

Super Power

Chapter 751: Meet the Parents

Han Sen thought his brain had fried, or that something must have possessed him to make him say what he had.

He had prepared a very touching speech, but somehow, his head just said those words for no reason.

"I blame that beautiful night," Han Sen sighed.

Ji Yanran was fuming mad, and she shouted at him with a blistering rage. Still, she was yet to give her answer. She had not said yes or no. Fortunately for him, when he saw her the next day, the ring was still on her finger.

"Yanran, you said our grandfather wants to meet with me. When should I go and see him?" Han Sen said, as he inched closer to her with a smile on his face.

"You have no shame. It's still my grandfather," Ji Yanran said, with a touch of shyness coating her words.

"It's all the same. Anyway, when should we go?" Han Sen asked.

"We'll go and see him in a couple of days, when I'm free. But whatever you do, don't talk your average bullsh*t nonsense when you're with him. He's a traditional, serious man. He respects others who are serious, just like him. Therefore, don't be yourself." Ji Yanran accompanied her words with a threatening face.

Han Sen's face turned red. He promised and said, "Don't worry. I must have been sick last night. I don't usually say things like that."

"Therefore, you still owe me a true proposal," Ji Yanran said on the doorstep. Then, she spun around and took her leave.

Han Sen sighed. In his heart, he thought, "I was sincere yesterday."

He wouldn't say that to Ji Yanran, but as she left, he shouted, "Then give me back the ring; how else can I repeat it!?"

"Get another one." Ji Yanran did not turn around but lifted her arm for a backward wave. The ring fitted her finger perfectly.

Although it was expensive, it was extremely pretty.

“It was made by Ekado. It’s shiny jewelry and was worth a hundred million.” Han Sen’s heart went under. It wasn’t the money he was sad about, but whether or not he could find a ring that looked as good.

“Can I actually get two engagement rings?” Han Sen questioned.

Before Han Sen could find another ring, Ji Yanran brought Han Sen to the Ji family house.

It was a planet full of azure seas and still lakes. Forestry was in abundance, and mountain ranges coursed the continents like white threads. The air was clean and the environment was unspoiled. It was more than suitable for humans to live in.

On this planet, there existed only one building, however. This building was made of wood, constructed so that it would blend in with the natural environment.

Han Sen had no architectural knowledge, but Ji Yanran said the entire planet belonged to the Ji family. This house was where her grandfather lived. It was like an entire, exclusive planet had been reserved for her grandfather. Without permission, even other members of the Ji family would not dare to visit.

Han Sen knew how rich the Ji family was. Without the wealth they had, it would’ve been impossible for Ji Ruozhen to become president.

As he stood in the middle of a pavilion, he breathed in the raw, virgin air that passed through the pines up high and the grass down low. It was incredibly refreshing, and the nature-scented atmosphere could not compete with any man-made air.

“Miss Yanran, the master has requested that he meet with Han Sen alone.” Outside the yard, Ji Yanran was stopped.

“Han Sen, you must be polite to grandfather,” Ji Yanran nervously reminded Han Sen.

“Don’t worry.” Han Sen comforted Ji Yanran and followed the butler into the yard.

Han Sen thought he’d see the house upon entering the yard, but instead he saw a lake. Its surface was like a mirror, with a pavilion at its center. They looked like one.

The only way to go to the pavilion was across a bridge, and as he trod across it, he felt as if he was walking into a sublime painting.

“It looks like this grandfather is an elegant man; quite unlike me, it would seem.” Although he thought the place was beautiful, Han Sen would not desire to live there. Technology and metropolitan locales suited him far more.

“Sir, Mister Han is here.” The butler led Han Sen to the pavilion and politely spoke.

“Greetings, Grandpa.” Han Sen walked up and bowed, speaking with a soft tone of politeness. As he did so, he checked out the demigod legend.

Ji Yanwu was the center of the Ji family. He was a demigod elite, and quite famous in the Alliance. The Ji family’s reputation in today’s age was owed to this man.

He was so well-respected, even Ji Ruozen would not speak of him in vain. He was a remarkable and important figure in the Ji family.

He did look different than what Han Sen had envisioned, however. He was a down-to-earth old man. His beard was white, but it was well-kept and clearly groomed. He didn't use technology to dye his hair black, and you could even see the wrinkles on his skin.

He looked very serious, though. His eyes stopped on Han Sen, but his emotions and thoughts were impossible to guess. That being said, there was nothing snobbish to feel, when being in his presence. All that you felt while being in his presence, was the need to revere him. You would feel compelled to listen to everything he said.

"Sit down." Grandfather Ji pointed at the cushion in front of him. He spoke with a calm voice.

Han Sen was awash with relief, not hearing him comment on his calling him "grandpa." Han Sen was feeling more confident about things, and so he sat where he was bid to.

"Are you ready to marry Yanran?"

Han Sen had only just sat down, but such a question had already been asked. It came as quite the shock. Grandfather Ji looked at Han Sen, and his clear eyes looked as if they could read a person's mind. It made Han Sen feel as if he was naked in public, which made him a little nervous.

"Yes, Grandpa. I am going to marry her, and I have come here to request your permission to do so," Han Sen said, all without hesitation.

Grandfather Ji looked at Han Sen, and then put away his scanner-like gaze. Then he said shortly, "That is good. You are both still in service of the army. There is no rush to get married. Pick a date and bring your mother to Ruozen so you may discuss the event."

Han Sen thought he'd have to say and do a lot more than that, but already, the talk had come to an end. He hardly spoke at all and already, Grandfather Ji had bid that he return and make the appropriate preparations at once. He felt as if he had wasted his time earlier, thinking of all the ways he might approach and explain stuff to the man.

After Han Sen was led out by the butler, a man and woman approached from behind. It was Ji Ruozen and his wife.

"Father, what do you think about this kid?" Ji Ruozen asked.

Although Ji Yanran was their daughter, they would still listen to the opinion of Grandfather Ji.

"He is powerful. He is composed. In time, he can indeed become something," Grandfather Ji said.

Missus Ji sighed and said, "It is a shame he does not hail from a bigger family."

Although Han Sen could get everything he wanted in the Second God's Sanctuary, amidst the the rich families in the Alliance, his influence was limited. He was just a young, smart guy—one without prior wealth.

“It is fine to be without a remarkable background. He will be given one, following his joining of our family,” Grandfather Ji said.

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Chapter 752: How About a Baby?

Han Sen never expected things to turn out so well; it was quite the surprise.

When he returned, he contacted his mother. He hoped that she could rendezvous for a meet and greet with the Ji family.

Luo Sulan did not object, and so Han Sen quickly brought her to meet the Ji family.

Han Sen thought it would just be a discussion about an engagement, and all it would require was the simple forming of an acquaintance between the parents of the engaged couple. When he actually arrived, with his mother, he was surprised to see it wasn’t only Mister and Missus Ji there to greet them, but Ji Yanran’s aunts and uncles, as well.

“Missus Han, our Ji family have many rules. I hope you do not take offense at them,” Missus Ji explained politely, but her tone was stuffy and oozed arrogance.

“I know. Security is a high concern when dealing with the marriage of a daughter. I have a daughter, too. I understand how you feel,” Luo Sulan smiled and said.

“Please take a seat, Missus Han.” Ji Ruozen looked at Luo Sulan with sudden surprise.

The Han’s family background was something they knew all about. But Luo Sulan’s temperament and mannerisms were different than what they expected from a housewife.

As they discussed the details of the engagement, Luo Sulan seemed quite understanding and appeared very polite towards the Ji family. Her manners were excellent.

Han Sen didn’t think it was anything surprising. From what he could recall, Luo Sulan had always been an elegant woman.

When Han Sen was a kid, his mother was like a fairy to him. She always protected him. But after his father's accident, his mother's life was forced to change.

Seeing his mom like this took Han Sen back to his childhood for a bit.

In this event, however, Han Sen was a youngster; he had no place to interrupt and speak. Quietly, all he did was stand behind his mother and watch the conversation unfold.

Ji Yanran was the same, standing beside her parents. She too just listened in on the conversation, without saying a word of her own volition. She would only speak when spoken to.

Things were going very well, and Luo Sulan did not ask for much of anything. The Ji family all agreed she was a nice person and believed her to be a well-educated housewife.

"Missus Han, after they both get married, I would like them both to become part of the Ji family. I believe it would be easier for us to take care of them, but I would like to hear your thoughts on the matter." Missus Ji posed the question.

Han Sen did not have a notable background, but if Grandfather Ji thought he had a promising future, they thought it best nurtured within the Ji family. Through their influence, he could gain far more and his change of family name would reflect better on Yanran.

Missus Ji also wanted to see her daughter, whenever she could. Therefore, this matter was a serious issue of discussion for her.

This was a desire of Grandfather Ji, too. The Ji family would allow the marriage, but only on the condition that Han Sen joined their family.

"I am sorry, Missus Ji. I only have one son, and I was hoping he could be by my side when I grow old," Luo Sulan responded. Coldly, she continued to say, "He is still a man of Han. A man should make his own family, don't you agree?"

Missus Ji's face changed at those words. One of Ji Yanran's aunts chimed in to say, "Missus Han, please reconsider your position on this. You are indeed correct in saying a man should create his own family. But one man's power is limited. If, in the future, he became Ruozen's son-in-law, that would make him the son-of-law of the president. If he did something inappropriate, it would shame our family."

"Yes, Missus Han. What year is this? Our Ji family is willing to help Han Sen, for with our power, he can become someone grand. He will make you prouder than you can imagine," another middle-aged woman joined in to speak.

Missus Ji then rejoined the talk, saying, "Missus Han, if Han Sen marries our daughter, he will be half my son. The Ji family will help him forge a legacy of his own and commit to fine, broad deeds. Isn't that what you desire?"

"I don't have many expectations. I only want him to be with me. Carrying on the Han family legacy is more than enough for me," Luo Sulan replied to the critics.

"Missus Han, this is not right. How can you not share concern for your son's future? Do you know what he will receive when he joins us? What he will achieve and where he will go? Aren't you selfish for not allowing him to join our family?" Missus Ji's tone was infected with undertones of anger now.

Han Sen could not hold his tongue any longer. He could take all the pressure, if he was the one under the microscope, but he couldn't stand for his mother to be bullied anymore.

Just as Han Sen was about to move, Luo Sulan's left hand stopped him. Although Luo Sulan did not turn to look, she held onto him really hard and prevented him from doing that which he wanted to.

Ji Yanran quickly tugged at her mom's sleeves, as well. She wanted her to stop pushing with her dialogue.

But Missus Ji was in no mood to stop her criticism, and she proceeded to say, "Missus Han, the Ji family is large and rich. My husband, Ji Ruozen, is the president of the Alliance. Do you really think I will allow my daughter to sink through the mud to be with you?"

"When you get married, the woman tends to follow her husband. Yanran is a fine child, and I'm sure she will be just fine," Luo Sulan calmly responded.

Just as Missus Ji was getting mad, prepared to say something else, a voice of someone annoyed came from further back, behind a screen.

"A housewife's opinion is one that allows their man to do everything. You are destroying his future." The voice was calm, but it was one that was drenched in intimidation. After the man spoke, everyone on the Ji's side quieted down.

"What can the Ji family provide him?" Luo Sulan, as composed as ever, looked to the screen and spoke.

"A reputation within the Alliance. One that will earn him the world." These words were spoken by Grandfather Ji. They were commanding words, and they were spoken with power.

"If that is the future, then I'd rather he stayed at home raising babies," Luo Sulan coldly scoffed in rebuttal. She was not spooked by the man that was now addressing her.

The Ji family's face looked strange, as what she said seemed so lame.

"You woman! You really don't know your place. I am being nice to your son, and you suggest he raise babies. What is it that you think men should do?" Grandfather Ji was furious. He stepped beyond the screen to see the woman that defied him, wanting to destroy her son's future.

The people of the Ji family were shocked, witnessing Grandfather Ji reveal himself. He looked mad, and not a single other person was willing to speak while he did so or try and usher calmness into him.

"Grandpa!" All apart from Ji Yanran, that was. She ran forward and tried to stop her grandfather's advance.

Grandfather Ji coldly said, "Do not worry. I am not planning to do anything; I just want to see who this disrespectful woman is."

As he talked, he walked in the direction of Luo Sulan. He took a look as he went, and his face entirely changed when he saw her.

He then quickly ran directly in front of her, which shocked the Ji family audience. They believed his wrath had been incited so much, he was running forward to do something.

But this was not so. Grandfather Ji looked nervous, and he reached out his hand to her. He wanted to grab her, but he pulled back as his body shivered.

"Lady Lan! You are Lady Lan? Do you not remember the Ji's third brother?" Grandfather Ji's vocal chords were trembling. His knees went soft, and he knelt in front of her with tears rolling down his cheeks.

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Chapter 753: Godslayer Luo

Everyone was still. The entire living room was silent and dead; you could hear a pin drop.

The Ji family was very noble and very religious. Grandfather Ji possessed the highest authority and governance. No one could quite believe they were watching this revered figure kneel in tears before Han Sen's mother. And despite her defiance, he called her "lady."

Even Han Sen was petrified. He did not expect the head of the Ji family would cry in front of his mother like a child.

"Who are you?" Luo Sulan looked a little worried, with the man in front of her. She reached out her hand and tried to raise him up. Her lips lifted a little when she spoke, which indicated to Han Sen that she was lying, and she did in fact know who he was.

"Lady Lan, I am Ji Yanwu. I am the third brother. Thirty-four years ago, I was fortunate to encounter you in the Sky-Water Pavilion. You were only eleven years old, and you were beside Mister Haitang. If you weren't wearing the Saint Heart Haitang brooch right now, I would have almost been disrespectful to you. Please forgive me." Grandfather Ji still would not stand up.

“Ah, it’s third uncle Ji! Get up! I can’t accept such reverence towards me. I apologize for not recognizing you, for back then you were still a young man with black hair. I cannot believe, in the advent of all these years, I am now a middle-aged woman. Furthermore, time has robbed your hair of its color.” Luo Sulan helped raise Grandfather Ji up.

Grandfather Ji, back on his two feet, excitedly asked, “Lady Lan, how is Mister Haitang doing?”

“Grandpa’s body is still healthy, but he is getting old and does not go out much.” Luo Sulan smiled faintly as she spoke.

Seeing Grandfather Ji chat-up Luo Sulan bewildered the Ji family, and they suddenly did not understand what was going on. Even Han Sen was puzzled; his mouth was wide open in awe.

“Why does my mother’s family suddenly seem so powerful? Do I actually hail from a rich family? No way! If I was, why would I grow up in such poverty? Numerous times, we almost lost our home.” Han Sen’s heart was now brimming with countless questions.

“Is this kid your son?” Grandfather Ji looked at Han Sen with exuberantly kind eyes. He looked at him more brightly than he did his own sons.

“Yes; this is my son. His name is Han Sen.” Luo Sulan smiled and gave Han Sen another introduction.

“It is no wonder he is your son. He is such a smart kid, and he has achieved so much at his relatively young age. His future is bound to be one of greatness, and it is of magnificent fortune that Ji Yanran is to marry him.” Grandfather Ji complimented Han Sen as if he was the smartest person in the universe.

“Father, who is this?” Ji Ruozen could no longer stay silent. He wanted to get a better understanding of the family his daughter was marrying into.

It wasn’t just Ji Ruozen who wanted an explanation; it was everyone who was present. They all stared at Han Sen and his mother in perplexity, as what had just happened in the past few minutes was too difficult to believe. Now, they really wanted to know who Han Sen’s mother was to make Grandfather Ji behave like that.

“Ruozen, we are to become a family with Lady Lan. You should all be nice to each other.” Grandfather Ji looked utterly delighted, and he continued on by saying, “We are so lucky!”

“Father, who is Mister Haitang?” Ji Ruozen knew his father well, and his behavior wouldn’t be so ebullient if this was just anyone. To incite such a reaction, the person he was referring to would have to be someone of legendary or mythical status.

Grandfather Ji’s eyes seemed complicated now, as if they were peering off into his own distant past. It was like he was on a blissful reverie, taking a trip down the lane of his memories. “His name may not be one to spark the imagination, but you know who he is. He has long protected this family. Solo, he reached the Fourth Shelter and even claimed a shelter for himself in a realm of demigods.”

“Godslayer Luo?” Ji Ruozhen’s face suddenly changed. Before he could say anything more, screams were already erupting from various corners of the Ji audience. Everyone looked at Han Sen and his mother with tremendous shock.

The fourth shelter was not a place for ordinary humans. Demigod elites could only scratch an existence for themselves there. In the fourth shelter, throughout history, humans had only managed to claim ten shelters for themselves. Demigod class humans only used such places as safehouses, so they could remain alive.

Nine human demigod shelters were the fruits of a cooperative effort between many different factions of the Alliance. But one of these shelters was claimed solo, by a human demigod. He fought for it for four days and four nights. This person was an enigma, and most people only knew his surname. He preferred to go solo, and he loved nothing more than slaying beings that were greater than him. Over time, this earned him the title “Godslayer Luo.”

Although Godslayer Luo was a violent person with a strange personality, he was a protector. And those who swore their allegiance to him would receive his guardianship.

“Back in the day, we went out on a hunt. We went to take out a royal shelter in the Third God’s Sanctuary, me with a few uncles. We were victorious, but only for a brief while. Our claim was staked in that place for ten days before the most wretched thing happened. A beast descended from the skies and laid waste to our new home. It overwhelmed the forces of our shelter, and so foul was this creature, it didn’t seem likely our combined might could slay or even stay its attack. Me and two thousand family members looked likely to be killed by that thing, but that was when Mister Haitang appeared. He came alone and with a single strike, he lopped the head of that monster clean off. The Ji family was saved. Without Mister Haitang, there would be no Ji family. I wouldn’t be alive right now, if it wasn’t for that man.”

Grandfather Ji looked upon the faces of his family and said, “Mister Haitang saved our family. If someone here does not treat Lady Lan with the respect she deserves, they will be subject to family discipline.”

Ji Ruozhen and everyone else quickly agreed, but in their hearts, they thought, “Weren’t you the one that came forward, seething with rage at first?”

Han Sen felt like he was dreaming. Ten minutes ago, the Ji family was bullying his mother. Now, they were all praising her.

Seeing his mom suddenly surrounded by people who looked on her like a goddess, he didn’t think what he was seeing was real.

“Is my mother really the child of Godslayer Luo?” Han Sen’s head was stuffed with questions.

The discussions regarding the engagement resumed, and they seemed to go well. Grandfather Ji stood to the side, listening intently. In the end, Luo Sulan had the final say on everything. The Ji family didn’t object to a single desire of hers.

She was given an invitation to stay over, by Grandfather Ji, but she turned the offer down. So, later, Han Sen and his mother left the Ji family household together. Grandfather Ji made sure all the family members bid them a fond farewell as they entered their ship.

“Mom, you have been hiding a lot from me.” Now, when it was just the two of them, Han Sen started his interrogation.

Luo Sulan simply smiled in response, saying, “What did I hide from you?”

“You never told me that my grandfather was Godslayer Luo.” Han Sen was eager to know more.

“I didn’t hide it; I guess I just never spoke about it. If you wanted to know, I would have told you.” Luo Sulan blinked.

Han Sen did not know what to say in response. After a few moments of silence, he had a question he wanted to ask. “If your family is that powerful, how can we be bullied by our second uncles and aunts?”

Chapter 754: Really Didn’t Teach You?

Luo Sulan smiled and said, “Technically, there are two problems. First, I was exiled from my family for running off to marry your father. As such, I can hardly be considered a part of the Luo family. Second, you’re asking why we were bullied by our second uncles and aunties? That’s a little harder to explain. We owe them; let’s leave it at that.”

“We owe them? What is that supposed to mean?” Han Sen didn’t expect that answer, and he ended up looking at Luo Sulan with surprise.

“I’m not sure. But that is what your father told me, actually. He never told me the details, however.” Luo Sulan smiled as she spoke.

“My father... did he really die?” Han Sen’s heart always held onto the glimmer of hope his father might still be alive. Following his accident, no body had actually been retrieved, after all.

“Honestly? I don’t know. I have spent many years investigating his death myself, but I have yet to unearth another truth. Still, I do believe your father is alive.” Luo Sulan’s eyes displayed certainty in this belief.

Han Sen moved his lips as if to say something, but those words never came. Instead, he ended up saying, “Mom, your fighting skills must be powerful.”

“They’re okay. Your grandfather taught me fairly well,” Luo Sulan smiled and said.

“Then why don’t you teach me what grandfather taught you?” Han Sen asked Luo Sulan with vibrant eyes, that possessed a hint of disappointment he hadn’t been offered such teachings before.

Luo Sulan smiled at Han Sen and suggestively asked, "Are you sure I did not teach you?"

"Of course. I think I would know if you had taught me something," Han Sen said.

Luo Sulan reached out her hand to grab Han Sen by the ear and said, "My stupid son, I cannot believe you have no clue about what I taught you. Do you think your decision-making abilities, fighting abilities, learning abilities, timing abilities, predictive abilities, thinking abilities, your world-view, your attitude to do things, the principles of being a human, and your reactive abilities were self-taught or natural attributes which you were born possessing?"

Han Sen was shocked, having always believed himself to be supremely talented through self-education. Now he understood that ever since he was small, the reason his mother left him to his own devices often was so he could become more independent. Even when it came to playing games, she had trained his abilities on the sly.

Han Sen then remembered the game of Red Hands, which he frequently played with his mother. They played it more than anything together, and only now did he realize that this was what had enabled him to have such good timing and reactions, and also allowed him to read other people so well.

There were a lot of other similar things. And he was now flabbergasted to realize that throughout his childhood, his mother had taught and guided him seamlessly, without making the training an apparent chore. Luo Sulan had a great influence in his youth and had a bigger hand in shaping his personality than he had previously given her credit for.

But still, these powers she had taught were fairly ordinary. There was nothing special or exclusive about what she had taught him, yet it was his excellence in these departments that allowed him to later stand out amongst others.

"But you never taught me the Luo family's hyper geno art." Saying this, Han Sen sounded upset again.

"In this world, what makes you strong? You. If you are powerful enough, it does not matter which hyper geno art you learn; if you are strong, you are strong. If I instead opted to teach you the most powerful Qi Gong there is, it wouldn't have mattered. With low base traits, you'd be a noob no matter what. Who you are as a person is what defines your ultimate power, and you have done just fine without that hyper geno art. I taught you the necessities for becoming a powerful figure in this crazy world, and from what I can tell, it paid off. That was the task I gave myself, and teaching that hyper geno art was not in my interest."

Luo Sulan stopped talking for a brief moment. She sighed, then continued to say, "And I left the Luo family, anyway. I have no association with them, if you disregard my name. The last thing I wanted was you getting involved with them, needlessly."

Han Sen noticed Luo Sulan had no desire to talk about the Luo family she had left behind, so he didn't push the subject further. Instead, he asked, "Are these really the relics from my great grandfather?"

Luo Sulan nodded and said, "Yes. Your father gave them to me."

“So, great grandfather really is Instructor Han?” Han Sen went silent after asking the question, and simply stared at his mother.

Luo Sulan had a wry smile and responded by saying, “I would like to know this, too. I thought your father was just an average, funny guy. He doesn’t quite seem so average anymore, does he?”

Han Sen found it difficult to believe that she knew so little about his father. If she did know more than she was letting on, he suspected there was something she thought best not to mention.

But Han Sen knew he wasn’t going to get any answers, so he didn’t ask anything else about him.

“Mom, do you know what super geno points are?” Right now, they were back home. And feeling like a door-to-door, sleazy salesman, Han Sen popped the sneaky question.

Luo Sulan gave Han Sen a complicated look and said, “I have taught you many things. But what I have taught you all goes to aid you in achieving an easy life for yourself. Your cleverness and abilities have exceeded all my wildest expectations. As good as this may be, it is not without its downsides. If you were merely an ordinary person, you’d be safe. By being someone special, more often than not, you may find yourself facing death.”

Han Sen wasn’t quite sure what she was getting at, so he just looked at her.

“If you have willingly selected the road you currently tread, then by all means advance and keep going. But it is a lonely road, a less-traveled path that only holds room for one. Even your dearest person in this world will be unable to help you. But if you think you cannot go any further, then by all means stop. At least that way you’ll live longer.”

Luo Sulan stroked Han Sen’s head with love and said, “I wish you the best of luck, my son. Perhaps one day you will indeed become someone of much renown.”

“Mom, I never studied much. Could you say what you just said in a simpler way?” Han Sen’s face looked very embarrassed, as he couldn’t understand a thing.

“There is no need for you to understand. Just be who you are. You have always followed your heart, in the deeds of the past and present. Adhere to this simple philosophy as you continue your march, now and into the future.” Luo Sulan ruffled Han Sen’s hair into a mess, pinched his cheek, smiled, and then said, “I actually have high expectations of you.”

Han Sen felt so helpless. His mother was overall reluctant to say much and didn’t provide many answers to the questions for which he sought resolution. All he had learned was how powerful his mother’s family had actually been, but it did not help. The details were scarce, and in regards to his father, Han Sen was still unsure whether he was dead or alive. He ended up with more questions than answers.

But the engagement plans went well, and that took a load off Han Sen’s shoulders. Now, he could finally place his name on Ji Yanran.

“Hm, next up; how do I get rid of this troublesome fairy?” Han Sen had been kept busy for two weeks. When he returned to the shelter in the desert, the fairy was still vigilant outside the walls of the Yellowstone City. It looked like he had no choice, and they’d have to fight each other until one of them dropped, no matter what.

Chapter 755: Falsified-Sky Sutra

Han Sen couldn't think of a solution to the predicament he was in, so he thought about sending his mother a message. He had hoped to maybe receive some help from his mother, and perhaps get a glimpse of the true extent of her power.

"Figure it out yourself." The text reply was those four simple words.

Han Sen shook his head and gave a wry smile. His hopes were quickly dashed, so he gave up on the idea of consulting his mother on this. Now, he knew he had to sort it out himself.

"I doubt I can outrun it. It really seems the only way out of this is to kill the thing. But the fairy's body is so strong that not even my Elephant-Rex Strike was able to damage it. How on earth can I kill something that strong?" Han Sen thought to himself.

While Han Sen was still in the midst of these thoughts, his communicator rang. There was a message.

The message came from a number that was unknown to him. Alongside the text there was a video, and it was showcasing a hyper geno art.

But this hyper geno art did not have any instructions, and its ending was cut-off. Even its title wasn't there. That being said, the explanation was very detailed.

"Wrong number, maybe?" Han Sen took a peek and was quickly attracted by its contents. Giving it a proper read, he was shocked at what it contained.

If this hyper geno art was genuine, it supposed that you could unleash your elemental powers before achieving the rank of a celestial being. Such a power would unleash massive damage.

"A hyper geno art of this magnitude was sent to the wrong number? That's a little hard to believe. There has to be more to this than meets the eye." Han Sen thought, so he decided to reply to the message.

"Hello. How are you? I think you sent this to the wrong person."

If the person really did send it to an incorrect address, it would be easy for them to learn who the recipient was. It would be impossible for Han Sen to hide or deny the fact he had received the message, so there was no point in lying.

"No. I was correct," the person quickly replied.

Han Sen was surprised. He frowned and sent another message. "You know who I am?"

"Han Sen." The person on the other end sent those two measly words.

"Who are you? Why are you providing me with this hyper geno art?" Han Sen was intrigued, and so he responded with haste.

“You deserve it. If there is anything you do not understand during its training, feel free to message me.” It wasn’t the answer Han Sen wanted, but at least the person on the other end was now typing complete, lengthy sentences.

Han Sen sent another message, but he received no response.

“What does a ‘bright day’ mean?” Han Sen read the hyper geno art, selected the two words and messaged the person on the other end.

To this, the person on the other end instantly replied and explained its meaning.

“Who are you?” Han Sen asked again, but like before, this question went unanswered. It was fairly obvious by now that this person was only willing to talk about the hyper geno art. Anything else was met with silence.

But Han Sen himself now went quiet. The hyper geno art appeared strange, and it was delivered by a person who seemed quite fishy. Anyone would have exercised caution if they were in Han Sen’s boots right then.

Han Sen looked over the hyper geno art quite a few times and came to understand that it was indeed quite a powerful skill. The details were very well-explained, so it didn’t seem possible for it to be a knock-off. Han Sen believed it to be the real deal.

If he successfully learnt this hyper geno art, it might be what was needed for the little angel to wipe out the little fairy. The only problem was the way in which it had been delivered. It came into his possession quite strangely, and Han Sen wasn’t sure why anyone would be willing to send him such a special hyper geno art willy-nilly. Han Sen wondered what the person sought to achieve, by giving it to him.

At this time, on another planet, a middle-aged man had a cruel expression on his face. He sat inside a pavilion, drinking tea. All the while, he watched fish swim about in a pond.

In the center of the pavilion was a stone table, and sitting near it was a beautiful woman. She was engaged with a laptop. She put it down and said with a smile, “Do you think that guy will go ahead and learn it?”

“He has to.” The man did not move his head or avert his gaze from the fish.

“What if he doesn’t?” The beautiful woman asked, with some excitement over the entire affair.

“He will. He may not be Luo in name, but he still shares our blood. He is carrying our genes and so, he will learn it,” the man explained, without lifting his head. His voice was calm and composed, and it oozed confidence.

“But his body’s blood isn’t solely from the Luo family.” The beautiful woman squinted her eyes and continued by saying, “Lady Lan has been gone for many years. She tried everything she could to get away from us. Why bother them now?”

“This is the fate of the Luo family; it is not something we can escape.” The man’s eyes looked strange.

“If, I was just saying ‘if,’ he did not learn it.” The woman increased her tone of voice deliberately.

The man now slowly turned around. He stared at the woman for a while and then said, “He will learn it. No ifs, no buts. If he does not learn it, then that means he is not one of ours.”

The beautiful woman was silenced and she did not say anything else. She maintained the silence between them in the pavilion, and simply listened to the gentle wind that caressed them both.

On Planet Roca, Luo Sulan placed her hands on her cheeks and daydreamed in front of her desk. She sighed and thought, “I can only suppose they are aware of Han Sen’s existence by now. The Falsified-Sky Sutra is in Han Sen’s hands by now, most probably. Can he resist the temptation of its learning? It is difficult to say.”

Inside the base headquarters, Han Sen turned his communicator off and stopped reading the hyper geno art.

The Falsified-Sky Sutra was not enough to draw Han Sen in yet, as Dongxuan Sutra was not inferior to it. The skill was presented to him out of nowhere, and he was still not sure who had given it to him and for what purpose. He wasn’t quite willing to accept a skill he had no prior knowledge about.

And he still had Blood-Pulse to learn in the near future, too. That wasn’t any worse than the Falsified-Sky Sutra, either.

This was one aspect of his personality that Luo Sulan made sure to train into Han Sen as he grew up. There were some self-serving modifications, however.

Luo Sulan formulated a base for Han Sen’s personality, and it was only after he had been living in the shelter that it started to complete. It even had his own style.

Even Luo Sulan thought Han Sen could not resist the temptation of learning the skill. But what neither she nor the mysterious figures knew, was that Han Sen had the Dongxuan Sutra. He was far more powerful than they both believed him to be, and as such, the Falsified-Sky Sutra meant little to him.

Han Sen logged into the Skynet and entered the Saint Hall community. He purchased the skill “Sonic-Thunder Punch.” He had finally come up with a way to kill the fairy.

Chapter 756: Sonic-Thunder Punch

The last time Han Sen saw Sonic-Thunder Punch, he fancied buying it. But back then, he was browsing for skills to be used by his other-self, Coin. Therefore, he ended up buying Elephant-Disc Punch.

This time, Han Sen was free to buy Sonic-Thunder Punch as himself, from the Saint Hall. Having done so, he was keen to start into its practice.

Han Sen read Sonic-Thunder Punch’s instructions and realized that it primarily dealt damage using thunder elemental power. In the instructions, however, it was noted that you could increase its potential by fusing the thunder with the sonic element.

Most people could only manage to possess and wield one elemental power. The most talented evolvers had been known to possess two different elements, but Han Sen had never seen the combination of thunder and sonic used before.

Han Sen could simulate the silver fox's thunder powers and Death Knell's sonic power, so there was nothing stopping him from giving it a try. With those two elemental powers combined as a base for his Sonic-Thunder Punch, Han Sen had high expectations.

After buying the skill and its geno solution, Han Sen didn't hesitate to swallow it all the first chance he got. He simulated the silver fox's thunder element and got right into practice.

Han Sen had spent half the day training, and his body was already beginning to hum with static. When he swung his fists, crackles and sparks of electricity popped and twitched.

But the thunder power remained in his body; he couldn't fire it out like a projectile.

Over the next eight days, Han Sen madly practiced Sonic-Thunder Punch in the Yellowstone City. Using the thunder element as a base, it only took three days for him to fully complete the skill's learning.

But it would be pointless to use Sonic-Thunder Punch as it was. Its raw power was similar to Elephant-Disc Punch's power, and therefore would not be enough to damage the fairy.

While Han Sen simulated his sonic and thunder power, however, a problem arose. When Han Sen cast both elements, he found it difficult to combine them into the Sonic-Thunder Punch he was aiming for.

Han Sen could use his thunder element to cast Sonic-Thunder Punch, and he could use his sonic powers to cast Sonic-Thunder Punch, with each adhering to its respective element and qualities.

But despite how many times he tried, Han Sen could not come to grips with casting Sonic-Thunder Punch under the fusion of both the thunder and sonic elements.

Trying to find the right measurements and balance was difficult.

Han Sen summoned his little angel and practiced it with her, hoping he could gain enough experience to improve.

Zhou Yumei was bored, as she sat on the bench in the plaza. Each and every day, all there was to entertain her eyes was Han Sen practicing and training his skills with the little angel. She did not understand why Han Sen still required so much practice, despite his already incredible strength.

She really wanted Han Sen to show her a way out, as he would sneak back to the Alliance on his own frequently.

Zhou Yumei had requested this many times, to no avail. Han Sen's method of returning to the Alliance, however, was simple. Every time he wanted to go back, he would summon his little angel and get her to restrain the spirit in the spirit hall. While it was busy, Han Sen could just run on through the teleporter.

And despite her repeated pleading, Han Sen refused to bring her with him. Every time he returned, he did so in possession of an abundance of snacks. They weren't gifts for her, though. In fact, they were the opposite. For a very high price, he would sell her these snacks, and the amount would be written down as a debt on her contract like a tab.

"What a horrible man!" Zhou Yumei munched on the snacks she was helpless to refuse, as she watched Han Sen and the little angel with scorn.

Suddenly, a large clap of thunder sounded. Han Sen's fist cast lightning like a silver sun.

The wrecking fist was driven into a one meter wide and one meter thick pillar. It was annihilated.

An aftershock followed the terrifying punch, which rattled Zhou Yumei into dropping her snacks all over the floor. Her ears rang and her energy felt disturbed. She fell on the floor, spitting out blood.

It took a while for her to stand back up, and she could only do so when her energy started returning to normal and the sound had dissipated. She looked at Han Sen, who was staring at his own fist in surprise.

"Sonic-Thunder Punch, eh? It looks like I've finally gotten the hang of it. The combination of sonic and thunder really is quite fierce. Increased damage aside, it seems I can even disturb the energy flow of my opponents. This punch is almost as powerful as Elephant-Rex Strike." Han Sen was overjoyed. After his constant practice, he had finally completed his training of Sonic-Thunder Punch.

There was one negative, however; the punch drained all his power. It cost even more than Elephant-Rex Strike. Despite his Jade-Sun Force's constant replenishment of energy, he still had a shortage.

But this did little to hamper his excitement. If that punch could disturb the little fairy's energy flow, then it'd open her up for a savage onslaught by the little angel. With a side of luck, that'd be enough to overcome her.

Han Sen took a break. He still wanted to practice some more, but for the time being, he'd have to wait for his energy to return.

He only succeeded in performing his desired strike once. It was too dicey to go out there now, expecting his next try to be a success, too. He had to ensure, no matter how much time it took, that he had perfected the casting of Sonic-Thunder Punch.

Zhou Yumei sat atop a stone tower, watching Han Sen practice from a distance. After what happened last time, she didn't want to sit too close to where he was training.

Although Han Sen did not talk to her much, and he wasn't nice whenever he did, she cherished the company she had. She was delighted to no longer be all alone in this desert city.

She had the suspicion that the man was obsessed with combat. It dampened her spirits somewhat, and she hoped that he could take a time-out every now and then to spend time with her, or at least to talk a little.

Obviously, Han Sen was more interested in practicing a fighting skill than interacting with her. He practiced the skill every day, and only spoke with her briefly during his breaks. Yet those small snippets of conversation were the happiest, brightest moments of her day.

This man was able to take her worries and throw them away, but at the same time, he could also make her sad.

Recently, she had noticed that his ring finger was no longer naked—he had a ring on. Seeing this made her upset.

Suddenly, another loud thunderbolt broke the skies. Even though she was sitting a good distance away, she still had to throw her hands over her ears as the energy inside her body succumbed to turmoil.

After the loud noise, Zhou Yumei immediately ran down to him. She knew every time Han Sen cast that punch, he'd be in need of a lengthy break.

“Hey! So, what sort of skill are you learning? It looks kinda lame, doesn't it? What does it do, give people a jump scare? How about you let me teach you some real skills?” Zhou Yumei ran straight to Han Sen and spoke in a prideful tone.

Han Sen smiled at her but did not say anything. The woman was already in her twenties, but her personality hadn't quite caught up yet; she was a bit childish, he thought.

Seeing Zhou Yumei like that, Han Sen had a flashback to his days as a child. He remembered when he once bullied a girl, all because he fancied her.

“I'm good, thank you. I'm afraid I don't have the time to practice your real skills,” Han Sen coldly said. He could cast Sonic-Thunder Punch perfectly by now, and once his energy had recovered this time, he would be off. He was going to attempt his next fight against the fairy.

Chapter 757: Battling a Fairy

In the middle of the Black Desert, Han Sen and the little angel walked. They were a good distance away from the shelter, since Han Sen wanted to use a beast soul associated with Coin. As such, he didn't want Zhou Yumei to see.

Han Sen ran across the desert sands, all the while observing the regions he paced through.

The fairy popped out of the black sands, and with a maddened stare towards Han Sen, let out a fierce gust of icy air.

Han Sen ignored her sudden appearance and continued his run. The little angel swiftly came to Han Sen's back and cut off the fairy's advance.

The little angel garnered the fairy's attention well enough for it to go after her, and in this way, the fairy was led countless miles until the Yellowstone City was out of sight. Han Sen summoned all manner of beast souls and armored up in preparation for a fight against the fairy.

Under the protection provided by the ant king's armor and the Devil Unicorn's elemental shroud, at least Han Sen couldn't be one-shotted by his fluttering nemesis. He also had Jadeskin prepared, revved up and ready to withstand any ice powers that broke through his defenses.

For the actual fight, however, little angel would be Han Sen's greatest weapon. Han Sen's combat contributions would be secondary, as his attacks did little to the fairy individually; but he at least hoped that together they would be greater than the sum of their parts. He didn't want to use the Sonic-Thunder Punch yet, but he was able to incite the fairy's fury well-enough without it for now. His pestering jabs gave the fairy a rabid lust for Han Sen's blood.

Turning to him, the fairy unleashed its ice powers, and so Han Sen retreated for the moment. He evaded her attacks and called for the little angel to resume its kiting.

After doing this a few times, the harassment of Han Sen's petty strikes and subsequent evasions got on the fairy's nerves. More than ever, it desired nothing more than to hack Han Sen into pieces.

The fairy took advantage of her next opportunity to dodge the little angel's attack and buzzed right past her. Like a wild, icy shadow, she quickly gained on Han Sen.

But this did not come as a surprise to him; rather, this pleased Han Sen. His eyes flashed as he cast his Dongxuan Sutra. Half of his body gleamed like silver lightning, while the other half chimed ominously like an ancient bell. The moment the fairy appeared in front of Han Sen, his fist blurred towards her.

The silver lightning and the bell sounds came as one. His fist was like a silver sun, shooting towards the fairy.

Dong!

The fairy's face convulsed into an expression of hatred, and in response she threw her own fist to greet the incoming star. As they collided, streaks of silver lightning and cones of exhausted frosty air consumed the environment with the noise of a deafening explosion.

The silver lightning could not hurt the fairy, but the bell's sound threw the fairy for a loop. She began twirling around at the mercy of a violent seizure, seemingly dazed out of her ordinary consciousness.

The force that was birthed by the collision of fists sent Han Sen careening across the desert dunes, a one hundred meter skid mark unfurling behind him. Blood flew out of his heaving mouth.

The little angel dashed forward to slice the fairy while its energy was disturbed. Her hefty blow finally drew blood, forming a nasty gash.

Pang!

The fairy was launched into the black sand like a bullet, and it let out a screech of agony.

"Finish her!" Han Sen commanded the little angel, as he quickly made his own exhausted retreat.

After his strike, his body was weak. It would take him a long time to recover and become battle-ready again. If the little fairy found its wings and resumed its chase, he feared he'd be killed in no time at all.

But there was no need for the verbal command, because the little angel was already raising her greatsword once more. She drove it down into the sandy cleft the fairy's body had created as it crashed.

Like a geyser, ice burst forth from the sandy crevice. Inside the pit, the fairy was down on its knees. With excruciating effort, it lifted one hand to block the greatsword.

The little angel's eyes flashed, and she brought the greatsword down once more. The fairy was drained of her prior power, and now the sword managed to pierce through her hand and draw blood.

The fairy's body collapsed into the sand, the blood from the wound on its back oozing out at a dangerous speed. She was not done for yet, however. She let out another screech and, as if it instilled her with renewed vigor, amplified the power of her icy fortification. She stood up straight as a frightening, frosty air froze the greatsword that sought to end her. Within two seconds, the ice had consumed the entire blade.

The little angel was afraid to get hurt, so she let go of the greatsword and took a step back.

The fairy used this moment to escape her sandy coffin and race towards Han Sen. Her frosty air swirled around her, and although she was heavily wounded, her demise did not matter if she could bring Han Sen down with her.

"Holy smokes! It was the little angel that injured you. What are you coming after me for?" Han Sen's heart had been dropped into a vat of quicksand, recalling how he had actually only managed to hurt the fairy once. For the entire time she had hounded him, he had no idea what drove her desire for vengeance, or why she despised him so much.

Han Sen boosted his powers a little, so he could throw his frail body out of the way and dodge her incoming attack. The fairy looked as if she was ready to keel over and succumb to her wounds; whatever happened next, it would be her final stand.

Han Sen could not risk coming into contact with any attack the fairy made now. With his body in such a weakened condition, he'd sustain grievous damage if he allowed her attacks to touch him.

The fairy's final strike was stronger than anything that had come before. If it was unleashed against the little angel, she would have been able to dodge with no problem. But in Han Sen's current state, there was nothing he could do.

The little angel was trying to catch up to the fairy, but it was too late. Knowing it would be impossible for him to attempt an evasion, Han Sen summoned his Flaming Rex Spike and held it to his chest right as the fairy's fist was coming at him.

Pang!

An icy tornado was summoned, and it quickly smothered the flames of the rex spike. A brutal force was driven into his rex spike, which in turn got pushed into Han Sen's chest. Han Sen's black smoke was doused and his armor shattered. He was sent flying.

While Han Sen was in the air, his entire body and rex spike were consumed by a wailing tornado. He became an ice cube, and when he fell back down to the ground, he was like an iceberg in the sea of sand.

The little angel caught up from behind, swung her greatsword, and whacked the fairy down into the black sand. Blood now gushed from her exposed wounds.

The fairy had reached the end of its tether, and it would soon die. It had no hope of competing against the little angel anymore. It was drained of strength and its body was covered in exposed wounds that gushed blood.

The little angel's eyes flashed, and she waved her white wings. But as she flew towards the fairy, a firework of frost and ice rocketed into the air and exploded. The dazzling display brought with it an abundance of snowflakes.

But within the snowfall, a small shadow fluttered out of the haze with great speed.

The fairy wasn't dead, but like a shadow, it took off in the direction of the bamboo forest.

Katcha!

Han Sen cleaved his way through the ice that encased him. His chest was all bloody and cut; even his ribcage was exposed.

"Kill her!" Han Sen was now infuriated, and he did not care for the wound on his chest. He summoned his wings to give the fairy chase and vowed to the heavens above that he'd kill her.

Chapter 758: Taking Care of the Fairy

The fairy's escape was extremely quick, and even the little angel had great difficulty catching up to her. But quite abruptly, the fairy slowed down. It seemed as if her burst of speed had chugged and come to an end, due to a complete exhaustion of her own strength. Now, even slower than usual, it fluttered away from the battle.

Han Sen and the little angel followed the fairy to the black mountain, and watched it retreat into the mouth of the cave the scorpion had once dug. Together, they followed the fairy inside.

Hastily, the tiny menace whizzed her way through the bamboo forest in a bid to reach the icy domain where they had first discovered it. Han Sen wasn't sure why it would retreat there, but he knew he would have to finish it off soon. He commanded the little angel to venture ahead and close the distance the fairy was currently gaining on them.

But the fairy had now gained a fair lead, and even if they went at their top speed, it'd be difficult for them to catch up anytime soon.

The fairy managed to reach the lake, and now that the narcissus was gone, a thick layer of ice coated the entire area. Not even the water could be seen anymore.

The fairy smacked the one foot thick ice that paneled the water and shattered it. Without lingering, it quickly dove into the icy cauldron.

The little angel didn't hesitate to follow her in, and plunged in after her. To her surprise, the lake itself was shallow, only a few meters deep, at the most. Han Sen caught up and stood by the water's edge. The lake was pure and he could see what occurred below with startling clarity.

Han Sen watched the little angel swing her greatsword beneath the water, but it seemed as if something was repelling the completion of her strikes, and she was unable to deal damage to the heavily injured fairy.

When Han Sen looked closer, he noticed the fairy was hiding inside a fist-sized scallop shell. The scallop shell was translucent like refined ice, and you would only notice its presence if you peered closely.

As the fairy lay inside the scallop shell, it was naked and bleeding heavily. Its butterfly-like wings fluttered weakly, and it looked scared by the menacing angel that lusted for its blood.

Han Sen observed the little angel deliver a few more strikes, all to no avail. Then, he commanded her to pick up the entire scallop shell from the lake.

The scallop shell felt cold when Han Sen held it in his hand. It was unlike any other shell he had ever held before. It looked as if it had been carved from some icy jade, yet it looked natural and it didn't seem to have been crafted by anyone.

"Is this gear that was created by the fairy?" As Han Sen mulled the question, he examined the dying fairy, which appeared to be in shock.

But Han Sen came to the conclusion that this assumption was incorrect. The fairy was born from a narcissus, so it hadn't had the opportunity to create gear for itself yet. After all, even if it could make gear, why would it create a scallop shell?

Han Sen placed the scallop shell on the ground and bid for the little angel to smack it a few more times. But it was incredibly durable, and try as she might, she could not break it open. The repeated strikes only drew thin white marks across its previously untarnished exterior.

Han Sen then sought to try out his toxic-dragon drill on it, but that proved futile. After that strike, all that remained on the shell was a little white dot.

He tried everything at his disposal, but still, he could not crack the shell open. With a great depression, his heart sunk with the thought, "Taking on this fairy was no small feat. Will this whole thing result in failure, all due to its hiding?"

But quickly, Han Sen noticed something was amiss. The fairy should have been happy at Han Sen's inability to get at it. But instead, it looked shocked, and worse than ever.

Han Sen picked up the scallop once more and noticed something wrong with it.

The scallop was not empty, as its interior was full of a transparent liquid. Han Sen at first believed it to be water from the lake, but upon closer inspection, realized it wasn't.

The liquid was corrosive, and it was rotting the fairy's wounds. It wasn't healing, and instead, it was doing much worse.

Han Sen smiled at this revelation. Just as he believed, the scallop shell was indeed not a gear created by the fairy.

Han Sen then assumed the scallop shell belonged to another creature but somehow, it had ended up at the bottom of the lake. Searching for safety, the fairy tried to use it as a hiding spot. She most likely did not realize the oozy mucus inside the shell would deteriorate her wounds into an even worse state.

Perhaps she had hidden inside the shell before, but the liquid couldn't do anything to her fair and undamaged body. Maybe that was why she thought it a great idea to hide inside, and jovially prevent Han Sen from finishing her off.

But the fairy did not expect the previously harmless liquid to begin finishing her off. She was trapped inside, all the while her wounds eroded.

"Let's see you get out of this one," Han Sen calmly mocked the fairy, but did not believe she would submit to the fate of a grisly corrosion inside the shell without attempting one last daring escape. By remaining inside, a far less merciful death would await her than what Han Sen would gleefully provide.

Her entire body now slowly melted, and it was going to do so until only her bones remained. It was going to be a horrific death, for sure.

If Han Sen was the fairy, he'd have come out and fought by now. Dying in battle was far better than the slow, torturous death of being withered away by a thick and translucent mucus.

But the fairy was still stubbornly holding on, not daring an escape.

Han Sen was in no rush, though. He allowed the little angel to hold onto the scallop shell for him as they departed the bamboo forest and returned to the Yellowstone City. There was no fear of the fairy daring an escape, as her death was secured no matter what she attempted.

But it did look like it was going to be a while before it died, and judging from the fairy's face, it wasn't yet ready to run off, if it ever would be.

The fairy was already badly injured, and it was only going to get worse the longer it remained inside. The later it exited the shell, the weaker it would be. Han Sen no longer had any worries about this entire affair with the fairy. For the chance of obtaining its beast soul, Han Sen allowed the little angel to continue holding it and stay vigil for its slaying, if the fairy every decided to leave the shell.

Even if he could not receive the beast soul, he could refine her Life Geno essence or eat her flesh. Either way, slaying her would be beneficial. Her blood could feed the Death Knell, too. With the blood of a second-generation super creature, perhaps his bell pet would start growing.

After resolving the entire debacle with the fairy, Han Sen no longer wanted to linger in the solitary shelter. He hadn't found out why there was a super spirit chained up in the spirit hall, but he ultimately decided it had nothing to do with him and didn't mind leaving the mystery unresolved. After preparing his supplies, he rallied Zhou Yumei and Little Orange to accompany him in a journey across the desert sands and away from the Yellowstone City.

The fairy was still hanging on inside the scallop shell, as her wounds got worse and worse. Han Sen figured she wouldn't survive another ten days, and by then, she'd be nothing but bones.

"Do you actually know the way out of here?" Zhou Yumei asked from atop Little Orange, as the unceasing sun bore down on her.

"No." Han Sen quickly replied. He had selected a direction and decided to stick to it, but he had no defined path that would lead him out of the Black Desert.

Zhou Yumei thought about starting an argument with Han Sen, and she raised her lips to do so. But right before the words left her lips, the sound of a bird screeching pierced their eardrums. Far across the sweltering dunes of the Black Desert, a black-flamed phoenix-like bird was flying.

Chapter 759: Defenseless Woman

Han Sen was taken aback at the sight of the black-flame phoenix soaring across the horizon. Its speed was incredible, and it disappeared from sight within the blink of an eye.

A heat wave descended from the sky and almost cooked Han Sen's body hair.

Fortunately, the phoenix did not seem to be interested in them. It simply flew on its own accord and disappeared. That being said, it seemed to be going in the direction Han Sen had selected for his own journey.

"Why don't we switch course and choose a different direction to go in? Ill fortune is the only thing that can come from a close-encounter with such a creature," Zhou Yumei suggested with worry.

Before they caught sight of the bird, Zhou Yumei noticed her Little Orange was a little on edge.

Han Sen shook his head, however. "We have to go this way."

If he wanted to cross the Black Desert, he had to continue in the direction he was going. And the phoenix-like bird did not seem interested in them, anyway. It was most likely just passing by.

After another two days of travel, it occurred to Han Sen that they had not again seen the bird, whereas Zhou Yumei forgot about the sighting entirely. After dark, Han Sen erected a tent so he could rest for the night and move on the morrow.

"How come you only ever erect one tent for yourself? Where do you expect me to sleep, huh?" Zhou Yumei's black eyes were opened wide.

“If you don’t fancy sleeping outside in the rough, then come inside and sleep with me.” Han Sen was already crawling into the tent as he spoke.

“You... what a gentleman,” Zhou Yumei said sarcastically. She peered into the darkness of the desert all around them, then crawled inside after Han Sen.

It was a simple tent, and it was not one you could stand up in. The silver fox and Little Orange were already inside and had gotten all snug. Lying down, Zhou Yumei could feel Han Sen’s body warmth.

“I’m warning you. Don’t get any funny ideas,” Zhou Yumei told Han Sen, with the eyes of a mad woman.

“Do not worry; I lacked the gentle love of a mother when I was young.” Han Sen did not even look at Zhou Yumei while he spoke. Instead, his eyes were fixed on a book he had just pulled out from his pack.

“What is that supposed to mean?” Zhou Yumei froze, unable to understand what Han Sen meant by that.

“Nothing. I’m just complimenting the fact that you are young and small,” Han Sen casually said.

“You have good taste, but no matter how pretty I am, you can’t...” Zhou Yumei was a little shy, and she spoke while looking down.

But she only spoke half of her sentence when she glanced that her breasts, which were like two little hills upon her chest. Her face quickly flushed red and she said, “You are the one who is small!”

Han Sen put down the book and took his shirt off. This shocked Zhou Yumei, and she quickly scrambled away in panic. She used her arms to shield and cover her body, asking with distress, “What do you want?!”

Han Sen smiled and patted the muscles that composed his chest and said, “They may not be big, but they’re bigger than yours.”

Zhou Yumei couldn’t help but take a look. She was impressed by the sight, and they were indeed wide and thick. They weren’t particularly outstanding, but they had delicate curves that made them attractive to look at.

And Han Sen had a six-pack that was like jade, and the silky-smooth white skin that drove women crazy. Seeing this, Zhou Yumei almost started drooling. Furthermore, she began to develop the urge to touch them.

“Clean the saliva from your lips and go to sleep. You shouldn’t disturb me during the night.” Han Sen pushed Zhou Yumei’s head away, as her body drew nearer to him. Then, he tucked himself into his sleeping bag.

Zhou Yumei wanted to fight back, but she instead looked down once more and observed her own modest chest. She thought about Han Sen’s thick and wide chest, where the muscles locked and curved

around each other impeccably. She noticed she had indeed lost this round before it even began, and she had no ammunition to return fire on this particular subject.

Zhou Yumei was a little upset after this, so she retreated into her own sleeping bag. Then she began to think about how dark life truly was. But then another image flashed in her mind, and it was the image of Han Sen's stunning upper-body, s*xxy clavicles and tantalizing abs. Zhou Yumei couldn't help but swallow the saliva that was building up inside her mouth. She tried to shake the image and tighten her eyelids, but the picture remained. She couldn't be free of Han Sen's amazing body.

She turned around to take a peek at Han Sen. His eyes were closed and he appeared to be sleeping already. Seeing his face from the side, he wasn't super pretty, but his facial features were distinct and sharp. It made him look quite threatening and moody, but his skin was white and smooth. This element helped soften the image a bit, but overall, he looked like a manly man.

Zhou Yumei continued thinking about his body as she eyed him. And then her mind ventured further in her visions of the man. She recalled how powerful he was, and how he so fearlessly challenged the spirit. He also took care of the fairy and scorpion. It looked like she was in love.

But then her heart sunk at another image that popped up in her mind, and that was the ring that adorned his finger. She sighed and said to herself, "Why are the good ones always taken?"

"What did you say?" Han Sen frowned and turned to look at Zhou Yumei.

Zhou Yumei's face became red again. She had gotten so excited, she never expected she'd end up speaking her thoughts aloud. With a face that refused to unreddden itself, she tried to explain by saying, "N-n-nothing..."

As Zhou Yumei panicked, Han Sen turned around completely. Now, his face was directly opposite hers. Another man's warmth was drawing near her.

Zhou Yumei's heart was madly beating to the rhythm of a stampede, and she thought to herself, "What is he going to do? What am I going to do? He is engaged. I should reject his advances, right? But... no! I can't be like that. I can't get tricked by the demon of temptation. I must focus and channel my good thoughts... but he is such a good man. If I grab him, I might have the chance to..."

Many different trains of thought and ideas now raced through her mind. Han Sen's body was still so close, and then, he covered her mouth with his hand. He climbed on top of her.

"I can't compete. How am I supposed to resist a man like this? I am just a weak and defenseless woman. There is no way I can resist his strength." Zhou Yumei managed to find herself an excuse, which quickly put her at ease. Seeing Han Sen's body above her, she closed her eyes and continued thinking, "There is no one else here. What is he holding my mouth for? Even if I scream, no one could possibly come to my aid. I might moan and groan in delight, but there's no reason for me to scream."

Zhou Yumei's heart was still pumping wildly, but after a while, her expectations weren't coming to pass. She felt strange. And then, she peeked open her eyes a little. With one hand still covering her mouth, Han Sen had unzipped the tent and taken a peek outside.

Zhou Yumei's face was now burning and her neck was getting hot. She wanted to dig a hole and hide.

Han Sen looked outside and noticed a halo that sat upon the Black Desert in the distance. There were many glowing dandelions, painting the sands of the desert. It was an infinite meadow of them, one that he couldn't spy an end to. The heads of the dandelions danced with the caress of a breeze.

Chapter 760: The Creature That Bears Holy Light

A lone luminescent dandelion brushed by the tent, carried by the gentle breeze. Han Sen initially thought it was some special sort of creature that had drawn near, and although it wasn't, he still eyed it with a modicum of concern.

It was a surprise to see the bevy of lights as little more than flowers, and it was a most curious phenomenon. When they had pitched the tent that evening, none of the flowers were around.

Now, across every portion of the Black Desert that was visible, dandelions sprouted. They were endless, and their pretty lights spread out in each direction like a galaxy of stars.

When the wind blew, the galaxy moved. It was a beautiful sight to behold.

Zhou Yumei, who had managed to regain her composure, moved nearer to Han Sen. After taking a peek at what had taken hold of his attention, her eyes opened wide like the stars themselves. It was fortunate Han Sen had placed his hand on her mouth; had he not, she would have screamed in awe of its beauty.

Many of the flowers were afloat, and skated by the tent as they went. From afar, that little tent must have looked like a shining castle.

But the plants weren't aggressive, and no harm was delivered to their little camp.

Zhou Yumei tried to pull Han Sen's hand away from her mouth, but he had a firm grip. Just as she was about to lose her temper, she heard a noise in the distance.

It was like the sound of a heavy animal's footstep. In between each step was a momentary silence, and its rhythm maintained this pace slowly. But ever so slightly, the sound seemed to be getting louder, and its source closer.

Han Sen looked further into the distance and saw, beneath the night sky, a creature coming towards them. It shined like a beacon of holy light. It walked alongside the dandelions that were below and afloat, like a glorious ship through the net of stars—soaring through the galaxy.

Zhou Yumei could see the luminous creature now, as well. She was surprised to see it was a white rhino. Its body was shaped like a little hill, and with every step it made, the ground of the desert shook. The glowing dandelions that were to be trodden underfoot jumped into the air as if to guide its path.

The rhino was getting closer, and this frightened Zhou Yumei. Right now, all she wanted to do was get up and run. As pretty as it looked, the rhino was a hulking beast. Its heavy, looming presence was intimidating, and it robbed her of breath.

Han Sen's hand was still on her mouth to prevent a sound, but he now used his other hand to control and calm her. His eyes were still in profound observation of the glowing rhino.

It wasn't long before the rhino had come directly before the tent. Like grand pillars, its thick legs were pulled up and released. The entire tent was now in the shadow of the beast, and Zhou Yumei knew it. Her eyes were wide open with fright, and her body trembled under the fear.

If a foot came down on the tent, they would be squished into jelly.

The silver fox and Little Orange snuggled together in the corner of the tent, quiet as mice. They too were terrified of the white rhino that had drawn near.

Boom!

A foot came down like a piston on the sand directly behind Han Sen's tent, avoiding them. The luminous dandelions continued their spiralling as the campsite vibrated with the force.

Boom! Boom!

The rhino did not decelerate, and it continued in the direction it had been going. The four pillars crossed over the tent, missing the guy ropes by inches. The craters left behind by the creature's feet now decorated the campgrounds. Zhou Yumei's heart almost leapt out of her chest.

Fortunately, the white rhino did not pay heed to the presence of a tent as it went onwards. Along with the gorgeous, luminescent dandelions, it slowly trailed off out of sight behind them.

When the white rhino was gone from their vision, the presence of the glowing dandelions dimmed, too. They quit shining and melted into the desert like snowfall. Not a trace of them was left behind.

If it wasn't for the footsteps that the rhino left behind, you would have believed the entire affair to be little more than a dream.

Zhou Yumei, who had been trembling through the entire ordeal, finally relaxed. She patted her chest, trying to shake the terrifying visions she had of been crushed underfoot by the big rhino. Luckily, none of her fears had come to pass.

"Are you going to sleep like this?" Han Sen smiled at Zhou Yumei.

Zhou Yumei only now realized she had been leaning on Han Sen the entire time. She was mad and embarrassed at the revelation, so she pushed him away. Gritting her teeth, she hissed, "When I don't say anything, you get all touchy. You just want to take advantage of me."

Han Sen smiled but did not reply. He returned to his sleeping bag, deep in thought over what had just occurred with the white rhino.

During the daytime, they encountered the black-flame phoenix, and now they had been witnesses to the existence of a white rhino that glowed with a holy light. Both of these creatures had been traveling in the direction Han Sen had picked. He wondered if something awaited them where they were headed.

In a place such as the Black Desert, Han Sen did not want to get himself into any form of trouble. With such fearsome monsters around, although he was sure of their abilities to escape, he couldn't risk losing his reserves of food and water. If that happened, there was every chance they might perish somewhere amidst the dunes.

But if they changed course now, Han Sen wasn't entirely sure whether or not they could exit the Black Desert that way, either. It would also not lead him to his final destination, so he was reluctant.

Han Sen thought about this predicament for a while, but ultimately decided to continue in their current direction. He didn't know if he could leave the Black Desert if he changed direction now. Furthermore, he believed his encounter with those two creatures was nothing out of the ordinary and was to be expected in such a volatile location. If there was some significance behind it, then he would at least have the opportunity to check out the reason why.

The next day, Han Sen continued in the same direction atop his Golden Roarer. On the way, he was able to trace the footsteps that the rhino had left behind. It looked to be going in a straight line, without a single misstep or stray.

The luminous dandelions, however, he could not see. It was as if they never existed.

They walked for half the day, but the heat was atrocious. Zhou Yumei drank some water while she rode atop her Little Orange. As she took a swig, she said, "It's so hot! Wouldn't it be great if it rained?"

Not long after she said that, the skies went dark. Terrible clouds formed not too far above them, blotting out the sun.

Downpour Sound

The drunk clouds let loose their spiteful tears, and utterly drenched Zhou Yumei. She quickly summoned an armor to withstand the rain, but after its summoning, the rainclouds immediately dispersed. The skies cleared and the weather returned to its sweltering glory.

"My wishes are short-lived." Zhou Yumei was not entirely sure how to respond to what had just happened.

Han Sen's face, on the other hand, looked dire. When the rain clouds went past, Han Sen felt the presence of a supremely powerful life force. He didn't get the chance to see what it was, but he could tell it wasn't something natural.

What made Han Sen frown the most, however, was the fact that those rain clouds had formed and drifted off in the direction he and Zhou Yumei were also headed.

"What is going on in this place?" Han Sen squinted his eyes, attempting to discern more of what might lay on the horizon. But there was nothing. For a while yet, it seemed only the black desert sands and blue skies would continue to lead their travel.