

Super Power

Chapter 771: Holy Tear of Nirvana

Han Sen touched his forehead and felt nothing. It was smooth and free from wrinkles, like usual.

But Zhou Yumei's face did not look like she was telling him a lie. Han Sen pulled out a mirror from his pack—the one that was used for the Beetle Knight—and had a look.

Han Sen's face dropped. On his forehead, between his eyebrows, there was a single red dot. He tried to rub it away, but it was as if it had been branded. No matter how much he scrubbed, it wouldn't go away.

Han Sen took a closer look. The red dot was on the surface of his skin, but it was as stubborn as if it was embedded within. Removing it anytime soon didn't seem likely.

Quickly, Han Sen ran his Dongxuan Sutra to see if there was anything wrong with his body. To his relief, there were no problems and everything seemed to be normal.

“Hmm, then what is this exactly?” Han Sen then thought about the spirit that had stepped from beyond that metal door and the things it had said. As soon as his mind reflected upon those events, an uneasy feeling began to swell.

But he wasn't too worried yet. The spirit could have killed him if it wanted to, so it was clear he wasn't on the chopping block yet. But it upset Han Sen to know that he had received a seemingly permanent mark upon his forehead.

“If I am guessing this correctly, that spirit must have come from the Third Shelter. The holy rhino must have been taken there. But why would he stop to place a mark on me?” Han Sen frowned, unable to figure out what had happened.

Right now, Han Sen wanted to be gone from the Black Desert once and for all. He was burning with inquisitiveness, so he wanted to return to civilization and get to asking about the Third Shelter. He wouldn't be able to learn a single thing from his current location.

Han Sen had not previously been in a hurry to learn about the Third Shelter since he had no immediate connection to the place, and it would be a while before he went there. But now things were different. A scorching desire had taken root in his heart; he wanted to know what the secretive Third Shelter looked like.

For miles around him, as far as his eyes could see, there was only a sweltering desert. There was not a single shelter to be found. He couldn't do anything from where he was right now, so all he could do was stick to what he had been doing so far.

Half a day, later the fairy caught up with them and flew around Han Sen with a look of excitement.

He didn't pay her much heed, however. He remained seated on the Golden Roarer and played with the rhino's crystallized tear. He cast his Dongxuan Sutra to see if he could absorb it.

But the Dongxuan Sutra did not work as expected, despite his simulation of the rhino's energy flow. There was a different reaction. The tear in his hand melted into a holy water of sorts, which soaked into his body.

As curious as this was, he did not receive a geno increase announcement. This disappointed him. But the tear was like a holy light that cleansed his every cell. His skin began to peel, as dirt rose to the surface and was thrown away.

After this process began, Han Sen could peel large films of his skin away. It was as if he was shedding, and every time he removed some of his old, now-dead skin, more dirt would appear and be cleansed away. After doing this four times, his body was put at great ease and a comfort he never knew existed. Now he felt as if he had previously suffered a flu and a wretchedly stuffed nose to go along with it. But now, he had fully healed. His nose was clear, and he could breathe unlike ever before.

"This really is some good stuff." Han Sen was surprised, feeling as if his body had just been reborn. The tear's effectiveness was incredible.

This was the tear that fell from the rhino's eyes while it was evolving. It possessed a nirvanic power, and through this energy he had absorbed from the rhino's teardrop, he felt reborn.

Even if he took the fruit of the cactus and ate it, he thought the tear he had received was a far greater item.

Although this Holy Tear of Nirvana did not increase Han Sen's gene number, it strengthened them.

The quality of genes always exceeded the quantity. His existential tier might not have risen, but such a task was something that would take a long time to do. It was something Han Sen was prepared for, anyway.

Han Sen's dirt and old skin continued to peel, and his body performed this cycle ten times before stopping.

This did not take place over the course of one day, however. But after he was finished, his body was heavy. Everything in his vision blurred, and his prior ease of breathing became a struggle. He felt as if the atmosphere had been consumed by smog or dust.

Han Sen was surprised. It felt like when he became an evolver, and he was staying in the First Shelter. It was that sort of feeling, but not quite as strong.

"Luckily, my body hasn't evolved enough to be excluded from the Second Shelter. If it did, that would be terrible. If I was excluded, I would have to become a surpasser before reaching the Third Shelter." Han Sen sighed, and then continued to think, "Sometimes, I cannot just randomly eat whatever I desire. This tear is far beyond what I expected. It is too powerful. It exceeds what is normally offered by super creatures."

Although his fitness did not increase, his first gene lock was blown wide open. And that came as a shock.

Although he hadn't reached a fitness of three hundred and become a Celestial Being, he could already unleash his true power. This made him exuberantly happy.

It was a shame Zhou Yumei was with him, because he fancied giving his new powers a spin.

"Good men always receive good rewards." Han Sen could not stop repeating this phrase to himself.

If others knew what he was thinking, he'd be viewed with disdain. The truth was, he had never done nor thought of performing a good deed.

Han Sen continued riding through the sweltering badlands of the Black Desert in boredom. Seeking to occupy his mind, he decided to research the white rhino's energy flow a bit more. The rhino was incredibly strong, so its energy flow couldn't have been that bad. Therefore, Han Sen wanted to try it.

Han Sen then found out that the holy light did not lend itself to any act of aggression. The holy light could heal wounds and provide impressive remedial effects, but it couldn't be used for attacks. Small wounds could be immediately healed by the light, but the overall, future effectiveness would depend on the individual's level.

He didn't have enough fitness right now, and his energy was nowhere near as impressive as the rhino's. As such, any holy light he simulated would not be as strong.

Still, this satisfied Han Sen. Living in this world was unpredictable, and things could change in a heartbeat. If there was ever a crisis, and medical aid was needed but could not be found, this skill would prove incredibly valuable.

After walking for a dozen days, his eyes met with the sight of the Gobi Desert and a nearby mountain. This made Han Sen and Zhou Yumei incredibly happy, for they had now, at long last, exited the Black Desert.

Han Sen quickened their pace in desire for a shelter. He wanted to return to the Alliance and find out all he could about the Third Shelter.

Chapter 772: The Spirit Contract

Han Sen and Zhou Yumei began crossing the mountain, and not long after, they stumbled across another human. Zhou Yumei almost leapt for joy.

"Bad guy! You can't threaten me anymore," Zhou Yumei said to Han Sen in a mocking tone, after asking the fellow if there were any shelters around. She then bounced up and down in childish glee.

"Once we arrive, prepare the sum of money you owe me. I have the stack of IOUs here, sealed and signed. Don't even think about trying to duck and dodge your way out of paying me," Han Sen coldly said.

"Hum." Zhou Yumei stuck out her tongue at Han Sen and turned in a huff to walk in the direction of the shelter.

"You're just walking off like that?" Han Sen stopped Zhou Yumei.

“Well, what else can I do?” Zhou Yumei asked, with apparent confusion.

“You can go, but if you keep Little Orange in a shelter, aren’t you afraid of others seeking to kill him?” Han Sen said.

“What is there for me to worry about? Even I know nothing can compete with Little Orange,” Zhou Yumei said, as she proudly patted Little Orange’s head.

“You’re suggesting you will allow Little Orange to go around murdering people in the shelter?” Han Sen asked.

Zhou Yumei frowned and said, “Well, what else am I supposed to do?”

“I can establish a camp here, and you can allow Little Orange to remain.” Han Sen retrieved his tent from the packs lining Golden Growler, and erected it. After setting it up, Han Sen told Little Orange, the silver fox, and the little fairy to stay inside. All those who could not be teleported would remain.

Then he summoned Steel Prince and commanded that he stay behind to guard the camp, as well. If anyone drew near, the Steel Prince could parley with them to prevent their approach.

If people would not heed what the spirit told them, what happened next was not something Han Sen could be held accountable for. If someone had a death wish, then that was on them.

After setting up everything, Han Sen led Zhou Yumei to the human shelter.

It was only a small knight shelter of little renown, but they were told that a few hundred miles past it rested another shelter that was grand in size. That one was a royal shelter. It undoubtedly served as a hub for countless other humans.

Han Sen and Zhou Yumei were in a rush to get there. Without stopping anyone else for information, they journeyed to the shelter as quickly as they could, so they could teleport back to the Alliance.

When he returned, Han Sen called Ji Yanran to inform her that he had been safe in his absence. They talked for a while, and during their discussion, Han Sen made sure to ask about the Third God’s Sanctuary.

“Wait for me in your room; I’ll bring Annie along with me. This is not an appropriate subject to be discussed on a communicator.” Ji Yanran then hung up.

Not long after, Ji Yanran visited Han Sen’s room with Annie in tow.

After Han Sen greeted them at the entry, and had them take a seat, Ji Yanran turned to speak to Annie. “Annie, tell Han Sen about the situation in the Third God’s Sanctuary.”

Annie looked at Han Sen and with a muddled expression, said, "The reason why the Alliance prevents surpassers from discussing the Third God's Sanctuary is because we are the lowest tier of the Third God's Sanctuary inhabitants. The real masters of the Third God's Sanctuary are spirits, and they rule the place."

"No way. Shouldn't there be a million human surpassers living there?" Han Sen was shocked at this revelation.

"There are a million, yes. But they are lost and scattered across the Third God's Sanctuary. Encountering another human is rare, and you'd be fortunate to encounter just one in a journey that spans the distance between ten shelters. If you ascended to enter the Third God's Sanctuary, and ended up arriving at a human shelter, it would be like winning the lottery." Annie explained the situation emotionlessly.

"That's pretty grim," Han Sen said with a wry smile.

Annie suddenly gave a complicated smile and said, "Grim? You think that's grim? That's not the half of it! When humans enter the Third God's Sanctuary, they are all sent to a shelter. If they don't end up at a human shelter, you know where they end up, don't you?"

"Spirit shelters? How is that possible?" Han Sen's eyes opened wide, unable to comprehend what such a scene might look like.

In the Third God's Sanctuary, even ordinary creatures could be Celestial Beings, and even the lowest tier of spirit shelters would be packed to the gills with spirits and creatures. Any human who arrived in the Third God's Sanctuary to be greeted by such horror would be doomed. It would be impossible for them to resist such power.

"No wonder so many people choose not to move to the Third God's Sanctuary, then. Going there sounds very much like a death sentence. The million evolvers surviving there must be fiercely strong." Han Sen had a wry smile.

"Strong? Again, I must tell you that you are wrong. They bring shame to the human race," Annie coldly said.

"Why? What is the issue?" Han Sen was too lazy to think about what she was implying, so he asked her to spell it all out.

"Eking out a living for yourself in the Third God's Sanctuary can only be done in three different ways. First, you might end up being sent to a bottom-tier spirit shelter. Spirits and creatures roam there, but if you can escape, then you live. Secondly, you can be sent to a human shelter and be safe from the get-go."

Annie stopped for a moment, but then continued by saying, "As tough as the first option may be, the second one is by no means easy to achieve. Human shelters are a rarity. Compared to the countless spirit shelters, the number humans own is very small. It is rare to end up at ordinary spirit shelters too, due to most having been destroyed by competing spirits. When conquered, they aren't taken over. They are put into ruin and left like so. Inferior shelters are quickly overcome by greater ones."

“You mentioned three different possibilities.” Han Sen frowned, understanding the third had to be the most important.

“Yes, there is one other option. And that is to concede to the rule of spirits. You can sign a contract with them, pledging allegiance and fealty to their rule. A forfeiture of your life, as it were,” Annie calmly said. Han Sen’s reaction, however, was anything but. He was aghast.

That was why the Alliance didn’t make the situation there known to others. In the Third God’s Sanctuary, humans are made slaves, more often than not.

“All I can assuredly tell you is, if you do end up at a bottom-tier spirit shelter, then congratulations. You’ll most likely live. They are interracial, and if you do sign a contract with those, you will be treated as a fair member of their society. Only if it was a higher-class shelter might you be offered a contract to submit yourself to slavery. And if you cannot provide the resources they task you with obtaining or that they first desire upon your arrival, then you may not even be granted the mercy of being their thrall. They will slay you without hesitation.”

Annie didn’t talk anymore, but Han Sen was beginning to get a fair grasp on the complexity of the situation in the Third God’s Sanctuary.

Through this discussion, one thing was clarified for Han Sen, though. When that spirit brought the rhino to the Third God’s Sanctuary, it must have espied the power within Han Sen and thus marked him. In the future, it would most likely bring Han Sen with it, also.

Of course, it was only a mark. It wasn’t as if a genuine contract had been signed. Contracts were only signed if both parties agreed.

“I wonder what class that spirit is? If it can come over to the Second God’s Sanctuary and give the rhino a lift home with it, its level cannot be that low,” Han Sen thought deeply, not wanting to become the slave of some spirit.

“Still, signing a contract with a spirit is not all bad. There may be benefits to such a thing,” Ji Yanran said.

“What benefits would there be?” Han Sen asked with surprise.

Chapter 773: Spirit Gene

“Spirit Gene.” Ji Yanran slowly spoke out both words.

“Spirit genes? You can obtain genes by eating spirits?” Han Sen’s eyes opened wide, as this was the first time he had ever heard about something like this.

Ji Yanran laughed and said, “No! You can’t get gene points from eating spirits. Eating spirits is pointless.”

Han Sen did not respond, and quietly waited for Ji Yanran’s explanation instead. The differences between the Second God’s Sanctuary and the Third God’s Sanctuary were too big.

“Annie, you should explain this.” Ji Yanran could not explain it herself as she hadn’t been to the Third God’s Sanctuary; thus, she feared she couldn’t describe it as efficiently as she might like.

Annie nodded and said, “The First God’s Sanctuary and Second God’s Sanctuary require you to kill creatures in order to increase your fitness. In the Third God’s Sanctuary, aside from fitness, you must also open your gene locks.”

“There are two ways to unlock gene locks. First, is through the hyper geno art you learn. When your fitness gets stronger, and you practice more and more with the same skill, you can unlock higher tiers of your gene lock. This method requires the geno points of creatures. The higher your fitness is, the higher the chance you have of unlocking a gene lock. It also has something to do with your hyper geno art. Some skills have three to four locks, whereas others have eight to nine.”

Annie took a small break before continuing. Then, she said, “The second method of unlocking a gene lock is to get spirit geno points from a spirit. If one spirit has unlocked three of its gene locks, you can receive a hundred spirit geno points off them. This will allow you to unlock one gene lock. It takes three hundred spirit geno points to unlock three locks. The power you get from unlocking gene locks will be the same as spirits receive. Your element and hyper geno art does not matter.”

“So, let me get this straight; if a spirit has unlocked nine gene locks, and grants me nine hundred gene points, that means I can be an elite with nine opened gene locks?” Han Sen was shocked by this vat of information he was receiving.

“That’s how it is supposed to work, yes. But even if the spirit gave you a spirit geno point, you would need a fitness level capable of receiving that power. If it is too low, your body won’t be able to contain the power. Your body will breakdown if it unlocks too many gene locks at once,” Ji Yanran explained.

“Spirit geno points are important to spirits, mind you. They won’t randomly dish them out to humans,” Annie added.

“So, how can I obtain these spirit geno points?” Han Sen asked.

“You sign a contract with a spirit and become a member of their shelter’s society. If you perform well, they can reward you with a fair amount of these spirit geno points.” Annie looked at Han Sen with a pause in her speech, but then continued by saying, “Of course, if you are powerful enough, then you can take a spirit stone. If the spirit does not self-destruct and instead accepts you as its new master, you can command the spirit to provide you with all its spirit geno points.”

“But spirits would rarely accept masters in the Third God’s Sanctuary, and the possibility of that happening is extremely low. And furthermore, low-level spirits aren’t very useful. The tiers they can aid you in unlocking are too low,” Ji Yanran said.

“Would spirits really provide humans with spirit geno points?” Han Sen doubted this statement, finding it difficult to believe spirits were truly willing to provide humans—a different race—spirit geno points.

“They do, if you a sign a contract with them and accept the spirit as your master. In the eyes of spirits, humans are no greater than the creatures they generally command. They will treat you as they do

creatures, and the spirits treat creatures as they do you. They provide creatures with spirit geno points. But the higher-tier spirits make it harder for you to obtain their spirit geno points. That being said, some humans have been known to unlock eight of their gene locks with spirit geno points.”

“Can a spirit in the Second God’s Sanctuary provide humans with spirit geno points?” Han Sen asked.

“In the Second God’s Sanctuary, no such creature exists right now. But people have theorized if a spirit had the same strength as a super creature, they might indeed have spirit geno points. But one gene lock is most likely the max they can provide, and that isn’t worth very much. And humans will most likely be unable to obtain a spirit of such power here, anyway,” Ji Yanran answered.

“Spirit geno points can grant you powers unlike any you’ve ever had. But improving your own body to sustain such power is just as important. After all, the spirit geno points don’t originally belong to you. You only make use of the powers they provide; you don’t own and command the distribution of spirit geno points. Unlocking gene locks through your own strength is better, overall. Their tolerance and harmony with your body would be far more fitting. True elites always depend on the powers they have earned themselves. They unlock gene locks by channeling their own strength,” Annie elaborated.

After talking to Annie and Ji Yanran, Han Sen had now learned a lot more about the basic structure of the Third God’s Sanctuary.

Although the power obtained from spirit geno points wasn’t perfect, it could be considered a shortcut. Assuming he could cut a few corners and obtain such powers in a quicker manner as she was suggesting, Han Sen was fond of the idea.

With stronger powers, Han Sen could kill creatures with greater ease and subsequently improve his own power through himself. There was nothing preventing such a thing.

But if you wanted spirit geno points, you would have to sign a contract with a spirit. If you didn’t, they wouldn’t provide you with any.

There were many pros and cons to weigh, when it came to the signing of such a contract. Ordinary humans didn’t really have much in the way of choice, and they were forced to sign such contracts.

“I wonder what level the spirit that took the rhino was?” Han Sen thought to himself.

During Han Sen’s time back in the Alliance, Councilman Zhou contacted the Ji family. He and his family were incredibly appreciative of Han Sen’s effort to lead his daughter safely out of the Black Desert. In return, they sent them many expensive gifts.

Ji Yanran was shocked, upon seeing the lucrative gift list. She laughed and said, “It looks like Zhou Yumei is quite important in her family.”

“I don’t think this appreciation stems from her position in the family. I’d wager they’re more concerned with her ownership of a pet super creature. If it grows up, it’d be incredibly powerful and that would indeed assert her as a prominent figure.” Han Sen then proceeded to tell Ji Yanran the story of Han Sen’s meeting and subsequent adventure with Zhou Yumei and Little Orange.

“Is such a thing possible? This is a big opportunity; I have to provide my family with this information.” Ji Yanran and Annie had their eyes wide open.

“If you like pets, I can give you one.” Han Sen laughed.

Annie rolled her eyes, not believing what Han Sen told her. The child of a super creature would be incredibly powerful, and raising one was sure to be harder than killing one. Zhou Yumei was just incredibly lucky, she assumed. Achieving ownership of one would be no easy task.

Chapter 774: It's Not That Good

Han Sen was preparing to go out when he received a message saying he should expect another visitor.

When Han Sen heard this, he frowned. Visitors weren't permitted there, so he thought it was strange to hear someone was coming to see him.

“Who might it be, I wonder?” Han Sen had a few guesses, but he couldn't count on any.

Ordinary people were not allowed to enter the base, so he made his way to the reception area. There, he saw a beautiful woman sitting. He couldn't tell her age, but he knew this was a woman he had never seen before.

“You are Little Sen?” When the woman saw Han Sen, she greeted him with great enthusiasm and a warm smile.

“I am Han Sen. Who are you?” Han Sen frowned when he heard the woman call him “Little Sen.”

“I am your aunt.” The woman seemed surprised at Han Sen asking this.

“Aunt?” Han Sen was shocked, never before hearing that he had aunt.

“Didn't Sister Lan tell you that she has a little sister? That is heartbreaking for me to hear. I was just an orphan, picked and raised by my grandfather. I treated your mother as a true sister. I can hardly believe she never mentioned me before.” The woman looked genuinely upset, almost as if tears were ready to burst from her eyes.

“Who are you?” Han Sen frowned. Understanding her identity in the family meant nothing to him.

His mother said she never wanted to get involved with the Luo family. She wouldn't even let Han Sen learn the Luo family's skill. Although she never explained why, Han Sen trusted her and the reasons she must have had. As such, Han Sen never bothered trying to contact the Luo family.

“You are so cold. It is no wonder you are Sister Lan's son.” The woman smiled, and the sadness in her eyes had vanished. The change was sudden and quite jarring.

“If there is nothing else for you to say, then I’ll be leaving now.” Han Sen turned around and prepared to make his exit.

But the woman’s hands were like lightning. She threw her finger in Han Sen’s direction.

Before it reached Han Sen, he felt its great power suddenly approaching his body. It was thinner than a needle and sharper than a blade, and its power was so great it instantly broke Han Sen’s combat suit.

Han Sen was shocked, not expecting the woman to attack him here, of all places. It was fortunate Han Sen reacted quickly. He fired his Elephant-Disc Punch to collide with the incoming hit.

Dong!

Han Sen took a few steps back and hit the wall. His finger was cut so deep, the bone inside was on display.

“Eh? You didn’t learn Falsified-Sky Sutra?” The woman looked at Han Sen with great surprise; if he had learnt it, he would have been able to counter her attack.

Han Sen was about to get angry, but upon hearing what she asked him, enquired, “What Falsified-Sky Sutra?”

Han Sen racked his mind as if to recall something. Then, he asked, “Wait, are you the one who gave me that unknown hyper geno art?”

The woman shook her head and said, “I sent it to you, but it was a gift given to you by your great-grandfather. Why did you not take the time to learn it?”

“I am not learning something from an unknown source,” Han Sen coldly replied.

“Well, it is no longer an unknown source. I hope you take the time to learn it in the near future.” The woman felt awkward, coming here to test Han Sen’s progress with the skill. She had not expected him to have not bothered with it, at all.

“If it’s from the Luo family, then that means I’ll definitely not learn it,” Han Sen coldly said.

“Why?” The woman frowned, looking at Han Sen. His answer had actually surprised her.

“Because my mother wants no involvement with your family. You have received the answer to your question, now you can leave.” Han Sen gave her a stern, cold look. If his mom did not want him to engage with the Luo family just as she herself didn’t, then going against her wishes was the last thing he would do. He didn’t want to worry her.

And Han Sen didn’t think it was necessary to learn Falsified-Sky Sutra, anyway. Dongxuan Sutra and Blood-Pulse were better than it, after all.

“Do you have any idea what you’re missing out on? There are only five hyper geno arts that have ten gene locks available to open. Falsified-Sky Sutra is one of them.” The woman stared at Han Sen.

“So what?” Han Sen asked her.

The woman laughed in response, saying, "It looks like you really don't have any idea what you're missing out on. If you don't practice Falsified-Sky Sutra, then you aren't a member of our family. You don't have the necessary qualifications to join Godslayer Shelter."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Did you not get the memo? My surname is Han. And Godslayer Shelter has nothing to do with me. I have no interest in joining there. And to add to that, I don't think Falsified-Sky Sutra is all that impressive," Han Sen told her coldly.

Hearing Han Sen's last few words, the smile quickly vanished from her face. With a chilling voice she said, "You are just like Sister Lan. You are so selfish and conceited. You don't care about anyone else, do you? As your aunt, I should really teach you a lesson."

"Do you have any idea where you are?" Han Sen raised his lips.

"Wherever I am is a place of my own," Luo Li said. Then, she moved her body to begin attacking Han Sen.

Her fingers were like razor blades, shredding the very air. An invisible force was headed Han Sen's way, moving at a blisteringly quick pace.

Han Sen saw it coming, so he simulated the Bone-Elephant's energy flow. Elephants trumpeted inside him once more, and his body turned the color of jade. He raised his fist and punched the incoming force.

Pang!

It sounded like glass being shattered. Luo Li's expression turned to one of shock in response, not expecting Han Sen's fist skills to have developed so strongly. She never expected him to be able to dwarf the power of the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

It was just a random punch of hers, but Han Sen had managed to crush it. And this surprised her.

Luo Li was strangely confident in her Falsified-Sky Sutra, however, and she wouldn't allow Han Sen to resist her powers.

They were both evolvers. Luo Li did not believe herself to be invincible, but she didn't believe anyone could beat her if they had not learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

In Luo Li's eyes, she thought only Luo Lan had sufficient power to beat her. She always considered her sister to be her greatest opponent and greatest target. She could not allow herself to lose against her son, and she would not allow herself to lose against someone who had not even bothered to practice the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

An invisible power burst forth from her. Her hair waved like a madwoman's, floating in the air. Her hands became like blades, swinging towards Han Sen.

The invisible power was like an indestructible blade. It sliced through the air as it traveled towards Han Sen.

Luo Li's hands did not stop moving, as if she were a frenzied witch. Her hands became the invisible blades, attacking Han Sen without a single glimmer of restraint.

Chapter 775: Is That All You've Got?

Han Sen did not move an inch. Half of his body crackled and sparked with looming thunder, whereas his other half chimed like a bell. When the invisible bladestorm was about to strike Han Sen, he threw out his fist.

The combined powers of sonic and lightning channeled through his fist to form an orb of light in the palm of his hand. It grew into a silver sun and exploded out towards Luo Li with the break of deafening thunder.

Crack!

The invisible bladestorm was like glass, as Han Sen's power shattered its cohesion and nullified its threat.

As the lightning coursed through the air, a chilling noise sounded at the same time. The energy flow of Han Sen's attacker was distorted, which disabled her from gathering the composure needed to effectively dodge the incoming danger.

Boom!

Right before the lightning looked set to strike Luo Li, she summoned beast soul armor. The armor and clothes underneath were incinerated by the wretched power possessed by the lightning.

Pang!

Luo Li's body was sent flying backwards into the wall of the reception area. Her mouth heaved blood as her burnt, tattered garments scattered messily across the room. Only a scrap or two clung to her body, smoldering.

Nothing happened next. There was no counter-attack; she just sat on the floor, staring at Han Sen with a ghastly look wrought by her disbelief over what had just transpired.

She never believed she could lose to Han Sen, let alone to lose so quickly and badly. She found it just as hard to accept that she had been beaten by someone who had not learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra, as well.

"No way... no way..." Luo Li's lips were oozing blood, as she sat there, muttering indiscernibly to herself, incapable of accepting the sudden defeat.

"Is that all you've got?" Han Sen looked down on Luo Li. He removed his coat and handed it to her. As he turned around to exit the reception area, he said, "Leave. Neither I, nor my mother, have any interest in being a part of the Luo family anymore."

Luo Li heard what Han Sen said and her body shook. As this happened, her mind stumbled back into the past.

“Is that all you’ve got?” She had heard these words spoken to her many times while she was growing up. That proud and beautiful lady said the same thing to her every time she was defeated by her hands.

Luo Li despised that sentence. And she held a further disgust for her pretty face. But now she was hearing it from someone else, and in a cruel twist of irony, that person was her son.

“Impossible! Impossible! He didn’t learn Falsified-Sky Sutra! How can he have such power?! There is no way I can lose to someone who has not learned Falsified-Sky Sutra. And there is no way I can lose to her son!” Luo Li was screaming aloud in complete hysteria, but by now, she was in the room alone.

Han Sen was unsure at what time Luo Li left, but after his encounter, he went to contact his mother about what had occurred. He wanted to confirm whether or not Luo Li truly was from the Luo family.

“Little Li really did seek you out?” When Luo Sulan heard, she remained absolutely calm as if this was expected. There was a distinct lack of surprise in her voice.

“She really is my aunt?” Han Sen had been suspicious of her claims.

“Yes. Your great-grandfather believed I would be too lonely growing up on my own, so he adopted her. I haven’t seen her since I abandoned the Luo family.” Luo Sulan sighed.

“I can’t learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra?” Han Sen asked.

“You can learn it if you want, but by doing so, you bring upon yourself family business you won’t be able to escape from.” Luo Sulan sighed, thinking her son had been tempted by the Falsified-Sky Sutra after seeing it in action and witnessing what it could do.

“Well, if it really would bring me trouble, then forget it. I was just idly wondering, that’s all,” Han Sen said casually.

Luo Sulan, with much surprise, asked, “You really aren’t tempted to try it?”

“Not really. Auntie had learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra, and yet I was able to defeat her in a single punch,” Han Sen casually relayed.

Luo Sulan was even more surprised now, asking, “You really managed to defeat her in a single punch?”

“Yeah, it was easy.” A cocky smile crept upon Han Sen’s face.

Luo Sulan, with a wry smile, said, “It looks like you have developed further than I expected. And, I will say this; do not underestimate the Falsified-Sky Sutra. Although Little Li works her hardest, she isn’t bound to the family through blood. That separation means she cannot learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra in its purest, most authentic form.”

“How strong would the real Falsified-Sky Sutra be?” Han Sen’s interest in the skill had now increased. Although he managed to defeat her, he actually believed Luo Li to be one of the strongest evolvers he had ever gone up against.

“It has the power of a shura. If you ever end up going against someone who has learnt that skill, remember this; do not defend. Pitting yourself against a person who has learnt it can only lead to two outcomes. You either end up killing that person quickly, or you die. Be quick or be dead.” Luo Sulan said this, but it didn’t quite explain enough.

“Mother, what happened to the Luo family?” Han Sen could no longer hold his desire to know, so he asked.

“If you do not belong to the Luo family, there is no need for you to know. Knowing would needlessly burden you with greater troubles. If you did enter the Luo family, however, you would quickly come to know.” This was a subject Luo Sulan had no desire to talk about.

By this point in their conversation, Luo Li had already dragged herself out of the base. On a ship, she spoke with Luo Haitang.

Luo Li did not refrain from telling the complete truth, and she told him exactly what had happened.

After Luo Haitang heard this, a strange look came across his face. He asked, “He didn’t learn it?”

“No.” Luo Li surely answered.

“He unleashed powers of thunder?” Luo Haitang asked.

“Yes.” Luo Li answered.

“This is interesting. It is no wonder he is Little Lan’s son, then. He has indeed adopted Little Lan’s excellent genes; the ones required by our family.” Luo Haitang coldly continued his speak, “Tell Luo Yin to meet him in the shelter. Let the boy see the true form of the Falsified-Sky Sutra. He has the Luo family blood coursing through his veins; it will be something he will be unable to resist.”

“Yes,” Luo Li said, as she lowered her head.

Han Sen entered the shelter once more and wanted to get a better grasp of his surroundings. He needed to learn exactly where he was and where he had to go next.

“Oh, no! Oh, no! There is a spirit attacking the shelter!” As Han Sen sat in the plaza, contemplating his next move, a screaming person came running through. Immediately, everyone became nervous.

“A spirit attacking a shelter?” When Han Sen heard them yell this, it surprised him a great deal. It had been a long time since he had last heard of a spirit attacking a shelter.

Han Sen curiously went to the city’s wall. He wanted to see what manner of spirit had decided to attack the shelter. If the owner could not withstand the siege, then perhaps he could lend a hand.

“Han Sen?” As Han Sen walked towards the gate, someone called out his name.

Chapter 776: Depressed Lin Beifeng

“Lin Beifeng?” Han Sen turned around with surprise. It had been a while since he had last seen him, and he did not expect to see him here in the Second God’s Sanctuary.

“This is a fate-wrought meet, undoubtedly.” Lin Beifeng ran over to Han Sen, grabbed his hands, and almost began bawling his eyes out.

“I’ll confess it has been a while, but there is no need for such a display of passion.” Seeing Lin Beifeng so happy, Han Sen was quite touched.

Lin Beifeng wiped his teary eyes and maintained a grip on Han Sen’s hands as he said, “Brother, I am touched. In this dusty caphole, even if my wallet were bursting at the seams, I cannot buy anything. It is a miserable and upsetting affair. Now that I have finally met you, I can spend my money on decent merchandise. Come; sell me two sacred-blood beast souls!” When Han Sen heard this, he threw his clingy hands away. The whole reason he was behaving so passionately was for this, it was now plain to see.

“You think sacred-blood beast souls are a common item you can buy from just anywhere? And you’re saying you want two?!” Han Sen laughed.

“I am not willing to believe you do not have any for sale.” Lin Beifeng was unaffected by Han Sen’s comments, and still insisted that he be sold some sacred-blood beast souls.

Lin Beifeng had been bored out of his mind in this place for quite some time. He was very rich, but his family lacked ties to the greater families. In his time here, few people had been willing to help him, and even with the money he had, he couldn’t buy anything decent. His time here had not been pleasant.

He never expected to see Han Sen here though, of all places. He had heard many tales regarding Han Sen’s escapades, and having known him previously, was certain he would have sacred-blood beast souls for sale.

“Brother Beifeng, cease your acting. Do you really think this child would have sacred-blood beast souls available for sale? I have already given you my price. Either cough up the coin or get lost; don’t play games with me,” a middle-aged man near Lin Beifeng said.

“I’m not buying your rubbish beast souls. This guy has all-manner of different beast souls; so why would I buy ones from your crappy roster?” Lin Beifeng coldly replied.

People knew Lin Beifeng was rich, so it was common for people to attempt to scam him. There weren’t many high-class beast souls in a place such as this, and such extortionists frequently grouped up to weasel the most coin out of him. They would sell him mutant beast souls for the price of a sacred-blood beast soul. Either Lin Beifeng bought them or had nothing to use. He was a daily victim of this treatment.

Unfortunately for him, these same schemers owned the shelters, and the prices they presented were unchangeable. After all, the prices were their call to make. Lin Beifeng had no choice but to suffer and accept the exorbitant fees they charged.

Now that he had met Han Sen, he wasn’t willing to be bullied anymore, and he most certainly wasn’t going to buy their beast souls.

“Well, Brother Beifeng, I give you an ultimatum. You either buy it now off me for this price or don’t. But if you come around wanting to buy it again in the future, I can guarantee you the price won’t be this generous,” Liu Jie fearlessly said. He did not believe the pretty, young stranger possessed a single sacred-blood beast soul.

Liu Jie knew all about this place and the surrounding area, and he knew that the shelter only had a dozen mutant beast souls available for sale. There weren’t any sacred-blood beast souls to be found in the markets, and there most certainly wouldn’t be any on a pretty, young man.

“Whatever,” Lin Beifeng coldly said. Then he ignored the extortionist. Turning back to face Han Sen, he smiled and said, “Let’s go, brother. I am buying you food. And perhaps, just perhaps, we might talk a while, as we eat.”

“Forgive me for interrupting your plans for lunch, but don’t we have a spirit attacking the shelter right now? Shouldn’t we go take a look?” Han Sen said, smiling.

“Sure, let’s go take a look at what we face.” Lin Beifeng felt a chill run down his spine. He knew that with Han Sen’s help, however, he’d be able to move to another royal shelter and not remain stuck where he currently he was.

People in the shelter had mercilessly bullied him, extracting every penny they could through a barrage of tricks and scams. No one had been willing to help him move to another royal shelter. He couldn’t do it on his own, but right now, with Han Sen at his side, he knew he wouldn’t have to worry.

They both ascended the city wall, and looking over, they witnessed a spirit commanding creatures to attack the shelter. After taking a look, Han Sen quickly lost interest.

It was a royal spirit that looked like an ugly ogre. It was something Han Sen was not interested in killing or claiming the spirit stone for.

The creatures that were attacking the shelter were mutant creatures, as well. Han Sen was too lazy to bother slaying such unthreatening creatures.

But the people in the shelter quickly grew concerned and considered their would-be conquerors as a grave threat. Lin Beifeng was very tempted to help, so he asked Han Sen, “Brother, do you have any sacred-blood beast souls? If you lend me two, I will go down there and show them how it’s done.”

Han Sen gave him two sacred-blood beast souls that he would never otherwise use, which made Lin Beifeng super happy. He was given a sacred-blood armor and the long-forgotten ghost-pawed claws. After suiting up, Lin Beifeng hastily ran out to greet the attackers who sought to claim the shelter.

Through the aid of his new sacred-blood beast souls, although Lin Beifeng was not that strong, he could easily slay the ordinary creatures. Even the mutant variants could do nothing to him and were soon cut down.

Lin Beifeng had become an extremely powerful man, as he was seen cleaving his way through the hordes of monsters down below. He even looked quite heroic, and this shocked the people of the shelter.

By the time all was said and done, he managed to beat the ogre into running away. Once his victory was assured, everyone gave him massive applause.

After beating the spirit, Lin Beifeng himself was exuberantly happy. When the deed was complete, he spared no time in bringing Han Sen to a hotel where they could eat.

Not long after, a group of people arrived at the shelter. Liu Jie and the people in charge went to welcome the team.

“Liu Jie, didn’t you send a message as a plight for aid, saying a royal spirit sought to conquer the shelter? What is this?” Liu Kuang asked, frowning.

With him, he had brought a team of fairly skilled warriors. They were to support him in slaying the mutant horde, but now that they had arrived, they were surprised to see the fight already over.

“Brother Kuang, a kid came out of nowhere and sold two sacred-blood beast souls to Lin Beifeng. His mood was cockier than usual today, and so he promptly went out to slay the creatures and send the ogre back off to its hole.” Liu Jie relayed to him what had transpired during his absence.

“What is this ‘kid’s’ association with Lin Beifeng?” Liu Kuang frowned. He believed Lin Beifeng was a worthless piece of meat, who was easy to bully. And bully him they did, frequently, in this knight shelter. Now, someone had sold him two sacred-blood beast souls. This meant they could no longer scam money from his coffer.

“He said they were friends. He was about twenty years old at the most. He had silky skin, the sort which made him look quite weak and useless. I would say he was just like Lin Beifeng; a loser from a rich family. God knows where he managed to get two sacred-blood beast souls to sell to Lin Beifeng.” Liu Jie approached him closer and continued by saying, “Brother Kuang, should we take care of this kid?”

Liu Kuang gestured with his hand and said, “Getting sacred-blood beast souls will not be easy. And if that kid is not from our shelter and has been able to come out all this way, he must be fairly experienced.”

After a pause, he continued by saying, “Are you sure no one else followed this kid’s arrival?”

“Yeah. I have been sending people to keep an eye on them, and knowing about everyone else in this shelter, I can indeed confirm that there is no one else here aside from him,” Liu Jie quickly said.

“Good.” Liu Kuang’s eyes were tinged with hate and cruelty. He went on to say, “Little Zhang, go and bring Brother Blind.”

Chapter 777: Blind Man

Brother Blind’s namesake was not derived from any blight of blindness. In fact, his vision far exceeded the capabilities of most.

He was called Brother Blind, however, because of how much he sought money. As long as there was money on offer, he’d take whatever job or task he could. He would commit any sordid deed, even murder, due to his blindness in the presence of money.

But Brother Blind was powerful, make no mistake. And he could easily kill sacred-blood creatures. Even in the royal shelter, no one would dare offend him.

Liu Kuang wouldn't underestimate someone who could present a sacred-blood beast soul, so he extended an invitation for Brother Blind to come here.

As this was occurring, Liu Kuang went to observe Han Sen and Lin Beifeng. He couldn't discern much about Han Sen and hadn't the clue what his reputation was. If Han Sen did hail from a big family, he figured he'd have been able to easily recognize the man. Lacking smarts and cultural attention, he did not even realize that he was looking at the son-in-law of the president.

Han Sen's appearance was just as Liu Jie described. He looked to be twenty years old at the most, and could best be described as another typical "pretty boy." It didn't look as if he'd endured a single hardship. Seeing the kid now, he thought Liu Jie had indeed made a fair and correct judgement of him.

Liu Kuang was a patient person, however. He was in no rush to strike, and he was happy to wait for Brother Blind's arrival.

"Brother Kuang, they have now left the shelter. When is our time to strike?" After keeping tabs on them for half a day, Liu Jie hastened to report their exit from the shelter to Liu Kuang.

"Patience. There is no need to rush. Brother Blind is en route. They must be heading to a royal shelter, so we'll take a detour, meet up with Brother Blind, and set a roadblock for them." After saying this, Liu Kuang assembled a group and left the shelter to enact their plan.

They walked through a woodland for ten whole miles, before meeting up with Brother Blind. They hid along the veiling thickets that skirted the sides of the road that led to the royal shelter.

Not long after, two people came into sight. They rode on two beasts, and just as expected, they were indeed Han Sen and Lin Beifeng.

"Brother Blind, that's them!" Liu Jie put away his binoculars and spoke, while pointing towards their sought-after prey.

Brother Blind did not need to use binoculars, and as he watched the two people from afar, a queer look came upon him.

"These are the people you have tasked me to deal with?" Brother Blind asked Brother Kuang and Liu Jie, to confirm.

"Yes, that is them," Liu Jie said.

Slash!

A soft sword, very much like a ribbon, was drawn by Brother Blind's hands. Blood coated the sword as Liu Jie's head was suddenly flung from his shoulders and into the sky. The eyes of the severed head were open wide, in a sudden fright and confusion.

"Brother Blind, what was that for?" Liu Kuang and the rest were all aghast at the sudden turn of events. In response, they all drew their weapons and faced Brother Blind warily.

Brother Blind coldly laughed and said, "I may pursue coin blindly, but even I won't throw my life away for it. If you have sought to task me with a suicide run, then I have no choice but to kill you."

Liu Kuang's face changed. With shock, he asked, "Are you saying that guy is quite something?"

Han Sen's presence had unknowingly unblinded Brother Blind. For this to suddenly happen, a bad feeling crept over Liu Kuang's mind.

"He is not just 'something.' That guy is everything! Even your boss could end up working as a grunt below him. And you want to finger him for assassination? I admire your boldness and courage." Brother Blind cackled creepily.

Liu Kuang was taken aback. He did not expect a young man such as that to possess such a frightening background. He gritted his teeth and said, "Brother Blind, this was our mistake. We almost got you killed. Keep the money we were to offer you, but this was Liu Jie's fault. How about we let sleeping dogs lie and move past this? There is no need to upset our relationship."

"If that was anybody else, I would take you up on your offer. But that person is someone I would give my life to defend. Wanting to kill him is worse than wanting to kill me. I cannot spare your lives." After Brother Blind said that, he moved his soft sword.

What hurt the most was not the blade, but the sensations it imparted. Brother Blind's swordskills were soft and gentle. Every time the blade moved, a separate scream would emanate from the woods.

Not long after, half of Liu Kuang's men were dead. They rest were trembling in fear, feeling deep regret over what they had proposed to do.

Liu Kuang was terrified, most of all. He tried to run away but could not. He ran five hundred meters before the soft sword pierced through his heart.

You could almost sympathize with Liu Kuang, with the look of anguish that came upon his face. He wasn't given a chance to say anything more before being mercilessly slain. He coughed up blood from his agape mouth, then he fell down to the earth with his eyes wide open.

None of the group were spared. Each person there was either beheaded or staked through the heart. One hit, one kill, for each of them. It was a cruel and brutal sight.

Han Sen and Lin Beifeng heard some noises coming from the woods as they passed by. Looking to scope it out, Han Sen stumbled across a clearing that was strewn with bodies. In their midst, Brother Blind stood wiping his sword clean.

"It's Liu Kuang and Liu Jie! Liu Kuang is Liu Jie's boss in the royal shelter; how could they..." Lin Beifeng was shocked upon seeing the corpses all about.

Han Sen quickly understood what Liu Kuang had sought to do, but what he did not know was the identity of the lone man before them. And why he had killed them all.

"Thank you for the help, friend. What is your name?" Han Sen asked.

"I don't consider this aid. I was just sparing you the trouble." Brother Blind let out his signature cackle. It was creepy. "Call me Blind."

"Do we know each other?" But Han Sen couldn't help but frown and ponder the reason for his name. He clearly wasn't blind, so why did he wish to be called that?

"Yes, of course. We do indeed." Brother Blind nodded but did not explain any further.

Han Sen was a little puzzled by this curious encounter, so he asked another question. "Where are you from?"

"It does not matter where I come from. What does matter, is something important you ought to know," Brother Blind said.

"What?" Han Sen frowned, thinking this "Blind" was quite the strange fellow.

"Do not join the Luo family." Brother Blind said these words slowly, with a grave tone.

"Is this a warning or a friendly reminder?" Han Sen asked the Blindman.

"How you discern my words is up to you." Blindman did not explain. Instead, he pulled out a bag and tossed it over to Han Sen.

Han Sen caught it, and it felt like there was a book or something inside, but he wasn't entirely sure. The bag was composed of highly-advanced cloth.

"Practice this when you find the time; it should help." After that, Blindman turned around and left. He moved quickly, and within a second, he disappeared from sight.

Han Sen just stood there, watching the Blindman disappear into the woods. He wasn't quite sure what he had just been witness to.

Chapter 778: Emerald Man of Stone

Han Sen had the feeling he had been granted the duty of saving the world. He turned away from Lin Beifeng and had a quick peek into the bag he had been given. There really was a book in there, and the paper looked fairly modern. It must have been produced in the Alliance in the past few years, and was undoubtedly waterproof, fireproof, and bugproof.

Han Sen was a little disappointed, learning that it was not some ancient codex. If it was, he believed he could sell it for a high price as an antique.

There was no name on it, strangely. After having a flick through the contents, he learned that it was neither a hyper geno art or Qi Gong. It was similar to Primal Innocence, but better, with a far greater depth.

It related to psychological fortitude and constitution, and contained within it many examples. It was like a compendium or guide to prevent one from being subjected to fraud or scams.

“Who was that Blindman? And what did he give me this for? I am not going to be a salesman, and neither am I going to teach others how to avoid being scammed.” Han Sen was quite confused.

Han Sen thought about it and came to the conclusion that reading it would prove no harm. It might actually end up being beneficial, and could aid him in avoiding the schemes of confidence men in the future. For now, though, he put it away.

The high-class officers in the Alliance all looked sickly and evil. God knew how many wretched ideas were concocted in their minds, after all.

Han Sen continued his journey and brought Lin Beifeng all the way to the royal shelter safely. Although Lin Beifeng did not know anyone there, having wealth meant he could have or do anything he wanted to. It was very unlike the tiny knight shelter that didn't even have anything to spend coin on.

“Brother, I thank you so very much. If it weren't for you, I'd still be there in that knight shelter, being subject to mistreatment by those bastards. If you remain in the shelter for a few days, I promise I'll get you something good. It'll be the least I can do to return the favor you have done me; plus, it'll cover what I owe you for the sacred-blood beast souls,” Lin Beifeng said to Han Sen.

“There is no rush, but I do plan to remain here for a couple of days. If you require further assistance, I can help you get in touch with the special security team for your protection, too. They're good at what they do, but you'll have to pay for their services.” Han Sen smiled.

“That is brilliant to hear, Brother. But let's not speak any further. Wait for my good news.” Lin Beifeng was more than pleased, loving the prospect of being helped by the special security team. By himself, his reputation would not have granted him the privilege, but with Han Sen's help, such a thing was possible.

Han Sen did this on Lin Beifeng's behalf due to the concern he felt for him. He was worried that, left to his own devices, it wouldn't be long before someone else got their treacherous, money-prying hooks in him, or someone else that was associated with Liu Kuang might come after him once Han Sen was out of the picture.

Han Sen stayed in the shelter and then got in touch with the special security team. He hired a bodyguard for Lin Beifeng's protection.

Han Sen was not in a rush to leave, and elected to spend some time deliberating his next move. He was initially going to go see his mother, so he could protect her and aid her in collecting super geno points.

But seeing how his mom last responded when he brought the subject up, she didn't seem like she cared too much. Therefore, it was unnecessary for him to walk a few hundred thousand miles to go see her.

If he wanted to see his mom, he would have preferred to request a vacation in which he could go home and have a rest.

Han Sen took to info-gathering during stay in the shelter, and he spent some time digging around on Skynet. He was keen to learn whether or not there were nearby super creatures. The more he killed, the more points he would gain. And right now, he wanted to speed up so he could access the Third God's Sanctuary sooner.

In fact, Han Sen felt quite pressured. The people he had been interacting with recently were beginning to make him feel a little dwarfed. He felt weak. Not being able to protect himself in the Alliance made him extremely uncomfortable.

After a while of browsing, Han Sen came across a good place he could visit. At a nearby mountain, there was a nest of creatures.

The shelter had tried to route the fiends and force them to vacate the area, but the creatures were too powerful. Each time the shelter attempted to strike, they were brought a ruinous defeat. Therefore, it had been a while since they last tried to take on the nest.

Han Sen viewed a few records of what the survivors had experienced in the attacks. He was able to confirm that there was indeed a super creature there, and that was all Han Sen needed to know before electing to go there.

When he was in the First God's Sanctuary, Han Sen once guessed a creature's egg had a super creature inside it.

If the egg had not been broken before it naturally hatched, a super creature would have been born.

Back then, these were just guesses Han Sen made. If this nest had super creatures there, then that would prove his guesses were correct.

After obtaining a map, Han Sen set out to where the cave was said to be. With the silver fox in tow, not a single ill happenstance transpired. He was able to walk straight up to the nest.

Han Sen climbed into a stone cave and noticed a green gold wall that had been broken. Beyond it was a hulking emerald crystal that was humanoid in shape.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Sutra to scan it, and was surprised to learn that what he was seeing was indeed the creature he had come to hunt. It was a super creature.

Han Sen summoned his little angel to start the fight with the Emerald Golem while he ventured deeper into the nest, wanting to see if an egg remained.

With the silver fox there, none of the other creatures dared get close to Han Sen. This was good news for him, since he couldn't be bothered with fighting them, anyway. With the fairy flying around, as well, they were sure not to bother him.

Han Sen quickly walked inside the nest and saw an egg inside. It was, however, cracked and empty. Now, he believed his prior guesses even more.

“If the first-generation super creatures are birthed from eggs, where do the eggs come from?” Han Sen had trouble with this conundrum, thinking he might never find the answer. The nest was deep underground, so it might be a while before humans figured this one out.

Han Sen then returned to the entrance and saw the little angel continuing to do battle with the golem. The Emerald Golem had sustained many scrapes and cuts. Even if Han Sen decided not to chip in, it didn't seem likely to last very long.

And again, Han Sen could not be bothered to fight. He found a rock that was shaped near-enough like a chair, sat down, and held the gourd as he watched the little angel fight the Emerald Golem.

He didn't really want to slay the golem, since he couldn't absorb the Life Geno essence of a first-generation super creature. And obtaining a beast soul was reliant purely on luck.

Since its dunk, the blood color of the gourd had finally faded away. Whatever was inside must have absorbed it all, and right now, veins of gold light ran all across it.

The energy flow of the gourd was becoming more and more obvious, and it had changed a lot since when he first laid hands on it.

This surprised Han Sen quite a bit, and it seemed to him that there was something growing, deep inside.

Han Sen paid more attention to this new energy flow and noticed that the power inside was not too different from the holy rhino's.

But Han Sen did not understand the reason the gourd had an energy flow such as that. No matter how strong it was, it could only magnetize objects. Its power wouldn't directly deal damage.

Chapter 779: Flower Creature

The Emerald Golem was dying, and the little angel effortlessly exploited its every weakness. Within half an hour, it would most probably lie dead.

The Emerald Golem consistently cried and roared out, but it was unable to do anything else. The little angel's greatsword repeatedly struck the neck of the Emerald Golem until its head was hewn off.

It did not die when the head was removed, however. It continued to fight the little angel, even with a headless body.

Fortunately, the little angel wasn't human. Decapitating the golem did not make her careless or have her drop her guard, and she was able to dodge the headless golem's surprise attack following its beheading.

To ensure its defeat, the little angel spent the next several hours hacking away the rest of the golem's crystal limbs.

“Super Creature Emerald Golem killed. No beast soul gained. The flesh of this creature is inedible, but you may harvest its Life Geno essence. Consume its Life Geno essence to gain zero to ten super geno points randomly.”

Not receiving its beast soul was a little disappointing for Han Sen, but regardless, he picked up the fallen creature’s green Life Geno essence. He unsummoned the little angel and left the nest.

He did not return to the shelter, but traveled west instead. During his research, he had learned of two nearby locations he wanted to check out.

It was an area comprised of sprawling meadows, each painted with innumerable flowers that were all knitted together. As serene as the area was, the number of flowers put it on the radar for a great many insects. Butterflies, bees, ants, and more frequented this place.

But it was said there was something even spookier that resided there, something that stilled the hearts and desires for all who ventured near. To determine the validity of people’s fears, Han Sen wanted to travel into the heart of the meadows and see for himself whether or not there was a super creature residing there.

Bugs were known to produce many offspring. If there was a super creature insect there, it might have been similar to the Devil Ant King, and possess a large number of eggs.

The verdant expanse before him was quite lumpy, but it was dressed with a sea of colorful flowers. These meadows went on and on towards the horizon, appearing endless.

The flowers weren’t particularly large, but they grew close to the soil and fit together as if to paint the ground. The colors did not just stem from the large variety of flowers budding in harmonic unison, but individual flowers themselves could possess up to eight colors.

Countless butterflies and bees danced in the air around them, yet no person ever went there to hunt.

Han Sen ventured into the flowery meadows and brought the silver fox along with him. All the butterflies and bees made sure to escape and flee for their lives in fear of the super creature pet.

The little fairy retreated into her scallop shell. After recovering from her wounds, the liquid inside no longer dealt her harm. As such, she frequently enjoyed hiding inside it.

After walking for some time, Han Sen was given a big surprise. He saw a person in the field, killing creatures. Many insects swarmed towards him, but despite that, the man looked calm and composed. Untouched by a single creature, he gently swung his sword to slay each that came for him.

“Jing Jiwu?” When Han Sen recognized the man, he became even more surprised. He was the monster from the Alliance’s Central Military Academy. In the Military Academy’s League Game, in archery, Han Sen won his first championship.

Jing Jiwu now caught sight of Han Sen’s approach, and sped up to finish off the creatures that pestered him. Within a single second, he managed to slay around a thousand butterflies. The field was, for now, empty of the fluttering fiends. Once he was done, he walked towards Han Sen.

“I never expected a chance encounter with you here, of all places,” Jing Jiwu said casually as he approached Han Sen.

“I could not have expected this, either.” Han Sen smiled. Although they were once opponents, it was nice to meet him there.

“I have heard you are in possession of a super pet,” Jing Jiwu said.

“Yes.” Han Sen nodded. High-class officers had long spread this news, so it wasn’t at all surprising for Jing Jiwu to know about the silver fox.

“Walk west for one hundred miles and you’ll come across a muddy hill. There are many gold-winged bees there, and quite possibly super creatures, too. If you are interested, you should go and take a look,” Jing Jiwu said.

“Thanks.” Han Sen bid his appreciation and then took off in the direction he was told to go.

They didn’t speak much with one-another, but they were cooperative and adherent to the other’s needs. Han Sen did not doubt the information he was given.

“I was hoping we would one day meet again, and when we did, I’d be strong enough to re-challenge you. I am short of that goal.” Seeing Han Sen walk off, Jing Jiwu watched him go. He continued to think to himself, “Yes, become stronger. Go further. Give me the motivation to catch up with you. That will assuredly stoke a fire in the hearts of humanity.”

Then he threw himself into the midst of another legion of butterflies.

Han Sen continued traveling in the direction Jing Jiwu had indicated, and after walking one hundred miles, he came across a forty meter high hill that was shaped like a mushroom. There were many small burrows underneath, from which golden-bees came in and out of. They were each around the size of a fist.

“These really aren’t your average bees. I am afraid there might indeed be a super creature in this place.” Han Sen was standing one hundred meters away from the hill, yet the silver fox’s presence did nothing to alarm the golden bees.

There had to be a super creature burrowed deep inside. If there wasn’t, then the bees would have assuredly paid heed to the silver fox’s approach. They’d have been long gone by now.

Han Sen was thinking about how he might flush the bee king out and see what manner of super creature he’d be dealing with. But as he thought, he caught sight of a lone pretty flower atop the hill.

The flower had no roots or leaves; it just stood there atop the hill. It was a few meters wide and the petals looked like those of a chinese rose.

The flower was mostly yellow, but it was colored with a few streaks of red. It was very pretty. It also emitted a pleasant smell. It was strong but not overwhelming, and just smelling that fragrance compelled you to come closer and sniff it at a closer distance.

The flower was beautiful. And it looked as if honey was oozing from inside the bud. But despite the large number of golden-bees that populated the area, not a single one ventured close to it.

“Strange. That is really strange. Why is there a lone flower atop a beehive, remaining untouched by the bees that live below? And the rest of the flowers in this place are no larger than my finger, so why is this one so large? There must be something wrong with this thing.” Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to scan the flower.

Because it was quite far from him, he couldn’t scan it with much detail. Still, he was able to grasp some sort of horrific lifeforce where it lay.

“Is that flower producing creatures, or is it perhaps something that strengthens your body?” Han Sen looked at the flower with a strange look on his face, wanting to be as careful as possible.

Han Sen had seen this sort of thing many times. Treasures like this frequently had frightening monsters nearby, and such creatures were never in short supply. Whenever such flowers matured, other creatures were bound to show up.

Chapter 780: Bug Fight

Han Sen watched the flower open from afar. Slowly, the petals unfurled; it was a beautiful thing to watch.

Not long after, the sky went dark and the moon arose. Under the gleaming moonlight, the flower fully opened.

In the center of the flower, golden pistils grew outwards as if reaching for the nighttime sun. It was pretty like jade, and it shone gold in the grace of the moonbeams.

The sweet fragrance became stronger at this point. Even Han Sen, who was three hundred meters away, became enveloped by the smell. It gave him the urge to run up to the flower and lick it for a tantalizing taste of the juices within.

Suddenly, however, there was movement from the beehive. The golden-winged bees outside began to go crazy until eventually, a one foot long crystal-gold bee king exited the tunnels that led into the interior of the beehive.

“Bee king?” Han Sen was shocked. He used his dongxuan aura to scan it, and it was revealed to be a first-generation super creature due to its blurry lifeforce.

Han Sen was a little disappointed, but he still watched it with great interest. He was trying to determine what he should do next.

The bee king flew atop the hill where the flower rested and landed upon a pistil of the open flower. It then started to drink nutrients from its top.

Han Sen gulped, earnestly wishing he could go and join the bee in drinking the juices the flower had concocted. But for now, he held the urge back and remained still.

The bee king wouldn't usually come out to eat. It had many lesser, worker bees to gather food on its behalf. As such, there would never be a need for it to exit the safety of the hive. If the king was coming out to eat the flower itself, then that was a surefire sign that whatever the flower was, it was indeed special.

But rare things such as that would usually have more than one super creature guarding or vying for it. Yet strangely, no other creature seemed to show up. Han Sen became oddly suspicious, seeing that the bee king had been eating for quite some time without any intrusion.

While Han Sen contemplated his next move and whether or not he should nick the flower from the bee king, the super creature's honey sac filled up with the juices. At this point, it flew back inside the hive.

Not long after, the bee king returned from the hive once more. It flew back up to the flower, undoubtedly for further collection of the juices. It did this a few times until the moon reached its highest point in the sky. It was also at this time that the flower began to shrink and recede.

"The bee king did not eat the honey because it's saving it?" Han Sen's heart jumped as he imagined that. "Normally, kings eat the best stuff. If it isn't eating it itself, then perhaps it has babies to feed? Maybe there are child super creatures someplace within?"

Thinking of this, Han Sen fancied venturing into the beehive to have a look for himself. Even if there were no second-generation super creatures, the bee king's honey would come in useful for himself.

But Han Sen was patient, and he wanted to watch things for a little while longer.

This was a large group of creatures, and it was not going to be a simple super fight. He didn't believe the little angel could tackle the beehive and its occupants all alone. The fairy rarely listened to his commands, either. If the fairy went in ahead and consumed all the honey, it'd be a big loss.

The silver fox enjoyed eating such rare delights, too. With both of them there, Han Sen had to be careful. Exerting much effort for no reward would be a crying shame.

After watching the beehive for a few days, Han Sen had learned that the flower produced those juices each and every night. And every night, the king would venture out and collect it from the flower. It seemed that the flower produced an endless amount of juices, and no matter how much was collected, the next day the king would be back to obtain as much as it could within the same timeframe.

No matter how big the chinese rose was, the juices inside had to be limited, though. How could it resist the ravenous appetite of the bee king each and every night? Something had to be severely wrong here.

Han Sen hesitated, but decided to summon his wings and fly forward. Night was settling in now, and he decided to view the flower from above. He saw there was still plenty of juice atop the pistils, and the bee was keen to continue collecting it.

When the moon reached its highest point, the bee king had collected all the juice. It was at this point the flower became smaller. But it looked as if it was just waiting to be re-opened.

The next day, when Han Sen flew high to take another look, the juices in the pistil had been fully replenished. This confused him a great deal.

“What is going on?” Han Sen continued to think on his discovery, not wanting to be reckless. If he couldn’t figure out the finer details of this curious phenomenon, he wouldn’t strike lightly.

While it was daytime, Han Sen heard a buzzing noise. He didn’t care much, since there were many bugs and insects all around—it wasn’t a particularly unique sound.

But this time, the buzzing sound was getting louder and louder. When the sound was as deafening as a helicopter landing in Han Sen’s ear, he perked his head to pay attention.

When Han Sen raised his head, he saw a green cloud heading his way. Curiously, the sound was coming from that very cloud.

After looking closer, he noticed that it wasn’t a cloud. It was a sickeningly large host of fist-sized green flies. With great ferocity, they went flying down towards the beehive.

The bees outside the hive all looked startled and nervous. A group of bees exited the tunnels of the hive and attempted to stop the approach of the green fly army.

The area was cloaked in gold and green, as a battle between the two insect collectives unfolded. Like rain, countless bees and flies cascaded down to the ground amidst the battle. The death toll was humongous.

Han Sen was shocked at the sight. But he noticed that the green flies were not as strong as the golden bees. They did, however, make up for the lack in power with sheer numbers. They were overwhelming, and they fearlessly kamikazed their way towards the hive. Most of them did not even want to fight, they seemed to just want the honey.

The bees were strong, but their numbers were few. Although they guarded the entrances to the hive, many green flies managed to get inside.

Before long, the bee king itself exited the hive to greet the assault, and quickly wiped out the green flies that attempted to worm their way inside. Within seconds of exiting, it was killing whole hordes of the insects.

But still, their numbers were too many. They were like a plague of locusts, and wherever the bee king did not look in that second, countless wretched flies tried to dig their way inside.

Han Sen assumed the flies were trying to steal the honey, at first. But then he saw that he was incorrect. The sneaky flies that had managed to get inside made their way out shortly after, all in possession of light-gold cocoons.

“These flies are not here for the honey, so what are they stealing the cocoons for?” Han Sen was confused by this revelation.

The bees were furious upon seeing their cocoons being stolen, and in a frenzy, they killed any fly in possession of one. One by one, they were killed, and one by one, cocoons dropped to the ground.

More and more flies battled their way forward, however. And many picked up where their fallen compatriots left off. The cocoons were picked up once more and carried away.