

Super Power

Chapter 881: Finishing the Blood-Pulse Sutra

“Why?” Han Sen asked, not understanding.

“Your great-grandfather was renowned for his cruelty in the Third God’s Sanctuary. Every spirit there will hate him with a passion. If you don’t want a perpetual bounty on your head, keep your familial tie to him a secret. But since you didn’t learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra, that shouldn’t be too much of a problem.” Luo Lan smiled.

“This is bad.” When Han Sen heard this, his heart jumped. He knew he’d have no problem keeping it a secret, but he was aware that the Zhao family hated him. He feared they would send word to the spirits of the Third God’s Sanctuary about who Han Sen’s ancestor was.

Han Sen told Luo Lan the story of what had transpired between him and the Zhao family over time, and when Luo Lan heard this, she said, “The Third God’s Sanctuary is enormous. There are few humans there, and lesser still are capable of traveling. Unless you are extremely unlucky, and spawn near the Zhao family, you shouldn’t have too many problems.”

“And when you enter the Third God’s Sanctuary, you are eligible for a name-change. Even if they know you are out there in the Third God’s Sanctuary someplace, they will only know your name. Your precise location will be unknown to them.” Luo Lan did not seem to be worried at all.

“I suppose you’re right, Mom.” Han Sen felt reassured with his mother’s comfort.

Luo Lan then said, “You don’t have to come find me, by the way. I can travel to Moment Shelter by myself.”

“No, Mom, I should come and pick you up. It is too dangerous for you to venture there alone,” Han Sen quickly responded.

“You underestimate the talents of your mother. Just stick to doing your own thing; I’ll be fine.” Luo Lan gave another warm smile.

Although Han Sen wanted her to wait for him, she insisted on going by herself. Knowing his mother’s determination, Han Sen knew he’d have no choice but to accept, agree, and respect her decision.

There was nothing he could do save speed up his own journey to visit her. The sooner he met her, the less danger she would have to face on her own. He knew she was powerful, but it was natural for him to worry over her well-being.

Han Sen wasn't in much of a mood to kill any more creatures, so his journey there was defined by one thing, and one thing only; power walking. Unless he stumbled across a creature that could benefit his pets, he was too lazy to fight.

After walking for an entire month, Han Sen came across a second-generation wolf king out on a moor. To get it, Han Sen had to slay its entire wolf pack.

He didn't get a beast soul, but he was able to finally max out his super geno points.

After another three months of walking, Han Sen finally met up with Luo Lan. They spent four months traveling back to Moment Shelter, where he let Luo Lan to handle the affairs of the shelter. Now, Han Sen could focus on moving up to the Third God's Sanctuary.

Throughout his time on the road, Han Sen also spent time practicing his Blood-Pulse Sutra. His body received a great many changes, and he was close to breaking its first gene lock.

Han Sen planned on finishing the first tier and then becoming a surpasser. He also wanted to level up the fairy, too. She wouldn't listen to anyone but Han Sen, so he thought she'd only bring mischief if she was to remain in Moment Shelter without him. Han Sen was going to try and get her to the Third God's Sanctuary, to avoid her being a nuisance in his absence.

As for the three-tailed fox, Big Black, Small Back, and Little White, they were all well-behaved. Even if Han Sen wasn't around, they would follow Luo Lan's commands. That, alongside the super beast souls he was going to give her, would guarantee that Luo Lan would have no problem keeping the shelter secure.

Aside from Little Angel and his Devil-Ant King armor, Meowth and Golden Growler, Han Sen gifted all of his beast souls to Luo Lan.

Han Sen worried people might recognize the Devil-Ant King armor that Dollar had used, and that's why he decided to bring it with him. After everything he had experienced so far, he knew his beast souls wouldn't be of much use in the Third God's Sanctuary.

Even his shapeshifting Silver-Blood Macaque beast soul was useless to him now. It could boost him to a fitness level of three hundred, yes, but once he became a surpasser, his fitness level would reach six hundred.

Han Sen's body wasn't weaker than the Silver-Blood Macaque. He had reached a fitness level of three hundred, but his king spirit body did not activate. He thought it would most likely activate after he became a surpasser.

So, Han Sen spent his time practicing with his Blood-Pulse Sutra and taking the Crystal Palace out for deep-sea dives. Down there, he searched for water element super creatures to aid the fairy's development.

Han Sen had a creature in mind, too: the blue seahorse. Unfortunately for him, however, it took him a long time to find it.

He eventually did come across it, though, in the blackest depths of the sea. It had two little seahorses alongside it, and although Han Sen could have slain them all, he chose not to.

It was difficult to produce second-generation super creatures, and since Han Sen did not need them anymore, he let them go.

It turned out that the blue seahorse's element was fire. It was useless for the fairy.

A year passed, and the fairy had still not evolved. But in that time, he had managed to open the first gene lock of the Blood-Pulse Sutra.

Surprisingly, and disappointingly, the Blood-Pulse Sutra was a bit of a letdown. It turned out to be weaker than he expected it to be. Aside from a simple strengthening of his body, it had no real utility. It was worse than the Dongxuan Sutra and Jadeskin by a long shot.

"Does this sutra only affect your kin?" Han Sen reviewed the Blood-Pulse Sutra again, but felt as if there had been a mistake. It should have been far better than what he was seeing.

Han Sen did feel as if his body had changed, though. Still, he couldn't pinpoint where or what exactly had changed.

Half a month after this, Han Sen killed a water element monster. After the fairy ate its body and the Life Geno Essence, she started to evolve.

When fairy evolved, she made a whirlpool in the water and turned into ice, freezing the Crystal Palace at the same time. The sanctuary door opened in the air, and a spirit walked out to approach fairy.

Unlike the silver fox, who was hesitant to leave, the fairy spared no time in accompanying the spirit. Gleefully, she raced straight towards it.

"Ungrateful b*tch." Han Sen felt as if he had been used and cast aside. He felt as if his kindness had all been in vain.

As this occurred, Han Sen was in the Crystal Palace. The spirit that came through the door did not see Han Sen when it took the fairy back across the gate. But before the fairy went beyond the gate, she made a mocking face towards the Crystal Palace.

"Fine, whatever! Go ahead. This place is better off without you!" Han Sen sighed. Although he said that, he actually missed her.

Now, the gourd was the next thing Han Sen could not let go of. He couldn't bring it with him, and neither was it birthing. Han Sen had tried everything, including feeding it a copious amount of super creature blood, but it no longer absorbed any. Han Sen had no clue how to get it open.

Chapter 882: Becoming a Surpasser

"If I am unable to find a way to bring you out of your shell, I am going to have to leave you here in the Second God's Sanctuary." Han Sen touched the gourd in his hand and spoke to it. He thought the situation with the gourd was unfair.

He knew the gourd was a treasure, and it possessed the six Cog armaments inside it. Leaving them behind in the Second God's Sanctuary would be a grand waste.

"If the silver fox was able to break the sky and go to the Third God's Sanctuary, does that mean I can use the same method to cross over? If I could, then I could at least take the gourd with me," Han Sen thought to himself.

But Han Sen knew he needed the right timing to pull off something like that. He couldn't just tear the skies asunder willy-nilly. The silver fox had been in the right place at the right time. The little blighter ate the fruit, and that was the catalyst for its ascension. Right now, no matter how strong Han Sen had become, he could not break the fabric of the skies.

For a human to break through the very atmosphere was almost unheard of, and not even demigods had been reported to have achieved such a feat. The only person Han Sen had heard of doing such a thing was the creator of the Dongxuan Sutra: Dong Xuanzi.

The silver fox's ascension seemed like bottled lightning, as in, it was a perfect storm of factors that led to it being able to access the Third God's Shelter.

Han Sen was not in a rush to be a surpasser just yet, however. His four-year service in the army would be over soon, and he planned on leveling up once he had finished his service.

Although Ji Yanran repeatedly mentioned her desire for marriage after his service in the army was over, Han Sen kept on delaying it.

He was afraid of accessing the Third God's Sanctuary and dying, leaving her a widow. Perhaps the Zhao family would not forget their feud, and would manage to spread the rumor that he was actually from the Luo family.

But even if that did not happen, the lotus symbol on his forehead still worried him.

The Ji family was hoping, after Han Sen finished his term of service, he could be a military sergeant. With the Ji family's power, they could easily establish a career for him in the military.

But Han Sen rejected their offers, wanting to retire and be free for a time. He wanted to go home and spend time with his mother and little sister, and then move on to the Third God's Sanctuary.

On this day, Han Sen felt a vibration stemming from his Sea of Soul. The Aqua Reaper beast soul died, and then disappeared.

"It looks like he escaped." Han Sen wore a complicated expression, but he was not surprised. Ning Yue was no ordinary person. He had been possessed by the Aqua Reaper, but still, he had never passed on any useful information. It was only a matter of time until he managed to escape it.

That being said, Han Sen had thought he would have escaped sooner.

There had not been much important news in the Alliance recently. The Zhao family was still a favored name, but their production of high-class Angel Gene Fluid was slowly winding down.

Dong Lin's pet pills, on the other hand, had started to receive more good feedback. Their prices began to rise in response to the growing demand, and in time, it was wagered they could compete against Angel Gene Fluid.

The pet pills Han Sen and Ji Ruozen bought were purchased at a good time, and had they wanted the same quantity now, it would have cost them a dozen times more. Crazy yet, the prices were still on an upward trajectory.

It was difficult to purchase large quantities of the pet pills these days. Dong Lin's production was not enough to serve and meet the demand of the Alliance. The people of the Ji family, who did not invest in the pills when it was first suggested to them by Ji Ruozen, were regretting their mistake deeply.

After retiring, Han Sen went to Roca Planet and stayed at home for some time. He spent a few days with his mother and little sister, and then spent time with Zhang Danfeng.

He did whatever he wanted to, in addition to researching what he could about the Third God's Sanctuary.

Going there would be difficult, and even Han Sen's mother was not confident she herself could survive there. That was why she never chose to become a surpasser.

Although Han Sen's chances of survival were better than most, all it would take was an unlucky roll of the dice to twist his fate. If he ended up in a high-level spirit shelter where the spirit despised him, he'd be killed without trouble. There'd be nothing he could do to escape such a fate.

Han Sen enjoyed the days of relaxation as best as he could. He had a lie-in most days, and it was freeing for him not to worry about training or hunting more super creatures. For once he had true peace of mind.

He frequently spent time practicing with Little Yan, too. She had developed into a pretty young girl now, and in three years, she'd enter the First God's Sanctuary.

With Han Sen's reputation, it did not matter where she ended up, she'd be taken good care of. There was no need for Han Sen to worry about her well-being as much as he once had.

He saw a lot of himself in Little Yan. She was very independent and strong, the clear result of having been raised by a single mother. Without someone taking care of her, she could still survive and most likely thrive.

But Little Yan was just a girl, and that was a different than Han Sen. It would be better if someone could take care of her, because Han Sen didn't want her to suffer.

Han Sen did go back to the sanctuary, every now and then, to check on his gourd. It looked the same as it always did, and there was no sign of it changing.

Han Sen stayed at his home for a month, and when he went back to the sanctuary, he went to visit the Evolution Pool. He stood next to it and removed his clothes; with the gourd in hand, he jumped in.

He did not know if the pool could work for the gourd, but there was no harm in trying.

Han Sen really wanted to bring the gourd with him, because if he didn't, he'd lose all the astounding weapons that were inside it. Heaven knew who would end up owning them, one day.

The Evolution Pool was like an endless, aquatic abyss. It was like a black hole.

Han Sen's body continued to fall, as if he was being dropped into a bottomless vacuum. The composition of his body began to melt away, as his flesh decomposed.

Han Sen did not feel any pain, and he could not see or hear anything. It felt as if his body was being reborn.

It felt as if he was in purgatory, soon to be graced with a new life.

"Evolution Successful; you have achieved the rank of Surpasser. You have gained an additional one-hundred-year lifespan. Your super body has evolved – Super King Spirit."

Han Sen: Super Body – Super King Spirit

Title: Surpasser

Lifespan: 400

Next Evolution Requirement: 100 Geno Points

Owned Geno Points: 0

Han Sen was pushed to the surface of the water as he heard the announcement, informing him of his success in evolving.

Before Han Sen could admire his new surpasser body, however, he felt his left hand becoming overwhelmed by a pulsing power.

The gourd in his left hand was vibrating like mad.

Chapter 883: Third God's Sanctuary

The gourd was trembling in Han Sen's hand. At its tip, a black hole-like distortion had manifested, warping the very dimension around it.

"Is something going to be born from the gourd now? Did the Evolution Pool really help it?" Han Sen was excited, looking at the gourd.

While he was thinking, a black light burst forth from the gourd to sunder the atmosphere like a blade.

A lesion was torn in the fabric of space, and a powerful force of suction came from it. Before he could react, Han Sen and the gourd were both sucked inside.

Boom!

Han Sen felt as if the world was spinning, or as if he had been tossed into a tumble dryer. He felt a crushing force descend upon him, and amidst his rolling, he felt as if he wanted to throw up but could not.

He wanted to scream, but no voice came out. He felt his body being forced into the painful, compact shape of a ball.

Time did not seem to exist in the place he had ended up, and the pain he suffered felt as if it had lasted an entire century, despite truly lasting only a few seconds.

Pang!

Han Sen was suddenly released from that agonizing pain, and he was dropped to the cold comfort of the ground. After the fall, he could not help but yell, "Ouch!" His body was in anguish, and when he moved, he could feel a number of broken bones about his body, in addition to his torn organs.

A slight movement was all it took to make him feel as if a thousand knives were stabbing him all at once.

It was fortunate Han Sen was as powerful as he was; any ordinary surpasser would have died at first contact with this place.

Han Sen wanted to cast his Dongxuan Sutra, to simulate the holy light and heal himself, but he couldn't. The blood flow of his entire body was messed up, and he was unable to cast a single skill.

"Oh, no! Am I going to die like this?" Han Sen felt as if his organs were bleeding. His entire body had been battered and broken, and if he did not receive any remedial aid, he'd soon die.

Being unable to cast a single skill, he could not heal himself. And with the pain that came with moving, he couldn't do anything but wait to die.

"Gourd! You got me killed!" Han Sen spoke to the gourd beside him, as his heart sank.

But then, Han Sen realized that despite all the wounds he had incurred, and the lesions that had opened up across his body, he wasn't bleeding externally. All the wounds had scabbed.

And as for the internal bleeding he could feel, nothing ill was coming of it. The blood that came from the organs did not swell up someplace, but instead managed to flow around his body even without the pumping of his heart or blood vessels.

"Blood-Pulse Sutra?" Han Sen was delighted at the sudden realization, and so he cast it. As he did, he prayed and hoped, "This must work."

He easily cast the Blood-Pulse Sutra, and his messed-up interior did not seem to prohibit his usage of the skill.

A strange power burst from his blood and went to every cell, fixing and restoring every part of his body. His organs, his bones, his torn flesh; every inch of his being was recovering.

Han Sen noticed he did not need to focus on the Blood-Pulse Sutra, as the energy from his blood was recovering his organs by itself.

“No wonder it is a Blood Legion skill; it really is quite powerful.” Han Sen was very happy. Although the recovery of the sutra was slow, and it wasn’t as fast or efficient as the holy light, it was enough to save his life under the dire circumstances. It would take a while before he fully recovered, so he made the most of it and laid down as comfortably as he could.

Han Sen now thought it was a good idea to look around, but unfortunately, he could not move his head. Therefore, his vision was limited.

The air was pure where he was, and he had a feeling that he had never felt during his time in the Second God’s Sanctuary. In comparison, the Second God’s Sanctuary’s air quality seemed poor and dirty.

“Am I in the Third God’s Sanctuary?” As Han Sen thought this, he tried looking up.

All he could see was the color green. When the sunlight flickered down through the foliage in his sight, the graceful light blinded him.

Han Sen noticed he was beneath a tree that was around five meters tall, and its leaves were entirely circular. The leaves knitted together like a parasol, shielding him from the sunrays.

But from the branches, Han Sen noticed many crosses hanging down.

As Han Sen wondered who had hung so many crosses on the tree, he realized what they actually were. They were shortswords.

Every shortsword looked identical, and they were about two-feet-long. Each blade was approximately the width of two fingers, and they were pitch-black in color. That was why Han Sen first mistook them for crosses. All-in-all, there had to be around thirty of them.

“Who was bored enough to hang this many swords from the tree?” Although Han Sen had this thought, he was actually extremely happy. It also meant someone had to be someplace in the vicinity.

But then, Han Sen realized it might have been a spirit that did this. Spirits were, after all, renowned for doing weird things. If he was discovered by a spirit, he wagered no good would come of it.

But Han Sen could not look around and examine more of the surroundings, due to his inability to move his head. All he could see was the tree and the black shortswords.

Han Sen then noticed something was wrong. The shortswords didn’t look as if they had been hung on purpose. The swords were connected with the branches, as if they were a sort of fruit.

“Geno seeds. This must be the Third God’s Sanctuary.” Han Sen realized he was beneath a geno tree. The black shortswords were geno weaponry. He didn’t know if he ought to be glad or worried. In this place, spirits, creatures, and humans grew geno seeds and now, he was directly underneath the fruit of one. He wasn’t sure what he was going to meet.

If the geno tree's master was a beast, Han Sen would likely become its afternoon snack, since he couldn't move.

Han Sen looked at his Sea of Soul, planning to don his Devil-Ant King armor for protection.

But when he looked inside there, he froze.

Chapter 884: Black Crystal Mutation

The black crystal in the Sea of Soul was like a blackhole, absorbing the lifeforce around it.

Han Sen was shocked. Ever since he found the black crystal, there hadn't been anything amiss with it. But now, the black crystal was absorbing lifeforces, and it was quite terrifying to see.

The speed at which the black crystal was absorbing the lifeforces was alarming, and if its hunger was turned to Han Sen later, he'd be a skeletal husk in under a minute. Any other evolver would perish instantly.

Han Sen was rather concerned. If the crystal had hungered for him when he ate it previously, he'd have died a very long time ago.

The black crystal kept absorbing lifeforce, but Han Sen realized he did not know where the lifeforce was coming from. The black crystal spent quite some time absorbing it.

Han Sen was afraid the black crystal would absorb his lifeforce, but there was nothing he could do. He could not remove it from his body.

He opened his eyes, wanting to look around and see where that lifeforce was originating, for he did not believe the lifeforce of the atmosphere itself was that powerful.

But Han Sen could not move his head. All he could see was the tree above him, which grew black shortswords. When he looked at the tree again, however, he was given a surprise.

The tree, once a rich emerald, had yellowed. The black shortswords had lost their lustre and attractive shininess and had now started to rust.

"The black crystal is absorbing the lifeforce of the tree!" Han Sen was gobsmacked, unsure of how the crystal was doing it.

But for Han Sen, this was good news. It showed that the black crystal was not interested in humans, just flora.

Still, he was a little apprehensive. The black crystal might not be interested in him now, but who could promise that it wouldn't like a taste of him later?

Perhaps the black crystal believed he was too weak right now, and it was going to wait until he became stronger before chowing down on his energy.

Katcha!

The sword tree was getting more and more yellow, and its trunk was starting to rot. Many leaves departed their harboring branches, and the tree's grip on the swords became weaker. One of them dropped dangerously close to Han Sen. It nicked his face right before sinking into the ground. He almost had a heart attack.

Seeing the many swords rusting and preparing to drop at any second, Han Sen planned on summoning Little Angel to carry him away. The last thing he wanted was to get impaled by one of those rusty blades.

But when he tried to summon her, he got no response. He looked back into the Sea of Soul, and for some reason, Little Angel was little more than a light. He had no idea when this had begun, but there she was, evolving.

"Strange? How can she evolve? I didn't feed her a black crystal or anything." Han Sen pondered the conundrum, but still believed it to be a good thing. When Little Angel evolved, his life in the Third God's Sanctuary was sure to be substantially easier.

"I don't think Little Angel can be summoned right now, then." Looking at his collection of beast souls now, he was almost dismayed to only see Meowth and Golden Growler there.

The only spirit Han Sen brought with him was Moment Queen, but she was less than favorably-inclined towards him, so he did not believe she could help.

As Han Sen continued to think, the black crystal eventually stopped. He looked at the black crystal and found there to be some sort of liquid around it.

There was no color or smell to the substance, and it was translucent like an actual crystal. Strangely, it possessed a lifeforce of its own.

"Strange. Did the black crystal bite off more than it could chew? Is this a... secretion, stemming from an overload?" Han Sen wondered.

But the lifeforce had become a water in the Sea of Soul. Han Sen could not drink it, but if he possibly could, he'd have liked to consume it and see if it could benefit his body in any capacity.

For some reason, he decided to let Meowth have it. He wanted to see if it'd benefit Meowth first.

Meowth curiously licked it, but did not dare consume it properly. It was too strong for Meowth, and even after the casual lick, its body bloated with energy. If Meowth had actually consumed it all, it would've undoubtedly exploded.

Han Sen then let Golden Growler try it. He too licked it at first, and his body was filled to the brim with energy.

“This is good, but Golden Growler and Meowth are from the First God’s Sanctuary. I don’t think they can cope with this much energy. I’m unsure of the benefits it may impart, then.” Han Sen looked at Golden Growler and Meowth, that were gasping in an attempt to digest the energy they had just accepted.

Han Sen focused his vision forward and noticed that the tree was completely dead. All the swords had dropped to the ground and all the leaves had left the branches. It had no more lifeforce, which had evidently all been sucked dry by the black crystal.

“No wonder it stopped; it’s bone dry!” Han Sen observed the dead tree and then heard a voice.

“Sister Lanxi, the ink sword tree that has been growing for three years is about to mature. There are thirty-four of them growing; think of the riches! We can sell them to obtain a large amount of ordinary flesh.” A man was talking excitedly.

When Han Sen heard what he had to say, his face dropped. “Oh, crap! This tree was owned by someone else! But who does it belong to? A human or spirit? If it’s a spirit, I am so dead!”

Han Sen wanted to get up and run, but alas, he could not. Even if Han Sen summoned his Golden Growler, in the Third God’s Sanctuary, it would be slower than an average creature. It seemed like an escape would be impossible.

All Han Sen could do was hope that the owner of the tree was human, and if it was, he could pay the owner back in the Alliance.

“Yeah; the flesh should give us a lot of ordinary geno points!” A woman now replied to the man, and although she was quieter, there was audible excitement coating her voice.

“Oh, by the sanctuaries! I hope they won’t be too mad when they see the tree.” Han Sen felt terrible. They sounded human, but the tree was clearly important to them. Han Sen could now only continue praying for divine protection over whatever was about to happen next.

Chapter 885: Debt

Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming were engaged in merry conversation as they walked, but that soon came to an end when they entered the field and caught sight of their Ink-Sword Tree.

They had spent the last three years cultivating it, and in a few more days, they’d have been able to harvest the thirty-four ordinary gene weapons. But now, the tree had suddenly died.

It had once borne an abundance of emerald leaves, but now only a few yellow leaves remained stubbornly clinging to its withered branches. The ink swords that once inhabited the tree had all disappeared, too. Mounds of dead leaves and rusted blades were all that remained, scattered about.

“How did that happen?!” Chu Ming ran in front of the Ink-Sword Tree, digging through the leaves like mad. He grabbed one of the rusted swords that had broken in half, following its fall.

Qu Lanxi's face was robbed of all its color. The last three years of her effort had been squandered overnight. She wouldn't receive any of the fruits of her labor, so her heart and mood were swiftly crushed.

"Someone is here! And he looks injured." Qu Lanxi ran in front of the tree, looking at Han Sen as she came.

"A person?" Chu Ming was vacant-minded when he asked, unsure of how to respond to the tree's death. He looked over to where Qu Lanxi was pointing, and saw a man lying on the ground.

Chu Ming quickly ran over to him, grabbed him by the collar and shouted with great anger, "Did you destroy our Ink-Sword Tree?!"

Blergh!

When Han Sen was grabbed and shaken by the angry shouting man, his organs were injured. He tried to speak, but could only spill blood from his mouth.

"Did you do it? Answer me! Did you ruin our tree?!" Chu Ming continued to shout, shaking Han Sen. The tree's death had really thrown him for a loop.

"Are you crazy? Don't you see how injured he is? What, do you want to kill him?!" Qu Lanxi pulled Chu Ming away from Han Sen, and then knelt down to inspect him.

"Lanxi, this man has just randomly appeared in our garden on the same day our tree happens to be ruined. Put two and two together, would you? He is obviously responsible for this!" Chu Ming was consumed with madness.

"Chill out. Ask him politely first. He's human; a friend, at that. I don't think he'd try to harm us on purpose." Qu Lanxi said as she checked out Han Sen.

"But..." Chu Ming tried to say something, but fell short.

Qu Lanxi shook her head and said, "Ask him later. Right now, he is far too injured. Let's help him recover first; you can ask all the questions you desire later."

Qu Lanxi then summoned a turtle and told Chu Ming to help lift Han Sen and place him on the turtle's back. After that, they would depart the garden.

Chu Ming was struggling to accept the death of the tree, and he was fuming mad at the likely culprit. Still, he was willing to oblige her request, and he lifted Han Sen onto the turtle. Then, they returned to a wooden cabin that was not too far from the tree.

Qu Lanxi brought over some medicine and applied it to Han Sen's body. The medicine was intended for fixing simple things.

“He’s too injured. We need a doctor.” Qu Lanxi frowned.

“Doctor? This yahoo might have killed our Ink-Sword Tree! Who cares if he’s injured? Why should we fix him on our penny? We spent everything we had on that tree, and toiled to nurture it for three years, with the dream that we’d live a better life once its fruit matured. But now? It’s all gone. Where am I supposed to get that money now, huh?” Chu Ming was furious.

Qu Lanxi understood where he was coming from, but she was conflicted with the desire to help the injured man. She didn’t know how to respond.

“I appreciate your concern, but I’ll be fine in a few days.” After the rest, Han Sen was feeling a little bit better, and his voice had now returned to him.

“Oh, so you can talk now? That’s great news. Hey, tell me something here; did you destroy my tree? And if you did, why?” Chu Ming was keen to begin his interrogation.

“Don’t hurt him.” Qu Lanxi stopped Chu Ming, and then looked at Han Sen and asked, “Who are you, injured one? And why were you in our garden?”

Han Sen sighed and said, “My name is San Mu. I was attacked by a creature and ran this way. I saw the tree fall victim to that putrid beast, and I believe that is what caused it to die. It is my fault, though; do not worry, I will accept full responsibility and be sure to pay you back in full.”

“Hmm, you have wealth? And you’re willing to pay us back? Well, alright then. One ink sword’s price is equal to that of a portion of ordinary creature flesh. We had thirty-four swords in total, so give me the flesh of thirty-four ordinary creatures. Do that, and I’ll let you off the hook so you can sod off back to where you came from,” Chu Ming said.

“Don’t worry, a San always pays his debts. As soon as I’m back on my feet, I’ll get to work on paying you back.” After a brief pause, Han Sen continued to say, “Is there a shelter nearby, in which I could teleport back to the Alliance?”

The Blood-Pulse Sutra could fix him, but it was too slow. If he could return to the Alliance, he could heal at a much quicker rate.

When Chu Ming heard Han Sen was willing to pay him back, his mood had considerably brightened. He said, “You are joking? Haha! What a joker. The spirit won’t let us go back.”

Qu Lanxi looked at Han Sen and asked, “San Mu, which shelter do you come from? And which creature did you encounter?”

“Pah! Where else could he have come from, girl? He most likely came from the Thorn Forest; what other place has sordid creatures in these parts, eh?” Chu Ming interjected.

Han Sen sighed in relief. He believed Chu Ming to be the biggest idiot he had met in a long time. With that information, making a story wouldn’t be so hard.

“Yes, you are right. But I haven’t been in the Third God’s Sanctuary long. I am unfamiliar with this area.” Han Sen suddenly coughed up some blood.

“Oy! Don’t die yet. You owe us money, remember?” Chu Ming was a little repulsed.

Chu Ming then thought something had to be amiss. He stared at Han Sen and said, "Wait, if you only just entered the Third God's Forest, where are you going to find us ordinary flesh?"

"Well, can I pay you back in the Alliance?" Han Sen asked.

"We can't leave this place, so what would be the point?" Chu Ming suddenly felt the clouds of doom return to fog the clarity of his mind and said, "Oh, no. No. Nooo! This guy can't pay us. He can't pay us!"

Qu Lanxi sighed and then said, "Well, let's just focus on fixing him first."

"No, you *sshole! Give me my tree back!" Chu Ming's mind returned to the three years he spent carefully tending to the tree. He looked like a broken man.

Qu Lanxi stopped him and said, "What would be the point in killing him? When he has healed, perhaps he can pay us back some other way."

"Geez, calm down, you two. I will pay you back." Han Sen couldn't blame them for their reactions, and he could tell they must have endured a difficult life where they were.

Having a three-year dream taken away from you was something no one could take very well, so Han Sen could understand their anger.

But Han Sen was confident he could get better, and once his health returned, paying them back would not be too difficult. All he was unsure about was how to adequately return the favor they did by saving his life, despite the trouble he had caused them.

Chapter 886: Old Dragon-Blood Tree

Han Sen rested at their cabin for a few more days, and although he hadn't fully recovered, he could now walk around.

Han Sen had suffered tremendous injuries, and because there were no medical tools in the vicinity, he had to rely on simple medicine and the Blood-Pulse Sutra for healing. He wagered it would take another two whole months before he was back to a clean bill of health.

Over the past few days, Han Sen was able to obtain some information about the area he had ended up in from Chu Ming and Qu Lanxi.

The area belonged to Thorn Shelter. It was a royal shelter, and its namesake was derived from the nearby woodland: Thorn Forest.

Han Sen had ended up at the edge of Thorn Forest, near a Knight-class shelter called Qing Ming Shelter.

They were the only humans at Qing Ming Shelter. Qu Lanxi had been living there for eight years, whereas Chu Ming had been there for six years. They belonged to Qing Ming Shelter. The Knight-class spirit, Qing Ming Knight, made them sign a contract. Then, they became members of the shelter, and the shelter's master offered them a chance to survive by working for him.

Humans were the peasants of this land, treated like thralls, and treated even more poorly than creatures. After all, humans who ascended to this sanctuary would generally start off weaker than the lowliest of creatures.

They had no chance of competing against a spirit. There were Squire-class spirits in Qing Ming Shelter, and although some of them were weaker than humans, for as long as their spirit stone remained in the spirit shelter, they could fight without fear of death. As such, their bravery in combat was unmatched. Therefore, humans were considered peasants; particularly those who had just joined. When contracted, all they could be expected to do was hard, menial labor.

Growing geno seeds was one such task. Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming had been sent to a garden to grow such seeds, and to avoid the cruel punishment of Qing Ming Knight, they would had a quota of produce to deliver.

It was tough in the beginning, but fortunately, Qing Ming Knight did not require much, and any bonuses they produced could be kept for themselves.

For the first few years, when they did not have much experience, times were tough. Their punishments came often, but after getting a grip on things and learning to grow the seeds effectively, they had much produce leftover. As a result, they were able to save up what they wanted.

Three years ago, they pooled all of their savings together to purchase an ordinary Ink-Sword Tree seed. Over the next three years, they labored to grow it and spent even more on its healthy cultivation. They would have been able to harvest its swords in a matter of days, but before that, Han Sen showed up and ruined all they had slaved to accomplish.

Growing geno seeds was not easy, and their level was important. You needed a lot of resources and spare time to grow and care for them.

Ink-Sword Trees had to be watered with Black-Scale Blood. With that, the tree would grow healthily.

When they first planted the geno seed, they had to bury the bodies of Black-Scale Beasts near it. Their corpses would provide the necessary nutrients for its initial growth.

Black-Scale Beasts were only ordinary creatures, but obtaining a bucket of their blood everyday was a trial-and-a-half for them.

After all, Qing Ming Shelter's creatures mostly belonged to Qing Ming Knight. They could not kill Black-Scale Beasts randomly. Instead, they had to trade for the blood and flesh.

If they wanted to hunt creatures, they would have to venture into Thorn Forest. But that territory was home to the most rancid of monsters. With their power, any encounter with a beast from that place would be dangerous. Even mutant creatures were known to live there.

They thought by growing an Ink-Sword Tree, their lives would become considerably easier. They never expected the disaster that awaited them, following Han Sen's arrival. This was also why Chu Ming was never nice to Han Sen. After all, Han Sen had just crushed their hopes and dreams.

Han Sen was remorseful, and did feel very sorry for what he had inadvertently done, but there was not much he could do. He never expected the black crystal to suddenly start absorbing the tree's lifeforce.

Han Sen got out of bed this day, and went outside to sunbathe.

The yard was skirted by a wooden fence, and Lanxi said that the house once belonged to an old spirit. The spirit used to be in charge, but after he passed away, Qing Ming gave it to Lanxi.

Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming were both toiling in the garden that day. Although the sword tree had been destroyed, there were many other trees they had to take care of. Of course, the rest they grew were only enough to keep them going and allow them to live hand-to-mouth. They wouldn't provide the benefits that the Ink-Sword Tree would have.

Han Sen, in his observation of the yard, did not see a chair he could recline on. But he did see an old crooked tree, bent low near the ground. He was able to sit down there.

Han Sen approached the crooked tree and sat on its branch. He had been cooped up in the house for far too long, so his opportunity to sunbathe felt extra good.

The tree looked solid, and was dark red in color.

But the tree had no leaves, and it looked bald and dead.

As Han Sen sunbathed, he tried casting dongxuan aura. If he could simulate the holy light, he could heal faster.

But when he tried to cast it, he was unable to. His body and the energy inside him was too much of a mess.

Although he might not have been able to cast skills, his general senses had recovered quite a bit. He sat down on the tree and felt a small lifeforce stemming from the tree's root.

It was very faint, though. It was too weak and looked likely to die soon.

But Han Sen felt that the tree's lifeforce was special.

"Was this tree grown by a geno seed?" Han Sen wondered, as he brushed the tree root with his fingers.

"This is the Dragon-Blood Old Tree. It grew from mutant class seeds. The old spirit that used to live here wanted to grow this tree, and to do so, he had to venture into Thorn Forest to collect the necessary nutrients for it. Unfortunately, he perished someplace within that perilous, knotted domain. A few days following his demise, the tree died, too." Qu Lanxi approached and told Han Sen.

Chapter 887: Amazing Waterdrop

“This is a mutant geno tree?” Han Sen said, as he looked at the old tree.

“Yes. If we could tend and cultivate it successfully, we should be able to grow Dragon-Blood Fruit. They bear mutant-class pet beast souls, called Dragon-Blood Snakes. They could all be sold for riches,” Qu Lanxi said.

“Selling just one of those would make us rich.” Qu Lanxi paused for a brief while before continuing, “But such thoughts are pointless, even if the tree was alive. It requires the blood of ordinary beasts, each and every day. I have heard that the blood of Blood-Scale Snakes is the most beneficial. But unfortunately, Qing Ming Shelter does not possess any such snakes. The old spirit that once lived here perished in the Thorn Forest in search of them.”

“That is a shame,” Han Sen said, feeling sorry in his heart.

“Even if such blood was available for sale, we couldn’t afford it. This tree is a lost cause on us,” Qu Lanxi said.

Han Sen smiled and looked at her.

She was an elegant woman. Although she was not stunning, she was beautiful and fair. Her appearance was delicate and comforting, and her company was something many people would want for.

Even amidst such dreary circumstances, she looked after herself well and kept herself tidy and neat. Even though the color of her clothes had long since faded, she didn’t look ragged; despite her apparel and surrounding environment, she looked natural and fair.

She might not have been the prettiest woman to look at, but she had an inviting appeal. She exuded a sense of comfort, and Han Sen found himself quite attracted to her.

“Where is Chu Ming?” Han Sen looked past her, but did not see him.

“He went to buy food in the shelter; he’ll be back soon.” She then observed Han Sen with a stare, and went on to say, “Your wounds have healed quickly.”

“My hyper geno art can heal.” Han Sen had a prepared response for her curiosity.

He had healed almost too quickly. His body had been broken, with organs damaged and bones snapped. Yet, after but a few days, he was back on his feet. No one would believe he had healed this quickly via natural means.

“Healing powers? You can heal people?” Qu Lanxi asked Han Sen with shock.

“If I am fully recovered, I can impart healings on others. But that would depend on who or what; while it is fairly strong, I don’t imagine my healing ability would prove sufficient for a wounded super creature,” Han Sen said, modestly.

“It is rare to find people who can heal others of the same tier. When you have recovered, you might be able to find a job over on the ranch. Healing abilities are cherished at such a place, so you’d be paid handsomely,” Qu Lanxi told Han Sen.

Han Sen was interested in this prospect, so he asked, “Ranch? What ranch?”

“Well, it’s more of a colosseum, really. Spirits trap creatures that are unable to be tamed and pit them against each other, for the entertainment of humans.” Qu Lanxi sounded as if she did not think fondly of such venues. After her brief explanation, she returned to the house and tidied up.

Han Sen remained near the Dragon-Blood Tree, evaluating what his next move should be.

With his power, he should have been able to kill ordinary creatures without any hassle. But now that he had learnt the creatures of this area were owned, he couldn’t kill as freely as he might have wanted to.

Heading to Thorn Forest would be too dangerous in his current condition, as well, and if he ended up squaring off against a mutant creature, he could very well be killed.

Han Sen had thought repaying the debt would be a trivial task, but there were a few complications involved that would make it much harder than he initially thought.

“Oh, black crystal. Why would you absorb the lifeforce of that Ink-Sword Tree? Why-oh-why, troublesome black crystal? You used to be quite helpful, so why are you working against all of us here?” Han Sen was a little upset over his predicament.

As these feelings of sadness came over him, he felt the black crystal in the Sea of Soul tremble. One of the bountiful waterdrops it had excreted earlier, now exited the Sea of Soul and dropped onto the root of the tree.

Han Sen was shocked at this sudden turn of events. He witnessed the dying, crooked tree absorb the waterdrop without delay. And almost immediately, the weakened lifeforce of the tree was ignited. It was coming back to life.

Han Sen’s mood made a quick turn-around, and he exclaimed to himself, “These waterdrops can raise old, dead wood back to life?”

The tree didn’t recover its life immediately, however. It was still slowly absorbing the waterdrop.

As Han Sen observed the tree, Chu Ming returned home with a filled sack. Seeing Han Sen sunbathing near the old tree, he was quickly brought to anger. He marched forward and said, “How unfortunate it was for us to meet you! You destroyed our Ink-Sword Tree, and to top it off, we have to babysit and feed you! I’m warning you. You better get well soon and pay us back!”

“Stop yelling and come in for lunch.” Qu Lanxi had prepared food, and called them both in to eat.

Chu Ming frequently complained to Han Sen, but Han Sen understood why and thought it was reasonable. But now, Han Sen was curious about what state the old tree would soon be in, after receiving the waterdrop.

If all was successful, and it was indeed brought back to life, it'd be a mutant geno tree. The Dragon-Blood Fruit could be sold for a high price, solving all the problems Han Sen currently had.

The black crystal's waterdrops were incredibly powerful. If it could continue producing such waterdrops, they'd provide Han Sen a lot of help in the times to come.

Han Sen did not know what it took to produce those waterdrops. All he knew was that the black crystal absorbed the lifeforce of the Ink-Sword Tree and was able to produce three such waterdrops.

"Three waterdrops for a tree that had been growing for three years. Is that a coincidence?" Han Sen thought to himself.

After eating lunch, Qu Lanxi went back to working in the yard. Han Sen returned to the tree and watched for any further changes intently.

Although it was slow, Han Sen could feel the tree greasing the cogs of its existence. Slowly but surely, it was coming back to life. He wasn't sure when it'd be back to full health, but he did indeed feel it coming.

The next day, Han Sen woke up on the wooden board he had been given for a mattress. He woke up to the sound of Chu Ming shouting.

"Lanxi! Come out and take a look! The Dragon-Blood Tree is growing."

Chapter 888: I'll Call Him Big Boss

"Chu Ming, it is too early for jokes. Go get washed and get ready for work," Qu Lanxi said as she walked outside in her misty-eyed haze. She glimpsed the Dragon-Blood Tree and her mouth dropped.

"You weren't joking. How in the sanctuaries did the Dragon-Blood Tree spring back to life?" She ran in front of the tree and noticed the presence of small, newly sprouted leaves adorning the branches of the tree.

Although there weren't many leaves, the significance of the new ones that had appeared was astounding, and it heralded the fact that the tree was not truly dead.

If it was alive, that meant it could grow. If it could grow, it'd have a chance of bearing fruit.

Han Sen exited the house and saw the tree's overnight developments. He sensed the lifeforce, and felt the bounty of energy that had returned to it.

Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming were in the middle of exuberant joy, extremely excited over the prospects of the tree's revival.

Han Sen walked in front of the tree and touched its trunk. He wanted to examine the lifeforce with greater accuracy, and when he did, he frowned.

The tree had been revived enough for it to come to life and spawn leaves, but it had absorbed every ounce of energy the waterdrop had given to it. The energy would not be enough for the tree to produce fruit.

It took normal geno seeds a few months to grow harvestable fruit, but ordinary geno seeds took one to ten years.

Han Sen feared mutant geno seeds might take one hundred years to grow, and the old spirit had already been growing it for ninety years when he perished and it came into the possession of Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming. It could very well take another ten years for the fruit to develop.

Having this tree alive and not growing fruit would be useless, though.

Two days later, the tree had fully come to life; it looked like it was going to fully regrow.

Another two days passed, and on that day, they noticed the leaves start to lose their color and turn yellow.

“Oh, no! Why is it dying again?” Chu Ming asked in saddened shock.

Qu Lanxi, with a wry smile, said, “I don’t even know why it came back to life in the first place. But I suppose without the proper nutrition it needs, its death ought to have been expected. Unless we can find the blood of Blood-Scale Snakes, it’ll just wither and die again.”

Chu Ming heard this and was upset; he exhaled like a leaking balloon. “This is an empty happiness. But where might we find the blood of Blood-Scale Snakes? The old spirit was a knight class spirit, and was almost as strong as Qing Ming Knight. Yet, on his venture into the Thorn Forest, he died. It’d be nothing more than suicide for us to voyage into that wretched tangle of overgrown shrubbery.”

Qu Lanxi, who was equally upset, said, “I have heard that a veil of darkness shrouds Thorn Forest. They say an evil presides there, one that moves unseen. Qing Ming Knight himself would never dare venture there. The old spirit’s death there is quite telling, and he never traveled much further than its outskirts.”

Chu Ming nodded and said, “I have heard murmurs that coincide with what you speak of. Any spirit that enters there is killed, and their spirit stones somehow self-destruct immediately after.”

They both looked very depressed, contemplating these matters. Going to Thorn Forest to slay Blood-Scale Snakes was not a wise course of action. They lacked the power to compete with that domain’s mysterious monsters.

When the mutant geno seed tree sprang back to life, it delighted them to witness its rebirth. Now, they could do naught but watch it wither. They had to watch it perish alongside their newfound hopes and dreams for fruit that would allow them to escape their current poverty. They felt terrible.

Han Sen suddenly interrupted them and said, “I know a thing or two about restoring trees. Would you like to give my methods a try?”

Chu Ming immediately rejected Han Sen, by saying, “No! No! No! No! Do not mess things up any further. You have only just arrived in the Third God’s Sanctuary, so how would you know about geno trees? Do

you think these are akin to your finely trimmed hedges in the Alliance? Do you think you can sprinkle some tap water on the tree and everything will be fine and it'll grow?"

Qu Lanxi was more composed, and she instead simply asked, "Do you really know how to help us with this?"

Han Sen answered, "I have learnt much about botany from a certain professor I used to know. Of course, I was taught these methods back in the First God's Sanctuary. I am unsure whether or not these methods can be applied to successful results in this place. Provided you don't have any other methods you'd like to use first, would you like to try mine?"

"Which botany professor did you learn these things from?" Qu Lanxi asked.

"Professor Sun Minghua," Han Sen answered. When he protected Sun Minghua, he actually only learned how to identify plants. He wasn't taught anything about growing trees.

Han Sen used this reasoning as a guise, so he could apply another waterdrop from his black crystal onto the tree.

"Professor Sun? He is a respectable teacher. I didn't know he accepted students; I just thought he was a lecturer." Qu Lanxi, knowing about the professor, looked at Han Sen in shock.

Han Sen waved his hand and said, "Oh, I wasn't his student. I just learnt a thing or two off him, every now and again."

Qu Lanxi did not ask any further questions, but just pointed at the tree and told Han Sen, "Well, take a good look. Are there any other ways we might keep it alive, without having to feed it the blood of Blood-Scale Snakes? We don't require that it grow fruit, and just keeping it alive would be more than enough."

"Pah! You really believe in this yahoo? Look, it needs beast blood to grow. End of story. Nothing else will make it grow," Chu Ming rebutted.

"But we're out of options; so, let's allow San Mu to try what he can," Qu Lanxi said.

Han Sen walked in front of the tree and circled it. He told Qu Lanxi, "I will do what I can. But if I do bring this tree to life, will that wipe the slate clean of my debt?"

"If you can grow it, then yes. That would more than make up for the debt. And if we sell the fruit for a good price, we'll even cut you in for a portion of the sales," Qu Lanxi said.

"Then I will try my best! Here's to hoping it works." Han Sen grabbed a bucket.

"What are you doing?" Chu Ming asked.

"I am collecting water from the river. I'll be right back!" Han Sen said.

"Why? Do you really believe water is all that it takes to bring this tree back to life?" Chu Ming said, with eyes wide open in disbelief.

"Yes. If there is no blood, then we must use water." Han Sen smiled.

Chu Ming's started to get feisty once again, and he barked, "Are you here just to bullsh*t us? This is a mutant gene tree, you dipsh*t. It's not a palm tree of the Alliance, so using water on it is pointless."

"Well, do you have any beast-blood I can use?" Han Sen asked, sarcastically.

Chu Ming did not respond. They couldn't even afford normal beast blood.

They spent all the money they had on the Ink-Sword Tree, and it had emptied their wallets. Before the harvest, they only had a small amount of money to afford the basics.

"Lanxi, are you really going to let him do this? How can he think of using water on this tree? If it works, I'll kiss his feet and call him Big Boss. Pah!" Chu Ming mocked, as he watched Han Sen head towards the river.

"Well, there's no harm in letting him try," Qu Lanxi said.

Chapter 889: Absorbing Geno Plant

Han Sen walked to the banks of the river under the guise of fetching water, but he really wanted to perform a test.

He still had two waterdrops left to use, but the tree had spent its first waterdrop over the course of two days. Using the two waterdrops directly wouldn't be viable long term.

Han Sen wanted to look around for a few geno plants, to see if the black crystal would be willing to absorb their lifeforce.

The geno plants that could be found in the lands around the shelter were already owned, so he couldn't use those.

But Qu Lanxi said that the river was called Jade-Scale River, and its source resided someplace in Thorn Forest. Geno plants would most certainly live on the banks of such a river.

That being said, they'd only be normal geno seeds. And since they weren't cared for by others due to their lack of fruit, they wouldn't be missed.

Han Sen pretended to go get water so he could take a look at the wild geno plants.

Han Sen took the bucket and kept walking. He was still injured, though, and he knew he'd have to be careful to avoid exhausting himself too much. For company, he summoned Meowth.

It wasn't long before he found himself standing on the banks of the jade-like river. The Jade-Scale River was four meters wide, and its water flow was mellow. There were many plants skirting its banks.

Most of these were just everyday, natural plants, and not geno plants, however.

Although Han Sen was unsure which ones were geno plants, he was still able to use his senses to identify them by their lifeforce signatures.

Even the lowest tier geno plants were far more lively than normal, wild plants.

Han Sen followed the river up, with Meowth down by his feet in pet status.

“Meowth, if I knew things were going to be this tough, I would have brought Princess YinYang. They may not be able to fight very well, here in the Third God’s Sanctuary, but they could at least chat with me. They could even massage me!” Han Sen spoke to Meowth because Meowth was the only person that could talk to him, right now.

“Meow.” Meowth answered Han Sen, and seemed to agree with what he said.

Han Sen was surprised by the response he received, and he felt as if Meowth was smarter than before. Previously, he had never given a single response.

But Meowth was from the First God’s Sanctuary, so its strength and intelligence was severely limited.

The reason Han Sen brought him was not because he was powerful or smart, though. It was because of his sentimentality towards the pet. Meowth had been with him for so long, and he cherished his company more as time went on. He couldn’t ever imagine leaving him behind.

Before long, Han Sen was able to find a plant that looked especially strong. He squatted to give it a better examination.

It looked like a vegetable, growing near the river. It had eight long, serrated leaves coming out of its top. The roots were short, but stout. Across its middle, a few pretty flowers bloomed.

“This must be a normal geno plant,” Han Sen thought, as he brushed the leaves with his finger. Then, he looked at the black crystal in his Sea of Soul. “Black crystal, perform your miracle once again. Everything depends on you now, after all. You got me into this predicament, so you can get me out!”

As Han Sen prayed, the black crystal moved. It became a black hole, and it absorbed the lifeforce of the plant without reprieve.

Within a second, the plant had dried up entirely. It was like it had been uprooted and left to wilt under the scorching sun for a few days straight.

“It works!” Han Sen was glad, as he looked at the black crystal’s changes.

When the black crystal returned to normal, its body formulated another drop of water. Unlike before, though, this waterdrop was much smaller than the others. It was only one-third the size of the others, and energy it absorbed seemed to correspond with that, also.

Han Sen, however, was merely satisfied in the knowledge that this seemed to work. It did not matter how much energy he received right now.

In a joyous mood, Han Sen carried on his search for more geno plants. No creature or spirit needed such plants, so there were plenty for the taking.

Han Sen walked three miles and managed to find five plants, all in all. The black crystal absorbed each of their lifeforces and created five waterdrops.

Their sizes were all different, and the biggest was only half as big as the one from the Ink-Sword Tree.

“Strange. What is going on? The lifeforces of all these plants are similar, so why do the waterdrops differ in size?” Han Sen was unsure.

It was still early in the day, so Han Sen continued his search for more plants.

He walked another three meters and found a watervine near the river. It was purple in color, and it was about one meter long. When the wind blew, the water would submerge the vine.

The watervine was by no means outstanding in appearance, but Han Sen could sense its lifeforce. It was far stronger than the other five plants he had discovered, and it was special, too.

“Is this an ordinary-class geno plant?” Han Sen was thrilled at this discovery. When he approached the vine, however, Meowth suddenly engaged its battle mode. He meowed towards the water, as if he was warning Han Sen.

Han Sen took the warning and stopped moving. Then, he stared at the watervine. He had been injured, and his senses were weaker than they should have been. But after careful observation, he noticed another lifeforce near the vine. It was more powerful than any super creature he had seen in the Second God’s Sanctuary.

Han Sen, seeing this shadow near the watervine, saw that it was about the size of a fist. If you didn’t look closely, you’d believe it was the shadow of the watervine itself.

He noticed it was something alive, and judging from its shape, it was like a toad that was hiding in mud.

But Han Sen was very alarmed by its lifeforce.

Chapter 890: The Power of a Bucket of Water

Han Sen slowly stepped away. If he wasn’t injured, he’d have happily continued his approach, slain the toad, and grabbed the watervine.

But for now, he couldn’t do that. Once he was healed, however, he resolved to return and kill it.

The toad, fortunately, did not seem to have noticed Han Sen. So, without trouble, Han Sen decided to go back. After fetching a bucket of water, he took off back to the house with Meowth at his side.

Chu Ming saw Han Sen riding Meowth on his way back. With surprise, he said, “You have a pet beat soul? What class is it?”

“Sacred-blood from the First God’s Sanctuary,” Han Sen responded.

“What is the point of bringing it here, then?! You could probably walk faster than that useless thing!” Chu Ming exclaimed.

"I am injured right now, don't you recall? I'm only riding it due to my injury." Han Sen hopped down off of Meowth and retrieved the bucket of water being carried in his pet's mouth. Then, after approaching the tree, he poured the water on its roots.

Han Sen touched the tree and slyly dropped a lifeforce waterdrop to its root, as well. It was quickly absorbed.

After that, Han Sen put the bucket aside and started walking back to the house so he could rest.

"That's it?!" Chu Ming yelled with shock and aggravation.

"Yeah, that should do it." Han Sen nodded.

"You toss some water on the ground and tell me that should do it? After all that waiting around?!" Chu Ming could hardly believe what he was hearing.

"Well, what else do you expect me to do?" Han Sen smiled.

Chu Ming's mood had dropped a considerable amount, and so he said, "I knew I shouldn't have placed any modicum of faith or hope you could aid us and this tree. Pah! What an imbecile. What use is that water going to provide, eh?"

"I don't know. Maybe it'll be a boon and instigate the tree's revival? It might work. It might not." Han Sen then continued toward the house.

Chu Ming wasn't keen to let this go, and his temper had been inflamed. He turned to Qu Lanxi and said, "This yahoo is toying with us. A three-year-old could toss water on the roots of a tree."

"He is still very injured. We can't exhaust him too much." Qu Lanxi wasn't half as disappointed as Chu Ming, primarily due to the lack of hope she had for the tree in the first place.

Only Chu Ming was sulking, but there was nothing he could do about it. And as much as he might have liked to, killing his burden and woe-bringer Han Sen would not achieve anything.

After Han Sen poured water onto the roots, he was done with the tree for the day. He planned to examine its lifeforce the day after.

If the Dragon-Blood Tree could absorb one such waterdrop a day, then it meant he'd have to find more plants; a lot more.

Han Sen lay down on the bed and practiced the Blood-Pulse Sutra, hoping his health could fully return quickly. Meowth was around the gourd often, showing a new interest in the item.

Nothing new had come from the gourd, since Han Sen's arrival in the Third God's Sanctuary. Aside from its continued pulsing, nothing had changed with it.

When Han Sen had nothing more to do and was bored, he spent some time with the gourd, pleading for it to deposit the weapons inside it. He tried a number of ways to get them out, but every method resulted in failure.

The next day, Han Sen was woken to Chu Ming shouting again; he was becoming his morning rooster, it would appear.

“How is that possible?!” Chu Ming spoke with complete shock and disbelief, but his body had frozen like a cartoon statue, as he stared at the tree in the yard.

“What is it this time?” Qu Lanxi walked out of the house and then froze mid-step; she too had caught sight of the tree.

They were in greater shock now than they had been upon seeing the tree first sprout its leaves.

Han Sen soon followed them out the house, and when he did, Chu Ming ran towards him in a crazed dash. He grabbed his clothes and said, “You! How?! How did you do that?”

“How did I do what?” Han Sen asked.

“How did you make the Dragon-Blood Tree razzle and dazzle like this?” Chu Ming pointed towards the tree as he spoke.

Han Sen looked at the tree and even he himself was surprised by what he saw. The tree’s branches and twigs were all decked out in full, healthy red leaves. It looked like a gorgeous maple tree.

Overnight, the tree had grown as if it had received appropriate nourishment every day for the past several months.

“It grew that fast?” Han Sen did not expect the tree to grow this much, after the length of a single night, following an absorbance of one waterdrop.

If he had known this would happen, he wouldn’t have used an entire waterdrop. It was too obvious something was afoot, and the sudden flourishing of the tree would be far too suspicious.

“San Mu, what did you do? How did the tree grow that fast?” Qu Lanxi politely asked Han Sen, in utter surprise at the morning’s revelation.

It was difficult to believe that a Dragon-Blood Tree could grow into such a beautiful state overnight through natural circumstances and methods of cultivation.

“You saw what I did, didn’t you? I fetched a bucket of water and simply poured it on the roots of the tree. I didn’t do anything else.” As Han Sen made his excuse, he swore to himself he’d never use an entire waterdrop again.

“But that was just river water; there is no possible way it could turn our tree into something as remarkable as this. Tell me, my darling cur, what did you do?!” Chu Ming’s delight had slowly curdled into annoyance. With his rudeness seeping back into his words, he asked Han Sen with an irritated tone.

“Believe it or not, but I really did only pour out a single bucket of water,” Han Sen said with a wry smile.

They did not entirely believe what he was saying, but they felt like that they had to. After all, they had watched him pour the bucket of water on the tree and later return indoors for the night.

Furthermore, Han Sen was injured and had no money. Even if Han Sen bought beast-blood, they should have been able to see it.

Although things were oddly suspicious, to the best of their knowledge, Han Sen really did only pour out a bucket of water onto the roots of the tree. And following that, somehow, the Dragon-Blood Tree was flourishing crazily fast.

“If I knew water from the river could achieve this, I would have done it myself many years ago,” Chu Ming said to himself out loud, with a face full of regret.

“San Mu, are you an experienced arborist?” Qu Lanxi asked Han Sen, with an expression that said she was suddenly unsure of him.

“I told you I only learnt a few methods from Professor Sun. But I too am surprised they work as well as they do.” Han Sen gave her a smile.

As they were talking, Chu Ming grabbed the bucket and started racing off into the fields.

“Where are you going?” Han Sen quickly stopped Chu Ming with his question.

“I am off to the river to retrieve more water. If I do this, we can get it to grow even faster!” Chu Ming replied, excitedly.

Han Sen then laughed in response and said, “Quality over quantity, my friend. Sometimes less is more, for if we add too much water to its roots, the results we seek may sour. Things could backfire and potentially ruin the tree.”

When Chu Ming heard this, he immediately dropped the bucket. He ran in front of Han Sen and said, “Yes, sir! From now on, I’m going to listen to whatever you have to tell me!”