

Super Power

Chapter 721: Blue Mountain

Han Sen successfully drew away the flying centipede, and it went back to chasing him through the forest.

Many trees were toppled in its rampage, and many of the forest's other creatures were promptly evicted. Those that could fly soared away in fright, whereas others fled as quickly as they could on foot. Every other creature in the forest seemed terrified of the centipede.

Han Sen opened his gene lock and used Dongxuan Sutra to simulate the Light Son of God's energy flow. It increased his speed by a good deal, but even then, it wasn't enough to gain a good lead on the foe that pursued him. All he could focus on doing was running as fast as he could and not slacking into the hungry mandibles that were chasing him.

This monster was incredibly powerful, and it was something the adiraid would surely struggle to beat. The adiraid wasn't weak, but the size between the two was not comparable. The blood centipede had a unique power that made it far stronger than the adiraid, too.

The adiraid could protect herself, but she couldn't stop the blood centipede; that was why Han Sen could only try to escape.

In this large, dense, and ancient forest, Han Sen ran as fast as his legs could carry him. He had been doing so for a while, and he had gradually lost all sense of direction. Han Sen thought about throwing the centipede's egg away, but he didn't want to.

Han Sen tried to let the little angel draw the attention of the centipede, but it was as if it had locked onto Han Sen, without a care for anything else.

The little angel swung her greatsword at the centipede many times, but the creature had countless wriggling legs that blocked each attempted attack. She couldn't get a hit in.

Han Sen kept running until there were no more trees to evade. After leaving the canopy of the forest behind, he found himself before the slopes of a grand mountain range. He had no idea where he had come to.

Han Sen had no other choice but to run headlong up the mountain. He circled one of the mountains and tried his hand at fighting the centipede for a bit.

Han Sen felt strange. When he was in the ancient forest, he had seen many creatures fleeing for their lives. But these mountains were barren, and not a single creature was around. After running the length of two mountains, he hadn't managed to see a single other creature. It was a dull, lifeless region, composed of grey crags. Few plants grew there, also.

Han Sen did not have the time to stop, poke about and ponder the area he had stumbled into, however. With his gene lock running, he was on a timer. He had been running for half a day, and he was already starting to feel exhausted. His body was in agony, and he feared if he kept going, his body might end up permanently damaged. But still, he couldn't afford to stop, and turning off the gene lock would remove his ability to simulate the Light Son of God's energy flow. This would result in his speed decreasing, and the chance of him not being able to outrun the centipede's crazed pursuit.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and took the centipede egg from his pocket, planning to throw it at the centipede so he could escape the area with life.

He turned around to take a look and noticed that the blood centipede was no longer directly behind him. In fact, the centipede was down near the foothills, merely crying out to Han Sen. It didn't come after him, as if it were afraid of something.

Han Sen was surprised, to say the least. He looked around and saw nothing out of the ordinary. While the craggy mountains appeared nearly identical, during his run, he had drawn close to a mountain that was different than the others.

The mountains around the one he was on were grey and rocky. But the one he was on now was blue. The rocks there appeared to be metallic.

He wasn't sure what made this mountain so unique, but the scary centipede only roared and did not come up. Despite its desire for Han Sen's blood, all it did was twirl and writhe around, breaking the rocks that peppered the foothills.

Its power did not matter in the shadow of the blue mountain, it appeared.

Han Sen acknowledged something was wrong, and so he quickly cast dongxuan aura. Still, he did not notice the presence of anything strange around. There did not seem to be any life on this mountain.

Han Sen felt relieved, for he was at least out of danger for the time being. But he couldn't relax, for the radius of his dongxuan aura was limited and it did not reveal all that may have been there. Han Sen then raised his head to look up the mountain.

The mountain was massive, and its head rested above the clouds; he could not see what secrets its peak might have hidden. And as for the rest of the mountain, it was as barren as ever. It was entirely blue, and only metallic rocks resided there for decoration. There wasn't even a single blade of grass.

"What is that blood centipede afraid of? Even with its baby having been nicked, it doesn't dare set foot up here. Something has to be amiss with this place..." Han Sen looked up the mountain and could not see anything through the mist that cloaked the top.

Although Han Sen was curious about what may have been up there, he had respect for the proverb that concerned itself with feline mammals and the consequences of their curiosity. Therefore, he resolved to walk around to the other side of the mountain and descend that way, in an attempt to escape the centipede.

The red centipede still did not dare ascend the blue mountain, and it only stared at Han Sen. But wherever he went, the monster carefully followed him.

Han Sen gritted his teeth again and placed the centipede egg between the rocks of the blue mountain. Then, he went in another direction. He hoped the centipede would remain, showing concern for the egg more than the person who had stolen it.

But things did not turn out the way he expected. When the centipede saw its egg, it only enraged the centipede further. It still wouldn't ascend the blue mountain, and instead, it wriggled with greater ferocity as it traced Han Sen. Its exclamations were even louder, as well, and the pitch of the echo was heightened as its wretched voice carried across the mountain range.

The sound of rocks breaking continued under the jittery legs of the centipede as it traced the egg-thief. Big marks and clefts were left in each ravaged rock.

"This guy really wants me dead." Han Sen's heart sank. He imagined the best he could do right now was use his little angel to take the egg and lead the monster away.

But just as Han Sen was willing to do this, he suddenly heard the sound of a bell toll from atop the mountain.

Dong!

The sound of an ancient bell rung from high above, echoing across the expanse of mountains. It caused the energy inside Han Sen to turn into chaos, and he quickly ran Dongxuan Sutra to quell his disturbed flow.

Dong!

When the bell rang again, a weird power caused the energy inside him to coil and swirl in turmoil once more.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and continued casting Dongxuan Sutra to soothe the restless energy and fight back against the mysterious tone of the bell.

The bell's sound was quite beautiful. It possessed a certain power that cast what seemed like a sonic wave, dispelling the mist and clouds that obscured the peak of the mountain. Like a curtain being pulled, the entirety of the blue mountain was then revealed.

There were six different bell tones in total, and Han Sen managed to hold on against their clanging. But later, it took him half an hour to fix the energy that had been disturbed inside him. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

The mist that veiled the peak was gone, and now, only wisps circled the mountain instead. You could see the clouds a thousand meters away from the mountainside, as there were no more clouds within or beyond the circle.

Han Sen looked at the blue mountain's peak and tried to see what was there. He was eager to learn where exactly the bell had tolled from.

Chapter 722: Blue Shelter

Han Sen's pupils shrunk. He saw a mysterious, blue shelter residing atop the peak. Its presence there was like a castle, perched in the heavens.

The blue shelter looked rugged, though. Many parts of the building had fallen and crumbled. Even the gate of the front wall had fallen, succumbing to mounds of dust. The place looked as if it had been abandoned a long time ago.

"Shelter? How can there be a shelter out here? I wonder, is it a human or spirit shelter?" Han Sen observed the distant shelter as best he could, but did not see too much. Although it seemed to have decayed over time's relentless march, it still looked solid, perhaps even operable.

"It looks like the shelter isn't home to any humans or creatures. If it is, why would it be in the state it currently is? But then again, why would the blood centipede be so afraid of it? It won't even ascend the measly foothills of this mountain. Does a scary creature reside in the shelter, maybe?" While Han Sen pondered the stockpile of questions that now occurred to him, he saw the blood centipede start moving again. After the broken shelter had revealed itself, the blood centipede possessed what seemed like a renewed courage, and it rabidly climbed the mountain after Han Sen.

Han Sen froze, and when he thawed soon after, he quickly took off running up the mountain. The monster had most likely believed the shelter was whole, which held off its initial advance.

But now that it knew the shelter was an abandoned ruin, it ascended the mountain without fear.

Han Sen had no other choice but to ascend. He hastened his brisk steps to ramble and climb his way up to the shelter. It was a decayed structure, and it didn't look like anyone lived up there, but if there was still a teleporter inside—and it was still in working condition—he could escape by returning to the Alliance.

But before Han Sen could teleport away, he thought it would best to eat the egg first.

The blood centipede was quickly catching up to Han Sen, who was now standing in front of the blue shelter. He noticed that the structure had been composed of blue metal. With such sturdy construction, Han Sen pondered what events may have led to its ruin and downfall.

A twenty meter tall, few meter wide metal wall extended for a few miles. Along its length, it was broken and ruined in a number of different locations.

Han Sen observed the dust-cloaked shelter and pondered the number of years it had been since a person last set foot inside it.

Han Sen was quite ecstatic at his discovery of an abandoned shelter. All he would have to do now was find a teleporter and leave. No matter how powerful the centipede was, it couldn't follow him through.

Han Sen ran inside the shelter and strode across the thick dust that had gathered so deeply that it felt like snow.

The blood centipede followed Han Sen to the front of the shelter. It hesitated before the entrance for a moment, but still decided to follow him inside.

The blue metal shelter had many toppled buildings, and many structures only had one or two disheveled walls remaining. Some had been cut in half or even had their roofs shaved off.

Han Sen's run kept him weaving left and right between the remains of old buildings and constructs, to avoid the centipede's pursuit. But by now, he was getting exhausted. He summoned the little angel and gave her the egg, bidding that she fly away from him to the other side of the shelter.

The blood centipede shrieked at Han Sen, but turned around and gave pursuit to the little angel now instead.

Han Sen had finally achieved a moment's reprieve. He moved around the decayed shelter in search of a teleporter that may have fared better than the rest of the area.

He had searched through a number of ruined buildings and was still in awe of the devastation. The entire area was a mess, as shrapnel and bits of twisted metal lay strewn about every corner. But thus far, unfortunately, he was unable to find a teleporter that was in good shape.

In his search, he stumbled into a plaza which contained a half-toppled bell tower in its center. The bell was composed of blue copper, and it exuded an aura of mystique. Strange carvings were etched into the metal of its composition, with many of the drawn shapes resembling bugs.

Han Sen saw this blue bell and wondered, if this place had indeed been abandoned, why had six bells rung out earlier?

Han Sen looked around, observing the thick dust that coated each crevice of the lost shelter. He didn't see any footprints or marks that suggested occupation. Even the blue bell was covered in dust and ash. He believed it must have been years since a person last touched the bell.

"The tolling bell could not have been this one." Han Sen flapped his wings and flew onto the bell tower to take a closer look.

Han Sen was then hit with a sudden surprise. There was a body inside the bell tower that looked like a human in rugged clothes. Through decay over time, the body was little more than a dust-covered skeleton.

Han Sen summoned a lance to poke the clothing that once dressed the deceased. With little effort, the clothes and bones fell apart into ash.

"Was this a human shelter that got attacked by some fearsome creature?" Han Sen came down from the bell tower and treaded the shelter with a little more care this time.

Han Sen summoned his super armor, in case something unfortunate was about to happen. Since there weren't any other humans around, no one would see or recognize him.

The fallen metal buildings were everywhere, and he couldn't find a single building that had been left untouched. Most of the houses did not contain teleporters, and the ones Han Sen found were broken and had ceased to function.

Han Sen later discovered many other skeletal remains that were similar to the first one. For some reason, all it took was a little touch for the remains to crumble and wholly collapse.

Han Sen had searched through half the shelter so far and had yet to find a single working teleporter. The little angel was on the other side, keeping the blood centipede busy. He didn't fancy venturing that way.

"Strange. Aside from the blue copper bell, there aren't any other bell towers here. There aren't any other bells, at all. What tolling bells did I hear?" Han Sen thought, puzzled.

While Han Sen was deep in thought, he heard the mystery bells ring once more like thunder. The shock was so strong, he almost collapsed.

Han Sen quickly ran his Dongxuan Sutra to quell the energy inside him. He raised his head and saw the bell in the bell tower was ringing, all by itself. Not even a stiff wind brushed it, yet it tolled.

"Why is this happening to me? Why does the bell ring itself?" Han Sen tried his best to calm the energy inside him, as he stared at the bell.

The little angel and the blood centipede stopped fighting, as if they were both affected by the bell, as well.

Dong!

The blue bell rang again, at an even scarier tone than before. It was loud, like an explosion detonating right on Han Sen's eardrum.

Chapter 723: Blue Copper Bell

The tolling of the bell, when he had been further down the mountain, was not as strong as what he was hearing now. Because he was so close to it, every ring was like a thunderbolt that convulsed his body and caused him to spit blood from his mouth.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The blue bell continued to ring, and Han Sen continued to writhe, oozing blood from his mouth. He used the Dongxuan Sutra the best he could, to fight back the damage caused by the loud tolling of the bell. Although the Dongxuan Sutra was powerful, it didn't provide enough relief to fight back the noise. The energy inside Han Sen went insane, and the chaos inside highlighted every vein that coursed through his body. A green vein, in particular, began to expand in his body, looking ready to rupture.

Some of his smaller veins were broken already, which dyed his skin red. It was a frightening sight to witness.

The blood centipede was not doing any better. In its agony, it twisted and wriggled around on the ground, toppling many buildings. Its madness only generated more noise.

The blue bell seemed to deal damage to any creature that heard it. The more energy a creature had, the more damage it suffered.

The blood centipede must have been a second generation super creature. Its energy was incredibly powerful, but it could not withstand the noise of the bell, and as a result, its energy was disturbed. Its innards were a mess as its energy caused chaos within; the centipede twirled round and round in a craze.

The little angel, however, was not affected. Her body's energy exuded a holy presence, and because of her purity, the bell could not deal damage to her.

But the little angel still had to fight back the noise, and so couldn't do anything else.

Cough! Han Sen heaved another unhealthy amount of blood. His Dongxuan Sutra could just about manage to deal with the noise, but his fitness was lacking. As such, he couldn't deal with it half as well as the little angel could.

The adiraid was not a protector pet, so there was nothing she could do for Han Sen. So Han Sen continued to cough up blood with the feeling that his body was going to implode. He knew things weren't going well, and his predicament was a dire one; he had to think of something!

He was wearing his super armor, but it provided no resistance to the bell's tolling.

Suddenly, Han Sen's mind flashed back to the berserk Devil Unicorn that had finished evolving. He summoned it before he considered whether or not it would even work.

The black smoke whirled around Han Sen like a black hole.

The sonic pulse pounded the black smoke, which caused a bit of it to evaporate. Its disappearance revealed Han Sen slightly, consumed by the protective smoke.

But when the noise halted for a moment, the black smoke fully rejuvenated. It was like a shield, protecting Han Sen.

Through the black smoke's protection, Han Sen didn't feel as affected by the tolling of the bell. Now, his Dongxuan Sutra was able to fight it. The discord of his energy began to simmer and settle down as the veins relaxed and returned to their ordinary size and shape beneath his skin.

"That's some good stuff." Han Sen was overjoyed. He then thought to himself, "If the Devil Unicorn can block elemental attacks, does that mean the bell's noise is a special sort of element itself?"

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The blue bell rang another nine times. The noise felt as if it were rocking the entirety of the world. Those who heard it felt as if they could die any second.

The blood centipede had been writhing on the floor, and it consistently spewed blood from its mouth due to the discord in its body.

After nine times, the bell stopped. There was no more noise. But that only led Han Sen to discover something even more frightening.

The blue bell was alive. It started flying, and looking set to crush Han Sen, it suddenly went right for him without cause.

Inside the blue bell was a blue-metal chain, and at the bottom of the chain was a cone-shaped, blue-metal ringer. The ringer was the reason the bell had rung.

Luckily, Han Sen's energy was no longer messed up and he could focus. Quickly, he jumped and rolled away, evading the blue bell that tried to land on top of him.

Fortunately, the bell was not as quick as he feared it might be, which allowed Han Sen to dodge the attack.

The blue bell missed Han Sen, but it didn't try again. It immediately stopped going after Han Sen and went after the blood centipede instead.

The bell spun around and around like a saucer as it went. When it arrived, the bell that was only as tall as a human morphed its shape. As it hovered above the writhing centipede, it expanded until it was large enough to consume the entire creature. Seeing this gave Han Sen the heebie jeebies.

Boom!

The blue bell landed atop the twisting centipede, and then Han Sen heard noises come from within. He heard the centipede trying to fight its way out of the bell's entrapment.

The noise that emanated from the bell was not unlike the ringing he had heard earlier. Every tone was a shock, and Han Sen had only his Devil Unicorn to repel it.

Of course, it wasn't half as effective as the noises from earlier, as it wasn't a proper tolling. These noises were created by the panicked centipede, and as such, the Devil Unicorn could block each pulse

Han Sen carefully observed the bell once more and did not see anything too strange. Many patterns, shapes, and symbols of bugs had been etched as adornments on the bell. As fascinating as they were, Han Sen had no idea what they meant.

The blood centipede continued fighting on the inside for half an hour, until its noise gradually weakened. After another half an hour passed, there was no more movement to be heard, at all.

Han Sen then finally saw the blue bell move again. It spun around in the air again before shrinking down to its initial size. When it was about as tall as a human again, it went for the little angel.

From its time beneath the bell, the blood centipede had now become nothing but bones. It looked as if it had been dead for a good many years—just like the bones Han Sen had seen earlier.

But the little angel wasn't threatened. She dodged the incoming bell with ease and then smacked it heavily with her greatsword.

A deep cleft was left in the bell's side, which made the object squirm backwards and unleash more of its horrible tolling sounds. The little angel's energy was messed up as a result, and she had to cast her energy-flow skill to ease it. She could not dodge the bell's attack due to this, and all she saw was the bell spinning towards her.

The little angel hastened her cast and was able to quell her inner-turmoil and evade the bell's strike with just enough time. Still, by exerting so much effort, her energy had become even more messed up.

Han Sen then decided to summon the little angel back to the Sea of Soul, which made the bell lose its target. But after the little angel disappeared, it did not turn its attention to Han Sen as it had previously. It merely flew back to the bell tower and reattached itself.

"What is that thing? Is that a super creature?" Han Sen was flabbergasted. Aside from that, he couldn't think of what else it could have been.

Han Sen had never heard of a super creature using bell noises to kill people before.

Chapter 724: Big Reward

Han Sen looked at the bell once more and then walked near the corpse of the blood centipede. When Han Sen touched it with a bit of strength, it crumbled into dust.

"This blood centipede's essence has been drained by the bell." Han Sen was surprised.

Clearly, the monster-bell used the tolling sound to screw with the energy flows of its potential victims. When people or creatures were in pain and struggling with the confusion of their energy going haywire, the bell would fly out to cover them. That was what had happened to the blood centipede; such a terrifyingly powerful foe was completely drained of its essence in less than an hour. Han Sen now knew the bell was a frightening thing.

But fortunately, it was slow. And if you could repel the noise, then you didn't have to be too afraid of the fiend.

The blue bell only attacked Han Sen once, and after he dodged it, it didn't attempt to get him again. It had some intelligence, that much was certain. It most likely realized Han Sen was too agile for it, and there was no use going after him.

"What a strange super creature. I wonder what manner of beast soul I would receive if I killed it?" Han Sen gave the blue bell another look, the grimace of greed creeping upon his face.

But killing the bell wouldn't be easy. Merely attacking it would generate the sound that disturbed energy flows; hurting the monster meant hurting yourself. There would have to be another solution for killing it.

It was a shame the little angel was not a spirit. If she was a spirit, she could use the Devil Unicorn beast soul herself. With the protection of the Devil Unicorn, her energy would not be disrupted and she could

fight the bell with all her power. But, she wasn't a spirit—she was a pet. She was unable to use any beast souls, as a result.

Han Sen continued to observe the bell for a good long while, but he could not come up with a better solution. He summoned his little angel again and got her to attack the blue bell once more.

Dong!

The little angel struck the bell with all her might, and it rang with its wretched toll. The strike did leave a decent mark on the bell, however, and it became enraged in response. It flew madly towards the little angel, attempting to swallow her.

Han Sen immediately returned his little angel. Having lost its attacker, the bell returned to the tower and reattached itself.

"This could work." Han Sen was delightfully surprised. He re-summoned his little angel and had her attack the bell once again.

He cheated it this way, many, many times. The bell was covered in clefts and deep cuts before long. When the bell lost all patience with its phantom attacker, it started to toll itself.

Dong! Dong! Dong!

The horrible bell noise racketed across the shelter and beyond. Han Sen put the little angel back in the Sea of Soul and used the Devil Unicorn to shield himself from the noise's effect.

After a while, the bell stopped ringing. Then, Han Sen got back to it. He summoned his little angel and bid for her to attack the bell once again.

After she attacked, the blue bell took off in flight. This time, it was going away from the shelter, as if it wanted to escape.

Han Sen didn't want this, so he commanded the little angel to chase after it.

Dong!

Another ringing sound erupted, and the little angel froze in the air. Fortunately, Han Sen was able to summon her back in time.

"It seems like it is still able to toll, even during its flight. The sound is definitely weaker than when it was stationary, however." Han Sen waited until the bell stopped ringing before resuming the chase.

The blue bell did not fly very fast, and he was able to catch up, even with his sacred-blood wings. When he got close to it, he summoned his little angel to attack it again.

Across the mountains, the sound of a malfunctioning bell echoed far and wide. No creature dared to come near the airborne fighters.

Han Sen now knew the meaning of, "everything gets a return." Han Sen and little angel were unable to fight the powerful blood centipede, but with a small amount of effort, the blue bell had managed to do what they could not. And now, the bell was the one now being chased by Han Sen and the little angel.

Han Sen trailed behind it and used his dongxuan aura to scan the bell.

Han Sen could not sense a life force on the blue bell at all times. He could only sense it when the bell started ringing.

Han Sen, as he observed the energy flow, thought it was quite strange.

Han Sen and the little angel chased it a thousand miles. There were countless marks scraped across the entire body of the bell, and they had lost count of how many times they had struck it. Eventually, however, victory was achieved when the bell was hewn in half. It no longer rang after its final hit, and it crash landed in relative silence.

"Super Creature Hunted: Death Knell. The beast soul has been acquired. Its flesh cannot be consumed, but you may collect the Life Geno essence and obtain a random numeric amount of super geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

The announcement chimed in Han Sen's head, which brought him great joy. But when he looked at the remains of the Death Knell that had been sliced in half, it didn't disappear. It remained where it had fallen.

"Can this guy be considered a second generation super creature or third generation super creature? Don't tell me a bell can produce babies; that would be hilarious!" Han Sen continued to observe it, pondering whether or not it could produce offspring. But he didn't concern himself with the question for too long before seeking to retrieve the Life Geno essence instead.

The bell did not have any flesh. Aside from its outer shape, there was only the metal chain and pendant inside.

Han Sen looked at the pendant and summoned the little angel. He asked her to strike the pendant, which cracked open to release its blue Life Geno essence.

"I am going to be rich. A centipede egg and a Life Geno essence? And the strange Death Knell's beast soul on top of all that? I have earned a lot today!" Han Sen was more than pleased.

He took another look at the shattered pieces of the slain bell, which lay scattered about. He brought out a bag and collected all the broken bits, crushing some of the bigger parts to fit them all in.

Then he summoned his Golden Roarer and placed the bag on it. With his rewards in-hand, he turned to ride away.

Han Sen put away the Life Geno essence and let the little angel crack the blood centipede's egg open for him.

The little angel sliced the egg, and that chimed the announcement.

"Super Creature Hunted: Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of super geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

Han Sen quickly lifted the egg that had been cracked open and consumed the yolk that was inside. The juice tasted like coconut, and it was quite nice. It surprised him, as it didn't taste like any creature.

"Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby consumed. You have received one super geno point."

This notification played a few times, and a huge smile burst on Han Sen's face. Try as he might, he could not stop grinning.

A warmth swirled around inside his body and blended with his blood. The blood cells seemed to quickly morph, and they felt different from before.

When all was said and done, the Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby had given Han Sen seven super geno points, which brought his total super geno tally up to twenty-four. His fitness felt an immediate increase.

Chapter 725: Death Knell

After consuming the Thousand-Blade Blood Dragon Baby, Han Sen spent some time researching the energy flow of the blue bell. If he could simulate its energy flow, he could absorb its Life Geno essence.

Han Sen used Dongxuan Sutra to simulate Death Knell's energy flow and felt his entire body vibrate. He heard the sound of a bell ring, and his body throbbed to its chime.

Han Sen flicked his arm, which generated a noise not unlike the Death Knell. The bell sounds no longer affected Han Sen, but they made the Golden Roarer by his side shake.

"This is interesting. If I use this skill, and people hit me, it should issue the same results as the Death Knell did. The sound generated should screw with an attacker's energy flow. Although I cannot simulate it to its original power, it might still come in handy. But this bell noise affects everyone and everything; it can even hurt my friends. I need to be careful when and where I use it, lest I commit friendly fire." Han Sen was quite interested in Death Knell's energy flow. He tried it out for a while before trying to refine the bell's Life Geno essence.

As Han Sen began to refine the blue-metal Life Geno essence, the cells in his body started to become lively. Although the Life Geno essence was named after death, its effects were to provide rebirth and a strengthening of one's genes and very life.

When the refinement process was complete, Han Sen's absorbance of the Death Knell Life Geno essence provided him eight super geno points. This brought his total super geno tally up to thirty-two.

"These are some good rewards I have received. If this continues, it won't be long before I max out my super geno points."

But Han Sen had to ask himself a serious question; was he strong enough to visit his mother's shelter? With his own power, and the aid of the silver fox and little angel, few creatures could threaten him. As such, he could consider going to visit her.

Although the trek to see her would be a few hundred thousand miles long, Han Sen had to go. If he didn't, he wouldn't be able to help his mother increase her super geno points. If his mother could max out her super geno points, she would have a much higher chance of surviving when she became a surpasser.

Becoming a surpasser meant you would obtain another one hundred year lifespan. When your lifespan was over, you'd have to take a chance rather than sitting there, waiting to die.

Han Sen was now preparing to ask for Huangfu's help. He wanted to establish the road he might take, that would lead him all the way to where his mother lived. He could kill super creatures along the way, meaning it would not be a fruitless effort for himself, either.

"Han Sen?" As Han Sen walked past a human shelter, someone called his name.

Han Sen heard the voice, and noticed it sounded familiar. He could not, however, recall to whom it belonged. He turned around and saw a big man running towards him, which surprised him.

"Brother Fist?" Han Sen shouted when his eyes recognized the face.

He was one of the leaders of the Steel-Armor Shelter's army. Although he never spent much time with Han Sen, they had a friendly relationship and had cooperated on various occasions.

Brother Fist was a friend of Fang Jingqi, and Fang Jingqi was one of Fang Xuexi's elder brothers, who had grown up with Han Sen. Brother Fist was also a good friend of Tang Zhenliu. That was why they respected each other, despite not having done much together.

"It really is you! That's awesome." Brother Fist was enthusiastic, but Han Sen wasn't sure why he was so ecstatic to see him. He approached Han Sen and gave him a big hug.

Han Sen froze, thinking he was being too passionate in his greeting. The hug was strong, and he thought his back might break if the man squeezed any tighter.

"Brother Fist, I know you love me. But I am a raging heteros*xual, and this is getting a little awkward." Han Sen slipped out of his grasp.

Han Sen was quite tall himself, but Brother Fist was even taller, standing about two meters tall.

"You feel awkward? I don't." Brother Fist patted Han Sen's shoulder, smiling as he spoke.

Han Sen immediately felt a shiver run down his spine as he looked at him.

Fist laughed and said, "I do love you! I love you so much. Seeing you here brings tears of joy to my eyes, so why don't you come help me and Fang take a spirit shelter?"

"Fang Jingqi is here?" Han Sen asked, with a tone of surprise.

“Me and him are stuck at the hip. We are like two peas in a pod. I can’t believe we both arrived here in this dump, upon our arrival at the Second God’s Sanctuary. There are no resources here, and neither are there many elites. I still need to collect a whole trove of sacred geno points, so we’re making plans to take down a royal shelter to make our lives easier going forward. There is a small number of elites nearby, and we figured we would have need of their help. But here you come, passing me by? It’s a stroke of good fortune.” Brother Fist tugged at Han Sen’s arms as he kept walking and explaining how things had been.

The area was a little better than the Icefield had been, when Han Sen first arrived there. Still, there hadn’t been much change since. Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi were not living here happily, as a result.

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi were therefore trying to take down a royal shelter that resided at the base of a nearby mountain, so they could have a safer place to stay. It would provide them a base before the rest of the mountain, as well. It would be a humble beginning for their future endeavors, which would include hunting many of the monsters that resided on the mountain beside it.

Han Sen followed Brother Fist to a knight-class shelter. Fang Jangqi was there, and when he saw Han Sen, he had a similar reaction to Brother Fist and said, “Han Sen, what brings you here? Oh, what a wonderful opportunity! We are off to try to take down a royal shelter, so you should join us.”

Han Sen smiled and agreed. He’d be able to obtain a new royal spirit, and at the same time help old friends. He didn’t see a reason why he should refuse their polite request.

It had been a long time since Han Sen last collected a spirit, and he hoped it would be another beautiful lady spirit. She’d fit in nicely in the ranks of his Goddess Army.

“I was thinking; we might not have enough elites. But with Han Sen here, we can alter the plans somewhat, and as a result, have a much higher chance of conquering the shelter,” Brother Fist excitedly proposed.

“Cool. Today, the Thunder Shelter and the Devil-God Shelter’s people are coming. When they arrive, we can discuss any new proceedings with them,” Fang Jingqi said, with much excitement, as well.

Clearly, they had no idea Han Sen owned a super pet and had achieved what he thought to be common knowledge. They just believed Han Sen was any old, ordinary elite.

Han Sen did not spoil their perception, and simply allowed them to arrange everything. He only had to help them and get the royal spirit when the time came. With his power, there was no possibility of him failing.

But when Fang Jingqi and Brother Fist brought Han Sen over to discuss matters with the others, there were disagreements.

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi knew Han Sen was an elite, so they wanted him to receive a higher share. The people from the Thunder Shelter and Devil’s God shelter, however, did not agree. They insisted Han Sen was just another component of the team, and he shouldn’t receive preferential treatment when it came to the distribution of loot.

They argued about it for some time, with no resolution.

“If you guys say he is as strong as he is, then why don’t you two just go with him and get it done without us?” the Thunder Shelter’s people said, as they started to get annoyed.

Chapter 726: I’m Afraid This Will Be Difficult

“Qian Jiang, how can you say that? We are cooperating to take down the shelter together; we have plenty of time to discuss this,” Brother Fist said, frowning.

Qian Jiang, from the Thunder Shelter, replied, “If we are cooperating, then we should use the contract we have already signed and settled on. For you to go out in search of someone else is a concern of yours, where the rewards come directly out of your own shares. You cannot burden us with someone whose aid we have not asked for. Why should we give him anything?”

“With our manpower like this, taking down the royal shelter will cost us much. Han Sen is a fierce and strong elite; he can secure our victory. Our sacrifices will be considerably lessened by his presence, I assure you,” Brother Fist explained.

Han Sen wasn’t really interested in this talk of a cut. All he wanted was a new spirit, and he’d have long been gone had the possibility of earning one not been a prospect. Extra money made no difference to him, so earning a cut didn’t really entice him. Furthermore, he’d be under obligation to aid the shelter in the future, if it ran into any issues.

But Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi had already made a mention of his supposed desire for a cut. Even though he didn’t want any shares, if he were to correct them, he’d do nothing but embarrass them.

“Oh, come on. Who do you think this guy is: Coin? If he’s that good, then why bother coming to look for us? Go and take down the shelter all by yourselves. They can do that, can’t they, Liu?” Qian Jiang then dragged the Devil-God Shelter’s leader, Liu Tai, into the argument.

Liu Tai said, “Qian is correct. After everything was supposedly prepared, you are the one who has brought an extra person into this. Our shares have been settled, therefore, there is no need for us to make a change that would accommodate him.”

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai were not budging on their stance, and Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi could not take back their proposal.

“Brother Fang and Brother Fist, can you guard the shelter?” Han Sen asked them, seeing that their argument had now come to a standstill.

Brother Fist wasn’t sure what Han Sen meant, but right now, he couldn’t allow anyone to believe he was weak.

In fact, Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi were the strongest evolvers in the region. The Thunder Shelter and the Devil-God Shelter combine would not have the strength to take them on.

They wanted more resources, which was why they wanted to take on the royal shelter. They had already pledged a large amount of their earnings to the other two shelters evenly, accepting only a third.

It was a generous offer. If things were done properly, where shares correlated with the actual power of the parties involved in the deal, Brother Fist ought to have received at least fifty percent of the entire pie.

There were not many people in his rank, and Brother Fist wanted to take down the shelter with haste. Therefore, he conceded to accept this lesser amount.

“Fine. There is no need to cooperate, we will indeed tackle it ourselves,” Han Sen said.

When Han Sen said that, everyone just looked at him without saying a word. Brother Fist looked ready to say something, and he moved his lips to do so, but no words were vocally drawn.

He thought Han Sen had suggested something ludicrous and quite frankly, impossible. If they could not take it, it would only lead to trouble. But again, he did not want to look weak, and so he held back what he initially wanted to say.

“Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi, do you really trust this man that much?” Qian Jiang asked, with a tone of disdain.

Liu Tai then added, “Does that mean an end to our proposed cooperation?”

Brother Fist was unsure of how to respond. He looked at Fang Jingqi, who squinted his eyes and said, “Yes, it does. I wish this day could have proceeded as planned, but you were unwilling to budge on your stance. Thus, we have no choice but to pull out.”

“Fine. We’ll eagerly await the news of how you and your pretty-boy elite fare in attempting this conquest of a royal shelter,” Qian Jiang said, with a strange tone. Then, he left—but not before giving Han Sen one last stare of disapproval.

Liu Tai looked at Han Sen and Fang Jingqi, but did not say anything. He also just left.

“Fang, this is possible, yes?” Brother Fist did not have much of a background, and he hadn’t heard the recent tales of Han Sen’s accomplishments.

Fang Jingqi smiled and said, “If Han Sen says okay, then everything will be okay. This guy is awesome; he can even slay super creatures.”

Fang Jingqi had recently spent much time in his shelter, preparing for the attack. He hadn’t heard about Han Sen owning a super pet, but he had heard of his initial slaying of one super creature. He just wasn’t entirely sure if the story was true.

Fang Jingqi also had history with Han Sen, and he knew he wouldn’t say something unless he was absolutely sure of it. That was why Fang Jingqi did not hesitate in ending their cooperation.

“He killed a super creature? Really?! I thought people only said some person from the Ji family killed one, but that was in the First God’s Sanctuary.” Brother Fist looked at Han Sen with shock and disbelief.

“It was just luck.” A lot of people knew about this story, so there was no need to lie about the tale’s authenticity. Therefore, he confirmed it.

“Holy crap; you really killed a super creature?” Hearing Han Sen say that, Brother Fist still struggled to believe him. Han Sen had arrived at the Second God’s Sanctuary much later than Brother Fist did, and he lacked the confidence to slay even a sacred-blood creature. Therefore, it was quite difficult to believe Han Sen already had what it took to take down a super creature.

“Haha, I’m just a lucky guy,” Han Sen said again.

“Holy crap, indeed! Why did you not say something about this earlier? If I knew you were this strong, I wouldn’t even have had to talk to them. You could solo a royal shelter easily!” After Brother Fist was assured Han Sen really did kill a super creature, he shouted these words out in utter glee.

But Han Sen then looked to the sky and said, “I’m afraid this will be difficult.”

“That’s okay, me and Fang have a few people, and we can all accompany you. We are taking this royal shelter, no matter what. It will be difficult not to incur any losses, but even if Qian Jiang and Liu Tai show up to take advantage, we can guard the place without error,” Brother Fist said.

“No, no, no; I meant, it is difficult to go now. If I go now, I won’t be back in time for my lunch,” Han Sen said,

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi froze for a bit, but then Fang Jingqi smiled and said, “You bastard, trying to make us feel bad.”

Brother Fist did not mind that, however, and he said, “You don’t need lunch. If we’re taking a royal shelter, what use would it be to come back here? I will roast meat and heat-up wine for you, right then and there. My Fist family makes the best grilled meat, I’ll have you know.”

“All right then, let’s go,” Han Sen said.

“We have eight people with a fitness of over one hundred. And we have over a hundred people with a fitness level above sixty. How would you like to separate them?” Brother Fist asked Han Sen, as they now asserted him as their leader.

“It depends on you. If you would like to hunt more creatures, then by all means bring more. If you do not need to kill them all, then just bring enough people to take over the shelter.” Han Sen smiled.

Brother Fist was frozen. Hearing what Han Sen said, it sounded like they wouldn’t have to bring anyone.

Fang Jingqi smiled and said, “Bring Wang Hu and his men. We will take the shelter, but not kill the creatures there, in case Qian Jiang seeks to take advantage of our vulnerability.”

Chapter 727: The Thunder Breaks Through

“Are Fist and Fang Jingqi crazy? They are actually going to try to conquer the shelter with just their own people?” Qian Jiang and Liu Tai, after hearing word of their endeavor, were shocked.

Upon leaving, they merely thought Brother Fist would renegotiate with Han Sen, and have him take a step back. They never expected them to follow through with what they had said, and actually go there with only their own men.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai quickly rallied their troops and went out near the shelter, to watch how things fared for them. If they had the opportunity, they'd waylay and try to mooch off their efforts.

If Brother Fist and his people were injured during their fights, but were overall nearing success, they imagined they could swoop in and claim the entire shelter for themselves.

When they arrived, they saw Brother Fist atop his mount, racing towards the shelter. They were fast approaching the gate.

Brother Fist did not falter or slow, and simply followed Han Sen's lead into battle. They were attempting to siege the shelter directly by attacking the main gate.

"What are they thinking? Do they honestly believe they can take on a shelter like this?" Liu Tai frowned. Taking on a shelter from the front would consume far too much power, he thought.

Many creatures poured out of the shelter to greet their would-be conquerors. There were wolves, bears, a variety of ten meter tall beasts, and a fifty meter long snake. There were even birds, taking off into the skies so they could assail them from above. One bird had a wingspan of twenty meters.

Han Sen was riding his Golden Growler, leading the siege. The spirit shelter was rather powerful, but it was still weaker than Princess Yin Yang's shelter. The spirit was not atop the tower, either. All that appeared before them were legions of creatures. This entire scene had become familiar to Han Sen, over his time as an evolver. Without blinking, he charged in.

A green-winged bird soared through the skies like a green cloud that blotted out the sun. Its presence darkened the region as it descended.

Han Sen did not blink, and merely waited for it to complete its descent. When it did, he summoned his Flaming Rex Spike and swung it upwards. In one hit, the monster was cut in half. Blood and feathers danced in the air like rain.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Hunted: Green Cloud Eagle. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of sacred geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

Brother Fist and the rest, who witnessed this scene, were shocked but happy. They called aloud with grand excitement.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai were taken aback after seeing this. To see a giant sacred-blood bird creature killed in one hit like that was a frightening thing.

Seeing Han Sen and Brother Fist assaulted the shelter like a tidal wave. All the creatures before them were slain by Han Sen's relentless rex spike. All that was left in their wake was blood and the dismembered corpses of the creatures that defended the shelter in vain. It was impossible to gauge how many creatures they had already killed.

A ten meter tall beast roared. On his approach towards it, Han Sen leapt off of Golden Growler's back and brought his Flaming Rex Spike down on the creature's head. The weapon went clean through, splitting the monster in two; each split side of the beast falling a separate way as a heap of guts dropped directly down to the ground.

When Han Sen landed, the Golden Growler was by his side. Immediately, he leapt onto his mount and continued the siege. He was an unstoppable force.

A fifty meter long snake now guarded their approach. Han Sen thrust into it with his rex spike and threw it into the sky. While it was still airborne, Han Sen sliced and diced it into a rain of snake bits, which fell down to the ground with thudding noises. Each piece left a deep hole.

Countless wolves and bears were killed without reprieve, their charred remains illuminating the battlefield. The guy was a killing machine, and within seconds, he was right before the entrance of the shelter.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai had made plans to sneak in some easy kills, but they made no movement. They were frozen in absolute shock at what they had just witnessed. So many sacred-blood creatures had been laid to waste, like chickens and pigs in a slaughterhouse grinder. The entire army did not slow down for a second, and immediately hacked their way inside.

"Who is this man?" Qian Jiang and Liu Tai had questions coming out the rear. Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi, on the other hand, were surprised. They knew Han Sen was strong, but not that strong. Under the pressure of his wretched, flaming weapon, not a single creature was given the opportunity to fight back. Swing after bloody swing, his approach was unhalted.

Without any true adversity, Han Sen delivered them swiftly to the spirit hall.

There, they saw a figure wearing steel armor. This person was four meters tall, and he wielded a greataxe that was larger than a door. He was like a metal robot, standing vigil in protection of the spirit hall at its entrance. He was the spirit of this shelter.

Han Sen dismounted Golden Growler as the rex spike in his hand began to spin. It spun faster and faster as Han Sen approached the spirit, until the flames became a controlled tornado affixed to his weapon.

The spirit roared and he brought his greataxe down towards Han Sen with both hands.

Dong!

The Flaming Rex Spike clobbered the greataxe, shattering the blade in the process. The Flaming Rex Spike did not stop there, though; it pierced through the armor of the spirit and drilled directly into his chest. Han Sen kept going, pushing the spirit into the spirit hall.

Boom!

The spirit was nailed to the statue, deader than dead could be.

Han Sen did not even look at the spirit, and just casually climbed the disintegrating body that had been pinned to the statue. Using it for better grip, the spirit's body provided the elevation needed for Han Sen to effortlessly grab the spirit stone embedded in the statue's forehead.

"I, Steel Prince, am willing to submit and offer absolute loyalty to a new master. I will become a faithful servant from now until eternity." The steel giant respawned via the spirit stone and pledged his allegiance to Han Sen. He took off his steel helmet to reveal the face of a rugged man with long locks of black hair.

Han Sen put the spirit stone against his forehead, and in the bright light, the spirit stone combined with the entity of the Steel Prince. Then, he went into Han Sen's Sea of Soul.

Han Sen's audience had their mouths agape. From the beginning, when they assaulted the gate, until now, effortlessly reaching the spirit hall and its master to finalize the conquest—it all happened in less than an hour. It was pulled off without a hitch, at a blisteringly fast pace.

The people who followed Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi looked upon Han Sen with great shock and were nearly traumatized by the repeated surprises Han Sen had been delivering.

The only ones in greater shock were Qian Jiang and his people.

"Get a fire going; it is time we feast! The royal shelter is ours." Brother Fist brought out the wine he had stashed on his beast mount. He raised it up and took a hearty swig.

As the people warmed up, following their heart-stopping surprises, they began cheering in overwhelming joy. A lot of people had readied themselves to lose not only the lives of their friends, but their own lives, as well. No one expected they would pull through without a single fatality, let alone a single scratch.

Qian Jiang and Liu Tai watched the remainder of the creatures flee the shelter, in deep regret of their earlier decision. They did not expect Brother Fist to have found someone so strong, who could practically solo the entire conquest of a royal shelter.

In deep regret, they wished they had accepted the new terms. If they had, they'd be inside reveling in the victory alongside them.

But it was now too late for them to say anything, and they knew Brother Fist would not share the royal shelter with them.

Chapter 728: A Pet That Sucks Blood

Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi insisted on providing Han Sen a share of the shelter's future income. After a contract was signed, the terms were for them to pay out a lump sum at the end of each year.

Han Sen remained at the shelter for one night, but rejected Brother Fist and Fang Jingqi's request that he stay for longer. Upon leaving, he returned to the Goddess Shelter.

Aside from Prince Steel, Han Sen had also managed to obtain the giant snake's beast soul. It was a sacred-blood class Metal-Bone Snake beast soul that took on the shape of a spear. It was a decent weapon.

Of course, Han Sen had no use for sacred-blood beast souls anymore, and so he decided on selling it or at least trading it sometime down the line, if an alluring proposition or item caught his interest.

Han Sen rode his Golden Growler across the Icefield. In his hands, a blue metal bell rested.

This was the Death Knell's beast soul, and it was a pet beast soul. When Han Sen held it in his hand, it looked like a toy bell. Seeing it there now, no one would ever comprehend what it must have been like to witness such a thing killing the blood-centipede in the manner that it did.

When Han Sen first got this pet, he wondered how he would feed it. He didn't think it could consume meat.

After conquering the shelter, Han Sen tried to drip the blood of sacred-blood creatures onto the bell. The results seemed a success, as the blood was absorbed by the bell, which soon after started to glow.

That was when Han Sen realized the bell drank blood.

But it didn't drink any-old blood. It only seemed to react to blood from sacred-blood creatures. Similar to the little angel, it was a picky eater.

Han Sen wondered if, like with the little angel, sacred-blood blood would not be enough to compel its evolution. He thought it would most likely require super-creature blood to evolve into a battle mode pet.

"If this guy evolves into battle mode, could it be as scary as the original Death Knell?" Han Sen's heart was hopeful at the thought.

For Han Sen, felling super creatures was no longer an impossible feat. Therefore, attempting to evolve the Death Knell through the method he theorized wouldn't be an all-too difficult task.

On his return to the Icefield, Han Sen ran into Wang Yuhang. Or rather, Wang Yuhang caught sight of Han Sen and then ran up to him.

"Bossman, might you kindly sell me the Life Geno essence?" Wang Yuhang asked, with a look of hope.

The monster that guarded the blood spring was slain by Princess Yin Yang after Wang Yuhang drew it away. No body was left behind, only a Life Geno essence.

"Sure. You still haven't cashed in your thirty percent from before, and after the latest hunt, you are owed an additional twenty percent. It's yours, if you can cough up the other fifty percent of what it

costs. But you must also keep the item a secret. You cannot tell anyone that you practically stole it from the Zhao family. If they were to learn we stole their super creature, I can't imagine they'd do anything kind to us," Han Sen said.

"I understand. I will tell the tale that this Life Geno essence belonged to a creature we both found and fought together. I will tell this to my family, as well. Aside from you and I, nobody else can possibly know," Wang Yuhang said, with a voice coated in excitement.

Han Sen rolled his eyes. Zero was present, and she was most certainly aware of which creature had dropped the Life Geno essence. He seemed to have forgotten about her existence.

But regardless, Han Sen believed he wouldn't admit the truth to anyone. His own hide would be on the line if he did, not to mention his possession of a Life Geno essence taken from the Zhao family would hurt his own family, if the truth were ever revealed.

That was not to suggest Han Sen was afraid of the Zhao family.

Han Sen looked for Huangfu Ping Qing for assistance and brought a map of the Second God's Sanctuary with him. The shelter was enormous, and even with the powers of the Ares Martial Hall, it was difficult to compose such a map. There were a few hundred thousand miles of uncharted regions, as well.

Many known places were marked as danger zones, and lengthy journeys were only made longer due to the detours travelers had to make to avoid such treacherous places. These alternate routes often tripled the length of a journey. But unfortunately, there were many places that could not be avoided at all.

The Ares Martial Hall paid hefty prices of blood for the cartography of such areas. Few people returned from exploratory ventures of such places, and once mapped, no one ever dared return.

When the cartographers spied the presence of a super spirit shelter, they would creep past them as best they could. They were wretchedly dangerous places for even elites to venture, and ordinary travelers and evolvers could never hope to traverse the danger-fraught terrain that encompassed super spirit shelters.

Han Sen was more accomplished, of course, but even he would have to exercise caution when traveling across super spirit regions. At least with super creatures, there was every chance he could either kill or evade them.

The closest danger zone to the Icefield, where no one was advised to visit, was called the Black Desert. This place was unavoidable, and it had earned an association with certain death. The weather there was terrible, and it was populated with countless horrible monsters.

The only way to avoid venturing through the Black Desert was a detour that would take six months to traverse. But even then, the alternate route would require the evasion of one spirit shelter. In many ways, this alternate route was more dangerous than the Black Desert itself.

Han Sen was making preparations to travel across the Black Desert, as it would be too much trouble for him to take the detour. Cutting directly across would be much safer for him, and he wouldn't have too much trouble if there weren't any super spirits about.

It would be a long time before he reached another human shelter, however. It was for this reason that he told Ji Yanran he would be absent for a long time.

The presidential election was over, and Ji Ruozhen had become president of the Alliance. Even Ji Yanran was now busy, following it.

Han Sen spoke with her for some time, but she was too busy to talk for long. Messages constantly popped up, requiring her attention, and there was much paperwork to be done.

Han Sen sat down with a cup of tea to watch Ji Yanran work. When he did this, he noticed he had never done it before. He had never sat down and simply watched her work.

Although Ji Yanran was not very talented when it came to the arts of combat, that did not imply she wasn't talented, at all. She was talented in many different aspects.

In fact, Ji Yanran was quite remarkable. She was very good at handling things and was not far off having all the traits of a fantastic leader. Great fighting skills were the only thing she lacked.

Watching her work busily, he thought having a future comprised solely of him drinking tea and watching her work, would not be an ill fate.

While Ji Yanran was working, she was attractive in a different way. She was not just a pretty woman, or a lover that was weak and reliant on her man; she had a strong self-given, self-borne momentum that drove her.

"Why are you watching me like that?" Ji Yanran enquired, noticing Han Sen's curious stare.

"It's good to have you near me." Han Sen walked in front of Ji Yanran and gave her a deep kiss on her forehead.

Ji Yanran's cheeks blushed, and she responded by asking, "What makes you say that, all of a sudden?"

"It is merely because of how I feel. I feel this way, and so, I am inclined to say it." Han Sen pinched Ji Yanran's nose and then continued by saying, "How much more work?"

"I have been tasked with the depletion of an inexhaustible well of work, it would seem. I have worked until midnight every night. If you are tired, you should return first," Ji Yanran said.

"It's fine. You continue how you are; I will sit here in the meantime. I will return when I am tired." Han Sen reclined on the chair with his cup of tea and resumed his observation of her work. He was feeling quite relaxed.

After a while, the red color in Ji Yanran's face had yet to subside. She chased Han Sen out and said, "I can't work when you look at me like that."

Chapter 729: Angel Gene Fluid

Inside the Angel Gene corporation office, a man sat behind a desk. His face was gloomy. Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang were standing in the room, silent. With heads lowered, they could not dare look at the man before them.

The man behind the desk looked to be in his forties. He was fairly unremarkable in appearance, but his body exuded an aura of terrible power. Every faint movement he made was intimidating. Even though Zhao Heng was of the same generation, with his grandson at his side, he almost didn't dare steal the air to breathe in that room.

He was the chairman of Angel Gene, Zhao Seventh. It was a very old-fashioned name, derived from being the seventh child of the family.

Zhao Seventh had many brothers because back when he was born, humans were encouraged to reproduce. It was common for families to have many children, and this most certainly applied to the Zhao family.

The six brothers that came before Zhao Seventh were given much better names. But each of the six prior babies died during childbirth, and only Zhao Seventh had managed to survive.

Back in that time, people were still superstitious, and the parents allowed a psychic to predict the life Zhao Seventh would lead. The prediction, however, stated Zhao Seventh would not survive the first seven days of his life.

These seven days did not begin immediately following his own birth, but seven days after his last brother died. Zhao Seventh would die seven days from that day.

The psychic foretold that the bad string of luck, which made the Zhao family's babies die, would end following the death of Zhao Seventh. If the mother was to make any more babies, they would live.

Seven days after the sixth brother died, Zhao Seventh almost did die. Not wanting him to die, his mother did everything she could to protect him. She clutched Zhao Seventh in her arms and did not let go.

A mother, who had six dead children, would not just sit idly by and watch her seventh baby die.

On that day, his mother guarded him without rest.

And something did indeed happen; the house collapsed, with the mother and son both inside. During the rescue operation, the mother was found crushed to death beneath the rubble. Zhao Seventh, however, was safe in the bosom of his mother's protection. She had died, but he had lived. He was fine, save for his mother's blood that soaked him.

Upon his rescue, the baby was still licking his fingers and smiling jovially.

And just like that, Zhao Seventh outlived his seventh day. Through his efforts, Angel Gene was built from the ground up, earning great renown for the Zhao family. It originally operated out of a small research facility, but it had since grown to become the goliath entity it was on this day.

"Brother Seventh, I'm sorry. I messed it up." Zhao Heng was old, but in front of Zhao Seventh, he looked like a small, regretful child. His head was lowered and still, he did not dare look at the man.

Everyone in the Zhao family was afraid of Zhao Seventh. They each spoke of how tough his life had been, and it was true. To develop Angel Gene into what it was, he had tread atop many corpses. The more a person of the Zhao family knew about his deeds, the greater they feared him.

They knew better than anyone how scary he was. And it was because of how scary he was, they would each do everything he told them without question.

“Failure is nothing. It is mankind’s habit to fail, and ill results are no stranger to any person. But those who do not recognize the mistakes that have led to their failure deserve a harsh response.” Zhao Seventh looked at Zhao Heng coldly and continued, “So tell me, what led to your failure?”

Zhao Heng, stuttering and tripping over his words, responded, “I am sorry, but it was misfortune that led to our failure this time. We did not expect the hill of the spring to contain such a foul creature. And the boy, Han Sen, was not willing to use his super pet to stay the advance of the super creature. He also led it our way, and it was that action that led to the significant losses we incurred.”

Zhao Haiyang had not said a single word yet, but he chipped in to help Zhao Heng by saying, “Han Sen tricked us. If he hadn’t drawn the creature our way, we wouldn’t have...”

Zhao Seventh looked at him coldly, and Zhao Haiyang swallowed the words he had yet to speak.

“It is my fault.” Zhao Seventh looked at both of them when he said this. Calmly, he continued, “It was my mistake for allowing you to tackle the foe without appropriate preparation. Leave now, but give Zhao Lian a shout. I need him.”

Zhao Heng and Zhao Haiyang breathed heavy sighs of relief. They left Zhao Seventh’s office as if they had just dodged a death sentence.

Not long after, a tall, middle-aged man knocked on the door of the office. He then entered. It was difficult for people to believe such a big and broad man, with a tanned face, had the name Zhao Lian. The name did not match the person, not by a long shot.

“Does the chairman have any requests?” Zhao Lian politely asked.

“How are the Angel Gene Fluid tests coming along?” Zhao Seventh said, with a relaxed demeanor. Families always had at least one talented individual, and Zhao Lian was one of the younger family members he had taken a great liking to. Zhao Seventh gave him a lot of important tasks.

“We’re still in the first stage of testing. Our results have highlighted the presence of a variety of issues and problems. Time is all they request, however. They’ll get it fixed in due time,” Zhao Lian answered.

“How many first stage test vials were formulated?” Zhao Seventh asked.

“There were twenty-three of them,” Zhao Lian said.

“Give them to Zhao Long and his men, and have them kill Han Sen at his shelter. I don’t care what it takes,” Zhao Seventh coldly ordered.

“But the Angel Gene Fluid is not yet stable. It has destructive results in the human body. If Zhao Long and his people use it, even if they succeed long enough to accomplish their task, they may not live very long afterwards—” Zhao Lian sought to speak more, but what was cut-off.

“The Zhao family has fed and cared for them, all for this day,” Zhao Seventh said coldly. He continued by saying, “It’s time we attempt the fourth stage test. Observe Zhao Long and his people after they use the fluid. The data you will collect is imperative for the future success of the Angel Gene Fluid.”

“Yes.” Zhao Lian did not say anything further. He took his leave and went directly to the nineteenth sub-basement laboratory.

The lab was filled with many busy researchers. In the farthest reaches of the lab was a glass room. Inside it, a large man was chained to a z-steel platinum bed. His four limbs and torso were all securely locked-down by the z-steel chains, preventing movement.

A mechanical arm hovered over the man and injected a red fluid into him.

All over the man’s body, his blood vessels began to swell immediately. His body looked like it was wreathed with scary, blood snakes. The man’s eyes were red as he convulsed and struggled. He let out a spine-chilling shriek.

Atop his head, one strange spike forced its way out. It was strange, as if it had suddenly grown out of his brain.

Katcha! Katcha!

The man easily shattered the z-steel chains that tied him down. He stood up from the bed as all the muscles on his body swelled. His breathing was rough, and he slowly stepped towards the glass wall. With his red eyes, he stared at the researchers on the other side.

“Eight-Zero-Three, can you hear me?” Zhao Lian picked up the microphone to speak into the sealed-up, transparent room.

“Yes.” Although the man looked like a terrifying monster, he could still listen and answer. His voice was just a little bit shaky.

The professor near him was extremely happy, and he proclaimed, “Another successful case! Our success rate has now hit ninety-five percent!”

Zhao Lian smiled at the professor and said, “Professor, give me the rest of the Angel Gene Fluid.”

Chapter 730: Blood-Horn Shura

Han Sen was in the midst of preparing for his journey. His road up to the Black Desert would most likely be free from trouble, but the difficulties would begin after he entered that land. He would have to cross that perilous region before he reached another human shelter where he could restock his provisions.

According to the Ares Martial Hall’s predictions, should nothing too awry present itself, it would take Han Sen a month to cross the Black Desert. If troubles did arise, no one knew whether or not he would emerge from that place ever again.

Huangfu Pingqing advised Han Sen not to go, saying that his mother was in a big human shelter and that there was no danger there. Even if Han Sen wanted to give her something, he could have sent it via delivery. He didn't have to go in person.

But Han Sen knew that what he wanted to give his mother was not something he could easily trade; that was why he wanted to go there and visit her himself.

"Don't worry; I have a super pet. I will be fine." Han Sen smiled at Huangfu Pingqing while talking with her on the communicator.

Huangfu Pingqing merely sighed in response and said, "Do not underestimate that place. Our people have only traveled there once. A team comprised of one hundred people were sent in, yet only two made it out half-alive. Those who made it out weren't even sure how they did so."

"Their account detailed an encounter with a black dragon in the Black Desert. But another monster swallowed the black dragon up, and it looked like a phoenix. They spoke of mountains that moved, pits in the sands that consumed creatures, and worse. That place is far too dangerous for anyone to venture alone."

"How can dragons and phoenix exist in this world? This is not mythology; they are merely creatures. These beasts you speak of are most likely super creatures, at worst. And it's not like I haven't killed a super creature before." Han Sen smiled again.

"I know my attempts at swaying your resolve to go there are futile, but still, I would like you to think about it and perhaps reconsider," Huangfu Pingqing said.

"Senior, when I make it to the other side, await my report. I'll make sure to contact you and let you know of my success in making it through." Again, Han Sen smiled.

"Okay, if you're that determined, how about you transport some beast souls on my behalf?" Huangfu Pingqing asked, with a wry smile.

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After his preparations were complete, Han Sen brought along the silver fox and left the Goddess Shelter. He traveled in the direction of the Devil's Mountain, and once over, he planned to veer away and head towards the Black Desert.

But after arriving at the trail leading up and over the Devil's Mountain, he frowned. Immediately, he did not feel safe.

"I have walked this trail many times; there shouldn't be a threat. And I'm not Wang Yuhang, so I can't be unlucky enough to have misfortune befall me." Despite Han Sen thinking this, he opened up his Dongxuan Sutra to scan the surrounding environment for life forces. He wanted to see if there were any powerful creatures in the vicinity.

In the next second, Han Sen's face changed. He sensed the presence of many powerful creatures, all about. He could sense the force of these creatures, but he could not tell what they were.

Still, just sensing such life forces was enough to make Han Sen almost panic. The energies he sensed were greater than sacred-blood creatures, but not quite in the realm of super creatures.

Han Sen was more than surprised, because he had never sensed something like this before. Each of the energy life forces were different, but when he looked deeper, the forces seemed comparable to his own strength. The fitness of whatever awaited him had to be at least two hundred.

But this was a strange number; sacred-blood creatures don't reach such levels, and super creatures were never so low. Even the silver fox had a stronger energy reading.

There were more than twenty of these life forces, as well. Things were taking a strange turn.

"What is this?" Han Sen continued to scan his vicinity, and he noticed that the presences were approaching him quickly. Then, he saw some people appear before him from a nearby forest.

When Han Sen saw these people emerge, he could not help but shout, "Shura! How is this possible?!"

Han Sen saw that each person had a horn protruding from their head: the sign of a male Shura.

But Shura were unable to exist in this place, as they could not use beast souls. But as clear as day, Han Sen could see them clad in beast soul armor, wielding beast soul weaponry.

"What is this? What's going on? Why are there Shura here, in the shelter? Did the Shura figure out how to survive here in this world?" Han Sen was shocked. If what he was seeing was true, then humanity was assuredly doomed.

Quickly, however, Han Sen realized something was wrong. Although they had horns, similar to the Shura, their colors were off.

The horns of a Shura could be black, white, gold and purple—there were no red horns—which was what he was seeing now.

Yet, the horns of those he was observing now were clearly not decorations, or some strange accessory or apparatus; they protruded from the bones of their skulls just like the ones belonging to the Shura did.

If they were humans, they must have consumed super geno points. Otherwise, their energy would not be as strong as it was. They were much stronger than humans.

Whoosh!

One of the blood-horned Shura's let loose an arrow from a beast soul bow. The arrow flew directly towards Han Sen with frightening power. It cracked the air in two and approach him quickly.

Dong!

The adiraid appeared in front of Han Sen and broke the beast soul arrow. But this did not appease or make Han Sen any happier; if anything, it made him look glummer than ever. The power of the arrow was almost as strong as what Han Sen himself could achieve.

“Who are you people?!” Han Sen called out, eager to know whether or not they were Shura.

“We are the ones who have come to kill you,” the man who fired an arrow coldly responded. He gestured with his hand, and he and his twenty-two blood-horned compatriots charged towards Han Sen.

On the other side of the peak, Zhao Lian was holding up a pair of binoculars. He was watching every little move with keen interest, and he recorded the results.

“First stage: Angel Gene Fluid versus a super pet. Let’s see what happens.” Zhao Lian looked excited, and he was eager to find out what was going to happen.

But Zhao Lian knew that these evolvers, despite having a fitness level of over one hundred and having consumed the Angel Gene Fluid, would still not have what it took to take down a super creature. Their primary target was Han Sen, after all.

But no matter how strong the super pet was, there was only one of it. It would not be able to protect Han Sen when he was surrounded.

“It is a shame, though. It is a shame that I must sacrifice Zhao Long and all his people on the account of cutting down that Han Sen. We should have loosed these warriors against a super creature.” Zhao Lian felt sorry because the beast soul would disappear into The Empty upon Han Sen’s death, and Zhao Long would not be able to test his mettle against the super pet.

The people who had consumed the Angel Gene Fluid were dead men walking, too. They could serve no purpose in the future.

Dong!

The adiraid swung her sword as Zhao Long and his people approached with firm haste. In a formation, they looked set to deal with the attack. The adiraid was a really powerful, oppressive force, but killing them in a short amount of time would be difficult.

Eight of the people with blood-horns surrounded Han Sen.