

Super Power

Chapter 911: Underground Shelter

“What is hidden inside the tree, I wonder? Does it have something to do with that dead fellow? Did he die here, hoping people would find the door?” Han Sen thought to himself, as he observed the tree door.

Han Sen’s curiosity had been stoked like a fire ever since he saw that photograph. Although he was initially hesitant, he wanted to find out more, and so he decided to open it.

But when he pushed against the door, there was no reaction.

Han Sen frowned and tried operating the doorknob. After doing this, the door opened with ease.

“Why would there be a door here? Do you think there might be treasure inside?” Chu Ming asked, as he happily approached the opening door and Han Sen.

Qu Lanxi was interested by the day’s turn of events, and so she drew nearer, too. They were all keen to find out what might have been inside.

They initially believed it to have been some sort of hidden storage room or cache, but as the door opened, they were taken aback.

Looking straight beyond the door there was nothing. But when they looked down, the ground opened up to a cavernous realm. And from where they peered, they could see a hidden palace far below the earth.

Qing Ming Shelter was little more than a slum when compared to the grand and luxurious temple of the palace they were seeing now.

“Shelter? There’s a shelter below this tree?” Chu Ming could not help but scream in delight, as the revelation was far grander than he ever could have hoped for.

Han Sen was just as shocked and delighted, too. The shelter was beyond anything he could have ever fathomed, and it was so exquisitely built, he’d have never even been able to imagine a place so stunning. It was far beyond Moment Shelter in terms of its majesty.

As they looked down, though, they noticed a number of broken places around the shelter. But they also noticed a number of giant bones, as well.

Dust caked the surfaces of the subterranean land. Heaven knew how long the palace had been there, and there did not seem to be a single living thing there.

“Might there be spirits and creatures down there?” Qu Lanxi asked, with moderate worry. They struggled to comprehend the shelter’s sheer size, so if there were creatures or spirits within, they’d be incredibly powerful.

“I don’t think so.” Han Sen was excited and eager to take a look. Furthermore, if it was a functioning shelter, there’d be a teleporter inside. And if there was a teleporter inside, they could return to the Alliance.

“You two wait here; I will scope the place out first.” Han Sen leapt down and cast his dongxuan aura to observe whether or not there were lifeforces as he went.

Han Sen landed near the gate of the palace. It was very large, but very rugged as well. The gate had to be a hundred meters high, at the very least. Standing in front of it made you feel as insignificant as an ant.

Looking up, Han Sen observed the tree roots that netted the sky of that realm like spiderwebs. The roots eventually interlaced with a number of bright gleaming rocks, which made the space above mirror a real daytime sky.

Han Sen flew up and above the gate of the palace, and from that height, he was able to witness countless bones.

Many creature skeletons had been preserved there, and many of them were at least one hundred meters in length. The skulls of most had been removed or cast aside from the rest of their bones, suggesting that gruesome beheadings had befallen the mighty creatures.

But even with only the bones remaining, it was a creepy sight.

“Who killed so many creatures, I wonder? Was it the man outside?” Han Sen wondered to himself, as he approached in awe.

The creature remains were everywhere, and there were many sword marks across the grounds.

If they were the work of the man who had died outside, it was difficult to fathom just how powerful he might have been.

Carefully, Han Sen glided around the underground shelter in examination. Aside from the aged remains, he could not detect the presence of any other creatures in the vicinity. The area seemed clear of danger.

He entered the spirit hall of the shelter and saw the spirit statue that was there. The forehead of the statue, however, had disappeared.

Han Sen examined the teleporter that was there in the hall, as well, and it was in perfect working order. In absolute delight, he called for Chu Ming and Qu Lanxi to follow him down.

When Little Wind came in with them, he began to shiver at the sight of all the bones. Despite being aged remnants of the distant past, they still held an aura of intimidation.

For a time, Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming were too surprised to say anything remotely coherent.

“Scary. Who in the sanctuaries killed this many creatures and destroyed the shelter? Surely, it couldn’t have been that man outside.” Chu Ming, after much speech-impeding awe, finally spoke.

No one could answer him, but Qu Lanxi turned around and asked, “Does the teleporter still work?”

Chu Ming looked at Han Sen with anxiety, fearing Han Sen would tell them no.

It had been many years since they were last seen in the Alliance. It was likely that the family and friends of their past lives believed them to be dead. They couldn’t wait to see them again.

“Yes,” Han Sen said.

Qu Lanxi and Chu Ming instantly became excited, and tears welled up in their eyes upon receiving the answer. This was something they had longed to hear.

They had believed they would never see the Alliance again.

Han Sen was pleased, too. Upon entering the spirit hall, they each stepped into the teleporter one after the other, returning to the Alliance.

When Han Sen opened his eyes next, he was home. He had previously purchased a private teleporter, so he was able to teleport straight there.

After meeting with his mother, he called Ji Yanran. She was very quiet, and it was difficult to discern her words beneath the blubbering that accompanied her tears.

Ji Yanran knew Han Sen was strong, but the Third God’s Sanctuary was an extremely dangerous realm. Receiving the opportunity to live there, and perhaps later thrive, was dependant on luck.

They spoke for a long while, but then Han Sen decided to inform his friends he was safe, too.

He stayed in the Alliance for a few days before returning to the sanctuary.

Chu Ming and Qu Lanxi did not come back with him. They had been in the sanctuary for far too long, and so they fancied staying in the Alliance a good while longer.

Han Sen tried to activate his super spirit mode in the hall, wanting to see how long he could last.

When he cast it, he felt the power burst out from him. But the most curious thing happened; the power that came out from him coursed over to the spirit statue and nestled itself in the forehead of the statue where the stone once resided.

Chapter 912: The King

When Han Sen saw his power manifest inside the forehead slot of the spirit statue, it created what appeared to be a white spirit stone. At the sight of this, Han Sen froze.

“Your spirit stone has linked with the spirit base. Would you like to enter?” A strange voice sounded from the statue.

“What is a spirit base?” Han Sen then watched the spirit stone fire a beam of light at him. Upon contact with this light, he was sucked into the spirit stone.

The sensation he felt was not too dissimilar to that of a teleporter, and after the dimensions unraveled before his eyes, he found himself standing on an island.

The island was as small as a basketball pitch, and it appeared to have been formed from finely chiseled jade. It was as if he was standing at the center of the galaxy.

Stars populated the skies above and around him, but upon closer inspection, they weren't what they first appeared to be. They were other jade islands, shining brightly.

"What is this place?" Han Sen had no idea what was going on, and he was shocked to realize he was still in super spirit mode. He felt as if he could remain in this state forever.

It surprised him, because he knew for a fact he could only last four seconds. Now, the mode had been activated for ten seconds with no sign of slowing down.

Of course, he knew it had something to do with the spirit base. Had he not entered this place, it wouldn't have continued in this way.

"Really? What is this place?" Han Sen looked at the statue that was standing before him.

"Spirit Base." The statue's lips did not move, but Han Sen could hear it speak with perfect clarity.

"Can I return?" Han Sen asked.

"You can leave whenever you desire. Would you like to leave now?" the statue said.

"Not yet." Han Sen felt safer, hearing what the statue told him. So, he looked around at all the other islands in the sky and asked the statue, "What can I do here?"

"You may challenge or be challenged. If you defeat other spirits here, you will obtain spirit geno points," the statue answered.

"Can I die here?" Han Sen frowned as he asked this.

"No; you will lose one self geno point and be returned to your spirit stone," the statue answered.

"What is a self geno point? How many do I have?" Han Sen asked.

"You have one, and you do not have a rank in the spirit base. Challenge a spirit in the first spirit base, and once you are ranked, you will be unable to battle those that are ranked lower than you." The statue was replying like an answer-dispensing machine.

"What is the first spirit base? Are you saying there are more?" Han Sen asked.

"When you open your first gene lock, you are given access to the first spirit base. If you open your second gene lock, you will be given access to the second spirit base, and so on."

Han Sen wanted to ask more questions, but suddenly, an island floated towards him. Upon it stood a spirit that looked like a giant.

“Ah, a new spirit has just arrived. How lucky for me. Challenge me!” the giant spoke to Han Sen.

“How did you know I have only just entered this place?” Han Sen frowned.

“Your statue does not possess a rank. Come challenge me,” the giant said as he pointed at Han Sen’s statue.

The giant had already been ranked, so he could not challenge Han Sen. If Han Sen wished to challenge the giant, however, that would be allowed.

Han Sen noticed a bunch of numbers appearing before the statue on his island. Han Sen counted them, and noticed it was the figure of ninety million. If that was the giant’s rank, then he was incredibly low.

“Fine; I’ll challenge you.” He was going up against a spirit that had only opened its first gene lock; therefore, he had nothing to be afraid of.

“Come on, then. Bring it!” The giant looked extremely happy, and his fist burst into flames like a meteor breaching the atmosphere.

Han Sen cast his Sonic-Thunder Punch and smashed the giant into pieces; then the spirit returned to his spirit stone.

As the body disappeared, a red light entered Han Sen’s body.

“Nightfire Gene +1; Rank Achieved.”

Han Sen looked at his nightfire genes and noticed he had eleven of them.

He looked at the statue and saw there was a number there. The number was the same one the giant had possessed, and when he looked towards the giant’s statue, it had disappeared.

“This is interesting. I can get a lot of spirit geno points here.” Han Sen was immeasurably happy.

His power was fixed in super spirit mode, but although he could employ any element, there were no buffs applied.

If he was able to gather many spirit geno points, he could max out all his buffs. He’d have a greater resistance to the elements, and he’d be far stronger.

“Are you a king spirit?” The giant respawned and looked at Han Sen.

“Kind of,” Han Sen answered queerly. He was only a king spirit when he decided to turn into one.

“My name is Flame Giant. Might you tell me your king title?” The giant knelt in front of Han Sen, as if he was smitten with him. The spirit was acting as if it’d be a great honor for him to learn his title.

“My title is The King,” Han Sen randomly spouted.

He wasn’t a king spirit, so he was able to make a title up.

He was in super king spirit mode, so the spirit in front of him was of a lower class. As such, he decided to title himself above most others by claiming the title of The King.

“You are The King! It is a most wondrous and glorious opportunity I have received, to see you. Your title will be heard by all one day, that is for sure! And one day, you will indeed be an emperor.” Flame Giant poured out praise in abundance.

Han Sen laughed in his heart, saying to himself, “I am already The King. There is no need for me to become an emperor.”

Chapter 913: Naive Spirit Brother

Flame Giant’s behavior was quite amusing, at first. But now, it had grown annoying. Ignoring him, Han Sen decided to fly his island to others in order to challenge their residing spirits and obtain more spirit geno points.

Many islands, however, did not contain spirits. Han Sen had to fly around for quite a while, observing empty islands with no spirits on them. When he did find a spirit, he was dismayed to learn that they had no rank, and he therefore couldn’t challenge them.

Flame Giant was not keen to lose the spirit of his affection, however, and so he followed Han Sen like a puppy. As they traveled, he would frequently announce to the islands around them, “Hail to The King! The King has come; submit an offering of geno points to him.”

Han Sen frowned, thinking Flame Giant’s behavior was both pointless and annoying. If the spirits did not invite him to battle, he couldn’t fight them even if he wanted to.

But what happened next shocked Han Sen. The first spirit they came to, upon hearing Han Sen was the The King, knelt. And just as Flame Giant did earlier, he showed great reverence and adoration for Han Sen who was before him.

He invited Han Sen to challenge, and when the fight started, he did nothing. He stood there and offered his own defeat without contest. It almost made Han Sen feel rather bad.

“You have to take my geno points, my king.” The spirit’s tone of voice was so firm and resolute, it sounded as if it was a genuine honor to provide Han Sen his geno points.

“If you want to give me your points that badly, I will take them then.” Han Sen then punched the spirit to death, as a blue light penetrated his body.

“SquireWater Gene +1; Rank Unchanged.”

Spirits seemed fanatical before a king spirit, and when they moved on from that island, Flame Giant did not rest his trumpeting of Han Sen's coming. Far across that strange realm, spirits gladly offered up their geno points.

"I wonder how they'd feel if they knew I was a human?" Han Sen wondered to himself.

But over the course of that day, Han Sen's spirit geno points were increasing rapidly. And that meant all of his elemental proficiencies were improving.

"This is way too awesome!" As Han Sen watched his spirit gene tally increase one by one, he hoped this could keep going until it reached the figure of one hundred and he maxed it out completely.

Obtaining spirit geno points in the sanctuary, by ordinary means, was incredibly difficult. Right now, Han Sen only had to stand in place and wait for spirits to practically deliver them to him on a platter.

He stayed there for a long time, but he began to feel tired after a while, so he returned to the spirit hall. His super spirit mode deactivated and his body entered a state of pain.

In the spirit base, he could keep his super spirit mode activate for the entire duration he was there, but back in the sanctuaries, he could still only use it for three seconds.

When his super king spirit mode ended, his spirit stone disappeared, as well.

Han Sen took a look at his geno points, and he could not stop smiling.

Han Sen tested whether or not he had to be in super king spirit mode to create a spirit stone in the spirit hall again, and it worked.

When outside the spirit hall, no such thing occurred. When his super king spirit mode ran out in the hall, his spirit stone would go with it.

With the spirit base, though, Han Sen's workload in the Third God's Sanctuary was significantly lessened. Once he rested up, he planned to go back to the spirit hall, transform, and return to the spirit base and continue earning geno points. And after settling on this regime, Flame Giant's deduction was correct; Han Sen's name did indeed become heard of, far and wide.

Everyone in the first spirit base soon heard about the existence of a king spirit called The King, and it wasn't long before it was whispered between the spirits out in the sanctuary.

But when many king spirits heard of this person, all they could do was frown.

A natural king spirit was given a title by God, and for one to be simply called The King, it didn't sound legitimate. It was most certainly not a name in the same vein as they were traditionally given, and if it wasn't a name given by God, there was only one possibility.

Two king spirits must have produced an offspring. If The King was born from the copulation of two king spirits, then it was only natural the baby would not have a name given by God.

Many king spirits believed The King was a king spirit that had been born.

If he hadn't been born, then he wouldn't have entered the first spirit base. A natural king spirit always had an extremely high level, and they would never have to go through the first spirit base.

All the king spirits then wondered who that person might have been. Whoever it was, they believed him to be cocky, and they most assuredly wanted to teach the spirit a lesson or two in how to behave.

But most of the king spirits had opened many of their gene locks, and as a result, they could not backtrack through their levels of ascension and challenge The King.

That being said, there were other king spirits still in the first spirit base, and they too were made angry upon hearing the name of The King. Driven mad, they all vowed to kick his bacon.

Han Sen was oblivious to these rumblings though, and so he just relished his time in the limelight, reveling in the love and adoration he was being shown. When he returned, the spirits continued to allow themselves to be defeated.

Flame Giant followed Han Sen around like a shadow, and soon, his presence grew on him. Han Sen felt as if he had a humble servant at his disposal, and so he felt like royalty.

"These spirits are so simple-minded," Han Sen sighed in his heart.

As he searched for a new target, someone drove an island towards him at an alarming speed.

Han Sen had seen this happen many times already, and it was usually a case of another spirit, dying to offer themselves up. Expecting this, he decided to recline against his statue and wait for the person to get there.

As it neared, Flame Giant did what he always did. He shouted aloud, "Hail to The King! The King has come; submit an offering of..."

Before he could finish his speech, Flame Giant froze and fell to the ground, saying, "Greetings, Thunderdevil King."

The statue that belonged to this spirit was about a hundred meters high, and its owner exuded a horrifying feeling. As he looked at Han Sen, a purple light flashed and flickered in his eyes.

All the spirits around Han Sen knelt before him.

Immediately, Han Sen knew he'd encountered someone he could consider a big cheese. When he looked at the statue's number, he noticed it was a simple seven. Very few were stronger than him.

Chapter 914: One-Hit Killing Thunderdevil

Thunderdevil King was the son of a king, and had entered the first spirit base only a few months prior. Wielding the powers of thunder, he was renowned for not losing a single time. As such, he was given the title Thunderdevil King.

This king proclaimed that he was brimming with the very essence of thunder, and that he was an organic descendant of the element itself.

This was only partly true, but his father was extremely proficient in wielding thunder powers. His mother was a spirit princess that also excelled in wielding thunder powers.

On the day Thunderdevil was born, he came into the world crackling with the charge of electricity. As such, it prompted his father to boast and declare that his son was the strongest being of thunder to ever exist.

His father wasn't far off the mark, either. Thunderdevil King had only just entered the first spirit base a few months before, and in that short amount of time, he had managed to kill countless spirits. All who opposed him, he destroyed, and not once was he ever beaten.

"So, you are the obscene individual that calls himself The King?" Thunderdevil lived up to his name; his face was cold and sharp, just as one might imagine a genuine devil to look like. His voice boomed and snapped like the striking of thunderbolts, as if your eardrums could tear asunder any second.

"Yes, I am The King. And who might you be?" Han Sen responded with a flat tone.

"Pah! You really are an ignorant boy, aren't you? Challenge me. Challenge me and I will bring an end to your parade within three hits." Thunderdevil King's eyes possessed the horrifying glint of murder.

If his rank wasn't too high, he'd have tried to kill Han Sen already.

All the other spirits in the vicinity trembled in fear. They had heard much about Thunderdevil King's cruelty before, and had learnt he was able to kill thousands of creatures within minutes of being born.

Although you could not be killed while in the spirit base, that wouldn't stop Han Sen from being recognized and tormented out in the actual sanctuary. If he lost out there, it'd all be over.

With the spirit king father that he had, everyone in the Third God's Sanctuary was frightened by Thunderdevil King.

But his notoriety did not spook Han Sen, and so he gladly decided to challenge him. Even though he was a second-generation spirit king, Han Sen still believed he could end him quickly. His only regret was not being able to kill the spirit for good.

Seeing Han Sen invite him for a duel, the protective aura around the islands fell. Wasting no time, Thunderdevil King leapt in front of Han Sen and coldly said, "You should strike first. I'll give you a free one, because if I go first, you'll be done and dusted in no time."

“Okay.” Han Sen did not move a single step, and on the closure of his word, threw a lame, single fist towards Thunderdevil King.

When Thunderdevil King watched Han Sen casually swing a fist, he felt disrespected. This provoked a greater ire and anger within him.

Thunderdevil King had been through much to reach the rank of seventh.

And in no time at all, Han Sen had gone from having no rank, to the ninety-millionth, to the one-hundred-thousandth. He had not faced a worthy challenger yet, or at least one that was willing to put up a fight.

For a guy like that to disrespect him, Thunderdevil King wasn't having it. He quickly became fuming mad.

“Pah, you know what? Killing you in one hit will be a waste of the fun time I can have with a puny worm like you. Allow me to demonstrate the full extent of my power!” Thunderdevil King's body shone with a purple light. He transformed into what could best be described as a thundergod. And in response to this tumultuous turn of events, the islands and the fabric of the spirit base realm seemed to quiver and shake.

It looked as if the lightning that ran along his body could sever the atmosphere in two.

The other spirits were speechless at the sight. Thunderdevil King had only opened his first gene lock, and their hearts sunk when they thought of how powerful he might become once he had unlocked all nine of his gene locks.

Han Sen, however, did not waver. He had no reaction to the outburst of power and energy that flashed before him, and his casually-thrown fist did not divert an inch. The fist shone with a white light, and landed neatly on Thunderdevil King's body.

Flame Giant and the other spirits, who watched Han Sen launch what they believed to be a farcically weak punch, thought Han Sen might have actually been afraid of Thunderdevil King.

Boom!

During the next second, in which Han Sen's fist landed on its target, everyone's shock amplified to an unfathomable degree.

It was only a random-looking punch, and yet it seemed to be infused with the most wicked power. Thunderdevil's body broke into pieces. There was nothing but bits left, and so quick was the spectacle over, Thunderdevil King didn't have the chance to react or even scream. He died, just like that.

The spirit base remained quiet in the moments following. No one could expect Thunderdevil King to be killed in a single punch, like an ant.

“Kingthunder Gene +1; Seventh Rank Achieved. Top Ten Placement Achieved; Self-Spirit Gene +1.”

A purple thunder entered Han Sen's body, and all of a sudden, he felt as if his super king spirit body was fused and charged with the element of thunder. He tried casting it, but could not. He did, however, feel his thunder resistances increase by a lot.

If he was able to collect a hundred kingthunder genes, his thunder power would certainly exceed that of Thunderdevil King.

Han Sen was pleased that he had obtained a self-spirit gene, and he immediately felt his super king spirit body become much stronger as a result.

Boom!

Amidst everyone's confusion and awe of the spectacle they had just witnessed, Thunderdevil King respawned with fury. He roared to the skies in absolute madness and attempted to re-challenge Han Sen.

He had been killed by Han Sen, resulting in an exchange of ranking. And because he was much lower than Han Sen now, he was free to challenge him as much as he pleased.

Thunderdevil King would not concede and accept such a miserable, humiliating defeat. He had tried to use his thundergod mode in a bid to deflect Han Sen's punch, but it was a mistake that allowed his electrical powers to backfire and incinerate himself.

But Han Sen's seemingly random punch was most strange. It went past his thundergod body and broke his actual self.

Therefore, Thunderdevil King did not relent in his desire for another match. He believed it all to be a mistake, and that Han Sen had not actually killed him.

So, this time, Thunderdevil King decided to strike first. He gathered a fist of obscenely destructive power and loosed it towards Han Sen.

A thick purple beam was cast out, and it appeared directly before Han Sen. So great was that power, it appeared wretched enough to not only destroy Han Sen, but his island also.

Super Power Chapter 915

: There Are Many Kings, But Amongst Them, Only One Ruler

Han Sen stood upon his spirit base island like a god. His white hair drifted with the ethereal breeze, and his handsome face was as calm and composed as ever. He lifted a fist and launched it at the purple lightning that was bearing down on him.

His super king spirit mode made him better than a king spirit, so he was unafraid of what Thunderdevil King sought to do. They had both only opened their first gene locks, so with the improved spirit mode, Han Sen already worked from a position of greater strength.

“Die!” Thunderdevil King roared, as his thundergod mode grew in power. The purple lightning crackled with greater ferocity, and its size amplified with his warcry. He was putting everything he had into this one strike, hoping he could annihilate Han Sen in a single hit.

All the spirits watched as the lightning made contact with Han Sen’s outstretched fist. As it occurred, the deafening snap of thunder drowned out all other sounds.

Han Sen’s super king spirit-fueled fist destroyed the frightening projectile pocket of electric power, and it remained on course to wreck Thunderdevil King once more.

All the spirits watched Han Sen as he exuded a most holy light. They viewed him with great admiration.

If killing Thunderdevil King the first time was luck, then the second time would assuredly prove it was down to Han Sen’s skill. And if that was true, it meant his power had to be greater than that of the widely lauded Thunderdevil King.

They were both king spirits, and yet one could not withstand the other’s punch. Seeing such an intimidating figure crumble before Han Sen was difficult to believe.

Spirits always adored those who were stronger than them, and so Han Sen was cementing himself as something of an idol for sure.

“Kingthunder Gene +1; Rank Unchanged.”

Han Sen received another kingthunder gene, which helped to boost the strength of his thunder elements.

Han Sen wanted Thunderdevil King to challenge him some more. If he was able to obtain a total of one hundred kingthunder genes, his thunder power was sure to be significantly stronger than any that were on the same level as him.

But after respawning again, Thunderdevil King just stood where he was. He did not jump back out of his spirit stone as he previously had, fuming with anger. He just looked at Han Sen and did not approach.

Thunderdevil King had wanted to kill Han Sen with thunder, and he had been keen to demonstrate his full power with monstrous tenacity and confidence earlier. Now, the power of Han Sen’s punches actually put fear into him. It was fortunate the rule of only having one opened gene lock was enforced in that realm, for if it wasn’t, he’d have never believed Han Sen had only opened his first gene lock.

“I am the king of kings. In this world there are many kings, but amongst them, only one ruler. That’s me.” Han Sen provoked Thunderdevil King, hoping it would trigger his wrath and desire for battle, earning him more kingthunder gene points.

Thunderdevil King, as predicted, could not accept the insult. He roared to the sky and re-cast his thundergod mode before charging towards Han Sen once more. In one punch, it was all over once again.

The other spirits trembled in their boots. Thunderdevil King was not only getting crushed, but also humiliated. The name of The King felt as if it were getting branded in their hearts, and it seemed to be a name they would not—or should not—ever forget.

Thunderdevil King respawned, but before Han Sen could say anything else to him, he disappeared with his island. He ran off.

Word of this fight spread like wildfire in the community of spirits. Those who heard the tale of a newcomer destroying Thunderdevil King were shocked to hear of his power. It was difficult to believe, even. The king spirits, however, felt even more animosity towards Han Sen. They were madder than ever.

Many king class spirits wished to lock Han Sen up in purgatory for the rest of eternity.

Some king spirits even vowed to destroy Han Sen's spirit stone, should they ever discover his true identity.

The loudest proclaimer of such a notion was the father of Thunderdevil King. Like the other king spirits, his search for The King's identity was on.

But despite their efforts, neither the king spirits nor even the emperors themselves were able to locate or discover who he was. Their best guess was that he was the child of some emperor. The thought that The King might have been a human never once crossed their minds.

In the sanctuaries, despite their tireless struggle for information, they could not find out anything. But all the king spirits that could still enter the first spirit base went after Han Sen, planning to kill him.

But this was exactly what Han Sen had hoped for. Ordinary spirit genes could not boost his power by much, but king spirit genes were far more effective, and their boons were immediately noticeable. Having the king spirits coming to him was a dream come true.

When Han Sen proclaimed himself the king of kings, he knew it'd incite the fury and ire of all the other proud king spirits out there. As such, the kings would end up express-delivering their geno points to Han Sen for the small price of one punch.

And as for the threats from the powerful king spirits he could not yet challenge, Han Sen cared little.

In the sanctuary, where things mattered the most and death was permanent, they could not find him. And with their inability to visit the first spirit base, he had nothing to be afraid of.

"If it wasn't for the spirit genes I am practically being gifted, I'd announce I am a human. I don't want this freight train to stop. Hmm, but doesn't that mean I can't use super king spirit mode back in the sanctuaries now? If the spirits find out who I am, heaven knows how many will be on my tail," Han Sen thought to himself.

Aside from the woman spirit he half-encountered in the valley, no one else had seen his super king spirit mode in the sanctuary yet.

Although she saw the active mode, there was no way she could have guessed it was a human, either. Due to this, there was no need for him to worry about her.

And the first spirit base was massive, so he thought it was unlikely she'd encounter him there, either.

But Han Sen was wrong. She, the baron of thorns, saw him; and she recognized him as the handsome spirit that rescued her from the iron bug.

"I am the king of kings. In this world there are many kings, but amongst them, only one ruler. That's me." Thorn Baron pondered the words he had spoken. Her cheeks blushed, and she said to herself, "He's that powerful king spirit. It would be a most wonderful thing, should I ever encounter him again. Why he saved me, without saying a word, I'll never know."

Ever since she found out The King was the one who saved her, she believed the dagger falling into his hands, in exchange for her saving, was a good thing. She had been saved by a valiant spirit, she thought. She was unaware Han Sen merely wanted to rob her.

Chapter 916: The Moving Shelter

Han Sen brought the dead man's body down into the shelter. Thinking the place was suitable, he also planted the Devil-Blood Tree and his Pine Tree inside there, as well.

Han Sen did not have many waterdrops still, so he only used what was sufficient to keep them alive for the time being.

For food, he only had some crab meat and dried fruit. If they wanted to increase their strength, they would have to go out and hunt.

But the trees in close proximity to them did not bear fruit. And the presence of creatures was lacking.

Upon greater inspection, and a fair amount of time pondering, Han Sen came to the conclusion that the shelter was moving. And he noticed that every day he woke up, he was in a different spot.

Sometimes they were deeper inside the woods, other times they'd be near the outskirts. While the movements seemed random, he believed there had to be a reason or rhyme to how the shelter behaved—he just had to figure it out.

When they first came to this place, the tree and its shelter were nearly on the outskirts of Thorn Forest. After spending the night there, they awoke to the realization they had been teleported someplace else.

A few days later, days spent tinkering and investigating, Han Sen discovered it always moved around the hour of midnight. If they wanted to leave and go off on a hunt or explore Thorn Forest, they would just have to ensure they were back before then. Otherwise, they'd be stranded with no knowledge of where the shelter had gone off to.

It was easy to find out if you were in the right place as the shelter moved beneath your feet, however. The area above the shelter was quite sparse in terms of plants, and the area was always devoid of creatures. It was easy to recognize.

Han Sen kept up with his training and collected spirit genes from the spirit base whenever he could. In between those activities, he made scouting trips to the surface to observe where the shelter had moved and where they might go to in order to hunt.

The reason no creatures came close to the shelter finally dawned on Han Sen; he attributed it to the giant bones that resided below the surface. He had seen creatures staying far away from such bones before, and so he attributed the lack of nearby creatures to the bones' presence there. While it meant they had to travel a bit to find creatures, it at least meant there wasn't any danger in and around the shelter.

On this day, the shelter moved to the edge of Thorn Forest. When the sun rose, Han Sen ventured out with Qu Lanxi. Together, they slew a few ordinary iron bugs.

Han Sen was also able to find a few wild geno plants, and he managed to collect a dozen waterdrops following their absorption.

And as fruitful as their hunt had been, they did not dare go too far from home. They wanted to create a pantry of food, where they could store much and live in relative peace for a while.

Every few days, almost like clockwork, the shelter moved to the edge of the forest where they could freely hunt without too much concern. This also meant they did not have to worry about dwindling supplies for the time they remained in the shelter. Settling into a nice routine, Han Sen had managed to earn a fair amount of basic geno points and ordinary geno points. Slowly but surely, his fitness level was rising.

Han Sen tried to control the shelter's movements, or see what he could do to influence where it chose to go, but outside the spirit base, he could not last very long in his super king spirit mode. Despite trying many different ways, he was unable to move the shelter how he fancied.

More than anything, however, Han Sen spent most of his time in the spirit base collecting spirit genes.

Squire-class, knight-class, and royal-class spirits all offered up their spirit genes without quarrel, and thanks to this, Han Sen's spirit gene tally increased rapidly.

Ever since he killed Thunderdevil King three times in a row, many royal spirits who saw him would gladly offer up their genes, too.

Some spirits who were known associates of Thunderdevil King made sure to stay out of Han Sen's way, though. They wouldn't give him a single spirit gene.

But for those few people, there was nothing he could do. His rank was far higher than them, after all. Unless others challenged him, he could only challenge the six spirits who had a higher rank than he did.

Fortunately, most spirits were happy to give out their spirit genes for free. Han Sen's squire-class and knight-class geno points were already at one hundred. His royal-class tally was not far behind, either. What he needed now, though, was many king-class genes.

And so now, Han Sen had to select which spirit genes to take. Unless there was a special element attributed to them, he would have to decline many approaching spirits.

Han Sen noticed many more royal-class spirits challenging him these days, too. Although they were weak and easily defeated, they did try their best to fight him.

In the distance, many islands lined up, facing Han Sen. It wasn't too obvious to see, but one of the islands had a few spirits on it together. All the other spirits seemed to avoid this collective of islands like the plague.

On the island, there were two men and two women spirits. They were amongst the top ten king spirits.

One of the female king spirits had cat ears to compliment her beautiful face, which seemed to perpetually smirk. Her body was voluptuous and stunning to behold.

She must have been someone of some renown, and one that many other spirits would assuredly recognize. She held the second rank in the spirit base and was called Heavenly Empress.

The names of the other three king spirits were The King of Truth; The King of Day; and Flower Empress.

"The King's power is too much. Those royal-class spirits don't stand a chance, and their efforts at collecting information for us are practically worthless. I would say he bases his power on strength, but that doesn't help much," The King of Truth said.

The King of Day responded, "He was able to kill that juvenile Thunderdevil King with one hit; of course he's powerful!"

Flower Empress laughed and said, "If he does indeed rely on raw, physical strength, then taking him down shouldn't prove too difficult. Why don't we allow Truth to have a go at him. He is sure to crush The King."

"Yes, I believe Truth can beat that punk. Easy." After The King of Day said this, he continued by saying, "And we need to stop calling him The King!"

"But we are used to calling him that!" Flower Empress laughed.

The King of Truth looked to Heavenly Empress and said, "And what about you? What do you think?"

Heavenly Empress merely smiled and said, "You can try. The white light comes from his body; I suspect your Mirror of Truth can reflect that power. That being said, he is not as simple as he appears to be. There is more to him than meets the eye, so exercise caution."

"I will try then. If I do not win, then at least I can witness the strength he possesses first-hand," The King of Truth said, with grace.

“Don’t say that! You will win; your Mirror of Truth can restrain him! We’ll celebrate and toast a glass in your honor, when you return,” The King of Day said jovially.

“I will be off, then!” The King of Truth returned to his own island and drove towards Han Sen.

Chapter 917: Skill Negation

“Ah, it’s The King of Truth. Has he come to challenge The King?”

“Ooh, another entertaining spectacle for us to watch. I wonder which is the stronger of the two?”

“The King is stronger, duh. Thunderdevil King was ranked seventh, before getting smacked silly by The King. This guy is only ranked ninth.”

“But The King of Truth has a special power. He can reflect a person’s attacks, so he might be able to halt and reverse one of The King’s punches.”

“Hmm... what you say does make sense.”

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Seeing The King of Truth drive his island towards Han Sen, all the spirits began to talk amongst themselves. They feverishly discussed which of the two titans might be stronger.

In respect for the challenger, they all parted and formed a path so The King of Truth could approach and issue the desire for battle without delay.

“I am The King of Truth; might I do battle with you?” The King of Truth did not have to ask for permission, and he could have just waltzed in and immediately started a fight. But he was polite, and so he wished to introduce himself first.

“Of course we can do battle; let’s fight!” When Han Sen saw The King of Truth approach, he was pleased. In his heart, he thought, “Finally, someone has come to give me king spirit geno points.”

One king spirit gene was vastly more powerful than a bunch of normal spirit genes. One hundred squire genes could not compare to a handful of king spirit genes.

The King of Truth, upon hearing Han Sen’s answer, joined him on his island. Then, he said, “You and I are king spirits. It would be inappropriate for us to fight like savages, so how about we do battle like gentlemen.”

“What do you mean by fighting like gentlemen? I am gentle, just not a pushover.” Han Sen frowned and looked at The King of Truth.

“It means you stand where you are and allow me to punch you. You can neither block nor dodge. And then, I stand still while you hit me. We keep going in this manner until one of us falls over,” The King of Truth explained.

“You want to ro-sham-bo? But why can’t I go first?” Han Sen asked.

“Oh, that’s fine by me. You can go first, if you’d like.” The King of Truth smiled.

Han Sen was surprised and put on alert. For the spirit to quickly agree, he must have something up his sleeve. The entire premise for the fight he wished to have reeked, so there was something going on for sure.

The King of Truth seemed to present himself like a bookwormish sort; he almost looked human, too, and lacked all the unique and striking details of appearance and physical flourishes that usually made spirits stand out.

But without fear, Han Sen said, “Okay, I’ll punch you first.”

“Please do.” The King of Truth then just stood there, willing to accept Han Sen’s punch.

“Haha! He fell for the trap. The King of Truth’s mirror can reflect any incoming damage to the caster. The harder he punches, the harder he will hurt. If he goes all-out on his opponent... well, then that’s all she wrote,” The King of Day said excitedly.

“He’s too proud. After defeating Thunderdevil King, he believes himself to be invincible. Now he’ll suffer under the crushing weight of his own hubris,” Flower Empress cackled.

The other spirits that looked on, seeing The King of Truth appear so calm, were shocked and unsure of what to think. They knew he had a special card to play, otherwise he wouldn’t have behaved like that.

Everyone looked at Han Sen, waiting to see him perform his attack.

Han Sen’s body lit up with his signature holy light. Just like his previous punches, this one looked casual and almost silly. It seemed to lack all power.

The King of Truth did not underestimate this, though. He watched the white light approach, and so he made his own body shine with silver and projected a layer of protection across his being.

Boom!

Han Sen’s fist collided with the silver mirror.

“Whoa! Such strength, haha! He fell into the trap.” The King of Day immediately lit up with joy, but in the next second, his smile froze and dropped.

The same applied to Flower Empress and Heavenly Empress, too. When Han Sen’s fist hit the mirror, so much was the power, his fist shattered it into a million pieces. Then The King of Truth died.

A strange silver light appeared from the broken remains of The King of Truth and entered Han Sen's body.

"Kingspace Gene +1; Rank Unchanged."

Han Sen was surprised, not knowing his opponent had possessed a space element. Han Sen had been there for a while, and he had killed countless spirits, and yet this was the first time he had seen such a gene.

Han Sen didn't think The King of Truth would give up, and so he expected to receive a few more space genes. But after the spirit respawned, he did not say a word and simply left.

King spirit genes were precious, and ultra rare ones such as that were especially so. It was very difficult for The King of Truth to find space genes, and now Han Sen had just taken one with the greatest of ease. It was like flushing money down the drain.

After Han Sen became a super king spirit, he had no special elemental powers, but he could cancel the skills opponents used. When the Coin Toad used coins to suppress him, the power of the coins was negated upon the activation of his super king spirit mode.

This aspect also came into play against The King of Truth's mirror-power. The spirit's reflective shield did nothing, and so Han Sen was able to confirm the existence of this passive ability he had previously only assumed.

"What?! The King of Truth was incredibly calm, and I thought he could unleash a one-hit kill skill. Is this some kind of joke?"

"This is embarrassing."

"He does have a special skill, but The King was too strong for it. He ploughed right through whatever The King of Truth devised and annihilated him."

"There are many kings, but amongst them, only one ruler. Man, I've never seen anyone this powerful before. It's nuts!"

"The King has to be an emperor, don't you think?"

"I'm sure this guy can put any-old emperor to shame. This spirit is destined to go to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, I'm telling you."

"This is what you call invincible. King spirits are ground into dust before him."

...

The spirits discussed many topics amongst themselves, all of which pertained to The King. All the while, The King of Day, Flower Empress, and Heavenly Empress could do little but frown.

"Truth, what the hell? Why did your mirror not reflect his attack?" When The King of Truth returned, The King of Day immediately approached to ask.

Chapter 918: One Punch One Kiss

The King of Truth shook his head and responded, "I have no idea what happened. The mirror was obliterated; it didn't stand a chance."

"If you are unaware of why you lost, then why don't you try again?" The King of Day suggested.

The King of Truth rolled his eyes and said, "Do you think my king spirit genes come easily? I don't even know when or how I'll be able to get the lost one back. I'm not an idiot like that Thunderdevil King."

The King of Day realized his suggestion was too much of him to ask, so he did not say anything more in return.

Heavenly Empress looked thoughtful. "There are two possibilities, from the way I see it. One: the mirror is not as effective as we have believed it to be. Two: he is just too powerful, plain and simple. Perhaps he has so much power, it overloaded the threshold of damage the mirror was able to withstand and thus—snap! It broke. Think of it like a rubber-band; the further you pull it, the further it will travel upon letting go. But everything has a limit to its flexibility. If you pull too hard on the elastic band, it will give way and break," she explained.

"I think he's immune to the mirror. There is no way that punk can be that powerful," The King of Day said.

"Well, if the mirror wasn't as effective as we believed it to be, that's bad news. It means Flower Empress' Flower Stamp would also be useless. It'd be even harder for her to beat him," Heavenly Empress said.

When Flower Empress heard what she said, she chimed in saying, "My Flower Stamp is different than the mirror. If he can bypass the mirror, fine, but there is no way he can triumph over the mirror and my Flower Stamp."

"Still, if you do choose to challenge him, you should be careful. It is difficult to earn back spirit genes. With your speed and power, I don't believe you will be able to hit him," Heavenly Empress said.

"I have an idea." Flower Empress flew back to her own island and drove forward, off to visit Han Sen.

Heavenly Empress sought to stop her from going, but it was too late. Flower Empress, not looking back, said, "Relax."

"Let her go; no one from the same tier can overcome her powers. And if she's that confident she can beat him, after everything we've seen thus far, perhaps we should place some faith of our own in her." The King of Day believed she had what it took, so he decided to follow her in support.

The King of Day had been trying to woo Flower Empress for quite some time, but she never showed any interest in his attempts at romantic coercion. Some of his positive comments now, and his desire to follow, stemmed from his desire to get her to notice him more.

Heavenly Empress saw Flower Empress arrive before Han Sen.

“Flower Empress... she is ranked fourth in the spirit base.”

“I didn’t expect her to challenge him. It looks like everyone knows about The King now.”

“Such a beautiful woman; I wonder if The King is willing to thrash a woman as brutally as he does the rest of his opponents.”

“I don’t think The King cares for s*xual discrimination.”

Flower Empress was now before Han Sen, and in a flirtatious manner said, “The King, you fought against The King of Truth unfairly. You took advantage of being allowed to attack first. If we battle, do you mind if I attack first?”

Han Sen observed her intently. She looked very small and very pretty, and she also smelled like flowers. She was an attractive spirit, that was for sure.

“How about I do you one better; you can punch me ten times.” Han Sen smiled.

“Such a gentleman. Okay, I’ll punch you ten times first.” A streak of sordidness crept across Flower Empress’ face.

All of the spirits froze in place. If The King was willing to accept ten of her punches, it wouldn’t matter how strong he was. Ten of those would surely lead to his defeat.

“Might I ask, what will you do if you don’t win, after getting your ten free shots in?” Han Sen smiled again.

“People like you won’t get hurt from punches by the likes of me. So, you can start punching me back, okay?” She wasn’t promising anything.

Han Sen squinted and said, “How about I let you punch me ten times, and if I die, it will be deserved. If I am indeed still alive, then each punch must equate to one kiss. How does that sound?”

After that, Flower Empress’ face turned red. The audience was listening to their conversation intently and began to get rowdy with excitement for Han Sen’s cheeky suggestion.

“Nooooo!” The King of Day’s face dropped like a sack of rocks, and he shouted from the top of his lungs.

Han Sen knew there was something between them, judging from the way he had followed her.

Han Sen wasn’t being flirty with her, though. As a matter of fact, she didn’t interest him in the least. What he wanted to do most was provoke The King of Day to fight him for kissing his most-wanted girl. Furthermore, if he took Flower Empress’ rank, then he’d be higher than The King of Day. That meant he couldn’t challenge him.

Flower Empress, gnawing at her lips, managed to compose herself after the pause. Then she said, "You are a king spirit. Isn't it humiliating for you to suggest something like this?"

"Everyone loves beautiful women; kings are no exception. And I'll have you know, with this metric of one kiss for one punch, I'd be willing to accept a hundred punches. Of course, if you don't agree to this, then I'll allow you one, free courtesy punch," Han Sen mockingly said.

Flower Empress' eyes brightened and she gasped, "Really? I can hit you one hundred times first?"

"I am many things, but a liar I am not. If you do indeed agree to this, then yes, I'll let you punch me one hundred times." Han Sen looked at The King of Day who was nearby. He was sweating profusely, in an ardent desire to stay her agreement to this.

Flower Empress said, "Okay. And if I defeat you within my one hundred free punches then you lose."

"Fair enough! Okay, come on." Han Sen then sent her a duel invite to challenge her.

Everyone was aghast, hearing Han Sen was going to let her hit him one hundred times.

They were both king spirit elites, so they found it difficult to envision The King remaining upright after accepting one hundred punches.

The King of Day was worried about Han Sen taking advantage of Flower Empress, but now that The King had asked her to punch him one hundred times first, he wasn't even sure what to think.

"A few Flower Stamps is all it will take to destroy him. How ignorant..." The King of Day thought.

Chapter 919: Come to Me

Flower Empress stepped closer to Han Sen, trepidatiously. When she was within arm's reach, he still hadn't moved an inch; he really was going to let her hit him.

"Your arrogance will soon take flight, making way for the tears that are to follow," Flower Empress said to herself, as she observed Han Sen's pretty face. A cloud of light, filled with flower-like holographic shapes, enshrouded her fist. With it raised and primed, she launched forward to hit Han Sen.

All the spirits looked on him, contemplating whether or not he'd dodge the incoming attack. But there he remained standing, complete with the holy light that emanated from his body. He accepted the hit.

The flowery-light did not blow up against Han Sen; instead, it left a stamp on him.

"Remember; I get a hundred punches, so you stay still now." She was afraid Han Sen would regret his decision from earlier, so she made sure to cast Flower Stamp on him before anything else.

Han Sen's body was instantly covered in flowers, almost buried beneath the mountain of blooms.

Flower Stamp, despite the grievances it could cause, was a beautiful skill. The force dealt to the recipient of the skill was equivalent to that of a train.

Even the spirits that were looking on almost felt the power of such a wretched attack.

Flower Empress then proceeded to hit Han Sen thirty-seven times. She smiled and said, "Are you sure you want this to go on, kingy? I have only hit you thirty-seven times."

Han Sen's face looked dim, as if he was struggling to withstand the initial weight of the flowers and subsequent blows.

But Han Sen then smiled and said, "You hit like a girl. Oh, wait a minute..."

"Pah! Fine, I'll give you a real taste of what I'm capable of. We'll see how much longer you can remain so cocky." Flower Empress could see the exhaustion creeping onto Han Sen's face, so she was more than happy to apply more hits.

As more hits were thrown, more flowers mounted on him. His presence there was little more than a flowery knoll, and he was practically hidden from sight.

The spirits, seeing Han Sen covered by trembling flowers, believed he wouldn't remain standing much longer. Any second now, he'd collapse and be defeated.

"The King is remarkable, isn't he? It's still pretty amazing he has managed to endure so many Flower Stamps without falling. I fear his arrogance and willingness to accept one hundred such punches will be his downfall, though. I'm really not sure how much longer he can go on," a spirit said, one who understood the power of Flower Stamp.

"The King is an interesting man; he seems more likely to die by the weight of flowers than anything else. I don't think Flower Empress cares too much, though; either way, she's just happy she has this opportunity to beat him," another spirit said.

"Can someone explain to me how powerful Flower Stamp is?" Many spirits were unaware of what was so special about Flower Stamp, and so one of them made sure to ask.

A spirit explained, "You don't know about Flower Stamp? To kill Flaming Emperor, she only had to use ten Flower Stamps. That is what got her to the fourth rank. I thought everyone knew this, but it can't be helped if some people choose to live beneath rocks. Anyway, Flaming Emperor couldn't help but compliment her, following his defeat. It was all quite the spectacle, and it's partly why she became so famous."

"He complimented her? Tell me quickly!" the spirit asked.

"One flower, one mountain; one stamp, ten years. That means ten flowers equal the weight of ten mountains, and breaking one stamp would take ten years," the spirit explained.

“That is an exaggeration, surely. She has only opened her first gene lock, so how can she be that powerful?” The spirits that did not know about this beforehand struggled to believe the authenticity of the tale.

Han Sen’s body was now quivering madly. When Flower Empress took notice of the fact he was ready to buckle under the weight, any second now, she quickly attacked him some more.

With every punch she delivered, he looked to be in a worse state. Yet strangely, nothing she did would make him fall over. He simply remained where he was, shaking more and more.

“One more punch is all it will take; one more punch and he’ll be down!” The King of Day shouted out loud.

“Something is wrong.” Heavenly Empress frowned, but it was too late to warn Flower Empress.

Flower Empress had only one thing in mind, and that was bringing The King down. She had not kept track of how many times she had attacked.

She believed she would not have to count how many times she attacked, as it’d be over quickly.

But this soon proved untrue, because Han Sen was refusing to submit and fall. Every time she attacked, all the spirits thought he was on the precipice of falling over, and all Han Sen would need was one more nudge. But none of this came to pass, and The King’s body simply shivered.

“Stop!” Just as Flower Empress was about to attack once more, Han Sen shouted. She relented.

“What? Do you concede?” Flower Empress had a cocky grin creep across her face, believing she had managed to get The King to throw in the towel.

Han Sen wanted to laugh, thinking it ridiculous that another king spirit had not kept track of the number of times she had hit him. She had delivered one hundred punches and was oblivious to the fact. She even asked if he was going to concede.

“You’ve run out of free punches. You’ve delivered your one hundredth,” Han Sen said.

“I ran out?” Flower Empress gasped, and her mind quickly raced to recall and count how many punches she had thrown. He wasn’t kidding.

Her Flower Stamp had not been able to fell Han Sen, and she could not believe it.

Although she had only opened her first gene lock, her Flower Stamp power could compare to a little hill. How powerful could The King be, to withstand so many of them?

But Flower Empress, instead of her face turning to scorn, simply smiled and said, “Okay, I’ve given you my hundred punches. Come to me and show me what you’ve got.”

Flower Empress stood where she was, giggling. She wasn’t going to free Han Sen from the abundance of flowers that buried him.

Chapter 920: Repo Man

Flower Empress believed Han Sen could not take her attacks anymore. He hadn't been defeated completely, but that was fine.

"You have been crushed by my Flower Stamp, haven't you? I don't think you can hit me. You're probably using all of your power to withstand the crushing weight of my flowers, but if you divert any of that power into attacking me, they'll kill you." Flower Empress cackled maniacally, a sharp contrast to her beautiful face.

Although Flower Empress was a king spirit, she hadn't been born for very long. She wasn't much more proficient than a human female.

"I'm sorry, did you say something?" Han Sen coldly said, and shrugged all of the flowers off of his body. He did so casually, as if it hadn't cost him the slightest amount of strength to bear them.

Flower Empress turned to stone. Seeing the flowers cast to the sky like so, she was frozen.

"Her power was not effective on him." Heavenly Empress wore a wry smile.

The King of Day's face dropped, and he thought to himself, "Since she failed to defeat him, doesn't that mean she has to fulfill her end of the bet?"

Thinking of this, The King of Day's mind succumbed to a state of restless anarchy. He could no longer think straight, amidst the distress that had swooped down on him.

"You are obscene." Flower Empress realized Han Sen, the entire time, had only been pretending. He had feigned his exhaustion and trembling fatigue the entire time. He had done so, hoping she would not call off the bet before she reached one hundred free punches.

But it was too late, and she had indeed delivered her hundred. There was no way for her to escape the bet now.

"Why am I obscene? I offered the bet and gave you the free punches, as promised. You accepted my terms, fair and square." Han Sen smiled.

"You just are." Flower Empress had no prepared response, and wasn't sure what she could say in reply.

"It's my turn now, okay? So, prepare yourself!" Han Sen raised his fist, and a holy light gathered within and without.

Flower Empress looked almost pitiful, and she quietly pleaded, "Please be gentle."

After that, Flower Empress closed her eyes and awaited her end. With how delicate she looked, facing death, it was not hard to feel sympathy for her.

Tears ran along her long eyelashes and dropped to the embrace of her cheeks. No man should have been able to willingly destroy such a woman.

Pang!

Han Sen punched her without remorse, as blood and flowers exploded in the air like fireworks.

A pink petal descended to enter Han Sen's body.

"Kingwood Gene +1; Fourth Rank Achieved."

Every spirit in the audience froze, seeing this. They never expected The King to so callously destroy her, without hesitation.

"The King; I'm not done with you! Only one of us will survive." Flower Empress respawned, and she fumed with a rage no one had thought possible from such a delicate-looking person.

She had made herself look so weak, hoping to gain mercy. And yet, Han Sen had not been swayed. He killed her and humiliated her in front of everyone.

"You're right; we're not done! You owe me a hundred kisses, remember?" Han Sen coldly replied.

Flower Empress, in her rage, had forgotten about the bet. She had never regretted something so much in her entire life. And now that Han Sen had mentioned it again, in front of all who watched, she knew she couldn't discredit herself even more and leave.

Flower Empress' face was red, and she did not know what to do. She couldn't leave, and she couldn't kiss him one hundred times in front of all the spirits that looked on.

Han Sen saw The King of Day looking angry, too. He was ready to rush forward and attack without thought, but he was stopped by another female king spirit. So, with no other fight awaiting, Han Sen stepped forward and grabbed Flower Empress. He held her in his arms.

Han Sen knew the king spirits had been trying to set him up, so he wasn't willing to let any one of them get off the hook that easily.

Flower Empress was as embarrassed as she was shocked, but she was too weak to push her aggressor away. Han Sen had her locked against his chest.

"It's time for a tongue lashing." After Han Sen said this, he dove into her tasty lips.

Flower Empress could not resist, and she softened inside Han Sen's arms.

"I'm going to kill you!" The King of Day could no longer hold his tongue, so he ran forward. Turning into a sun along the way, he rushed towards Han Sen.

Boom!

Han Sen continued to hold Flower Empress with one arm, as his other arm quickly reached out and punched the flailing madman. The sun of his new composure shattered into pieces, like frail glass.

“Kingfire Gene +1; Rank Unchanged.”

“I’ll accept this kiss for now. Just remember; you owe me ninety-nine more. I’ll come back to collect at another time.” Han Sen had already received what he wanted, so he didn’t need to put her in any further distress. With a brief smile to her, he turned around and returned to the sanctuary.

The King had killed The King of Truth, Flower Empress, and The King of Day over the course of a single day. Word spread quickly amongst the spirits of Han Sen’s accomplishment.

The spirits who witnessed the fights firsthand believed Han Sen to be the greatest spirit of all time. If he was able to unlock nine of his gene locks, he’d be able to become an emperor. Or perhaps even the legendary tenth gene lock.

The King’s name spread far and wide; it was a household name. He was heralded as the strongest spirit ever born. And despite the fact that all the spirits desired to learn where he came from, no such discovery was made. He was still an enigma. The spirits still guessed he had to be the son of an emperor, but there was no evidence to support this.

Han Sen did not return to the spirit base for a while after this, and he thought of how he might go out and hunt mutant creatures.

Although spirit genes were great for personal buffs, they did not increase one’s fitness.

If he wanted to become stronger, he would have to increase his fitness.

If he was in the Alliance or the sanctuary, super king spirit mode still only lasted three seconds.