light Son of God who had gone right past him. He opened his hands and tried to grab the Light Son of God.

“It is useless to compete with my speed; nothing in the Second God’s Sanctuary rivals me. You pitiful humans will never be able to achieve the same.” The Light Son of God sped up again and created a gap between him and Han Sen once more. Han Sen’s hand had not been able to even touch his clothes.

Seeing Han Sen’s hands trying to grab him, the Light Son of God simply pulled away even further. The people who were watching were starting to once again feel weak and without hope.

But then suddenly, the Light Son of God, who was quite far from Han Sen, had his whole body sucked towards Han Sen like a magnet. He was thrown through the air towards his human nemesis upside-down. When the gap closed, Han Sen grabbed his head.

“Let’s try that again.” Han Sen raised his fist and brought a punch down directly on the Light Son of God’s suddenly-distraught face.

Pang!

The Light Son of God’s head suffered a terrible strike, which sent it backward. A large red mark painted the center of his pretty face, and his nose had been bent out of shape as it now oozed blood.

After that heavy attack, the Light Son of God’s body did not slip away as he intended it to. He was sucked back into Han Sen’s hand.

Without hesitation, Han Sen struck again, his fist unleashing the Elephant-Disc Punch upon his foe’s face multiple times. Punch after punch it raged, the skull of his enemy clanging like metal.

Every punch was strong, and even the bones inside rattled and collided against themselves.

The Light Son of God was in total shock. He tried to squirm his way free, to resist and fall back, but he couldn't. Some strange force drew his body towards Han Sen; one he couldn't escape. His speed had slowed down, and in this frenetic panic Han Sen had managed to catch up.

Pang! Pang!

The infernal fists crashed down on the Light Son of God's face like a landslide. The sound of each punch was an audible pleasure. The boisterous Light Son of God was like anybody else now, with a bruised face and bleeding nose.

The Light Son of God wanted to block the hits that kept pummeling him, but the force continuously sapped him of his speed. His moves were still being predicted, and Han Sen reacted accordingly every time. Han Sen punched him every time he made half a move. Being unable to dodge, all he could do was flail his hopeless hands.

Chapter 715: Killing Light Son of God

The spectators all froze in their seats. The Light Son of God was getting pummeled by Han Sen over and over, until he was black and blue from head to toe.

Left-punch, right-punch, elbow-strike, knee-strike—the Light Son of God was like a punching bag, getting attacked without reprieve. His face was a sordid, disfigured mess.

The sound of beaten flesh and rattled bones was almost sinister, and hearing it shocked all those who watched and listened. People couldn't believe the Light Son of God could ever be treated so poorly and have such a wretched day.

But amongst all these hits, there was one thing Han Sen could not do; he could not break the Light Son of God's bones. The bodies of super spirits were too strong, and even the Light Son of God—who had no prioritization of vitality—had unbreakable bones.

"You can't kill me, you pitiable human. You can't kill a Son of God. Once your energy has depleted, I am going to make you suffer my wrath and end you!" The Light Son of God was seething with rage, and he gritted his teeth to spitefully curse his opponent aloud.

He had been drawn to Han Sen by a strange force. Despite all he tried, he could not break away and create distance between himself and Han Sen. All he could do was suffer the repeated blows. The punches he had received were innumerable, and his pretty face was now a maimed wreck. His heart only wanted one thing right then, and that was to kill Han Sen.

But he was stripped of all strength, and he could not use his hands to utilize his great speed and power as he did before. In such close-quarter combat, he was unable to compete with Han Sen.

But the Light Son of God was aware that humans did not possess an infinite amount of energy, and using such exhaustive powers to restrain and pummel him was sure to be taxing for the caster. Once Han Sen's energy had depleted, he would fight back and destroy his assaulter.

Han Sen did not care what hostile words the Light Son of God spoke, and he just continued casting his Elephant-Disc Punch all across the spirit's body—his head, especially.

"I am going to kill you! I am going to kill you!" the Light Son of God screamed in a frenzy. He wished he could tear Han Sen apart, as his face had devolved into a hideous hodgepodge of bruises and blood.

"I'm not sure you'll get the chance to," Han Sen replied, coldly. Han Sen pushed the energy in his right

arm to the max, and elephants trumpeted and stampeded all about his body. A primitive, beastly power now energized his fist; it was like God himself was going to smite his enemy with all his might.

Boom!

That horrible fist rocketed into the Light Son of God's face, shattering his skull. Blood and brain matter sprayed everywhere while the rotten, headless corpse was still propped up by Han Sen's other hand.

When Han Sen first began punching the Light Son of God's head, he used Yin Force and Elephant-Disc Punch. To finish his foe off, he used Elephant-Rex Strike. It detonated the Yin Force that had built up inside his enemy's head, causing it to explode from the inside.

Outside the battlefield was all quiet. It was like the audience had turned to stone upon seeing the headless corpse in front of Han Sen. They could not believe Han Sen had overcome the odds and beaten the Light Son of God.

The body of the Light Son of God began to disintegrate into sparkles, as he was returned to his spirit stone. Han Sen exited the Divinity's Bout battleground and returned to the Crystal Palace.

Han Sen collapsed and hit the floor. He had exhausted far too much power over the course of that fight. Jade-Sun Force and Long Live could sustain him for a long time, but when he drew too much power at once, it took a long while for to recover.

He didn't only use Elephant-Rex Strike this time; he simulated the energy flows of multiple creatures. With such a large energy output, in addition to the damage he had already sustained, it was a miracle that he lasted as long as he did.

If it wasn't for the reward of becoming one of the ten Son of God's, Han Sen would not have held on as long as he did.

Fortunately, even though the Light Son of God's speed was frightening, his body was not as tough as a super creature's. This was what allowed Han Sen to finish him off in the way he did.

But beating the Light Son of God was largely because of his usage of the gourd's energy flow. He initially thought the energy flow was useless, but the opposite turned out to be true.

He never expected the suction of the gourd's energy could draw the Light Son of God towards him.

Although it didn't totally restrain his body, it lowered the Light Son of God's speed enough for Han Sen to keep up. If it wasn't for this, Han Sen would most likely not have been able to defeat him.

"I don't ever want to struggle through a fight like that again." Han Sen continued to lie on the floor, as his entire body rocked with pain. He couldn't even muster the strength to move his fingers.

Zero approached, holding the silver fox in her arms. Zero tried to heal the wounds he had sustained, while the silver fox used its tongue to lick the greater traumas he had incurred.

Quietly, Han Sen recovered. The Alliance, on the other hand, was busy. Dollar had just beaten the Light Son of God and earned a position amongst the ten Son of God's. This made him the first human Son of God in recorded history. For humanity to be able to achieve something as big as this, it was no small topic. People were going crazy.

All the news organizations reported Dollar's victory over the Light Son of God, and his earning a position as a Son of God. Each and every one gushed praise over his heroism.

The night after, Dollar's name became synonymous with the word "hero." The fight between Dollar and the Light Son of God was on the tip of everyone's tongue.

"Dollar is too strong! He is the first Son of God in the Second God's Sanctuary."

"I still can't believe he did it. Dollar actually beat the Light Son of God."

"It was brutal! He blew the Light Son of God's head off."

"There are no other gods, following Dollar. To assert a position as a Son of God is a staggering

achievement, and the First God's Sanctuary's Divinity's Bout does not offer half the challenge."
"This Dollar isn't too bad. After all these years, it has been nice to have ourselves a Son of God."
"It's not easy!"

...

Ordinary people were more than pleased over Dollar's simple victory, whereas those in the Alliance were dying to find out where he might be. His performance was terrifying, especially the manner in which he killed the Light Son of God.

Without a doubt, Dollar had managed to absorb a Life Geno essence. All they would have to do to learn his secrets was track him down. But their investigations all led to dead ends, and they were unable to find the elusive figure.

Han Sen's doppelganger remained in the Goddess Shelter while he rested and recovered in the Crystal Palace, waiting for Divinity's Bout to end.

He decided to never join another Divinity's Bout. With his current level of power, fighting super spirits was still a difficult and dangerous affair. Beating the Light Son of God was solely because of his usage of the gourd's energy flow, and if he had not done that, he could never have managed to beat him.

If he had gone up against a super spirit that focused on vitality instead, he would never have managed to break through its defense.

The first ten rewards were randomized. He didn't need to fight and achieve a higher place, for the chance of earning an even better reward. Gunning for first place would be impossible, as things were right now, anyway.

Dollar was a household name and super famous across the entire Alliance now. Although the fights could not be recorded, someone animated a recreation of the battle. It was only three minutes long, but it became the most watched video for a whole week.

A lot of people were inspired by the battle to create video games of it, too.

Chapter 717 – Son of God Reward

Dollar did not show up for the final few fights, which established the Son of God rankings. People expected as much, so they weren't too disappointed.

After all, everyone had seen how injured he was following his previous fight. In such a state, he couldn't continue fighting and had already achieved tenth place. That was enough for him.

History seemed to repeat itself. Back in the First God's Sanctuary, Dollar had managed to beat down his final enemy and reach tenth place in the Son of God rankings. He didn't continue after that and was happy to sit where he was.

But compared to the First God's Sanctuary, this tenth place earning was far harder-fought and worthy of far greater praise and recognition—and rightfully so. The name Dollar would go down in the history books, for being the first person to ever become a Son of God in the Second God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen continued to rest in the Crystal Palace, and as a result, missed out on the enthusiasm everyone shared for Dollar. He could see the rest of the Son of God rankings from the Crystal Palace, and the other nine were all spirits, as expected. Each of those were stronger than the Light Son of God, too.

Right then, Han Sen was feeling lucky he had gone up against who he had. If it had been another spirit, he feared his chances of victory would have been even lower.

Han Sen waited until Divinity's Bout ended, so he could collect his reward. He could claim it from the Crystal Palace's arena, so he didn't have to worry about others seeing this.

"You have obtained title of 'Tenth Son of God.' Your randomized reward is opening."

Han Sen placed his hand on the tablet, which caused it to shine. A lot of different images spun around in front of him. There were beasts, animals, handsome men, and pretty girls. Han Sen started to get excited.

Amongst the images, Han Sen also caught sight of many different spirits. He could not guess what level they were, however.

Not long after, the tablet stopped spinning. It stopped on the image of a beast. Han Sen was a little disappointed at first, as he was hoping to receive a super spirit.

He wasn't sure when he'd achieve the power needed to earn a super spirit for himself. After all, fighting an entire shelter's worth of foes was different than going one-on-one and toe-to-toe with a sole super spirit. Such shelters were also bound to include a number of super creatures, as well.

"You have obtained a super beast soul: Devil Unicorn."

The voice made Han Sen feel happy again. Although he did not receive a super spirit, receiving a super beast soul wasn't too bad.

A pitch-black beast suddenly appeared in front of him, and it resembled a unicorn, minus its grace. It turned into a black light and entered Han Sen's Sea of Soul.

"Super beast soul: Devil Unicorn. Possession beast soul."

A possession beast soul could directly increase the power of a human or another beast soul. Han Sen wondered what this beast soul might be able to possess.

Han Sen summoned the Devil Unicorn and watched a black smoke rush inside his body. It was a beast soul that could possess a human body.

When the beast soul entered Han Sen's body, his body began to produce a dark smoke that resembled a black flame. Han Sen looked like a devil that had just walked out from the pits of hell.

Han Sen clenched his fists but noticed that his power and speed had not increased. It made him curious what benefit the black smoke was providing.

He found a rock and punched it. The rock broke, but he did not feel as if the black smoke helped.

Amidst Han Sen's confusion, the silver fox suddenly unleashed a silver lightning bolt at his master to shock him. But strangely, the lightning did not touch Han Sen. It evaporated as soon as it came into contact with the black smoke, dissipating some of the smoke as it disappeared.

Soon after, the black smoke that had disappeared returned. It seemed like the powerful lightning bolt could not deal lasting damage.

Han Sen was overjoyed with this, and he thought to himself, "The Devil Unicorn can actually block and absorb elemental power. In other words, it's an elemental shield. But elemental only; it most likely cannot absorb physical damage."

Although it could only block elemental damage, it was enough to delight Han Sen. After all, he had what it took to dodge physical attacks. If he met an elemental super creature like the blue seahorse that could spew blue flames, he could rely on this super beast soul to see him through.

"I wonder what the damage threshold of the black smoke is? If it's powerful enough, then maybe I can indeed go up against the blue seahorse." Han Sen called out to the silver fox, telling him to unleash as much lightning as he could. He wanted to stress-test the limits of his elemental defense.

Han Sen was overjoyed with the results, and he was pleasantly surprised by the black smoke's sturdy defense properties. The silver fox's strongest attacks could not penetrate his shield anymore.

If there was one issue, however: the speed of recovery. When the silver fox unleashed lightning, it would evaporate some of the black smoke. If it attacked repeatedly, the black smoke would be used up at a quicker rate than it could regenerate. This opened up a hole in his defense.

Han Sen guessed that the black smoke could block an adult super creature's elemental attack, but only about two or three times at the most. After that, it would take a while for his defense to return.

If it was an AOE attack, and the attack was not focused on him entirely, the black smoke would manage to hold on for longer. Its regeneration would most likely be able to catch back up, too.

"This is some pretty good stuff. It'll be useful for the times I must go up against an elemental super creature." Han Sen happily returned the Devil Unicorn to the Sea of Soul and fed it a black crystal.

When it evolved into a berserk super beast soul, its elemental defense was sure to be stronger.

Han Sen quietly snuck back into the Goddess Shelter and put away his Beetle Knight. Han Sen thought to himself, "Now, where can I find and slay a second-generation super creature, so that I can fill up my super geno points?"

Becoming a surpasser meant he'd become a champion, and he'd have little reason to worry about the events of the Alliance. Aside from Celestial Beings, it'd be impossible for him to be threatened, as well. Because of this, Han Sen wanted to become a surpasser as soon as he could. He needed to be stronger so he could not only protect himself, but his family, also.

Han Sen was wondering whether or not he should resume his super creature hunt on Devil's Mountain, but while he was in thought, Yang Manli approached to tell him that someone wanted to see him.

"Didn't I tell you I don't want to see anyone these days?" Han Sen frowned.

"I wasn't sure if Captain Qin counted as 'anyone.' Therefore, I have come to double-check with you," Yang Manli said, looking at Han Sen.

"Qin Xuan is here? What are you waiting for; send her in!" Han Sen was happy to hear of her arrival.

"There are others accompanying her, however. And they are not from our Special Squad; I am afraid you will have to meet with them, as well," Yang Manli explained.

"Who are they?" When Han Sen saw Yang Manli's face, he knew they must be important figures.

"I don't know who they are, but Captain Qin treats them with much respect and politeness. There is also a young man amongst them, who acts as if he has a crush on the aforementioned captain," Yang Manli said with a smile.

Chapter 717: Angel Gene

Han Sen went to the meeting room posthaste, and saw Qin Xuan engaged in conversation with a few others. The group was a mixture of men and women, and there were eight in total. Three of the women were quite elderly, and they looked as if they were in their eighties. Of course, they only appeared as if they were in their thirties because they were evolvers.

Han Sen scanned each of their energy flows to decipher their true age.

There were five men, who varied more in age. There was one old man, three middle-aged men, and one other young man. The young man stood closest to Qin Xuan, and he was talking with her.

Between them was a white-haired old man, who looked really intimidating. It seemed as if he possessed a lot of power. He examined Han Sen, acting as if he was far superior to him.

It wasn't just the old man acting like that, but the rest seemed to, as well. Their bones stiffened with a snobbish pride, and they behaved as if they were far above everyone else.

"Han Sen, allow me to introduce you. This is Angel Gene's director, Mister Zhao." Qin Xuan saw Han Sen approach and immediately introduced those in her company.

When Han Sen heard her mention "Angel Gene," he quickly understood why the people with her had such proud looks.

The Alliance had two organizations that excelled in the field of gene research. One was Dong Lin and the other was the Zhao family, called Angel Gene. Over 80% of the exclusive geno solutions for hyper geno arts in the Saint Hall were developed in association with Angel Gene.

Aside from that, Angel Gene produced many products for the benefit of human genes. These products ranged from nutrient fluids to such things as hardware and technology; all for the cultivation of one's genes. Angel Gene had an excellent product line, and this allowed them to maintain a large portion of the market share.

The Zhao family described themselves as being a core component for the functioning of the Alliance. While such self-serving consideration painted them as a loyal bunch, it was a means of letting everyone know that the Alliance wouldn't be what it was without them.

Han Sen had heard a lot about the Zhao family's pride, as a lot of their family members were councilmen. The Zhao family's influence was so great, they had even been known to affect the entire swing of presidential elections. This alone was an example of how powerful and influential their family was considered. As a result, they had every right to be cocky.

Zhao Heng was one of the directors and played a pivotal role in the family. The young man amongst the people that had come to visit was called Zhao Haiyang; he was the chairman of Angel Gene and grandson of the organization's leader.

"Manli, come and pour tea for the Zhao director and Mister Zhao." Han Sen believed the reason they had come to see him was because of his little angel. If that was the case, however, he wasn't sure why they had brought Qin Xuan with them.

Of course, their association was not a strange one. The Zhao family had ties to a great number of different factions and organizations. It was not a total surprise, seeing them together.

"You are Han Sen of the Ji family, yes?" Zhao Heng asked, as he looked at Han Sen. It was like an elderly asking any young person a question.

"I am Han Sen," Han Sen answered. Zhao Heng had believed him to be a true member of the Ji family, and he wasn't sure what to say in response.

"Not long ago, I had a chat with Ji Ruozhen. The topic of you came up, and from what I hear, you are quite nice," Zhao Heng said.

"Thank you for the compliment." Han Sen frowned, unsure what this old man was looking to sell.

Although Ji Ruozhen was younger than Zhao Heng, he had already achieved more than the old man had, and he was on the verge of becoming president. Zhao Heng was only one of the dozen directors of his family. The way he spoke would suggest he was superior to Ji Ruozhen himself. His voice oozed arrogance.

The leader of the Zhao family would undoubtedly possess the same tone of voice.

"People always said the Zhao family had chutzpah, and it's true. It looks as if their heads are in the clouds and they hardly pay heed to anyone around them," Han Sen thought to himself.

Qin Xuan noticed Han Sen's apparent displeasure at the company he had suddenly received, and quickly sought to remedy the situation. She said, "The reason they have come here today is to request that you hunt a super creature on their behalf; or at least, it is a beast that looks like a super creature."

But before Qin Xuan could continue speaking, Zhao Haiyang took over and said, "You don't have to come; you can just sell us your super pet. There will be no difference."

When Han Sen heard this, he did not look mad. He just thought it was strange that a person like Zhao Haiyang could have survived this long in this world.

"Sorry, I'm not selling my super pet. And I've been quite busy recently, so my schedule is full-up for the foreseeable future." Han Sen never considered helping others hunt super creatures, particularly people like the Zhao family.

"Young Man, please consider our request!" Zhao Heng blurted out at the sight of Zhao Haiyang, who looked ready to blow his lid after the sudden rejection.

Han Sen wanted to say something dismissive again, but Qin Xuan suddenly coughed and said, "Director Zhao, please have a drink of tea. Han Sen, there is a classified document from the Squad you should have a look at. I brought it over for you."

Han Sen, in the exclusive company of Qin Xuan, exited the room and moved to his office. "Team Qin, what's going on? Has the Squad ordered me to help them?"

Qin Xuan had a wry smile, but she shook her head and said, "No. If this was a matter concerning the squad, things would be simpler."

After Qin Xuan explained, Han Sen understood. The Zhao family had many seats in the council, and Ji Ruozhen's election was running so smoothly because of the backing of the Zhao family.

"No wonder that Zhao Heng randomly mentioned Ji Ruozhen. That's why, huh?" Han Sen coldly laughed, and then continued to say, "I don't believe the Zhao family will stop supporting Ji Ruozhen due to my rejection. That Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang are only bluffing with their projection of power."

“The Zhao family’s support for Ji Ruozen provides them with benefits, too. You’re right that they won’t so simply give up supporting him.” Qin Xuan had a brief pause, but then continued by saying, “But think about it; if you reject Zhao Heng, and the Zhao family complains to Ji Ruozen, is that something you can accept?”

“They can make Ji Ruozen order me to help them?” Han Sen asked, with a look of confusion.

“The presidential election is in its final stages. The Ji family will not allow any disgraceful events or controversy to tarnish their name. The reason the Zhao family has asked for your help now is because they know the Ji family will not be willing to reject them. If the Zhao family looked for Ji Ruozen, I am afraid he will have to agree to their requests. Sometimes, even the Ji family have to concede to the plights of others,” Qin Xuan said.

“That means I have no choice.” Han Sen owned 5% of shares in Sky Technology. If something went bad during the election, and Ji Ruozen was not made president, the stocks were sure to plummet.

If Ji Ruozen really was to become Han Sen’s father-in-law, it seemed he would have no choice but to agree.

“You can still talk about the terms and conditions with the Zhao family. It’s either talking about them with that lot or with Ji Ruozen. Who would you rather have such a talk with?” Qin Xuan smiled.

“Well, if things are like that, I’ll go and help them!” Han Sen said, with an evil smile.

Chapter 718: Blood Spring

In an ancient forest resided a gentle spring and basin. It did not flow with water, nay. It flowed with blood. A creature guarded this spring, and had done so since it was born. The Zhao family believed this beast to be a super creature. They had done battle with it many times, and on each occasion, their forces were dealt grievous harm and forced to retreat.

Fortunately for those that fought it, the super creature never left the spring it guarded. It never gave chase, and this allowed the Zhao family to continue provoking the beast and attempting the same fight many times.

Han Sen and Zhao Heng hammered a deal out, and then Han Sen followed him out to the spring.

Qin Xuan accompanied them, too. This pleased Han Sen because he had no fondness for the Zhao family, and he feared he’d die of boredom without someone he was fond of talking to being present on the journey.

On the way, any creatures that sought to bar or prohibit their passage were dealt with by members of the Zhao family. The eight Zhao family members wanted to impress Qin Xuan and Han Sen, as they had each unlocked a gene lock. Zhao Haiyang was quite powerful, and he was more than keen to flex his muscles.

There was one thing that interested Han Sen a lot, and that was the fact that the Zhao family members' fitness levels were higher than those of most people who had unlocked their gene lock.

While they were taking a break, Qin Xuan quietly told Han Sen that the Zhao family had a geno optimization solution, and that the family members were provided with a special training regime since they were born. With a controlled diet, their genes would actually improve. This was why the Zhao family had greater strength than those who were at a similar level. And that was also one of the many reasons they were pompous braggarts.

"Qin Xuan, try this. It is a nutrient fluid from Angel Gene, and it is good for your body. These things cannot be bought at the markets, you know." Zhao Haiyang approached the two and handed over a pen-sized bottle to Qin Xuan. Inside, a transparent purple concoction swirled.

"Thanks, but I have my own." Qin Xuan did not accept the fluid from his hand, and a hurt look crossed his face.

Han Sen was laughing on the inside. The Zhao family members really seemed to think themselves as gods, as if they could do whatever they pleased.

The Special Squad had an important rule, however. Unless the situation was dire and the absolute need arose, squad members were not allowed to accept items from others. This also applied to the people on their team. You drew from your own supply strictly, to avoid problems arising further down the line.

Qin Xuan's rejection of the fluid was normal protocol, and even Han Sen would not even think to offer her an item. He was positive Zhao Haiyang knew about this rule but, perhaps unexpectedly, he sought to bend the rules and offer her the gift regardless. After the rejection he sulked, and it looked as if his overbearing ego had been dealt a hearty blow.

But quickly, Zhao Haiyang returned to normal. He sat down next to Qin Xuan and resumed talking with her.

Han Sen listened in on them for a bit, and he felt sorry for her. Zhao Haiyang was so self-obsessed that he could only talk about himself and about the power his family possessed. All Qin Xuan did was smile and nod, without making a single vocal contribution.

It wasn't long before Han Sen got tired of listening to the inane blabber and decided to sit next to a tree away from the others. There, he rested his eyes for a bit. He also sent a message to Princess Yin Yang, who was far away right then.

On a mountain, a good distance from them, Princess Yin Yang was leading another party. Zero and the silver fox were trailing directly behind her, with Wang Yuhang at the back. He appeared to be sulking.

"Hey, Princess? Might I ask where we are headed?" Wang Yuhang asked miserably.

“Just follow in silence! How can you incessantly drone on about so much dragonpoop?” Princess Yin Yang sternly responded, giving Wang Yuhang a peeved look. The entire time the party had been traveling, Wang Yuhang had done nothing but complain.

“Well, pray tell that which the bossman has pleaded we do! Communicate with me here.” Wang Yuhang ran in front of Princess Yin Yang and asked with a wide smile.

He had previously tried to ask Zero. But he felt as if his presence before her was invisible. She didn’t respond or even look at him, as if he was nothing but an annoyance.

Only Princess Yin Yang would occasionally tell him something, but nothing she said was particularly explanatory or revealing.

Princess Yin Yang ignored Wang Yuhang and continued walking.

Han Sen’s intent for bringing Wang Yuhang and the rest was by no means good. The Zhao family had pretty much forced Han Sen into fighting a super creature, and he was not going to bow to their desires quite so simply.

The Zhao family would never expect Wang Yuhang and the rest of Han Sen’s team to be following them. The road was long and taxing, and getting attacked by other creatures was a common occurrence. The noise of such fights would not make for a stealthy tail.

But the silver fox had the ability to repel creatures. So, fortunately, they could follow the larger group ahead without stirring any trouble. The Zhao family had no idea of they were coming.

This ancient forest was the abode of a host of dangerous creatures, and they had killed a lot on their way in. There was a fair share of sacred-blood class creatures, too. Han Sen and Qin Xuan were never given the opportunity to fight, and as a result, could not reap a single benefit or reward.

Zhao Haiyang offered to share some meat with them, an offer they both rejected.

Near an ancient tree, a river ran by that was blood-red. It was like the gentle gush of a freshly opened wound.

“Follow this stream of blood and ascend. In about twenty miles, we will see the blood spring and its creature,” Zhao Haiyang reminded them.

The Zhao family were arrogant, yes, but they weren’t dumb. They were borrowing Han Sen’s strength to finally slay this super creature of theirs, once and for all. If they couldn’t capitalize on his presence amongst them this time, they weren’t sure they’d get another chance.

After walking twenty miles, the ancient forest opened around a red, craggy hill. It wasn’t tall, but there was a crack in the middle. The crack birthed the blood-red spring, which flowed to create a pool of blood at the bottom of the hill.

In the blood pool, a black beast rested. It had black fur, and its head was crowned with two curved horns.

It was impossible to tell what it was. Its shape seemed to resemble a dog, but it looked a little like a cat, as well.

Its size was equivalent to an adult tiger, and therefore quite small compared to most other super creatures. But after reading its life force, Han Sen could tell with 100% certainty that this was indeed a super creature.

“According to our deal, you will need to cooperate with us for the length of the fight. And also, you must provide us with the final hit,” Zhao Heng told Han Sen.

“Okay, whatever you say.” Han Sen nodded.

“Summon your super pet to fight and we will look for an opportunity to surround it,” Zhao Heng said.

“No problem-o.” Han Sen did not say much and simply summoned his adiraid.

Zhao Heng and the rest looked at the adiraid with genuine admiration. There was also a glint of envy towards Han Sen. It confused them why a person such as he had been fortunate enough to find a dying super creature he could easily finish off, and then be rewarded with such a pet.

Han Sen commanded the adiraid to attack the super creature, while he also sent a message to Princess Yin Yang.

Chapter 719: Scary Sense

The Zhao family spread out and encompassed the area, but little else. Clearly, they were waiting for the adiraid to beat the super creature into a near-death state, so they could swoop in and claim an easy kill.

“These assholes,” Han Sen swore in his heart. He looked at the super creature, then opened his gene lock and scanned its life force.

The super creature’s energy was all clouded. He could tell that it was a strong creature, but still, the cloudiness indicated it was a first generation super creature and therefore nothing he was particularly interested in going up against.

Although the adiraid might have been a little stronger than the super creature, the power gap wasn’t enough for it to dominate.

The super creature was of similar strength to the adiraid, and like the adiraid, it didn’t excel in any particular department. That also meant it wasn’t weak in any other department, either; so it was a well-balanced monster. The adiraid went ahead to slash the monster. Even though no particularly deep wounds were wrought, the attacks were enough to surprise and impress Zhao Heng.

In the past, they had tried to lay siege on the monster themselves. But every attempt was a failure, and they could never seem to deal any damage to the beast. Now here they were, watching a pet go up against a super creature, dealing lasting wounds with a greatsword. The sight led Zhao Heng and the rest of the Zhao family members present to view the adiraid with great admiration.

But Han Sen's vision was drawn to the blood spring, instead. The super creature they were fighting was quite strange. He was sure that the super creature was intelligent enough to know it was fighting a losing battle, and that it should be running away rather than staying to fight.

But the super creature was determined to remain, and nothing could compel it to flee. There was something strange about this place, and the blood spring, in particular.

Han Sen used dongxuan aura to take a look at the blood spring, and he was surprised to see that it abounded with energy. What was coming out was no ordinary spring water, that was for sure. The center of the spring contained life, even.

As he watched the crack in the rock, Han Sen suddenly felt the presence of an extremely strong life force. The power he sensed suddenly sent him into a cold sweat.

"Damn it! Inside that crack, a scary creature resides." Han Sen continued to look at the crack on the craggy hill, and suddenly, he felt as if he was being watched.

Like the peering of an evil eye, a malevolent gaze had fixated on him. It made his heart race with uncertain panic. Quickly, he deactivated his dongxuan aura and averted his eyes away from the spring.

"The creature inside the crack can find my dongxuan aura. It can even find out where I am through it! Whatever is in there is something ancient, and something evil. The Zhao family have no idea what they are doing, coming here to disturb this place. For all I know, they are openly seeking suicide." Han Sen was frightened, and his continued to chill.

Han Sen did not even see what the creature may have been, yet it terrified him even so. And the creature, whatever it may have been, did little else other than look back at him. Whatever the case may be, there was a super creature inside the source of the spring that was more powerful than anything he had ever encountered before.

Han Sen was considering whether or not he should grab his little angel and depart. They wouldn't receive any benefits from slaying this super creature, and all the while, he feared the unknown malice was continuing to peep on him.

But if Han Sen returned now, and didn't finish the job, it would be a waste of time.

Han Sen gave another look in the direction of the crack, then turned his head back to watch the super creature engaged with the little angel, then gave up his idea of fleeing.

The creature inside the crack did not seem as if it wanted to leave its current abode, and after Han Sen gave it some more thought, he came to the conclusion that he didn't have to escape just yet. If something were to happen, he could escape more quickly than anyone from the Zhao family, anyway. So, if the creature was hungry, Zhao Heng and his people would be the first to fill up its tummy. Therefore, there was no need for Han Sen to rush an escape just yet. When the time came, he could simply return his adiraid and get moving.

“Team Qin, no matter what happens, stay behind me. Do not run off.” Han Sen approached Qin Xuan and spoke to her in a lowered voice.

“Why? What is it?” Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen with sudden surprise. The creature was already being suppressed by Han Sen’s pet, so it was weird for him to suddenly say something like this to her.

“I feel as if something is amiss. Whatever it is, it disturbs me. It’s an instinct, and my instincts are rarely incorrect. Whatever happens, do not leave my side. Stay near me. If something does indeed go wrong, we have to escape first,” Han Sen told her.

“Okay.” Qin Xuan looked around and did not notice the presence of anything out of the ordinary, but still, she agreed.

The little angel’s greatsword continued carving marks into the super creature. Despite blood now having dyed its entire coat, it refused to escape the area. It roared to the sky and adamantly remained to fight with the little angel.

Zhao Heng, with great excitement, said, “Han Sen, tell your pet to put more effort in! Make her deal heavier damage to the super creature and prevent it from escaping, if it chooses to.”

“Director Zhao, this is a super creature. This isn’t a scuffle between a cat and a dog,” Han Sen replied coldly.

Zhao Heng didn’t say anything in return, acknowledging that this wasn’t really something that could be rushed. And fortunately, the super creature continued to not show signs of wanting to escape. Zhao Heng then commanded his people, who were still surrounding their foe, to move a little closer. If it did want to escape, they could do their part in prohibiting its flight.

But the super creature was almost behaving stupidly in its stubbornness to remain. Its inability to fight back against the little angel was plain to see, yet it continued to do what it could as the gashes and wounds mounted and caused it tremendous pain. It was bleeding heavily now, and its attacks slowed; death would greet it soon.

The little angel was like something holy. It flapped its wings, flew behind the super creature, and slashed the greatly injured neck of the super creature. A deep cleft had now been made in its neck, and the spine looked as if it was ready to snap. More and more blood seeped to the surface and bled to the ground.

The super creature was knocked down to the floor. It writhed and squirmed for a while but did not get up.

“Han Sen, do not forget your promise! Command your pet to return and we will finish it off,” Zhao Heng shouted to Han Sen, as he commanded his people to draw even closer.

“My job is done here, yes. You can finish it off.” Han Sen did not say anything in complaint and simply returned his little angel. He could feel the creature inside the spring begin to move, and a scary aura seeped through with the water. The hill now looked frightening, and he suspected the dark menace within was about to escape its subterranean home.

The super creature had not yet died, and even if it was killed by the little angel, Han Sen was not willing to walk up and claim the rewards. All he wanted to do was run away as far as he could and end all involvement with these events and this place.

The eight Zhao family members now ran close to the fallen beast and attempted to kill the super creature. They used all the different weapons they had at their disposal, striking the exposed wounds of the dying creature.

But then a sudden scream sounded. The dying creature stood up again and leapt onto a man of the Zhao family. It tore the man's head off with its teeth, and its claws tore the rest into shreds.

Zhao Heng shouted and used his lance to thrust at the most grievous of the wounds, on the back of the super creature's neck. The creature roared in pain and fell back down to the ground.

The rest of the family ran up again and tried to strike the beast simultaneously. Although someone had died, they did not want the little angel to help out anymore, as they were afraid the little angel would finish it off with ease.

Chapter 720: Stolen Egg

Although the super creature was on the precipice of death, it had managed to lash out enough to deal damage to numerous members of the Zhao family. But now, the damage it had incurred was too great, and it would soon fall for the last time.

Zhao Heng was incredibly excited. He commanded his people to attack the super creature by saying, "Come on! It's going to die soon!"

Out of the eight family members, three had been killed. The rest had incurred at least one trauma or injury, but the thought of felling a super creature rallied their courage to continue their fight.

"Let me kill it!" Zhao Haiyang peered at the monster that could hardly stand and spoke aloud with great excitement.

"Okay." Zhao Heng wouldn't disagree. Out of the eight who had come, Zhao Heng was the eldest, and Zhao Haiyang was a direct descendant of his.

But before Zhao Haiyang delivered his attack, the super creature that looked grievously injured was rejuvenated. It pounced on another family member and took off running into the forest.

Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang looked shocked. They did not expect the super creature to run away, now of all times.

Earlier, the super creature—despite being at an obvious disadvantage—did not run. Now, it was dying and could barely stand. Where had the vigor come from?

“Go, chase it! Do not allow it to escape.” Zhao Heng reacted first, immediately commanding the others to take off after it.

But suddenly, they heard the sound of rock breaking. This was a surprise to all of them. They turned around to take a look, and the little hill that was the source of the blood spring exploded outwards. The spring was no longer a crack in the earth, as a giant red centipede writhed out amidst a cloud of dust and spewed rubble.

A dark-red body that was thicker than the carriage of a train loomed out. A single segment of the centipede was twenty meters long, and its legs wriggled ceaselessly, carrying it towards the fighters.

A second later, two of the remaining Zhao family were spiked to death under the centipede’s wretched legs. The rest of them were almost frightened to death, and their thought of pursuing the escaped super creature quickly evaporated. Running away themselves, they shouted, “Han Sen! Use your pet to restrain it!”

“Are you kidding me? You want me to send my pet to its demise, against a monster such as that?” Han Sen called back, as he and Qin Xuan had already turned to leave.

“Han Sen, do not forget the deal we made,” Zhao Haiyang reminded him.

“Our deal consisted of me helping you slay the other super creature; I have done my part. This wasn’t a part of it, so it is no concern of mine,” Han Sen was far ahead of the others, yelling back as he ran alongside Qin Xuan.

Zhao Haiyang was furious. The blood centipede was a goliath, and it terrified them all. This was surely a foe no human could hope to compete with. A second later, the creature’s mandibles grabbed another Zhao family member and sloppily devoured him.

There were only three people of the Zhao family left now, but the blood centipede did not continue to pursue them. Instead, it took off in the direction the other super creature had gone.

When Han Sen saw it, his heart jumped. The super creature had been attracted away by Wang Yuhang, but now the blood centipede had, as well. Things were taking a turn for the worse.

“How can Wang Yuhang be so unlucky? There is always some misfortune waiting to befall him.” Han Sen was planning to go after Wang Yuhang, but then stopped and went towards the blood spring instead.

“What are you doing?” Qin Xuan asked, from behind.

“I’m just going to take a look, you get away first,” Han Sen said, as he ran back.

When Zhao Heng saw Han Sen run back, he was amazed—but they didn’t dare follow. They watched Han Sen run back all the way to the blood spring, unable to comprehend what his intention might have been.

But to them, right then, they thought it better if Han Sen were to get himself killed. The Zhao family had sacrificed many people this day, all to no avail. The creature they sought to kill had gotten away, and all they had incurred were great losses as a result.

Han Sen did not care what the Zhao family thought of him. He reached the broken rocks of the spring and jumped beyond.

Earlier, when he turned on the Dongxuan Sutra, he had detected the presence of a life force inside it. He already knew there was something in there. And now, while the blood centipede was away, he thought it would be okay to take a proper look at whatever lay inside.

Beyond the broken stones was a tunnel that led into a cave. Inside the cave rested a blood-red egg. It was like a football, but it was completely red. The strong life force Han Sen had detected came from the egg.

Han Sen was overjoyed at the discovery. He had eaten the devil ant king egg not too long ago, so he knew that this had to be some good stuff, too. There was no life geno essence inside, and it could be eaten to immediately receive super geno points. Its consumption was a much easier process than absorbing a life geno essence.

Han Sen had not expected the centipede to create an egg, but regardless, he leapt over and quickly pocketed it, before turning around to exit.

Han Sen was still wondering how he might hope to save Wang Yuhang when suddenly, he heard a sharp, monstrous, shrieking sound emitted from the forest. In the distance, he noticed many of the ancient forest's trees getting toppled in a wave that moved towards Han Sen, and he figured that the blood centipede had sensed its baby being stolen.

Han Sen did not linger, and quickly ran in the direction Zhao Heng had been running. He was much faster than Zhao Haiyang, and quickly managed to catch up with him.

Zhao Haiyang looked back with surprise. Han Sen was directly behind him, but behind him, the giant centipede also came. The giant, slithering body was uprooting trees and spoiling the earth as it rampaged towards them. It was like a crazed dragon.

"What have you done?! Why did you bring it back this way?" Zhao Heng enquired, in evident anger.

"Me? Oh, I didn't do anything," Han Sen said, as he continued running forward and leaving them behind.

Zhao Heng cursed Han Sen, praying the worst death would strike him and strike him soon. Han Sen had attracted the monster their way, but he was now leaving them behind like bait. They wished they could kill Han Sen.

Han Sen was far ahead of them now, due to his speed. The blood centipede, however, looked likely to catch up with the Zhao family members.

Han Sen caught up with Qin Xuan who was still firmly ahead, leading the escape. When he turned to look back, he noticed another person of the Zhao family had fallen victim to the vile creature that chased them.

"Let's go." Han Sen grabbed onto Qin Xuan's waist, summoned his wings, and flew to the sky.

But then he heard the blood centipede roar. It was a hundred meters long when looking down, and Hen Saw watched it spread transparent blood-wings. It took off into the skies towards them.

“Bollocks!” Han Sen thought he could fly away with relative ease. He didn’t expect the monstrous foe to possess wings of its own, and it flew with such great haste. It was much faster than the berserk sacred wings.

“You run that way.” Han Sen gritted his teeth and returned to the tangled forest floor. He put Qin Xuan down and ran in another direction, attempting to draw the centipede away.