

Super Power

Chapter 731: Wiped Out

The adiraid spread its wings and flew past the blood-horned shura. She swung her greatsword and sliced the arm and shoulder of one.

The blood-horn shura that was dealt the blow, however, acted as if it did not even feel pain. Without a care for the bleeding puncture, it swung its beast soul sword towards the adiraid's neck.

Other blood-horn shura approached the adiraid as this went on, in an attempt to surround her. She swung her greatsword again and decapitated the shura she had already injured, before dashing away to avoid the attacks of the rest.

The blood-horn shura did not seem to fear death, and this made it increasingly difficult for the adiraid to finish the fight quickly.

"The first stage Angel Gene Fluid is clearly not as effective as we would have hoped. Plainly, they cannot compete with super creatures just yet. Their effectiveness against an evolver with an opened gene lock would be much higher," Zhao Lian thought to himself, as he recorded the combat data he was obtaining from observing the blood-horn shura. Although he could not use machinery to more accurately log the battle and performance of the combatants, he had sharp eyes, and his records would more than suffice.

"But non-evolvers are unable to cope with the mutation of their genes. If they could, the Angel Gene Fluid would have been enough to allow humans to slay super creatures in the First God's Sanctuary. It's a shame, really." Zhao Lian then turned his gaze to Han Sen, and continued to think, "Perhaps they may not be able to kill a super creature, but killing a human should be no problem for them. Even if he is a top-evolver, with powerful beast souls and a high fitness level, there is no way he stands a chance against them." While Zhao Lian was deep in thought, Han Sen summoned a crossbow that resembled a peacock. He withdrew a bolt from his quiver and loaded it.

"He wants to use a crossbow to kill the shura? Pah, he is naïve. With their speed, I doubt he'd be able to hit any of them, even if he had a berserk sacred-blood crossbow with berserk sacred-blood bolts." Zhao Lian raised his lips, confident in the blood-horn shura. He had been in charge of the research program of the Angel Gene Fluid and was well-aware of the terrifying power the subjects wielded, upon consumption of the substance.

Even elites with an opened gene lock, upon facing one of these test-lab shura, didn't stand a chance.

The only advantage such evolvers had were the skills of their opened gene lock. But in every other facet, they would be inferior.

The eight shura surrounding Han Sen began to swing their weapons toward him with bloodlust. Their power and speed made for a frightening combination. Eager to see what would happen next, Zhao Lian began to get excited.

Experimentation and improvements to the Angel Gene Fluid were still ongoing. It would only be deemed complete when they could remove its negative side-effects, and humans could freely consume it. Once it was complete, the Zhao family believed it would usher in a new era for humanity. Zhao Lian was the lead of this entire project, and he would be recognized as the person responsible. This also put him first-in-line for trying the final product out.

But in the next second, Zhao Lian was turned to stone. Despite the scary shura surrounding him, Han Sen raised the crossbow, which emitted a number of black flashes.

The bolts pierced through each of the shura's heads, one by one like the tumbling of a circle of dominos. Eight of them were killed in no time at all. They all crumpled to the ground, none of them managing to get within two meters of the person they had sought to kill.

"How is that possible? No way!" Zhao Lian's eyes were wide-open in disbelief, having great difficulty comprehending what he had just seen. He did not understand how the blood-horn shura could have been so easily killed by a crossbow like that.

The super pet itself seemed to have a harder time killing its foes.

"Han Sen is stronger than the super pet? That's impossible! That crossbow must be a super beast soul; it's the only explanation. Damn it! How can Han Sen own something like that? How many super creatures has he truly killed?" Zhao Lian quickly realized his mission today had failed. For as long as Han Sen wielded that crossbow, he knew the shura would pose no threat to him.

Although the advantage he had counted on had quickly disappeared, Zhao Lian did not panic. He continued to record what he could see, the battle of the shura and the adiraid, in particular.

Within half an hour, the adiraid had managed to kill the remainder of the shura. The time it took for the event to come to a close was half as long as Zhao Lian had predicted.

"As expected, these blood-horn shura still lack the required strength and skill to tackle super creatures." When the battle was almost done, Zhao Lian packed up in a hurry and got ready to leave the area.

Han Sen observed the dead bodies that lay strewn about and frowned. The bodies of the blood-horn shura, after being killed by the adiraid, began to rot quickly. Even the horns on their heads decomposed, as their mangled bodies reduced to thick, bloody mush on the ground. It was a grotesque sight.

"What are these things?" Han Sen frowned.

Clearly, they weren't creatures. But neither were they humans. And if they were indeed shura, as he initially suspected, there was something different about them.

Han Sen's thoughts turned to Zero, but she was vastly different than these monsters, as well.

Regardless of whether Zero was in human or shura mode, she did not have a disfigured body akin to the creatures he had just fought. Her body cleanly represented either a human shape or a shura shape.

“These things cannot be a natural creation of this world. Humans must have constructed these beings. Whoever created these and set them loose upon me, obviously wants to see me dead. But who would do such a thing?” Han Sen frowned again.

Angel Gene seemed like the most likely candidate, but Han Sen had once offended the Dong Lin company before, too. And it was no secret how good Dong Lin was, when it came to manufacturing such things. But there were more than two companies in the Alliance that researched genes, so even though he believed Angel Gene was the most likely suspect, he couldn't be one hundred percent sure.

Han Sen did not continue. Instead, he returned to the nearest shelter and teleported back to the Alliance. If his opponent was willing to do this to him, he was afraid of what they might do to his family.

No one would dare come after him in the Alliance, especially now that he was counted as one of the Ji family. Furthermore, he was a member of the Special Squad. No one would come after him there. And after all, with the technology available there, discovering who might be after him would be far easier.

It was different than the shelter. So, the first thing he did when he returned to the Alliance was try to contact his mother. He wanted to tell her not to spend much time in the shelter and remain in the Alliance for as long as she could. Or at least, wait until he arrived there to protect her.

But when Han Sen called his mother, he received no answer. This made Han Sen's heart jump with worry.

Han Sen called Qin Xuan and asked her to send a few members of the Special Squad over to protect his mother and escort her out of the shelter, if they could.

Chapter 732: The Devil Doesn't Believe in Tears

Han Sen was worried, as this wasn't like before. If his attackers were ordinary elites, then the Special Squad would have no issue protecting anyone. But the shura he had encountered didn't even seem human. As such, Han Sen was worried about the safety of his mother if she remained out in the shelter.

Qin Xuan heard what Han Sen had to say and quickly contacted her supervisor, asking where Luo Sulan had gone. She was out in the shelter, and members of the Special Squad had escorted her on a hunt.

Qin Xuan told Han Sen she had already sent people to find her, and she firmly believed it would not be long before they returned.

The Blue Crystal shelter was near the Buckda Mountains, and Luo Sulan was out on a hunt under the protection of Wu Qinggang. Although she already had a lot of geno points, her combat skills and prowess were still somewhat lacking. She had not yet even been able to deal with a mutant creature. When fighting one, the frustration of watching her fight compelled Wu Qinggang to help her finish them off.

From what Wu Qinggang could see, women like her were best reserved for being of the elegant sort. He thought she would be better off never touching a weapon, and instead being waited on, hand-and-foot, by men. He thought she should forego the desire for combat and stick to enjoying girlier things like flowers and romance.

There was no explicit need for her to come out and hunt. With her son's power and position, he could just keep sending her the flesh necessary for her to max out her sacred geno points.

But every month, Luo Sulan would request an expedition to go out and hunt. She only wanted to kill ordinary mutant creatures, and Wu Qinggang would always be fraught with the desire to help her when he watch her try to deal with the monsters she sought to fight.

A woman such as her, he thought, was not built to fight. Particularly not to fight such wretched creatures.

Although Wu Qinggang felt this way, he never slacked in his duty to protect her. The last thing he wanted was for her to be harmed. He was aware that her son was also a member of the Special Squad, but the protection of others was a fundamental responsibility of all those who wished to be a part of the Special Squad, anyway. Wu Qinggang would give his life to assure her security.

Suddenly, a roaring sound came from the nearby woods. A black tiger leapt out of the brush, fast like a shadow.

"It's a sacred-blood creature; a Black-Shadow Tiger! Why has it ventured here?" Wu Qinggang's face changed. Black-Shadow Tigers tended to reside in the deeper recesses of thick forests and had no reason to be anywhere near here.

"Missus Han, hide behind me and do not flee." Wu Qinggang stepped in to eliminate the mutant creature, removing it from the field of play. Then, he walked in front of Luo Sulan.

Seeing the Black-Shadow Tiger approach, Wu Qinggang drew his longsword and ran to meet it. Wu Qinggang could kill sacred-blood Black-Shadow Tigers, but doing so would be more difficult while having to protect Luo Sulan at the same time.

But then, more roaring came from the woods. Things took a turn for the worse as another two creatures emerged from the forest. It took Wu Qinggang a moment to acknowledge what he was seeing, but when the realization struck, it struck hard. His face dropped, watching two more sacred-blood creatures emerge from the woods.

"Missus Han, ride your sacred-blood mount back to the shelter. I will keep them busy." Wu Qinggang rushed into battle with the Black-Shadow Tiger as he bid for Luo Sulan to escape.

"Little Wu, please be careful." Luo Sulan summoned the sacred-blood mount Han Sen had given her and exited the area with haste.

Wu Qinggang's sword shone with a blinding light as he fought to buy her the time she needed to reach absolute safety.

She had reached the bottom of the mountains, not a great distance away from the Blue Crystal shelter. Once she had left that place, she would be safe.

But as Luo Sulan rode her sacred-blood mount, nearing the exit, a dozen people appeared in front of her. They barred her passage and surrounded her mount.

"Missus Han, it would be best if you came with us." A leader of sorts stepped forward to speak, and as he finished his line, delivered a half-smile.

"Who are you people? And why should I follow you?" Luo Sulan asked, frightened at their sudden approach.

"Do not worry; we do not plan on bringing you harm. We are here to bring you reunification with your son," the middle-aged man said.

"What happened to Little Sen?" Luo Sulan quickly asked.

"You will know once you come with us," the man said, with a frosted tone.

"I'm not going with you," Luo Sulan said, as she nibbled her lips.

"Why do you even bother talking to her? Just capture her already!" another man coldly interjected.

"Okay, then," the other man then gestured with his hand, and the rest approached her.

They knew all about Luo Sulan. She was a housewife who killed a few ordinary creatures to survive. She has been taken care of through the kindness of others, unable to fight for herself.

They had already separated her from the assigned protector of the Special Squad, which meant capturing her would be an easy task to accomplish.

"You guys have parents; how do you think they would feel if they knew you were out here, attempting to kidnap a lone woman?" Luo Sulan sighed as she spoke.

"Shut up! If you refuse to come with us peacefully, take one last look at that silky-smooth skin of yours, before we cut it up and drag you away with us," Zhang Fang coldly told her.

"To suffer in the adversity of evil is a nobler deed than to helplessly succumb to the brutish requests of those that wish to do you harm," Luo Sulan said.

"Then consider our patience and politeness spent; excuse the rough mishandling that may occur next." Zhang Fang raised his hand and tried to grab Luo Sulan by her hair and pull her off the mount she was upon.

Just when Zhang Fang's hand was about to touch Luo Sulan, she raised her silky-smooth hand and casually waved it in front of Zhang Fang's neck.

Plop!

He was only two feet away, and Zhang Fang's head was removed from his neck as if it were severed by an invisible knife. The head went a great distance, as a trail of blood followed in its airborne wake. The eyes were sullen, and seemed to suggest that what had just happened wasn't fair.

“Have any of you ever felt hopeless?” Luo Sulan’s face was like ice. She did not look scared or afraid, at all. She looked devoid of emotion; cold. Just cold.

Their hearts shivered, as chills ran down their spines.

“Argh!”

Blood spread all about like flowers. She quickly moved around, and with each directional turn, red syrup followed.

“Devil. You are the devil!” Du Ruzhi was petrified with fear. All the elites around him, including Zhang Fang, and two with opened gene locks—they most likely had the power to slay or capture a super creature.

If they didn’t possess such power, it would have been impossible for them to shake out three sacred-blood creatures to attack and draw away Wu Qinggang.

But the elites were now mercilessly slain by a woman that only had to walk ten quick steps to sever each elite’s head from their neck.

Yet with the claret blood that sprayed and flowed, not a single droplet stained the woman’s clothing. Luo Sulan still looked as elegant and as gentle as ever.

The woman stood in front of Du Ruzhi, who no longer thought she was a pretty woman. She was now the devil.

The woman was about to take her last, eleventh step, when Du Ruzhi’s legs seemed to crumble and almost sent him falling to the ground. He couldn’t even think of running away, due to how scary she was. She was truly scarier than the devil.

“Don’t... don’t kill me... I still have my parents, and I have a wife and kids...” Du Ruzhi slobbered his plea for mercy, after dropping down to his knees.

“The devil doesn’t believe in tears.” Luo Sulan gave Du Ruzhi was one last, cold look. She swung her hand, and another head rose to the sky with an airborne wake of blood.

Chapter 733: This Must Be a Hallucination

The Blue Crystal team found Luo Sulan out near the mountains and quickly brought her back to the shelter. Wu Qinggang killed one sacred-blood creature and managed to chase away the other two before returning himself.

The Blue Crystal team believed things were not as simple as they might have initially seemed, as those sacred-blood creatures should not have appeared where they were in the first place. But aside from their intrusion, nothing else happened; Luo Sulan was safe.

Although it was strange, Luo Sulan’s safety was all that mattered. After she returned to the shelter, she teleported to the Alliance.

Near the base of the mountains, the ground seemed disrupted. The soil seemed fresh, as if something had been recently buried.

“Mom, are you okay?” Qin Xuan had told Han Sen what had occurred at the shelter, and he found it strange, as well. But if they wanted to bring harm to his mother, it didn’t seem like the attraction of the three sacred-blood creatures would be enough.

“I’m fine; what could have possibly happened to me?” Luo Sulan asked.

“Mom, I may have offended someone in the shelter. They have tried to come at me already, but they were unsuccessful. Since they couldn’t not take out their grievances on me, I fear they may come for you—my family—in response. As such, I don’t believe you should leave the safety of the Alliance for the time being,” Han Sen told her directly.

He could not hide things from his mother, and for the issue that currently concerned him, he had to tell her the entire truth so she could understand the gravity of the situation. If she did not, and happily left the safety of the Alliance, she might find herself in trouble.

What had happened was strange, yes; but Han Sen did not want anything else to happen to her. Until he reached his mother’s location, he did not want her to leave the Alliance.

“Little Sen, who did you offend? Will something happen?” Luo Sulan worriedly asked.

“Don’t worry, I can handle all this. Your son is strong now,” Han Sen smiled as he spoke.

“It’s my fault, for being unable to protect you,” Luo Sulan spoke, with a tone of sadness.

“Mom, it was difficult enough for you to raise me. Now, I should be the one protecting you,” Han Sen quickly told her.

“Little Sen, do you still have your great grandfather’s relic?” Luo Sulan asked him, seemingly randomly.

“Of course I do. Do not worry for that, Mom. I always carry this pendant,” Han Sen said.

“All right, then.” A look of relief then washed over Luo Sulan.

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After hanging up the communicator, Luo Sulan’s expression was complicated. She thought to herself, “After all these years spent working so hard, can we still not escape this loop?”

After Han Sen confirmed his mother’s safety, he decided to resume his journey to the Blue Crystal shelter.

The Black Desert. An endless black desert that looked like the inside of hell's furnace. The colors were bleak and hopeless, far more depressing than an average desert.

Han Sen was riding Golden Growler through the Black Desert, and because of the region's vast size and barren wastes, he looked lonely and small in its midst.

"I wish I did not have to eat or drink. At least I would feel better in this damn place, if I did not have to." Han Sen had been on his traversal of the Black Desert for six days, before realizing he was lost.

A massive black sandstorm had kicked up two days prior, which was quite threatening. It did not harm Han Sen, but in his escape, he ended up losing all sense of direction.

Han Sen now focused on walking in a single direction, in the hope he could wander out of the Black Desert before exhausting all of his nutrient solutions.

The silver fox didn't look comfortable under the sunlight. It still remained perched on Han Sen's shoulder, but it used its own tail as a shield or fluffy parasol to block the sunlight. It also yawned a lot.

"A shelter?" Han Sen saw a really large building in the middle of the black sands he traversed, which made him open his eyes wide.

Even if it wasn't a human shelter, and as long as it wasn't a super shelter, he could venture inside and obtain a new spirit. If he did that, he could teleport back to the Alliance and have a hot shower. He could rest, restock, and prepare himself once more.

Han Sen hurried his Golden Growler, wanting to approach the place faster. He keenly observed the shelter as he drew closer and closer. It was fairly small, so he became certain that it wasn't a super shelter. From how small it actually seemed, it didn't even seem royal shelter-sized. He assumed it was more likely a noble shelter.

But when he got closer, Han Sen began to feel a little disturbed. The shelter looked a little dishevelled and rugged. It didn't look to be in total ruin, but it most certainly looked like an ancient city that had been abandoned a long time ago.

"This cannot be an abandoned shelter. Oh, please, God... let the teleporter still be functional," Han Sen prayed in his heart.

As he got closer to the Yellowstone City, things were not as bad as they initially seemed. It was indeed a human shelter, and before the front gate, he noticed a giant parasol had been placed. Under the parasol was a sunbathing bench with a person lying on it.

There was a beautiful woman lying there.

She had nice long legs with short black hair. Her butt was firm and round like a peach, whose limelight was only stolen by her large boobies. Her waist was slim but solid, and you could espy a little muscle there.

In the middle of this boring black desert, Han Sen's eyes almost fell out at how amazing this sight was.

How could Han Sen see it so clearly?

Because the short-haired lady was naked, sunbathing on the bench in a relaxed posture.

“Are my eyes playing tricks? Am I suffering a hallucination, having been in the Black Desert too long? Maybe it really is a mirage!” Han Sen rubbed his eyes hard, wanting to confirm what he was seeing was actually true.

The Yellowstone City was still there. The parasol and the sunbathing bench were still there, as was the beautiful lady.

But Han Sen still did not believe it to be true. He put the Golden Growler back in the Sea of Soul and sped up his approach to the Yellowstone City. He ran there as fast as his legs could carry him.

As Han Sen got closer and closer, the image of the place he had discovered became clearer and clearer. It really did seem like a real place that existed.

“No way. Is this for real? There is no way I’m this lucky. It doesn’t make sense to have a pretty, naked woman sunbathing here in the desert. This must be a hallucination; it must be! The Black Desert does not have a human shelter.” Han Sen did not believe what he was seeing was actually true.

The beautiful woman lay in front of Han Sen, facing down. She wore sunglasses, and beside her was some juice and snacks. She appeared to be asleep.

“Hallucination! It has to be a hallucination!” Han Sen was now in front of the short-haired lady. He reached his hand out to grab the woman’s bubble-butt to confirm the validity of his vision, and was surprised to feel that her skin was smooth and bouncy to the touch. He could even feel the sunscreen that had been rubbed in.

“Hm, maybe I was wrong. This does seem real!” Han Sen thought it felt really good, so he squeezed her butt some more.

A second later, however, the short-haired lady woke up. She turned her head in a sleepy fashion and said, “Little Orange, don’t do that. I’m trying to sunbathe here.”

When her eyesight came into focus, and she saw Han Sen with a hand still firmly clasped on her buttock, she completely froze.

They both locked gazes with each other for a few seconds before the woman snapped, which led to a scream echoing across the Black Desert.

Chapter 734: Spirit?

Her beautiful legs were like two lashing dragons, attempting to capture Han Sen like a pair of scissors. They looked ready to cut him down right then and there.

Han Sen kept evading her capture and tried to plead with the woman, saying, “Lady, I have been wandering the Black Desert by myself for far too long. I thought I had encountered a mirage. I was only concerned with checking whether or not my eyes were playing tricks on me.”

Although he wasn’t telling her the whole truth, he was never going to admit how he actually enjoyed playing with her butt.

“I’m going to kill you!” The woman did not care for his words and continued trying to attack Han Sen.

“If you want to kill me, can you at least put on some clothes first?” Han Sen kept stepping backwards, talking to her. Things had gone a little haywire, and viewing her flailing naked body was getting a little awkward.

The woman froze and screamed once more. The next second, the woman summoned armor to clothe her body. She gritted her teeth and resumed her attempts to attack Han Sen.

“Lady, you must believe me! I am a soldier with ethics,” Han Sen thought he had heard these words spoken somewhere before, and so he used them.

The woman continued as if she were both deaf and mad, and her attempts to attack Han Sen did not slow down.

“Lady, if you keep doing this, I will have to be rude. You won’t be able to blame me for what happens next. It is daytime, and you were without clothes in public. Sunbathing or not, I am not the only person who would stop to admire you,” Han Sen said.

“Screw your public. Aside from you, what other perverts might be hiding around here, huh?” the lady spoke, amidst her frantic attempts to attack Han Sen.

Han Sen just now noticed there was no one else in the city. Aside from the short-haired lady, the local vicinity was entirely dead. Even after using dongxuan aura, he could not detect the presence of any other life forces in the area.

“There’s only you here in this city?” Han Sen asked the woman while dodging and blocking her attacks.

The lady no longer answered him, and continued trying to attack Han Sen.

Han Sen’s principles were simple; if he was able to explain a predicament first, he would. If he couldn’t, fight first and talk later.

Han Sen then used one hand to grab the lady’s leg and the other hand to grab her fist. Then he pulled and flipped her onto the ground.

The lady used her other hand to try to fight back against Han Sen. He grabbed the fist and pulled her arm behind her back. Then, he pulled out the platinum chain on his waist and tied her legs and arms together. After that, he picked her up in one arm.

“Asshole. Let me go!” The woman was very stubborn and was not keen to give up. She now tried to use her teeth to bite Han Sen, but from the way she was being held, she could not reach him despite her best attempts.

“When you calm down, I’ll let you go.” Han Sen continued to hold the lady who had been tied up. He picked up one of her beverages and started to drink it.

“Cool.” Han Sen drank three of her beverages and belched loudly.

“You are an asshole; obscene and cheap. Don’t touch my beverages!” The lady became even angrier as she watched Han Sen consume her drinks.

Han Sen ignored her and carried her into the city.

The city was desolate. The ruined remnants of old stone houses were all that was there. Dust and sand had caked much of the ruins, and it looked like no one had lived there for many years. There was no trace of occupation to be found.

Han Sen proceeded towards the plaza. A small shelter like this did not contain teleporters in ordinary rooms, only public ones in either the plaza or spirit hall.

The plaza wasn’t very big, and the floor was comprised of many yellow tiles. It was rather clean there, as if someone had taken the time to clean up.

But when Han Sen saw the teleporter, he was disappointed. The teleporter appeared to be damaged and inoperable.

Han Sen walked deeper and deeper into the city, but found little more than lines of ruined houses, sand, and dust. The houses were only two stories tall, but there was a spirit hall. The spirit hall stood out amongst the rest, at four stories tall.

Han Sen walked before the spirit hall, and the woman suddenly appeared frightened and said, “Don’t go in! Leave this place!”

“Why?” Han Sen noticed she finally appeared to be willing to talk, so he lowered his head to ask her.

“You can’t go in there because you can’t!” the short-haired woman said, as she gritted her teeth.

Han Sen noticed her resume talking nonsense and ignored her. He walked forward.

“Stop! Don’t go in; there is a scary spirit in there!” the short-haired lady quickly shouted.

Han Sen lifted his lips and told her, “But it’s such a small shelter. This is a noble shelter at the most, so what manner of scary spirit can possibly reside here? Besides, if there is one, how have you managed to teleport in and out of this place?”

“There really is a spirit in there, and I have never left this place,” the short-haired woman stressed.

“Pfff! Don’t tell me those beverages came with you on a journey here.” Han Sen was not buying her story.

When the short-haired lady heard that, she thought about Han Sen not only squeezing her butt, but also drinking the beverages she had held onto for so long. And the fact he drank three, all at once. Angrily, she said, “Yes! That is right, you big horny asshole! Give me back my beverages.”

“Pfff!” Han Sen still did not believe her. Still carrying the woman, he approached the door and pushed it open.

Han Sen had already used his dongxuan aura to take a peek inside, but couldn’t detect anything. Therefore, he believed she was lying.

“Don’t go! There really is a scary spirit in there, and you’ll regret stepping inside. Let me go and die inside there all alone; don’t drag me down to hell with you!” The short-haired lady noticed he was ignoring her plights and warnings, so she did her best to persuade him not to open the door. She almost cried aloud.

The moment Han Sen stepped into the spirit hall, his heart jumped. A scary force approached him like a black shadow or a toxic snake.

Dong!

Han Sen held his Flaming Rex Spike horizontally and blocked the shadow-like snake. He saw what appeared to be an arm-thick, black chain wrap itself around his rex spike.

On the other side of the black chain, a person appeared to be holding it, clad in broken armor. He was impaled on a black pillar, and the chain he wielded led through his body and into the stone behind him.

The man looked pretty but cold, and he had long, narrow eyes. He had two fox ears in his long black hair. He coldly looked at Han Sen, as his long fingers clasped the other end of the chain

Chapter 735: Little Orange

Dong!

The man yanked the chain, and a powerful force tugged Han Sen towards him. Han Sen was shocked, but he let go of the Flaming Rex Spike that had become entangled with the chain.

Han Sen summoned his Snow-Lady beast soul and combined with it, returning the rex spike as he did so.

The man lashed his black chain, which had split into a thousand smaller snakes that sought to latch onto Han Sen. If he didn’t do something, he’d be covered in a legion of the slithering fiends.

“Oh no, I’m dead. Did you just want someone to die alongside you, so you didn’t have to die alone? I have never had a boyfriend, and I have never had s*x. I don’t want to die yet!” The short-haired lady was still under Han Sen’s arm, and seeing the black chains, she almost started to cry.

But then Han Sen moved his body. With the lady in-hand, he managed to weave and evade every single chain lash.

The attacker looked spooked, and so he lashed his chain again. The black chain that he wielded looked alive, and it turned into a toxic snake that tried to snap and bite Han Sen.

Han Sen ran between the chains, and no matter how frightening the weapon was, it could not touch him.

“I’m going to die! I’m going to die!” The short-haired lady felt like a passenger in a car, driving at top-speed along a cliffside. Any second, the car might tip and send her plummeting to the distant ground below. The short-haired lady’s eyes were starting to water.

Han Sen had the skills to dodge the attacks, however; if the short-haired lady had been left to her own devices, she’d have been snatched up by the chain in an instant. But still, being held by Han Sen and having her life put entirely within his hands was more terrifying than anything else imaginable.

Han Sen’s face was starting to look gloomy, though, and he was already pushing his Dongxuan Sutra to the max. All he could do was continue to dodge the man’s chain, and no matter how much he tried, he couldn’t find a window of opportunity sufficient for him to make an exit.

“This is a super spirit, that’s for sure. But why has it been locked up in here like this?” Han Sen pondered the peculiarity of spirit’s situation, as he observed the hall in between his evasions of the attacks.

There was no statue in the hall, just one black pillar. There were two black chains that were each as thick as an arm. They were wielded by the spirit, yes, but they were attached to the pillar through exposed wounds in the man’s chest.

The man had less than one meter leniency in movement, and the chain he used was one of the two that bound him to the pillar.

Han Sen used dongxuan aura but was unable to observe the man’s energy.

Han Sen tried escaping six times, but his withdrawal was prohibited each time by the chain.

But still, the chain had yet to hit him, and Han Sen’s continued evasion was fueled by his simulation of Light Son of God’s energy flow through Dongxuan Sutra.

The fact that he was up against a chained-up super spirit began to grate on Han Sen, however. He believed he should have had more than what it took to defeat such a foe, and his inability to do so made him sulk. Still, he knew it would be best for him to try to escape right then, and so that was where he utilized his power.

Every time he attempted to flee, he was pulled back for some reason. He didn’t feel anything, but the short-haired lady was in tears as if she was riding a rollercoaster.

She had screamed so much, she had now lost her voice. With a sobbing, tear-drenched face, all she could do was helplessly remain carried in Han Sen’s arms.

Although he was unable to observe the man’s energy flow, he could still memorize the pattern and methodology of how the man used the chain. If he learnt his chain skill and understood all his movements, he could escape the spirit hall without issue.

Fortunately, the spirit itself was chained to the pillar and unable to move. If it wasn't chained up, he wouldn't have concerned himself with fighting the spirit, and would have just summoned his little angel instead .

But battles such as this were very educational for Han Sen. He rarely encountered a weapon such as this, so viewing it was quite the surprise.

Han Sen was now getting quite excited. He almost forgot about the crying woman under his arm. His mind excitedly raced to find a way in which he might shatter the chain that was used against him.

After an hour of this, Han Sen finally managed to exit the hall. The spirit's full power was undoubtedly restricted by its binding.

"Why is that spirit chained up here? There is no statue or spirit stone here; it's pretty strange to say the least." Because he had no spirit stone, Han Sen had no particular interest in killing the spirit. Killing him did not provide Han Sen any benefit, and instead, it might only aid his attacker. If the spirit died, it would simply respawn at its own spirit stone, and it would not be trapped like it was now.

"You damn pervert; let me go!" The short-haired lady, whose face was painted with dried-up tear marks, felt her waist begin to hurt.

"Sorry; I forgot all about you." Han Sen only now remembered he was carrying a beautiful lady. He put her back and removed the platinum chain he had used to bind her.

The short-haired lady tried to stand up, but her waist was very sore. Her whole body was feeling numb, too. She stood up halfway, but then stumbled and fell back into Han Sen's arms.

Han Sen helped her stand up straight, smiled, and said, "Lady, I know I am handsome but please slow down. There is no need to literally throw yourself into my arms. I am not willing to date just anyone. It is important that we get to know each other first."

"You go to hell!" The lady pushed Han Sen away and sat down on a stone stair, feeling somewhat crippled. She then began rubbing her sore waist.

Han Sen wanted to flirt with the lady for a bit longer and perhaps come to learn of what might have happened here. But suddenly, he felt a scary presence dawn someplace outside the city walls. It was moving quickly.

Han Sen seemed glum and looked out towards the city gate. He asked the short-haired woman, "Lady, aside from this spirit, do any other horrible creatures reside in the area?"

The short-haired lady did not answer. Han Sen heard loud footsteps, however, and then he saw a creature that looked like a cat. It looked like a cat, but it was as large as an elephant. It had orange fur and was stomping towards them.

Han Sen frowned. With the life force he could sense, he acknowledged it as a super creature.

"Little Orange, good timing! This big pervert has been trying to bully me; so get over here and kick his ass." The short-haired lady saw the super creature and suddenly looked overjoyed. She leapt onto the back of the cat and stroked its head. With a paw, it pointed towards Han Sen.

The creature used its big round eyes to look at Han Sen, and then let out a fearsome cry.

“Meow!”

Chapter 736: A Shelter For One

Watching an extra large orange furball approach with haste, the silver fox that was still perched on Han Sen’s shoulder moved before its master could.

The silver fox’s hair all stood up, and a charge of silver light began to form across its pelt. With a fierce discharge, a silver thunderbolt struck the super creature that the short-haired lady referred to as Little Orange.

“Meow! Aaargh!” The shrill shriek of the cat, and the sharp scream of pain from the lady that mounted it, sounded at the same time. The hair of Little Orange all stood on end following the strike, and the hair of the short-haired lady looked as if it had been set ablaze. Unmoving, she fell from the back of the cat.

Little Orange, after its shock, blazed with anger and leapt towards Han Sen and the silver fox.

The silver fox did not wait a second, and it quickly dismounted its master’s shoulder. It jumped into the air and fired more thunderbolts while airborne. The Little Orange once again reeled back, squealing in pain. But despite the pain it was suffering, it was in no mood to submit and yield just yet.

The silver fox was its primary target, and the cat did its best to snare the silver fox that repeatedly glided through the air, zipping back and forth.

Although Little Orange’s speed was fairly impressive, it was not enough for it to nab the silver fox. Every time the silver fox evaded an attack, it zapped its foe.

The silver fox could not fly high, but it didn’t have to. It only flew high enough that Little Orange was unable to grab it; it was frustrating for the cat, who oh-so desired the furry felon that outwitted it.

For Han Sen, it was an amusing sight. Although Little Orange was much larger than the silver fox, they were both juvenile super creatures. The cat looked like it had been born before the silver fox, but somehow, it seemed to be in alliance with the short-haired lady.

The short-haired lady was frozen while watching her cat get bullied. She was quite surprised earlier, when Han Sen managed to escape from the spirit hall without suffering harm. But now, she was even more surprised that the little pervert’s silver fox pet could challenge her own. And the way it attacked was more of a fun-making tease, than anything.

“Birds of a feather, flock together!” The short-haired lady shouted aloud, despite the fear that started to encroach upon her mind.

When Zhou Yumei became an evolver and entered the Second God's Sanctuary, she never expected she would be sent to a dump like this.

Not a single human populated the region, and when she first came here, she witnessed a creature battling a spirit. That was how she made it out of the spirit hall upon her arrival, and that was how she also became stranded, here in no man's land.

Zhou Yumei was fortunate enough to meet Little Orange in the shelter. It did not treat her like an enemy, and it was really nice to her. The reason Zhou Yumei had managed to survive here was all down to Little Orange, as a matter of fact, who frequently went out to collect loot for her.

The flesh of the creatures it brought her was of the sacred-blood variety, which surprised Zhou Yumei a lot.

After being together for a long time, the bond between Zhou Yumei and Little Orange had become a strong one. They hunted together often, and she was able to witness how easily Little Orange slew such creatures.

But this powerful Little Orange of hers was now getting bullied under an oppressive little fox, and she was starting to grow a touch worried over its wellbeing.

Zhou Yumei turned to look at Han Sen with her concerned expression, but she was surprised to see him already walking closer. He wore a smile, and a horny glint twinkled in his eye as he returned her a gaze.

"What do you want? I'm warning you; I am a powerful evolver. Keep your hands to yourself and do not attempt anything stupid." Zhou Yumei asserted a battle position as she gave Han Sen her warning. Her proclamations of strength were untrue, however, and the feigned tone of power she tried to force did not work. She lacked the intimidation she desired.

After all, she had been easily restrained by Han Sen earlier, and now her greatest pillar of support—her pet Little Orange—was getting played with by the man's pet silver fox. It couldn't help her at all, despite its desire, and this started to make her panic.

"Let me ask you a few questions first. If your answers satiate my curiosity, I will forget that orange furball ever tried to attack me. Otherwise..." Before Han Sen finished his sentence, he laughed twice with a menacing tone.

"Otherwise what?" Zhou Yumei's heart was struck with a chill, after seeing Han Sen laugh.

"Since there are only the two of us here, whatever transpires between us can only be kept like so. If I am in a good mood, I will rape you and then kill you. If I am in a bad mood, I will kill you and then rape you. If my mood is ambivalent, then I'll just kill you while I rape you," Han Sen bluffed.

When Zhou Yumei heard him speak those words, her skin flared with goosebumps. She forced herself to present a cute smile and with a voice of pleading, she begged, "Oh, Big Brother! There is no need for you to do something like that. We are both humans, aren't we? And in this grand Second God's Sanctuary, we were fortunate to cross paths. Our encounter has to be one of fate. We should help each other, not antagonize each other."

“What is your name?” Han Sen gave Zhou Yumei a deep stare as he asked.

“My name is Zhou Yumei. I hail from a poor family of minor prominence. I worked my hardest to become an evolver, and I cannot believe I ended up here in this place. Not a single other person exists here, and it seems like I cannot leave. I almost died here! Meeting you was a stroke of luck, indeed!” Zhou Yumei looked very pitiable right now.

“Put away the acting talent. You are very young and powerful to have joined the Second God’s Sanctuary; you must have maxed out your sacred geno points to become an evolver. And you are saying you hail from a poor family?” Han Sen spoke with disdain.

Zhou Yumei presented an awkward smile and said, “Well, I’m alright. I’m poorer than most rich people, but I suppose I’m a little wealthier than most poor people.”

“Just be honest with me; do you think I won’t hesitate to strip you naked and throw you into the spirit hall?” Han Sen gave her a grim face as he told her this.

“Okay, Brother. I will tell you everything you wish to know,” Zhou Yumei was spooked by Han Sen once again.

Han Sen was then quickly educated on who she was and the relationship she shared with Little Orange.

Zhou Yumei was quite something, and she was a councilman’s child. Although there were many children in the Zhou family, not all possessed power. But being an evolver with maxed out sacred geno points, at such a young age, suggested she was quite powerful amongst the members of her family.

Han Sen then learned all about Zhou Yumei and Little Orange’s bond, which wasn’t all too different from his with the silver fox. Such a thing was very rare, as creatures didn’t often come to acknowledge humans as potential masters.

Little Orange was a second-generation super creature, and Han Sen knew this by observing its energy flow. The first-generation, its mother, must have been the creature she had witnessed battling the spirit. Who knew what had happened there.

Zhou Yumei then provided Han Sen with some intel about various landmarks of the encompassing area that interested him.

Chapter 737: To Escape or Not to Escape

The silver fox continued playing with Little Orange, getting it to chase itself around and around.

While this was occurring, Han Sen lay down on Zhou Yumei’s bench. He drank another one of her beverages, and at the same time, asked her questions that piqued his widespread curiosity.

Zhou Yumei’s heart began to bleed when she witnessed Han Sen resume drinking her beverages. She had been saving them for half a year. But she had to concede and allow it and answer every question Han Sen posed.

One can after another, Han Sen drank. He had been traversing the desert for quite some time, and he had grown tired of the repetitive taste of nutrient solutions. Having long-fancied the taste of something else, he couldn't quite help himself from taking her drinks.

He had drunk so much that her coveted trove of drinks had now been depleted, and only one remained. When his devilish hands reached out to grab it, Zhou Youmei reached a breaking point. She could no longer restrain herself, and so she lunged out to grab the can. She quickly opened it and gulped it down in one large swig.

After she was done, it was as if it had instilled her with a renewed confidence. She chucked the can away, looked at Han Sen, and told him, "Do whatever you want to me; I would rather die with dignity!"

Han Sen took off the sunglasses he was wearing, which also belonged to Zhou Yumei, and looked at her face, which spoke of a willingness to accept death. Then he said, "Your dignity is equivalent to the worth of a soda can?"

Zhou Yumei's face went all red. She had been stuck in this place for the longest time, and the drink and snacks she had kept were a suspension and fortification of her hope. Now, that had been ruined by Han Sen. That was why she could no longer hold her tongue and lashed out; but unfortunately for her, Han Sen had a quick-witted, forked tongue. The words made her regret saying anything.

Seeing Zhou Yumei hold her own tongue once more, Han Sen hopped off the bench. This shocked Zhou Yumei. She took a few steps backward and asked, "What are you doing?"

"What? Must I report my comings and goings to you or something?" Han Sen smiled at Zhou Yumei.

"No... you aren't... what?" Zhou Yumei's tongue tangled itself, tripping her words. She looked happy.

"If you really want to die, I can aid you in accomplishing this desire," Han Sen said.

"No; you commit to your own deeds. I can take care of that myself." Zhou Yumei was starting to talk nonsense.

Han Sen ignored her, for she was just a young woman. He only wanted to tease her, not outright bully her.

"Pervert. Horny bastard. Asshole. Animal. Obscene. Cheap." Watching Han Sen enter the city, and end up a good distance away from her, Zhou Yumei spoke as many profanities about him as she could.

Zhou Yumei was a little depressed. The shelter was far too small, and if she had to remain here with the horny bad guy, problems were bound to occur at some point.

"I'm so young and s*xy. I have a great figure. There is no way that bad guy will refrain from touching me. Should I escape into the desert now? But then again, I have no idea where I am or where I might go. And

there are so many creatures out there, it'd be dangerous. If I don't escape, the holy temple of my body will be desecrated by that bad guy." Zhou Yumei struggled with the decision.

The silver fox eventually got tired of running around, and it ended up taking a rest on the city's gate. It looked down on Little Orange, which was still down below, meowing at him.

Little Orange had grown tired too, and despite its meowing, it didn't bother jumping up. Whether it was too tired or simply understood its inability to ever catch the silver fox, she didn't know.

"The pet is just like the master. All it does is infuriate others; they are both just as bad as each other," Zhou Yumei thought to herself, as she peered at the silver fox that was resting above the gate. She was mad.

She didn't want to provoke it, however, as she had seen and felt first-hand how powerful the silver fox was.

And so, she still contemplated whether or not she should escape. It was almost sunset by now, and she couldn't come to a decision.

If Han Sen was an ugly bastard, Zhou Yumei would have already run off a long time ago. But the guy was fairly handsome, and quite clean. He didn't look all too scary or villainous, and that was the reason she refrained from running away the moment he left her.

"Strange; what is he doing in the city, anyway? Why has he been in there for so long?" Zhou Yumei suddenly realized he had been in there for a whole afternoon and wondered why he had not yet emerged.

She knew all about the city and she knew there was nothing particularly special about the place. All that was there was a well that could provide water.

She then believed Han Sen had gone off in search of water and felt relieved at his disappearance. She feared if he returned, he might hurt her. The time she had spent contemplating her decision of whether or not to stay had made her oblivious to Han Sen's disappearance up until now, as well.

But now she started to worry for him. He had been gone for an entire afternoon, after all.

"Hey! Are you in there?" Zhou Yumei called out from the outside.

"What is he doing in there?" Zhou Yumei bit her lip and tip-toed into the city. She sleuthed around carefully in search of him, so she could maybe catch a look at what he had gotten up to during his absence.

But after walking around for some time, she couldn't find him.

"That's strange. Where did he go? Has he left this place?" Zhou Yumei mumbled these words beneath her breath, which made her feel a little strange.

As she was doing this, it was too late for her to notice. She tripped over something and ended up on the ground.

“Ouch!” Zhou Yumei cried out in pain. When she raised her head, she noticed Han Sen standing right in front of her. In one hand, he held a cake. In the other, a freshly-brewed beverage.

She also noticed he had changed his clothes, and his hair was damp. His body exuded a pleasant body wash fragrance—he had been in the shower!

On his back was a rucksack, stuffed to the brim with more snacks and drinks.

“Where did you get all that from?” Zhou Yumei asked, with eyes opened wide.

“I bought it, of course. How else would I get it?” Han Sen gave her a look as if he was witnessing the feverish question of a mad woman.

“No, that’s not what I meant. Where did you buy all this from?” Zhou Yumei quickly asked.

“I bought it from a vending machine. Where else could I buy them?” Han Sen returned a question.

Zhou Yumei believed she was going insane. Without a care for how powerful he was, she grabbed Han Sen’s arm and asked, “You can leave this place?”

“Well, duh. How else could I have bought such stuff?” Han Sen smiled.

“How did you get out? Isn’t there a spirit guarding the teleporter?” Zhou Yumei asked with giddy excitement.

“I just walked.” After Han Sen said this, he shook off her hand and called for the silver fox. He fed it a Geno Creation pill.

“Hey, handsome; can you take me for a walk, as well?” Zhou Yumei got closer to Han Sen, and held his shoulder, twirling cutely.

Chapter 738: Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion

“No.” Han Sen pushed her away and went back to lie down on the bench.

“Why? I can pay you!” Zhou Yumei quickly suggested.

“It’s because I can’t; that’s why,” Han Sen replied coldly.

“You...” Zhou Yumei quickly got angry, wishing she could just bite Han Sen. But she knew she couldn’t compete with him, despite her desire for him to escort her out of that place.

“Big Brother, if I offended you earlier—in any capacity—it was because of how young and reckless I was back then. Could you find it in your heart to forgive me?” Zhou Yumei held onto the urge to try to strangle Han Sen. She hovered around him in a cute pose, smiling fondly towards him as she spoke.

“Okay, I forgive you.” Han Sen nodded.

“Brilliant! Then come on, let’s go. I’ll pay you back once we’re free from this place. When should we head out?” Zhou Yumei had been driven slightly mad, after being here all alone for so long.

Humans desired and required social correspondence, and they always lived together. She, however, had been stuck in this place for over a year all by herself. If it wasn't for the presence of Little Orange, she would most likely have been driven completely insane. Although her initial encounter with Han Sen had been a bad one, her desire for contact with someone else—no matter who that was—overcame her wrath. That was why she had made the decision to stay.

She was afraid of being alone once more, and even if it was with a bad person or a person she would incessantly argue with, it was better than being alone.

"I told you I forgave you, didn't I? I didn't say I'd take you out of this place," Han Sen calmly told her.

"You... what do you want?" Zhou Yumei almost fainted in anger, and her finger trembled as she pointed it at Han Sen.

"Nothing. I just don't want to commit to the effort of getting you out of here," Han Sen told her, drinking his beverage.

Saving people was a good thing, but it was more often than not a troublesome task. If he brought Zhou Yumei out with him now, the Zhou family would most likely be made aware of the connection he had with her.

If he didn't bring Zhou Yumei, perhaps the Zhou family would hate him for it. If Han Sen tried escorting her away, and something was to happen to her while she was in his hands, the Zhou family would be out for his blood, too.

Perhaps the Zhou family would be understanding, but with what he had recently been embroiled in, he wanted to be more careful. He would rather have her see him as a bad guy, than end up in trouble.

If Zhou Yumei followed him, he would have liked to bring her along. If something did happen through such a circumstance, perhaps the Zhou family would not treat him as a foe.

Zhou Yumei was fuming mad, but she knew there was nothing she could do. She couldn't beg, fight, or do anything for him.

Suddenly, Zhou Yumei's eyes drifted to the snacks Han Sen had brought with him. She suddenly grabbed the bag and ran. While she ran off she said, "You drank all my beverages; this is payment for that!"

Zhou Yumei quickly jumped on top of Little Orange and presented Han Sen with an ugly face. She pulled the drinks and snacks out of the rucksack and shouted to Han Sen, "Since you aren't going to make an effort to bring me away from this place, I'm going eat all the snacks envisioning they are you!"

Zhou Yumei imagined the snacks were Han Sen, and so she ripped, tore, and bit into them to release her anger.

It had been a long time since she last ate and drank like that. Once her belly had been stuffed and she couldn't eat anymore, she went to sleep atop Little Orange.

When Zhou Yumei next woke up, she noticed Han Sen and the silver fox were gone. She thought Han Sen had returned to the Alliance for a while and would come back shortly, but after he had disappeared for a whole day, she began to get worried.

Han Sen had previously asked her what points of interests there were in the area, and she had informed him of a black mountain that wasn't too far off. That mountain was inhabited by a strange Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion. It was a creature that even Little Orange was afraid of, and was most likely a fearsome super creature.

When Han Sen heard of a lonely super creature out there, he had shown a feverish desire to slay it. If it was a second-generation super creature, that would have been the icing on the cake he very much desired.

According to the directions Zhou Yumei gave him, Han Sen had to walk one hundred miles to just about see the mountain in the distance. The mountain did not have a sharpened peak, and was more like a rolling mountain range. It was strange to see mountains lined up like so, out in a place such as that.

Han Sen rode his Golden Growler towards the mountain, and with the silver fox by his side, all the other creatures that inhabited the area hid. The creatures he did see, however, were not grouped as he expected.

The Black Desert was very unique in this aspect, as most of the creatures that inhabited this place tended to be alone.

It wasn't long before he began his ascent of the black mountains. He managed to detect the life force he had been searching for and hurried his Golden Growler up the slopes. Eventually, he laid eyes on the Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion, which he found wandering the foothills of the mountain. It was fervently digging into the sand.

There were many black rocks in the hole it dug, and it was a trying task for it to remove them. The Twin-Tail Purple Scorpion was one meter deep, but Han Sen could not guess what it may have been searching for.

Han Sen wanted to observe the twin-tail scorpion's strange behavior for a little while longer, so he did not summon his little angel to immediately attack the fiend. For a better view, he climbed atop a ten meter tall boulder and then resumed watching the scorpion digging up the rocks. He had become quite keen.

While watching, he opened his gene lock with the Dongxuan Sutra to observe its energy flow and assert whether or not it was a second-generation super creature as he had hoped it to be.

Han Sen was disappointed, however. The energy inside the scorpion was all blurred, and he could not watch the energy flow properly, which meant it was only a first-generation super creature.

Since it was only a first-generation super creature, all he could hope for by defeating it was a beast soul. The Life Geno essences weren't useful to him, and only fronted a monetary value.

Han Sen didn't want to sell too many Life Geno essences, either, as they tended to make others jealous. The entire Alliance was currently focusing on him like starved beggars admiring a spit roast. Unsure of what others were thinking, Han Sen thought it was best to maintain as low a profile as possible.

"Let's see if I can get a beast soul, at least." Han Sen stared at the twin-tail scorpion, knowing that the chances of obtaining a beast soul were low no matter which way it was cut. He had calculated that, even with his own luck, the drop-rate for a beast soul was only around fifty percent.

But Han Sen was still quite curious, and he was keen to learn what the scorpion was doing. It continued to dig into the black rocks beneath, and by now, it had dug three meters into the ground without slowing down.

"Is this guy a little too thirsty, maybe? Perhaps it's trying to get some water?" Han Sen said this in half jest, because he knew that super creatures did not need to eat or drink to survive.

Only certain special super creatures or pregnant super creatures would occasionally eat. But even still, he had never seen them drink water.

"What is it doing?" Han Sen had a strange feeling while observing this.

Chapter 739: Dark Silkworm

Han Sen watched the scorpion for a while as it continued to dig. It kept on digging until it vanished from sight, and all Han Sen could see was the remaining presence of a hole.

Han Sen summoned his wings and flew up high to get an aerial view of the hole. Upon inspection, he noted that the hole was a dozen meters deep and it eventually opened up into a cave or cavern of sorts.

"There has to be something special down there." Han Sen was surprised, and so he summoned his super armor and ventured inside with his silver fox in hand.

Once he had dropped down into the cave, he noticed the presence of an opening in one of the walls. He ventured closer to have a look and what he saw surprised him.

There was a further cavern inside, one that was massive. He couldn't even begin to predict how large it was. It was decorated in bamboo-like fauna and flora, many of which reached up to the cavern's ceiling. It was an incredible sight.

The twin-tailed scorpion was inside, snapping the bamboo-like plants. The shoots were hollow inside, but many of them contained big white bugs, not too dissimilar to silk worms. They were only about ten centimeters long, but they looked juicy and fat.

The scorpion ate the white bugs and bamboo together, which produced an echoing munching sound.

"Are those white bugs creatures, by any chance? If the scorpion is eating, that most likely means it is pregnant." Han Sen reviewed the situation and asked himself a number of questions.

The bamboo and the white bugs in the cave were eaten in droves by the hungry scorpion. Eventually, it looked to be full and wanted to leave, and so it started to return in Han Sen's direction.

Han Sen quickly made his exit and evaded the scorpion's sight. It wasn't long before the scorpion itself re-emerged, and when it did, it went up the mountain.

Han Sen did not give the scorpion chase. If it really was pregnant, he knew it'd be a waste to kill it now. He much preferred the idea of waiting until it had given birth before slaying it and the baby.

But Han Sen still had a strong interest in the bamboo he had observed down below, and the white bugs they seemed to contain. He waited until the scorpion was long gone and then, with a command for the silver fox to stand guard, ventured back inside. He didn't want to risk having the scorpion return and corner him.

There were many bamboo-looking plants in the cavern, and they were about thirty centimeters in diameter. Many of them had already been snapped in two by the scorpion, following its visit, so there was a lot strewn across the ground. This included many of the white bugs the scorpion had missed.

The white bugs were pale and semi-translucent, and you could see the blood vessels inside them.

The bugs that were on the ground were wriggling around. They tried slithering back into the broken bamboo shoots, but they had some difficulty.

They couldn't enter the perfect bamboo.

Han Sen picked up a broken shoot of bamboo and tried to crush it in his hands but could not. He had to amp up his strength and exhaust all the power he could to eventually do so.

"That's some tough bamboo." Han Sen threw the bamboo on the floor and then summoned his peacock crossbow. He loaded it with a z-steel bolt and fired it at one of the bugs that was trying to crawl its way into one of the broken bamboo ends.

The z-steel bolt pierced through the white bug's body, which made it squeal and release a white fog. The temperature began to drop, and the little area around the bug got all frosty. The bug then froze, as if it had just been taken out of the freezer.

"Mutant Creature Hunted: Dark Silkworm. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of mutant geno points, ranging from zero to ten."

The voice rang in Han Sen's head, which surprised Han Sen. "It's a mutant creature, but how can a mutant creature release frosty air? This is strange. I thought only super creatures could wield elemental attacks."

Han Sen was curious, and so he summoned his Flaming Rex Spike to kill more of the silkworms on the ground. Over and over, the announcement continued to pop.

When the Dark Silkworms were killed, they each let out a frosty air. The creatures were weak and unable to fight, so Han Sen was able to hack them up casually and without worry.

“Mutant Creature Hunted: Dark Silkworm. The beast soul has been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of mutant geno points, ranging from zero to ten.” After Han Sen hunted thirty silkworms, he finally heard the announcement that indicated ownership of a Dark Silkworm.

Han Sen then quickly looked up the beast soul’s info, keen to learn what type it was.

Mutant Dark Silkworm: One-Time Use Hidden Weapon

Han Sen was pleasantly surprised, as it had been a long time since he had last seen a one-time use beast soul. It was rare to find hidden weapon beast souls, and he wondered which one that might have been.

Han Sen summoned the mutant Dark Silkworm, which sprouted a big, white, and fat bug on the palm of Han Sen’s hand. It was rather heavy.

He looked at it for a while, unsure of what it did. After some thought, he threw it at the cavern wall.

Pang!

The fat bug hit the wall and exploded. It unleashed a heavy, white mist. The fog’s radius was about a meter, and the stone wall it had been thrown upon was caked in a layer of ice.

“This is interesting.” Han Sen was rather shocked while looking at it. It was just a mutant class beast soul, yet it could unleash a certain frosty power. This was not normal at all.

“I wonder if there are any sacred-blood class Dark Silkworms here? If I can get a sacred-blood class Dark Silkworm, it might come in handy.”

Han Sen killed all the silkworms he could see but was mildly disappointed to learn that each one was a mutant class variant. No matter how many he killed, it didn’t seem as if sacred-blood types existed.

There were sixty dead silkworms on the floor by now, and after a moment of thinking, he used the Flaming Rex Spike to strike the bamboo. He watched how many of the silkworms came flying out of the bamboo.

After killing a hundred more of the wriggly silkworms, he managed to obtain another two mutant beast souls. But still, no sacred-blood types.

“Never mind. Let me pack up the ones I’ve already killed and vacate the area. If I dry them up and grind them into powder, people who eat them will be able to increase their mutant geno points with ease. That’s not too bad.” Han Sen used a bag to collect the hundred frozen silkworm bodies and turned around to go outside and dry them.

There were many silkworms in that subterranean forest, and there seemed to be at least ten of them in every single shoot of bamboo. If he wanted to harvest them all, he couldn’t imagine how long that might have taken.

Han Sen planned to temporarily give up killing the silkworms, wanting to wait until the scorpion came back, ate its fill, and gave birth. Once the scorpions had been dealt with, Han Sen had the idea of returning here to harvest and collect the rest of the silkworms, free from possible intrusion.

After Han Sen picked up all the silkworms he had killed, Han Sen suddenly heard a noise come from deeper within the bamboo forest. It seemed that something was emerging from further within.

Chapter 740: Ice Silkworm

Han Sen put away his energy and immediately retreated, and then used his Jadeskin to unlock his gene lock.

Although Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin were comparable after opening the gene lock, there were still some notable differences. Jadeskin also focused on enhancing the seventh sense, although although it wasn't as detailed as the Dongxuan Sutra, it had a greater range. The range of the Dongxuan Sutra's enhancement to the seventh sense was limited to the length of the dongxuan aura.

Han Sen scanned the bamboo forest with alertness, as if he had activated god mode. With his senses, he was able to determine that something was traveling towards him at a rapid pace. It was currently three miles away, but that distance was sure to close fast.

Han Sen could sense its approximate size, and deduced it was around the size of an average household cat. Its shape was circular, like the grubs he had just harvested. What it wasn't, was slow. Unlike said bugs, what was coming towards him was very fast. Like a mad rabbit, it came running.

"Is it a sacred-blood Dark Silkworm?" The thought of this made Han Sen quite happy.

As time ticked by, the unseen menace closed the gap between them. When it emerged, Han Sen was finally able to see that it was an extra-large grub. Its body glistened like ice. A frost aura encompassed it, and it left a trail of ice in its wake.

Han Sen switched his gene lock over to Dongxuan Sutra and took a reading of the icy fiend that had approached. Its lifeforce was far stronger than mutant, and was indeed most likely a sacred-blood class silkworm.

The happiness in Han Sen's heart had taken root, and so he retrieved his peacock crossbow and loaded it with a z-steel bolt. He took aim at the bamboo forest, and when it was close enough, he'd pull the trigger and swiftly end its life. More than anything, he wanted to see if there was a beast soul to be obtained from it.

As the distance between Han Sen and the ice silkworm got smaller and smaller, however, he started to feel as if something wasn't quite right. The closer it came, the stronger the lifeforce of the silkworm became. It soon exceeded the measure of any sacred-blood creature he had dealt with before.

“Is it a super creature?” Han Sen’s face changed. He scanned it multiple times to gain a more accurate reading, but it still left him as puzzled as ever. It was definitely not a super creature.

“Berserk sacred-blood, perhaps?” Han Sen squinted his eyes. He rarely encountered berserk sacred-blood creatures out in the wild, so he was surprised at his discovery of one here, of all places.

Watching the ice silkworm draw nearer and nearer, it had now come within one thousand meters of Han Sen. He refocused his peacock crossbow, but then heard more noises from the bamboo forest.

Rustle! Rustle!

It now seemed like an entire choir of creatures were frantically racing through the forest. At this, Han Sen’s face changed. Now, he was seeing a large number of icy silkworms emerge from somewhere in the bamboo woods. From his quick, initial tally, he managed to count a hundred of them.

“Impossible! How can there be so many berserk sacred-blood creatures in one spot?” Han Sen was rightfully shocked. They didn’t frighten him, as he knew they were of no match for him—he just thought the number of them was scary.

Han Sen could accept the presence of a dozen sacred-blood creatures, but berserk sacred-blood creatures were far rarer. The ratio of sacred-blood to berserk sacred-blood was somewhere in the ballpark of 100:1. But now, berserk sacred-blood creatures were emerging as a massive group. If there were that many berserk sacred-blood creatures, then there had to be thousands of ordinary sacred-blood silkworms someplace in the area, as well.

Still, such an occurrence had to be impossible.

The ice silkworms he was currently sensing were stronger than most sacred-blood creatures. The strength of their energy flow was not too far off the blood-horned shura he had encountered not too long ago.

One silkworm was ahead of the rest, and the gap between it and Han Sen was now under five hundred meters. He pulled out his peacock crossbow, took aim, and pulled the trigger.

Instead of guessing, Han Sen wanted to kill one and find out the truth.

The hardlight string moved and the z-steel bolt took flight. It was like a beam of light, traveling five hundred meters in the blink of an eye. It pierced through the ice silkworm’s body and pinned it to the ground.

Han Sen was delightfully surprised, thinking the silkworms were easier to kill than he initially imagined they would be. If it was a berserk sacred-blood creature, he expected it would be able to react or even evade the bolt. But it didn’t; it was struck and it died, simple as that.

“Mutant Creature Hunted: Dark Silkworm. The beast soul has not been acquired. Consume its flesh to obtain a random numeric amount of mutant geno points, ranging from zero to ten.”

Han Sen suddenly froze with his jaw agape. He was like that for quite a bit.

“This isn’t right. That can’t be right. How can that be a mutant silkworm? How can a mutant-class creature possess such a high life force?” Han Sen couldn’t believe the fat ice silkworm was the same creature as the Dark Silkworms from earlier.

But the announcement in his head could not be incorrect. It was a rule of the world he inhabited. If it said he killed a mutant creature, then he did indeed kill a mutant creature.

Seeing more and more silkworms approach, Han Sen ran ahead to kill them all. They were mutant-class Dark Silkworms, same as the ones he had killed inside and outside the bamboo shoots earlier.

Han Sen was perplexed, and not yet able to think of a reason why their bodies would be so vastly different. The life force in their bodies was far stronger, and there was no discernible reason why these mutant creatures could possess such strength.

“This isn’t right. It really isn’t right! This is strange. It’s crazy. These things are weird. How can the silkworms inside the bamboo breathe ice, too? Even sacred-blood creatures can’t do something like that. There must be an external force affecting these little icy blobs, one that I have not yet been made aware of. Whatever it is, it’s imbuing them with frightening strength.” Han Sen killed the hundred big silkworms that approached and managed to obtain one additional beast soul.

Han Sen quickly summoned it to take a look. Its definition was the same, but its physical appearance was different. The head was bigger and the body was practically ice.

Han Sen threw it at a wall like before to check it out. It was much more powerful than the others, and the icy fog it unleashed had a radius of three meters. The frosty air itself was far more powerful, too.

“If they are both mutant Dark Silkworms, why is there such a clear difference between the two? If I killed baby ones earlier, and mature ones just now, it shouldn’t affect the beast soul I just received. Beast souls do not factor in the age of a creature. This mystery is getting deeper; I wonder, what is the cause for this curious anomaly?” Han Sen observed the bamboo stalks with a bewildered face and inquisitive heart.

“I have to examine and analyze this further. I need to go deeper and I need to find out what is affecting these strange silkworms. Silkworms have great genes, but it is a large race and they cannot all be mutant-class, surely. There have to be ordinary ones out there, too. The fact that all these are mutant-class Dark Silkworms is nigh unbelievable.” Han Sen pondered the matter a little more, but then decided to hail for the silver fox to come down and join him. With the silver fox, he traveled deeper into the bamboo forest.

In fear of the silver fox, all the silkworms went into hiding. If they couldn’t escape, they’d hide in their bamboo shoots and shiver, which even made the stalks themselves quiver, producing noise like the rustle of leaves in the wind.