

Super Power

Chapter 951: Son of All Gods

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to take a better look at the sword Taia. Its sharpness was not its greatest attribute.

What was most striking about it were the features of its power, hardness and durability. If two swords ever clashed, and one broke, that meant one of them had better hardness and durability.

But this was a sword that had been crafted in ancient times, and it was believed that no material could be harder than z-steel. It was perplexing to try and grasp how Taia had prevailed as the stronger sword.

Although it was only a two foot long shortsword, Han Sen was able to detect the presence of a lifeforce within.

This surprised him even more, because it was common knowledge that only beast soul weaponry could possess a lifeforce and be alive.”

He was told that the sword was forged through the talents of two blacksmiths, so how could this be so?

“You know, we aren’t all-knowing of our past. There are more questions than answers to be found, when seeking knowledge of our history. As for this sword, in place of truths and facts, only myths can be found. Myths, however, are fickle things. One myth claims this sword was forged from outer-world black iron. Meaning, a chunk of a metallic meteor was obtained by the blacksmiths. Somehow, this ore was smelted and used in the creation of the sword,” Liu Meng said.

“How did it break?” Han Sen asked.

It was incredibly sturdy, and it was hard to fathom how such a powerful weapon was broken in two.

“You’d have to ask the Qin family about that. They care very much for this sword, so it is likely they are the ones who can answer the questions you have,” Liu Meng confessed.

“And so, if we duel, and I win, this sword can be mine?” Han Sen was excited by this sword, and he believed it might have been greater than the red dagger.

Liu Meng pulled out a contract and said, “If you want assurance, feel free to sign atop the dotted line.”

“Okay, sure!” Han Sen did not want to fight earlier, due to the fact that there was no benefit. With such a precious treasure dangling in front of him, he couldn’t resist trying.

He knew Liu Meng was a surpasser, but he had no idea what his fitness or gene lock level was.

Annie said he became a surpasser two years before, though, so he couldn't have been too powerful. Regardless, with no incurred loss for losing, there was no harm in Han Sen giving it a go. Quickly, he signed the contract.

"Come on!" Liu Meng excitedly proclaimed.

"Out here?" Han Sen looked around the pavilion he was standing in.

"Why do you ask? Is there a problem?" Liu Meng asked.

"Shouldn't there be a training room somewhere around here? I can't imagine destroying this place," Han Sen said.

Liu Meng then said, "Okay, let us go there."

Acknowledging Han Sen would actually try his best in a fight against him, Liu Meng was visibly overjoyed despite his attempts to contain it.

Liu Meng did not want to fight Han Sen due to his inability to find a person who was stronger.

The primary reason was because of Han Sen's defeat of Yu Qielan.

Beating those of your own kind wasn't glorious, but beating a royal shura was. It was quite the achievement.

Unfortunately for him, his family forbade him from challenging a shura. As a substitute, he decided to fight Han Sen, for he was at least as powerful as a shura.

Han Sen followed Liu Meng, and along the way they bumped into Annie.

"Where are you two going?" Annie asked.

"Liu Meng wants to fight me, so I am going to the training room," Han Sen explained.

"You are fighting him?" Annie asked.

"Is there a problem with that?" Han Sen looked at Annie.

"Liu Meng, do not play with him. I promised Lady Ji I would bring him back safely," Annie said.

But then, Liu Meng showed her the signed contract and said, "We aren't playing, look. We've signed a contract and everything."

Liu Meng then went on to say, "Han Sen, I'll wait for you in the room just up ahead. You talk to her first."

Annie, with apparent concern, hastily asked, "Why would you agree to such a foolish thing? Didn't I tell you he is the only heir of this family?"

Han Sen smiled and said, "We're only having a friendly bout. Don't worry, I won't hurt him too much."

Annie said, "Hurt him? Do you have any idea who you're up against? Do you have any idea what his title is?"

"I dunno. I've never met the chap before." Han Sen shrugged his shoulders.

Annie sighed and slowly pronounced his title, "He is the Son of All Gods. He has never killed a creature, due to many demi-gods accompanying him; that may be true. But they are the ones who train him. Don't be so foolish as to think he won't know how to fight. Many demi-gods frequently speak highly of his talents. They say he's even better than Lin Feng. Ji Yanran's great-grandfather has even spent some time training him, too."

"He sounds pretty powerful." Han Sen smiled.

Annie then said, "He is powerful. When we were both in the Second God's Sanctuary, although he had many bodyguards with him and he was forbidden from killing stuff himself, his commands saw us through many perilous battles. Even I have learnt a lot from him."

Han Sen looked at Annie, and with a smile, said, "Nice."

After that, Han Sen patted her shoulders and entered the training room.

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Annie sounded a little frustrated now.

She believed Han Sen was implying she was weak, due to his continued belief Liu Meng was an average fighter. But she knew he was joking, and so she just followed Han Sen into the training room.

Liu Meng was there waiting, and as Han Sen stepped forth, he performed a friendly welcome gesture.

Han Sen gave one last look to Annie and approached the stage.

Super Power Chapter 952 – The Bet

Chapter 952: The Bet

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

There was a strength tester in the training room. Liu Meng punched it hard, and on the display, the number 1203 appeared.

"This is my fitness level. My strongest skill has unlocked its third gene lock. If you haven't reached that level yet, then I can only open one gene lock to match a similar strength to your own," Liu Meng said.

"No, do your best. Otherwise, what is the point in winning?" Han Sen said, as he looked at the number.

Liu Meng said, "Good. In that case, use any weapon you fancy."

"Um, I think my fists will do just fine," Han Sen said.

"All right, then. It is settled." Liu Meng's body blazed with a sudden flame, and immediately, a fiery fist was thrown Han Sen's way.

The fire that snared his maniacal fist was carried by a gust of wind, and it reached for Han Sen's head with an alarming speed.

Pang!

Han Sen punched Liu Meng's fist, and with the collision of fire and lightning, sparks obscured the battlefield.

They both fell back, regathering their composure. With no cause for delay, they lunged towards each other again.

The dance of lightning and fire was wild and unpredictable. It was like a lightshow of the elements, and so bright and quick were they, the arms that carried the elements could not even be seen. And thus they remained engaged, with not one of them taking a step back.

Annie watched the fight with keen interest, unsure which of the fighters would end up injured.

Inside a room in the yard, away from the training area, an old man with blue eyes and hair settled his eyes on a screen. It was a video feed of the fight, and he watched it intently.

Near the blue-haired old man, there was a black-haired old man, also. He was watching the fight, as well.

The black-haired old man was the one Han Sen had thrown-up on, outside of a bathroom one time.

"Tell me, old friend; who do you think will win?" the blue-haired old man asked Zhuo Donglai.

"Your grandson is more talented than you were. He is the strongest person of his age, but I must confess that if I were a betting man, I'd put my money on Han Sen prevailing," Zhuo Donglai said.

The blue-haired old man looked offended, but he still smiled and said, "Why? Do you think Han Sen has received better training than my grandson? Or is it because he is the heir of Mr. Luo? What I do know, is that he chose not to practice the Falsified-Sky Sutra."

Zhuo Donglai was aware of the temper that silently flared beneath his feigned smile. His name was Green, and although he appeared to be gentlemanly, he was extremely stubborn. What's more, he always wanted to win.

Green did not fight much, but he believed the Lan Te family was superior to all others.

If Han Sen wasn't from the Luo family, Green would have already stopped the match, proclaiming it to be disrespectful.

Zhuo Donglai smiled in response and said, "Believing Han Sen will win does not stem from any part of his muddled heritage. I simply believe he is the best."

"You think he is better than my grandson?" Green asked, with a serious look.

Green was not willing to veil his true thoughts, despite sitting beside his old friend. He was not happy about what Zhuo Donglai said, and he was fine with allowing his face to carry a scowl that explained this on his behalf. When the words my grandson were spoken, the tone of voice deepened.

Zhuo Donglai smiled and answered, "Yes. I think he is better than your grandson."

Zhuo Donglai was not a person to beat around the bush. He was happy to tell Green exactly what he thought, as straight as an arrow. Besides, it was not out of the simple respect he had for Han Sen; he had plans for the boy.

He planned to take Han Sen on as a student of his, and of course, he'd never agree to a student that he believed was inferior to any others.

Green was visibly disgruntled by the answer, but he still tried to maintain a graceful appearance. He then proposed, "How about a wager?"

"And what wager would that be?" Zhuo Donglai said.

"If Han Sen loses, take Liu Meng as your student and teach him the Purple-Manor Sutra," Green proposed.

Zhuo Donglai frowned and responded, "Don't you remember what I told you? It is not that I am unwilling to teach him, it's just that your grandson is unsuitable for its learning."

"And how would you know that? He is the best in our family, and I believe he can!" Green took a moment to collect his composure and then said, "If you are that confident in Han Sen's abilities, then agree to the wager. Or are you merely saying Han Sen will win so you can be contrary and go against me?"

Green knew Zhuo Donglai well; Zhuo Donglai wouldn't let others think he was not firm in his beliefs.

"Han Sen will win," Zhuo Donglai said.

"Then there is nothing to worry about, is there?" Green laughed.

"But this seems to be a lop-sided wager, don't you think? What if you are the one who is wrong, my friend? What will you be coughing up?" Zhuo Donglai asked, looking at Green.

"Hmm, then take an item from my collection. Once upon a time, didn't you want them?" Green offered.

Zhuo Donglai said, "They are good, yes, but... None are superior to my Purple-Manor Sutra.

"Then what would you like?" Green asked.

"Angel's Wheel," Zhuo Donglai slowly answered.

Green's face dropped to a cold stare at Zhuo Donglai.

Chapter 953: Odin's Eye

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

After a lengthy silence, Green's face returned to a smile and he said, "You are already a demigod. What do you need that for?"

"If I can't use it, then I could at least provide it to my student." Zhuo Donglai smiled.

"You have a student?" Green was shocked.

"No, not yet. But I will soon." Zhuo Donglai paused briefly, then resumed by saying, "Do you still want to establish this wager?"

Green turned back to look at Liu Meng and Han Sen. Through his observations, he could tell Han Sen was weaker than Liu Meng, though not by much.

Han Sen's number of opened genes could not be higher than Liu Meng's.

"Yes; we have a deal. If Han Sen loses, you will take Liu Meng as a student. If Liu Meng, by some miracle, happens to lose... I will give you Angel's Wheel," Green said.

Liu Meng had a higher number of gene locks open, and a higher fitness level, too. Because of this, Green did not believe his grandson could lose.

If Han Sen had learned the Falsified-Sky Sutra, he would have been worried. But since this wasn't so, he was fine with accepting the gambit.

"Okay, then. It is settled," Zhuo Donglai confirmed.

Pang!

Liu Meng and Han Sen continued their barrage of attacks at one another, and then, in the blink of a single second, they stopped.

"Good. With that warm-up over, we can commence the real fight." Liu Meng was getting very excited.

All that had transpired thus far was a test, and now he acknowledged Han Sen's power was not too far off his own.

Han Sen knew Liu Meng was not an easy person to deal with, so he didn't treat his opponent lightly. The man's skills and reaction times were faster than his own, and Han Sen knew this.

Liu Meng's fire went out, but that only made him look scarier. An eye opened in his forehead.

The eye was pitch black, like a demon's.

When the eye opened, Liu Meng's body grew to twice its size. His muscles multiplied in shape and strength, transforming his once gracious body into a hulking, monstrous machine-like entity.

“Liu Meng possesses Odin’s Eye?” Zhuo Donglai looked shocked, upon seeing this.

The genuine surprise that spread across Zhuo Donglai’s face made Green happy to see. Not to present himself too boorishly, he tried to suppress his excitement somewhat, and merely responded with a jiving, “I bet you didn’t see that coming.”

Zhuo Donglai’s shock turned to utter confusion, and so he asked, “I thought you said only those that have pure Lan Te blood can practice this skill. Your grandson is a mix, is he not?”

Green dropped all pretense and started to look unabashedly cocky. He said, “I told you he is a child prodigy, and that he is a genius. Even I sometimes believe his learning of Odin’s Eye is some strange hallucination of mine. If he can learn Odin’s Eye, then he can learn Purple-Manor Sutra.”

Zhuo Donglai gave no response to this. He knew how powerful Odin’s Eye was, and this birthed a worry in his heart. To see a non-pure blood member of the family was able to learn this skill was shocking.

Zhuo Donglai’s confidence in Han Sen’s ability to win this fight had actually been dialed down a couple of notches. Odin’s Eye was not something to be trifled with.

“Liu Meng does not only have Lan Te blood running through him, but he has your blood, too. If the day comes when he learns both Odin’s Eye and Purple-Manor Sutra, we will have created a most terrifying human. He would be unstoppable.” Green made no effort to subdue his childish excitement over this prospect.

Zhuo Donglai could only manage to muster a wry smile in response, and say, “So, what? Will you allow him to fight?”

Green shrugged his shoulders, saying, “Old friend, don’t say that.”

Liu Meng himself, down on the battleground, was very excited. His third eye, the black one, had a white pupil. It exuded a certain mystic quality.

“I see you have opened two gene locks. I will open two, as well.” It was as if Liu Meng’s third eye had been looking right through Han Sen.

“Sure.” Han Sen nodded and cast the Dongxuan Sutra.

Annie, still on the sidelines, was getting very nervous. She was beginning to acknowledge that this was no longer a traditional practice session.

If either one of them was hurt, there’d be much trouble. She wanted nothing more than to stand up, run over to them, and get them both to stop.

Just as she opted to do just that, the housekeeper appeared beside her.

“Annie, please do not disturb the fighters. Watch the match.” The housekeeper, as always, spoke with soft politeness.

She did as she was bidden. She sat down and prepared to watch the fight, in dreadful anxiety.

She did not hesitate in obliging the housekeeper's command due to what she felt from him. While he was indeed gentle, there was a certain power brimming just below the surface. She believed it wasn't a power she should risk upsetting.

Han Sen's fists were like cannons, as the powers of sonic and thunder exploded in the air. He ran towards Liu Meng.

Alongside Sonic-Thunder Punch, Han Sen cast Heavenly Go on his approach and used them to the best of his abilities.

Liu Meng's mechanical body made no effort to avoid the attack, and instead just raised his arm to accept the incoming Sonic-Thunder Punch.

Boom!

The sonic and thunder build-up exploded. Silver-lightning skittered and hopped along Liu Meng's muscles, but dealt no damage.

And even worse, the sonic power did nothing to mess with his energy flow.

There was no cause for alarm just yet, however, for Han Sen did not expect to beat Liu Meng quite so easily. He had a greater plan; a trap. And that attack was only the first part of what it was going to take to lead Liu Meng into the position Han Sen needed him in.

As Han Sen punched, ducked, and weaved, Liu Meng continued to stand still. The white pupil glowed strangely on his forehead, as only his hand moved. With perfect precision, every attack was blocked with this single hand.

Chapter 954: Green's Wishes

Translator: m.info **Editor:** m.info

Han Sen felt as if Liu Meng could predict all of his moves.

When Han Sen moved, Liu Meng was already turning to where he proposed to go. This resulted in Han Sen having to change his formation.

But no matter what he tried, whenever Han Sen sought to attack Liu Meng, his hits were deflected. The formidability of his opponent surprised him a good deal.

"Does Liu Meng know Heavenly Go, too?" Han Sen frowned.

It was strange, though. While the traits were there, it didn't quite look like Heavenly Go.

Liu Meng's performance was almost as if he was cheating, and there were flickers of the Falsified-Sky Sutra in his moveset, or so it seemed.

The most remarkable trait of the Falsified-Sky Sutra was that it never missed. Liu Meng acted as if he was omnipotent, as if he could predict or see the outcome of a person's destiny when they committed to a choice in battle. If needed, he could change his own course in a flash.

Wanting to prove some of his theories, Han Sen decided to madly attack his opponent, and when he did, the sound of thunder echoed throughout the training room.

But amidst those crazy attacks, Liu Meng merely stood still and used the most simple of blocks to deflect each and every hit.

Liu Meng was like a bastion of impenetrable defense. There was not a single flaw in his movements, and with each hit he blocked, a spark of Han Sen's hope was dashed against that wall.

Annie's hands were sweating as she watched. While he had not gained an advantage, she was surprised at how powerful Han Sen had become. After all, he had only just entered the Third God's Shelter.

Liu Meng's power, however, scared her even more. He looked invincible before Han Sen.

The dominating feeling he exuded was overwhelming, and it almost choked the breath from his onlookers. Annie could not see a way in which Han Sen might overcome this foe.

Annie believed that if she had been the one competing against Liu Meng, her confidence would have snapped against his intimidation. She'd have been rendered unable to fight.

Failing once was not scary, but repeated failings can wear down the stoutest of hearts and minds.

Fighting with Liu Meng was to suffer failing, over and over. Every skill used against him would prove useless.

"He is stronger than you used to be, when you were that age," Zhuo Donglai sighed.

With a proud tone of voice, Green said, "I told you he is the best in our family. No one is stronger than him. Not even some mutt of the Luo family."

Zhuo Donglai shook his head. He wanted to say something, but he held his tongue.

Green was an old friend of his, so there shouldn't have been anything they'd refrain from saying to each other. But this was different, and he knew he could not speak it.

When Green was young, he was famous in the Alliance. He wasn't born into fame and prosperity like Liu Meng; it was earned. He was a genius, and he was highly respected by all. And appearance-wise, Green was even more eye-catching than Liu Meng.

With Green at the family helm, the Lan Te family maintained a relatively low profile. But they also attracted certain animosities, and forged many rivalries with other families.

With their power, though, most of the Alliance still feared the Lan Te. Power could often breed hubris, and Green was wise enough to steer the family in a slightly humbler direction whilst also maintaining its influence.

There was once a time, though, when Green—who had practiced Odin’s Eye—challenged the renowned Luo Haitang, the “Godslayer.”

Luo Haitang defeated Green without trouble, and while no one was able to spectate the match, Green shied away from the public eye after this.

Being Green’s old friend, Zhuo Donglai knew about the fight.

Green was beaten badly, and he viewed it as the most terrible of shames. He still felt the sting of that day, and Zhuo Donglai knew this. As such, he never brought it up in conversation.

Zhuo Donglai knew how much Green had invested in Liu Meng, and he knew how much he wanted him to defeat Han Sen. Despite being a descendant of Luo Haitang, though, Han Sen had not been trained by his forefather. He had also refused to learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra. This gnawed at Green’s belief in the significance and the self-wrought poetic notion of the fight he was spectating; he was just not keen to admit it.

“I think Liu Meng can beat the Falsified-Sky Sutra,” Green excitedly commented.

Zhuo Donglai smiled and said, “There’s always the possibility. He is still young, too.”

Green shook his head and said, “If he practiced the Purple-Manor Sutra, he could most certainly beat it. And even learn it!”

“As we have already established; if he can beat Han Sen, I will teach it to him,” Zhuo Donglai spoke with a tone of surprise seriousness.

“Thank you, Zhuo.” Green looked touched, as if it was already a confirmed commitment.

“Let us eagerly await the results, shall we?” Zhuo Donglai smiled wryly.

Liu Meng was good, and he was most certainly a stronger fighter than Green had been, back when he was the same age. But Zhuo Donglai was still firm in the faith he could not defeat Han Sen. Even though Han Sen had not practiced the Falsified-Sky Sutra, he believed the young man was a better fighter.

“I’m going to fight back.” After blocking all of Han Sen’s attacks, Liu Meng finally moved. He swung his fist towards Han Sen like the flaming lunge of a wrathful dragon.

Han Sen blocked the fist, resulting in an explosion of fire and electricity. Without reprieve, Liu Meng then brought down his other fist. It was wreathed in ice, and all of a sudden, the training room dropped to low temperatures.

The attacks came quickly, as wind, fire, and thunder burst out of Liu Meng.

He was like a machine, and every part of Liu Meng’s body possessed the capacity to murder. He was able to utilize every ounce of strength effectively, and coordinate every part and component of his body with incredible precision.

Everything about his performance was amazing. It was almost as if he'd transcended the capabilities of a human and operated with the perfection only achievable by a machine.

Annie stood up. She had known Liu Meng for the past few years in the army, but she had never seen him strike before.

With the kicks and punches that were thrown, and the constant collision of elements, the training room was filled with the raucous noise of battle. It was so loud, it felt as if the very atmosphere was getting hammered to the breaking point.

But Green frowned. He noticed that when Liu Meng attacked, Han Sen managed to guard effectively. Liu Meng had been unable to penetrate his defense.

Chapter 955: The Strongest Skill

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Odin's Eye could expose a target's weakest point, and it was not like the Falsified-Sky Sutra. Han Sen had his own method of evaluating his opponents, though, through his Dongxuan Sutra. He used it trace his foe's attacks and effectively block each one.

Fighting Liu Meng was not easy. He was around the same level as Han Sen, and he was exceptionally talented. Since he was unable to break through Liu Meng's defense, Han Sen knew victory would not come easy when it was his turn to attack.

Despite the underlying complexities of each fighter, the fight was simple to watch. When one attacked, the other blocked with absolute perfection and vice versa. Right now, it was Han Sen's turn to defend, and after a half hour long barrage of attacks, Liu Meng could not damage his opponent in the slightest.

"I have heard he has learnt Heavenly Go from the Huangfu family. I see now that it is true." Green frowned.

Han Sen blocked every one of Liu Meng's attacks, despite their power. The moves Liu Meng performed against Han Sen had been taught to him by a demigod, and under the effect of Odin's Eye, they were executed flawlessly.

He could use any skill perfectly, as a matter of fact. Whether it was a righteous skill or an evil one, Liu Meng could use it.

Half an hour later, the battlers switched and Han Sen was the one to start attacking. But just like before, he was unable to overcome Odin's Eye.

By now, they had been gone a long time. The other party-goers, noticing their absence, wandered around in search of them.

One person, seeing that the light in the training room was on, curiously peeked inside and found them.

The news of this fight spread like wildfire, and people came in droves to watch.

One would attack and the other would defend. Their fighting skills were incredible, but it shocked the onlookers to see Liu Meng unable to penetrate Han Sen's defense.

Han Sen's fists, when he attacked, came in simple. It was Han Sen's signature skill, Sonic-Thunder Punch. It wasn't the same-old-same-old, however. Han Sen was switching up his formation a lot, and that had a knock-on effect to the display of his skill.

Still, it was not enough to damage Liu Meng.

Both of them swapped between attack and defense many times, and a decisive victor seemed impossible to decide.

Compared to the ferocity of their initial fighting, though, things started to change. They had slowed down in fatigue, but neither was tired enough to drop their guard.

The audience had been there a long time now, too. Their excitement had long since depleted, and a few people had even gone to sleep.

After five hours of battling, there had been no progress. Annie's butt had gotten numb.

"I have already prepared rooms for the guests. Come with me," the housekeeper announced.

"Oh, thank heavens." People had grown tired of watching them fight.

Most went off with the housekeeper the instant he appeared, but quite a few stayed. A few hours later, that changed. After more and more people left, only Annie remained.

They may as well have been shooting free throws in basketball, except neither of them had scored a point the entire time. The initially enthralling spectacle of their combat had long since lost its excitement, and the two were a mind-numbing bore to observe now.

And after all that time had elapsed, neither had been able to inflict the slightest damage to the other. Their defenses were impenetrable.

Han Sen and Liu Meng, by this point, were gasping and sweating. Their exhaustion had slowed down their fight.

Han Sen's fist, which once gleamed like suns of electricity, only produced minor sparks. Liu Meng only had his bare fists left to fight with.

Pang! Pang!

Their knuckles collided with each other, shaking off droplets of sweat as they coursed through the air.

It was midnight by now, and still, the fight limped on. Soon after, their movements were twisted and neither of the two could stand upright.

Neither of them wanted to concede, though, and their will was all that kept them going.

Their attacks, being much weaker than before, were easier to block.

“That Taia sword is mine!” Han Sen declared.

Liu Meng’s body was extremely fatigued, and he had exited Odin’s Eye a long time ago.

Liu Meng, unable to dodge Han Sen’s next attack, was thrown to the ground.

With an opening before him, Han Sen climbed on top and repeatedly punched Liu Meng in the face.

“No, I’m going to win!” Liu Meng managed to get Han Sen off of him. Kicking him away, it was his turn to mount Han Sen and punch his face in.

The once delicate exhibition of combat by two highly-trained individuals had swiftly turned into a drunken bar brawl.

“Are you guys done?” Annie could not watch anymore, and so she stood up and left.

She knew that with both of their stamina being what it was, neither would end up dealing considerable amounts of damage to the other. It was practically over.

With Lan Te’s housekeeper there to keep an eye on the proceedings, she knew everything would be all right after she left.

“Friend, I don’t think our bet is going to present the results either of us want,” Zhuo Donglai said.

“Han Sen should be proud of his ability to fight with my grandson like this.” While what Green said was graceful, he was sweating on the inside. He did not expect Han Sen to be able to fight Liu Meng to this point.

“I’m going to rest. I have no interest watching kids quarrel on the ground,” Zhuo Donglai said.

“Walk with me.” Green left.

In the training room, both were writhing on the ground. They were sopping wet as if they had both been for a swim.

“I have a skill I have not used yet. Had I used it, I would have won a long time ago.”

“I have a skill that’s more powerful than your skill. It’s super-secret, but you’d have lost immediately, had I used it.”

“I have a skill that would kick your skill’s butt.”

“I have a skill that is so so so so so much more powerful than your skill. It’s the strongest skill, and I could kill you with ease.”

They were both on the ground, and the only thing that seemed to fight now were their mouths.

Chapter 956: A Letter Without Words

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The next day, as Han Sen and Annie were leaving, Liu Meng was nowhere to be seen. His face had been beaten and bruised. Thinking it wasn't appropriate for the young scion of the Lan Te family to be seen in such a state, the housekeeper accompanied them on their exit.

Before they boarded the starship, the housekeeper gave a gift to Han Sen and Annie each. He told them they were gifts from Liu Meng.

After sitting down and unwrapping her gift, Annie was taken aback by the presence of sparkling jewelry within. They had been created by the finest of craftsmen of the Alliance.

Upon opening his box, Han Sen was greeted with the sword he had fought Liu Meng for. The broken sword named Taia was within.

"Why were you given a copper sword?" Annie did not know about the significance of this sword, and she merely believed it to be a relic or artpiece.

"This is was at the crux of our gambit." Han Sen smiled.

"Does that mean you won the fight?" Annie didn't really care much, but she still asked to make conversation.

"No." Han Sen shook his head.

Liu Meng did not open his third gene lock for the duration of the fight, and Han Sen did not use his super king spirit mode. Neither of them broke the defense of the other, and it resulted in a stalemate. Nobody won.

Liu Meng had more geno points than Han Sen. If Han Sen had as many mutant and sacred-blood geno points as Liu Ming did, he would have defeated him without issue. With strength like that, he could obliterate Odin's Eye.

But that would also result in it being a life or death fight; a fatality could easily occur. And seeing as they weren't actually enemies, Han Sen saw no reason to push Liu Meng so far.

Annie didn't ask any more questions about the gift he had received. She didn't know the nature of it, and neither was she really interested. She believed it to be a nice little decoration, and she was content in thinking that.

Picking up the sword, Han Sen saw an envelope lying below it. When Han Sen opened it, there was a plain white parchment inside with no text on it. It was empty.

"Why is there nothing written on it?" Annie asked.

"Who knows." Han Sen crumpled the paper in his fist and incinerated it with a fire born of his hands. Then he looked to the stars in the sky.

When he arrived home, he examined the Taia sword with greater care. The handle was not its original, and he noticed it had been forged of z-steel. It had later been plated with the copper scales of some beast. All-in-all, it seemed to match the blade well.

The copper sword looked a little red, and it looked rough. The tip of the broken blade was craggy and vicious-looking.

Han Sen could feel the life force in the sword.

Han Sen gave it a swing and appreciated the feel he got from it. Still, it wasn't perfect. The blade was not complete, and as such, it lacked the precise balance the most exceptional blades typically possessed.

"The other half of this blade belongs to the Qin family. Even if I managed to retrieve it, it'd be useless. It's harder than z-steel, so how in the sanctuaries would I be able to reforge it? Still, there's always the possibility I could forge a whole other sword with the other half. Then, by dual-wielding, I could use Dual Fly sword skills." For now, Han Sen was going to use Taia and the red dagger. After giving it a quick go, they felt good in his hands. He was comfortable using them.

After that, Han Sen went to the Saint Hall community in search of a fire hyper geno art.

It wasn't long before he saw an S-Class skill named "Phoenix." Without hesitation, he bought it.

It was not too dissimilar from Phoenix King's phoenix body. It was a protective skill that required Nirvana for its learning.

Han Sen, of course, did not need that. His proficiency with the fire element was exceptional, and he could merely simulate Phoenix King's energy flow for the direct practice of Phoenix.

As expected, Han Sen learnt it with ease. He figured it would not be long before he could use it in combat.

Han Sen decided to return to Thorn Shelter, with Annie's bow in-hand once again. Although Thorn Shelter had not decided to retaliate, their presence there was still a concern.

To weaken them further, Han Sen planned to assassinate as many creatures as he could.

Heading through the forest, Han Sen wanted to pay Tie Yi a visit first. He wanted to learn more about Thorn Shelter.

Before he reached Fish Valley, he saw the bodies of many creatures strewn about, and many more creatures locked in combat with one-another.

"What the hell happened here?" Han Sen quickly hid his presence and snuck closer to get a look at what was going on.

"Caw!" A golden bird flew across the battlefield, unleashing a barrage of wind blades to slay many of the creatures down below.

"Tie Yi?" Han Sen saw Tie Yi fighting a creature, and he was heavily injured.

Making use of Taia, Han Sen sprung forward to sever the head of a primitive creature from its body.

“Tie Yi, what happened here?” Han Sen asked, while holding him.

“The Holy-Flame King lost the war. Thunder-King took Nine-Wish Mountain. Thunder-King’s son, Thunder-Devil King, is coming. Thorn Shelter is done for,” Tie Yi painfully explained.

“Thunder-Devil King?” Han Sen had once killed him in the spirit base, much to the spirit’s embarrassment. He found it difficult to believe that same spirit was now trying to conquer this area.

“I signed a contract with the baron. I can’t leave, even if it results in my death on this battlefield. If you want your people to survive what is to come, lead them into the forest and never look back,” Tie Yi mournfully said.

“Stay here and hide. Get to safety. I’m going to try and take her spirit stone. If I do that, you will be free.” Han Sen took Tie Yi to a hidden location.

“Don’t go! Thunder-Devil King is much stronger than Thorn Baron. Thorn Shelter is lost,” Tie Yi said.

“I’ll be right back.” Han Sen snuck towards Thorn Shelter.

Han Sen kept his presence hidden, and no creature across the battlefield was alerted to his coming. He killed a few that were close to seeing him, and soon arrived at Thorn Shelter.

Chapter 957: Holy Bottle

Translator: m.info **Editor:** m.info

Dead bodies littered the ground as far as the eye could see. The mutant creatures Han Sen had encountered before were still alive, doing battle, but they looked to be in terrible condition.

“Oh, no. It looks like Thorn Shelter really will fall.” Han Sen climbed up one of the shelter’s towers and peered over towards the spirit hall.

All of Thorn Shelter’s inhabitants had been wiped out, and Thunder-Devil King was now nearing the spirit hall with his creatures in tow.

Thorn Baron was in front of the entrance, and she looked panicky when she saw Thunder-Devil King strolling up towards her.

“Thorn, Flame-King has lost the war and Nine-Wish Mountain is mine. Give me your spirit stone and I will allow you to live under my command,” Thunder-Devil King said.

“No thanks,” Thorn Baron coldly responded.

Thunder-Devil King laughed and proclaimed, “He has many wives, and you are just one name on that list. I am the son of an emperor; become one of my wives.”

“D*mn you.” Thorn Baron immediately pulled out a crystal bottle. It contained a water-like substance, which she promptly threw on the floor. Immediately, purple vines sprouted and wreathed their way across the entire ground of the spirit hall.

The vines were like snakes, rising up to lash out and attack Thunder-Devil King and his followers. Han Sen was shocked to see the sacred-blood creatures that belonged to Thunder-Devil King being injured by the vines, whereas those below sacred-blood class were instantly slain.

So many creatures had been beaten by the vines, no aggressor could do anything to free themselves.

“What is that bottle? It’s so powerful.” Han Sen had seen those vines before, but it was clear to him that the bottle he was seeing now had amplified the strength of them.

Thunder-Devil King annihilated one of the vines and said, “Flame-King loved you greatly, to provide you with that bottle.”

“Die!” Thorn Baron held the bottle like an orchestration baton. She conducted her vines, raising them up to attack Thunder-Devil King with greater ferocity.

Thunder-Devil King summoned a thunder hammer in response. He shattered a large number of the vines, and said, “You are too weak. Even with the bottle, your efforts are futile and powerless. I am going to take this king spirit class treasure and use it properly, with an effectiveness you cannot.”

The thunder hammer was activated by Thunder-Devil King’s thunder. Its power electrified and charred the vines with ease.

All the creatures that could then pounced into action, attacking the vines. And under the wrath of that sudden siege, the vines did not seem as if they would last very long.

A lot of vines were destroyed by Thunder-Devil King and the creatures. Thorn Baron poured out some more of that magical liquid in response, growing more of the vines.

After a few more pours, the bottle was at half capacity. And still, she was making no headway against those who had assaulted her shelter. Vine after vine was cut down, with no great trouble for Thunder-Devil King.

Thorn Baron started to look hopeless. She really was too weak to use the holy bottle effectively, as it did nothing to halt the aggressive progress of the enemy.

The thunder hammer was not a normal weapon either, Han Sen believed. It must have possessed a wretched amount of power to so easily disintegrate Thorn Baron’s vines.

Han Sen’s heart was now pounding, though. Thorn Baron’s holy bottle was undoubtedly a rare treasure of sorts, whereas Thunder-Devil King’s hammer was a high-level geno weapon.

Even if it was a little weaker than the bottle, the spirit’s weapon had to be at least sacred-blood level.

Han Sen wanted to fight them both, but he could think of no way he might do that without using super king spirit mode.

But super king spirit mode only lasted three seconds, and there was not much he could do with such a small window of opportunity.

Han Sen, watching the fight, slowly approached Thunder-Devil King.

Even if Han Sen managed to get the holy bottle, he wouldn't be able to escape the swift wrath of Thunder-Devil King and his creatures.

So, he watched them intently. He was going to wait for the perfect moment in which he could use super king spirit mode to kill Thunder-Devil King.

If he did that, it'd send the spirit back to his spirit stone. The spirit's troops would flee in fright.

If he was lucky, Thunder-Devil King might even leave the hammer behind.

Geno weapons were different than beast souls, as they were proper physical items at all times. If you dropped a geno weapon, anybody else could pick it up and use it.

He didn't want to forget the threat Thorn Baron herself posed, either. He wanted to wait until she had used up all the water in the holy bottle. That would also be the time he'd expect Thunder-Devil King to drop his guard, leading to the right moment for Han Sen to strike.

"This is it." That moment arrived, and so Han Sen camouflaged himself and approached Thunder-Devil King from behind.

Han Sen had fought him once before, so he was familiar with the spirit's moveset. But still, the spirit had not used that hammer the last time they fought, and Han Sen knew he'd have to be wary when confronting it.

To kill him quickly and avoid as much trouble as he could, Han Sen knew he'd have to assassinate Thunder-Devil King. If he couldn't end him fast, he'd have to face off against many sacred-blood creatures, and that was something he wasn't quite confident in doing yet.

Thorn Baron, in the meantime, was doing poorly. The legion of vines were almost all gone, and the bottle didn't have a single drop left.

The vines were no longer shielding the spirit hall, either.

Hiss! A colorful snake destroyed the wall of vines and grabbed Thorn Baron. She was too weak to dodge.

"The bottle is mine!" Thunder-Devil King looked as sinister as he did happy, as he pried the bottle from her hands.

Thorn Baron was hopeless, and she wanted nothing more than to self-destruct now.

The moment she was about to do just that, a white light appeared behind Thunder-Devil King like the sudden eruption of a volcano.

Chapter 958: Perfect Robbery

Translator: m.info **Editor:** m.info

Thorn Baron suddenly saw a handsome spirit appear, shrouded in a white light. As her pupils shrank, her mouth widened in joy.

Thunder-Devil King saw the expression on her face, but he believed she was trying to trick him into dropping his guard. He didn't feel the presence of anything behind him.

But as he peered into her eyes, their glassy surfaces showed flickering reflections of something behind him. He was shocked. The white light and the handsome face looked familiar.

He had repeatedly dreamed of the day when he could crush and forever mar that pretty face, but now that he was encountering the spirit again, he could only feel fear.

Thunder-Devil King wished to turn around and hammer the bright shadow that had appeared behind him, but it was too late.

Boom!

The scary white lightfist flew towards the back of his head. In a split second, the head was nothing but a crushed melon. His face had been completely disfigured, and he hadn't even gotten the chance to fight back.

Before he could swing the hammer in retaliation, he had been killed.

The creatures that had assaulted the shelter and were laying waste to its inhabitants suddenly started to flee in fear.

"The King!" Thorn Baron happily exclaimed. In her eyes, Han Sen was the greatest, most powerful king spirit ever known, at his tier. She had no idea that it was a human behind the mask.

Grabbing the thunder hammer, Han Sen leapt over Thorn Baron's head and took off running through her Spirit Hall.

Han Sen hadn't grabbed the bottle yet. Instead, he focused on obtaining her spirit stone from the statue inside the hall.

"I, Thorn, am willing to submit and offer absolute loyalty to a new master. I can become the most faithful of servants."

Thorn knelt in front of Han Sen without reluctance, but as she combined with the spirit stone, she realized something. She wasn't kneeling before her most-admired idol, the most powerful spirit of his class, The King. This was a human. And it wasn't just any human; it was the human she hated the most.

“What? The King is a human?” Thorn thought in utter disbelief, but the process of becoming his subordinate had already started. She transformed into a rose and disappeared into Han Sen’s Sea of Soul.

Han Sen picked up the holy bottle and thought to himself, “Perfect!”

Han Sen raced back out of the shelter and down to where he had left Tie Yi.

Although Thunder-Devil King had been killed and the creatures had fallen back, it would only be a matter of time before he returned. And when he did return, he’d most likely come back with a greater host of creatures. For now, Han Sen had to use the time he had to run.

Tie Yi looked overjoyed, likely because his contract with Thorn Baron had been revoked.

“What did you do?” Tie Yi asked with much surprise.

“Flee first, talk later.” Han Sen, leading the injured Tie Yi, brought him to the human shelter.

Han Sen told Old Huang what had occurred, and everyone’s worries over the shelter’s safety returned.

The shelter was again unsafe. It’d only be a matter of time before Thunder-Devil King found it. He was a brutal spirit, and his power far exceeded Thorn Baron’s. If they were to remain in that shelter, only death would await them.

“We have to leave, and depart through Thorn Forest,” Old Huang said.

They had to go, but Thorn Forest was a treacherous place. There was no telling how many could survive in the deeper recesses of that nefarious woodland. They’d be venturing into a great unknown, and the thought of what might await them there brought them much fear, and rightfully so.

“I have a shelter where everyone can stay,” Han Sen said.

“You have a shelter?” Everyone looked at Han Sen in disbelief; a common sight when something concerned Han Sen. Even high-level spirits would not wander through Thorn Forest, yet Han Sen suggested that he owned a shelter of his own someplace there.

“I can take you all there, but it is my shelter. That also means I call the shots. If you guys can accept that, you’re welcome to stay there,” Han Sen said.

“Little Han, you really have a shelter where we’d be safe?” Old Huang asked once again.

They did not care who would end up being their boss. What concerned them the most at that moment was survival.

“If you believe me, and would like to come to such a place, then start packing your bags. You can let your eyes decipher the truth, once you’ve seen the place I will take you to.” Han Sen did not explain more than that, as the Thunder Army would be upon them any second.

They were actually reluctant to believe what Han Sen had said, but they knew they really had no other choice than to hope he was telling the truth. So, they all decided to accompany him.

Before long, they departed their home. When they arrived at the underground shelter, everyone was shocked.

Thunder-Devil King respawned with an explosion of thunder and lightning. The discharge brought ruin to everything around him.

“The King! I’m going to kill you! You hear that!? I’ll kill you!” Thunder-Devil King had been snubbed in many different ways. He had not taken the holy bottle, and even his thunder hammer had been stolen.

He immediately rallied his troops and prepared for another assault. When they arrived back at Thorn Shelter, the place was empty. And what’s more, Thorn Baron’s spirit statue was missing its spirit stone.

“The King! I’m going to kill you!” Thunder-Devil King wrecked the spirit hall and commanded his creatures to scour the encompassing lands for any trace of the two spirits.

The creatures found the abandoned human shelter, as Han Sen suspected they might.

Inside the underground shelter’s palace, Han Sen sat upon a stone chair. Thorn Baron sat opposite him. She stared at him with a complicated expression, but her gaze was unblinking.

Chapter 959: Thorned History

Translator: m.info **Editor:** m.info

“Are you done staring?” Han Sen asked.

Thorn Baron looked at Han Sen and mumbled, “You are The King?”

Thorn Baron could not believe it, and she thought the entire concept was ridiculous. She saw The King appear to save her and then run for her spirit stone. When she looked up at The King again, it was just the human Han Sen.

Aside from Han Sen being The King, there could be no other explanation. Her eyes could not have deceived her.

“Does it matter?” Han Sen smiled.

“Yes, of course it matters!” Thorn looked at Han Sen angrily.

“Then the answer is yes.” Han Sen knew that she had already realized this and only wanted confirmation.

“How can The King be a human? How can he be you?” Thorn Baron’s tone of voice was low with sorrow, and she looked utterly disheartened.

“The bottom line is that I am your master now. So, what are you going to do?” Han Sen said.

"I..." Thorn trailed off.

If this any other ordinary human, she'd have preferred to self-destruct.

But this was The King that she had secretly admired for the longest time, which left her with a number of conflicted emotions.

"There is no rush for you to say anything, but I do have a few questions I'd like to ask you." Han Sen brought out the holy bottle and continued, "Tell me, how do I use this thing?"

Han Sen had been unable to figure out how to use the holy bottle, so it was fortunate she was there. Hopefully, she could explain it to him.

"Why would I tell you that?" Thorn Baron said.

"You will tell me so you can avoid being forced to do things for me, like some thrall." Han Sen smiled.

"If I tell you, will you free me from your service?" Thorn Baron asked.

"No. You know my secret, so for the time being, you are stuck with me. Telling me what I wish to know, though, will give you some modicum of freedom. I won't force you to do anything you don't wish to do." Han Sen maintained his smile.

"It can only be used by a spirit. It is a Spirit Gear," Thorn Baron reluctantly explained.

She still wanted to confirm whether or not Han Sen was The King.

"Then, how do I use it?" Han Sen asked, as he thought to himself, "If only spirits can actually make use of the thing, no wonder I am unable to use it. It is fortunate that, for a brief amount of time, I can be a super king spirit."

"Spirits need to fill the bottle with their own energy. The holy water inside can purify and sanctify the spirits that use it," Thorn Baron went on to say.

"Purify?" Han Sen looked at her with confusion.

"It's like a buff. You should try it," Thorn Baron said.

"Don't lie to me." Han Sen turned into a super king spirit and placed his white light inside the bottle.

Thorn Baron saw Han Sen transform into her much fantasized-about King. She could not help but stare at the attractive face, that indeed looked like the most handsome male spirit one could ever expect to see. She had never before felt so conflicted.

"Are you a human or a spirit?" Thorn Baron asked.

Han Sen did not answer because his time had run out. Water had manifested inside the bottle under the influence of his white light, but upon his return to a human figure, that water vanished.

"It really is only available for the use of a spirit. Creating water is too slow for the current duration of my super king spirit form," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen put the bottle away, placing it in his pocket for now.

“You are Flaming King’s wife.” Han Sen was surprised to hear that a king spirit had married a royal spirit.

Thorn Baron was pretty, but spirits were attracted to power more than anything. It was hard to imagine that any king spirit would fancy her.

“No,” Thorn Baron said.

Although she knew The King was actually a human, she still did not want him to misunderstand.

“If you are not his wife, then why would he give you this bottle?” Han Sen asked.

Thorn Baron nibbled her lips and said, “I’m actually his daughter.”

“What?” Han Sen was now looking at her in disbelief. After all, how could a king spirit give birth to a royal-class daughter?

“My mother was a royal spirit, so I was unable to receive his power and title. Flaming King gave me this bottle, but that was all. He would never allow me to be by his side, and he never once let me come close,” Thorn Baron coldly explained.

“That’s a sad story.” Han Sen could relate to what she was saying, somewhat.

Spirits adored the strong. It made sense why a king spirit would not accept a royal-class daughter. Had he accepted her, other spirits would consider him a joke.

“If you stick with me, faithfully, maybe I can help you become a king spirit someday,” Han Sen said, then returned her to the Sea of Soul.

She knew his secret, so Han Sen wasn’t willing to let her frolic about as she pleased, like Moment Queen.

Han Sen grabbed the thunder hammer he had stolen from Thunder-Devil King. He swung it to unleash huge serrated zig-zags of lightning.

“This must be a sacred-blood class piece of equipment, for sure. With silver fox’s power, this thing would be incredibly powerful.” Han Sen then suddenly felt his body move.

Han Sen touched his pocket and noticed that the bottle he had placed inside had disappeared. The gourd that was also inside that pocket was vibrating.

Chapter 960: Father, Don’t Cry

Translator: m.info **Editor:** m.info

Han Sen took out the gourd and placed it in his hand. It was previously gold, but now it was dim and dirty-looking. Cracks had manifested across its surface, giving it the appearance of dried, distressed mud.

Its heartbeat, however, was growing stronger and stronger. Han Sen believed something would soon emerge.

“Is this it? Is whatever’s inside it finally going to reveal itself?” Han Sen was shocked.

He was glad that whatever was inside was finally going to come out of the gourd, but he couldn’t help but wonder whether it would be a good thing or a bad thing.

As the gourd vibrated, the mud-like shell began to flake away.

“If you’ve just stolen my holy bottle, you better be giving me something good in return! And by good, I’m expecting something like a super weapon. So, how about one of those? I’m not being greedy, but something that’ll give me the leg-up and enable me to slay troublesome spirit emperors would be pretty sweet. But you know, I wouldn’t say no to armor, either. After all, everyone should use protection, lest an unfortunate accident occur. Armor that’d make me invincible would be decent enough, so there’s no need to go any stronger than that. I do need to remain modest. So, Buddha, Taoist, God, Jesus, and even you Mohammed. Athena, all of you, I’m asking all of you; please, pretty pretty please, fulfill this wish of mine!” Han Sen then proceeded to ramble even more, praying to any and all deities or religious figures he could think of.

Han Sen had invested much in nurturing the gourd. The gourd had just taken the holy bottle he fancied, and that was in addition to the Cog Gear that was created by Moment Queen. If nothing good emerged, he was going to explode with anger.

Watching the shell of the gourd peel off inch by inch, Han Sen’s heart began to beat faster. Each thump was almost painful.

Katcha!

The shell collapsed into a mound of mud-flakes, as something new rolled into Han Sen’s hand.

Examining it, Han Sen was in disbelief.

It was a thumb-sized female doll. Its eyes were big and black, the same color as the doll’s hair. It was a chubby little thing, but most curious of all was what the doll was holding. The doll was holding another gourd.

As Han Sen stood there, frozen and unsure of what to think, the doll started to grow. It expanded to the size of an ordinary baby.

It was alive. The chubby hand of the doll grabbed Han Sen’s arm, and with its cheeks, the baby rubbed her face against Han Sen’s. Then, she said, “Daddy, Daddy!”

Han Sen wanted to shoot himself. He had sacrificed so much to the gourd, and all he had received in return was a baby.

“My six Cog Gears, my holy bottle...” Han Sen’s spirits hit rock-bottom.

The baby grabbed Han Sen’s neck and used her other hand to stroke his head, saying, “Father, don’t cry.”

Han Sen looked at her and placed her down on a table, wishing he could exchange the baby for the weapons he so sorely wanted.

After he observed her for a while, the baby’s mouth began to drop as tears welled-up in her pretty, sparkling eyes.

“Don’t cry! Don’t cry!” Han Sen was starting to get a headache, but he wasn’t going to bully and disregard the feelings of a baby.

“Father, hug!” The baby looked pitiful as she stared up at Han Sen.

Han Sen sighed and picked the baby up.

This immediately brought the baby joy, and with her hands, she grabbed Han Sen’s neck, shouting, “Daddy! Daddy!”

“What are you?” Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to examine the baby, and didn’t notice much of interest. Had it not emerged from the gourd, he’d have assumed she was a natural human baby.

Whatever she was, she wasn’t a creature and she wasn’t a spirit.

“Geno Seeds can grow humans? But what do I need a baby for?” Han Sen’s depression was sinking in, and it wasn’t going anywhere else in the immediate future.

Thinking something was wrong, though, he kept on examining the baby.

“Strange. Where is it?” Han Sen looked around on the floor and there was nothing.

“I thought she was holding a gourd. Where did it go?” Han Sen’s confusion was only getting worse.

Han Sen kept searching, but he was unable to find out where it had gone. What he did find, though, was a seedling on the ground.

The sprout was coming out of a rock, and like the picture-perfect image of a young plant, it had two cute little leaves.

Han Sen squatted for a better look.

He had seen this before; it was a six-item Gear Tree.

Han Sen observed the little tree and saw that the ground around it was wet, as if someone had just watered the plant.

“These are the tears of the baby.” Han Sen looked at her, and noticed the tears that still remained on her face. They must have dropped to the ground, soaking the plant.

Han Sen wasn’t prone to dripping sweat, so the only explanation was it being the tears of the baby.

He smiled and said, "Don't cry. I love you!"

Han Sen then used his finger to wipe the tears from her face and then throw them on the ground deliberately.

What happened, a second later, made Han Sen freeze. Where the tears fell, the rock cracked as another young plant sprouted through it.

The little leaves were green like jade, and they did indeed look like another six-item Gear Tree.

"D*mn; one of her tears is equal to one of these trees. Haha, I'm rich!" Han Sen almost jumped in joy.

He gave her a kiss on the cheek and then said, "My good little daughter..."

But still, despite that revelation, Han Sen was unable to find the gourd she had been holding when she first appeared. After scouring the entire palace, he was unable to find it.