

Super Power

Chapter 981: Tutor

Life-and-Death Breakthrough was something Han Sen had heard of before, but he did not really know what it meant. He believed doing that could enable him to become a demigod, allowing him to practice the next Dongxuan Sutra.

Of course, that was just him guessing.

In the Dongxuan Sutra, committing a Life-and-Death Breakthrough was incredibly dangerous. Even the most powerful of people could die using it, and traditionally, there was only a ten percent chance of survival when doing such a thing.

Dongxuan Zi explained that when he created the Dongxuan Sutra, he ensured its Life-and-Death Breakthrough had a higher success rate, though. It was apparently over fifty percent.

The Wedding Dress Skill said that if a woman was willing to sacrifice her learning of the skill, it'd allow a man to perform a Life-and-Death Breakthrough with a hundred percent success rate.

In Dongxuan Zi's era, people who survived Life-and-Death Breakthroughs were regarded as gods.

Dongxuan Zi himself was the only known person to have performed one successfully.

The Wedding Dress Skill could enable a person to do what he did. It was a dizzying feat, and the entire concept was quite sweat-inducing.

"It may be a Qi Gong, but this thing is useless to me." Han Sen downloaded the details and removed it from his PC.

He then returned to the shelter and hid the rubix cube there.

Han Sen: Super Body Super King Spirit

Level: Surpasser

Lifespan: 400

King Body Evolution Requirement: geno 100

Owned Geno Points: ordinary geno points = 100; primitive geno points = 100; mutant geno points = 74; sacred-blood geno points = 14; super geno points = 5.

Super King Self-Spirit Points: 118

Han Sen's fitness was not bad, and he had been doing well so far. But for now, he wanted to open more gene locks.

He did not leave the shelter in fear of meeting Yaksha again.

One day, while Han Sen practiced his Dongxuan Sutra, he received a notification that Qin Xuan was looking for him.

"Team Qin, long time no see." Han Sen smiled, looking at her in the video.

"Han Sen, do you have Taia?" Qin Xuan asked seriously.

"Liu Meng gave it to me. Is that a problem?" Han Sen asked.

He was surprised, and he was now witnessing firsthand how serious the Qin family took this business with the Taia sword.

"If you're looking to sell it, would you mind selling it to us?" Qin Xuan asked.

"Do you mind telling me why this sword is so special?" Han Sen knew this sword was nothing ordinary.

Qin Xuan said, "This sword just means a lot to us, and it is a secret that pertains to our family. What I can tell you, though, is that it's useless in the hands of others."

Han Sen nodded and said, "Well, if I want to sell it, I'll come looking for you."

Han Sen did not mind doing her a favor, but Taia was his primary weapon for the time being, and he needed it to kill creatures. Until he found a better replacement, he had to hold onto it.

"Thanks a lot." Qin Xuan sounded relieved. Then she proceeded to say, "Let's talk about something else for the time being. I would like you to know I am establishing a training class for the Special Security Team. Would you mind being a tutor?"

"Nope; I can't teach." Han Sen was surprised at the sudden request.

"It's not like you'll be teaching directly from a textbook. And you'll only need to do it from Skynet. It'll take one hour each day for a month. If you are busy, we can schedule a replacement for certain days. We can fit it around your timetable." Qin Xuan smiled.

"When does it start?" Han Sen asked.

"Day after tomorrow. Over twenty thousand people have signed up," Qin Xuan said.

"I'll teach archery, then." Han Sen was only spending his time practicing the Dongxuan Sutra each day, so squeezing in an hour to do something else would be fine.

Han Sen was still a member of the team, too. He was still being paid wages, despite not having done anything for the longest time. And being a teacher for newbies might be fun.

"When are you free, then? I need to sort out the rota." Qin Xuan was visibly delighted at hearing Han Sen could join.

After their discussion on that, they chatted about their lives for a while.

Qin Xuan did not want to become a surpasser yet. Ever since the discovery of super genes, many people wanted to focus on maxing out their level with the new genes before ascending to the next sanctuary.

Some people managed to collect the eggs of super creatures, to obtain their super geno points.

But there weren't many eggs, and if that is how they were to focus, it was likely only one person could max out their super geno points in a century.

People in the Alliance believed Han Sen had a different method of obtaining super geno points, but Han Sen was Han Sen; they didn't dare do anything to offend him.

If they tried making a move on Han Sen, they feared Godslayer Luo would unleash his wrath upon them.

That aside, he was Ji Ruozhen's son-in-law. As such, no one dared touch him.

It would have been even more difficult to get to Han Sen in the sanctuary, too.

"Han Sen is to be the tutor?" In a mansion someplace, a man read a list of names. When he saw Han Sen's name there, he was surprised.

"Which Han Sen?" a red-haired man asked, looking back.

"There is only one Han Sen. It's the Han Sen," the man responded.

"What is he teaching?" the red-haired man asked.

"Archery," the man answered.

"I previously had no interest in going, but I can't miss this." The red-haired man lifted his eyebrows.

Chapter 982: Tutor Han on Stage

Having dinner with Ji Yanran, Han Sen informed her that he would be teaching students in archery.

At this, she frowned and said, "If you're going, that might be a problem."

"What problem?" Han Sen asked, not understanding how there could be a problem with Qin Xuan's simple proposition.

Ji Yanran smiled and answered, "Being a teacher will aid your reputation in the Special Security Team. And with this title, you can be a deeply respected member. But teachers usually hail from the Martial Hall, and you don't really fit in with that crowd."

Han Sen understood what she was implying. It wouldn't only be that he'd not fit in, he'd most likely be isolated.

Still, he had already thought of this and he was still adamant about tutoring. It was an exciting prospect he was keen to try. He was only a squad leader, so it would be good to achieve a higher rank in the team at large. It couldn't do any harm.

Besides, Qin Xuan most likely wanted him to gain a higher level in the team. And her plight was not something he could reject.

Han Sen spent most of his days practicing the Dongxuan Sutra and taking care of Bao'er and Zero. Such peaceful periods were a rare occurrence for him.

"Daddy, I want milk," Bao'er said, as she held the rabbit king in one arm, bottle in the other.

The rabbit king had tried to resist her hugs before, but Bao'er managed to make quick work of its shield and destroyed it in the blink of an eye.

To Bao'er, a seven-tier gene lock shield was as stalwart as a flimsy piece of paper.

But the rabbit king was very tame and it didn't feel the need to resist her. Unlike her actions with the bear, Bao'er didn't feel the need to torture the rabbit, either.

And speaking of the bear, it was extremely jealous of how the rabbit was treated. It kept wanting Bao'er to pay more loving attention to it, but a session or two of bullying was all it would get.

Once, when nobody was around, the bear attempted to kill the rabbit king. The rabbit was asleep at the time, but the shield was up, and when the bear attacked, it was unable to break it. It drove the bear insane.

Han Sen, at her request, provided her milk and prepared some food for the pets. Then he went to tend to his garden.

Aside from the dead orchid, everything else was growing very well.

"I wonder if that king tree will be able to grow again? I should return there sometime, dig it up and bring it back here. If the waterdrops prove successful in restoring it, I might be able to gain self geno points very quickly." Han Sen was getting giddy just thinking about it.

He knew high-tier plants would generally produce fruit only once, but it was worth a shot. And there was, of course, the prospect of it taking a very long time to grow, even if it could grow fruit again.

Those hurdles aside, the king tree occupied Han Sen's mind a lot. He wanted it badly.

But first, Han Sen knew he'd have to become stronger before he attempted a retrieval of the tree. Heaven knew what might transpire, if Yaksha still lived there.

When he was done in his garden, Han Sen went to check on the people in the eastern side of the shelter. They were doing well for themselves, spending their days hunting creatures and having a merry old time within the safety of the underground shelter.

After spending most of the day there, Han Sen decided to return to his home in the Alliance. He went on Skynet and visited a community that was exclusive to members of the Special Security Team.

There were many students there, all together in one area. When Han Sen entered, there was a teacher performing a lecture on stage. The students were all watching him.

Choosing to listen-in, Han Sen found himself a seat. He was good at fighting, but he wasn't a master of every combat profession. He understood how valuable it could be to learn and accept wisdom offered by others.

This teacher was discussing fist skills. The talk provided Han Sen many new ideas to try in the future. He learnt a lot.

The name of this teacher was Nangong Han, and he was an aged surpasser. He had unlocked four of his gene locks, which was rather high. Few people ever reached the number eight.

He was an old member of the team, and an accomplished teacher from the Martial Hall.

And that was where most teachers came from: the Martial Hall. Many of them were very elderly, and they had quite the reputation.

But this year, Han Sen would be a teacher. This made the others feel a little uncomfortable.

He was so young, and he was only a squad leader. He did not come from the Martial Hall, and he did not even have a formal title. They thought the Qin family was trying to weaken the integrity of the Martial Hall.

This was how Nangong Han viewed matters, as well. And when his eyes fell on Han Sen, he pulled them away quickly to pretend he had not noticed him.

"Fist skills are ripe with possibilities, but its general focuses are on speed, power, and dexterity. You have to be both faster and stronger than your opponent, if you seek victory. All this is not derived from pure muscle strength, however. There are many ways to hone your talents with the fist, but there are skills to make use of, also. A great focus is on reaction speeds, and without great reaction times, any skill you use is useless. Timing is of paramount importance."

Nangong Han then looked at Han Sen and said, "I am going to show you a few moves, driven by fist-gear skills. Perhaps Tutor Han can aid me in my demonstration?"

Han Sen froze, as suddenly, all the students turned to look at him. And then, many clapped.

Chapter 983: Attacking and Defending Practice

Han Sen froze. He did not expect Nangong Han to ask him to perform something on stage alongside him. But with the eyes of every student now on him, he could hardly decline.

“Tutor Nangong, how can I be of service?” Han Sen asked, as he ascended the stage.

Nangong Han smiled and answered, “Oh, do not worry. I am going to execute a few basic moves. It is your task to react to them as any other ordinary combatant would.”

“Okay.” Han Sen nodded.

“Tutor Han and I will now show you how to defend! The most important thing regarding defense is to never rest on your laurels. For a stalwart defense, you must consider everything you have ever learnt. And when confronting the attacks of another, you must pay specific heed to their center. Even demigods have to move when they cast a skill, and through keen observation, you can always tell where their movements will take them.” After this, Nangong Han threw a punch in Han Sen’s direction.

Qin Xuan and many others watched this intently. She, in particular, had believed there to be something amiss with Nangong Han’s request for Han Sen to go on stage. But now, it was too late for her to do anything.

Upon seeing a fist suddenly hurtling towards Han Sen, Qin Xuan looked afraid.

Qin Xuan knew the people from Martial Hall were not fond of Han Sen, but this entire event had been set up by the Qin family. She believed the concerns and moaning of the elders from Martial Hall would simply remain as verbal complaints. She never thought that things would escalate to a full-blown fight. Things had already gotten off to a shaky start, it appeared.

Nangong’s purpose, currently, was to humiliate Han Sen. He presented a facade of friendliness, and pretended to consider Han Sen as a colleague before the audience, but there was resentment inside Nangong Han. And embarrassing Han Sen on stage was his cloak-and-dagger outlet for this resentment.

He could have asked his personal assistant to help with the demonstrations, but he had it out for Han Sen, so he asked Han Sen to come up on stage and aid him in demonstrating defense.

If Han Sen did not block this sudden attack, Nangong Han would be able to point out his error. If this were to keep occurring, Han Sen’s credibility would be undermined. Students would not regard him as highly, and they’d perhaps even favor a different tutor.

Under his guise of friendliness, Nangong Han cackled with evil delight.

That’s not to say he was fooling everyone. Many people knew him and his true nature, including Qin Xuan. She knew him well, and she knew the punch he had thrown was not one of idle performance.

Nangong Han had been a surpasser for a few decades, and he had excelled in the technique of Shadow Punch. With his light element, it was difficult for his enemies to trace the path and velocity of his

punches. Han Sen did not know the man, so he had come on stage without any measure of precaution or preparation.

The punch seemed ordinary, on the surface. But that was just a shadow of its true form. If Han Sen sought to block the simple trickster hit, he'd be hit by the real punch underneath.

What's more, Nangong Han had opened two more gene locks than Han Sen had. His fitness was far higher, as well.

"He really thinks this little of the Qin family? And that we're oblivious to what he is doing?" Qin Xuan's face looked ill, as she was fraught with worry for Han Sen's well being.

She believed she hadn't firmly asserted who was in charge of the entire event. She had to let the stuck-up people of Martial Hall know who was the boss to prevent this from becoming a common occurrence.

However, while Han Sen had come on stage without knowing much, he had detected slight hints of the hostility Nangong Han harbored for him.

Han Sen had been through much in the sanctuary, and he had encountered all manners of beasts. He could tell if a creature or spirit was hostile, so it was impossible for Nangong Han to completely hide his animosity.

Squinting his eyes, Han Sen quickly reached up and tried to block the incoming attack.

Nangong Han's eyes jumped with excitement as Han Sen reached out, and so he drove his punch with a quicker pace.

If Han Sen only blocked his shadow, the young pup would take a hit that would make him look like a fool.

Qin Xuan saw Han Sen move to deflect the shadow and knew things would quickly turn ill.

The tutors from Martial Hall saw this, too, and they all wore disturbing smiles of delight.

"The young man is in too much of a rush," one of the tutors said.

He did not speak his name, but everyone knew he was talking about Han Sen.

Pang!

Everyone leaned forward to witness what happened, and there they saw Han Sen. He had blocked Nangong Han's true fist.

"He didn't use Shadow Punch. Did I misjudge his intentions?" Qin Xuan and the others looked on in confusion.

Usually, that fist would have just been the shadow. But Han Sen had blocked the real fist.

They didn't believe Han Sen could have blocked the real punch, had Nangong Han used Shadow Punch.

Everyone thought the on-stage tutor was going to use Shadow Punch to make Han Sen look like a fool.

But strangely, Nangong Han's face did not look quite right. And immediately after, he threw another punch.

Everyone from Martial Hall frowned. Nangong Han's punches looked very simple, and it didn't seem as if he was using Shadow Punch at all.

"What is he doing? How can he expect to teach with such casual moves?" a tutor from the Martial Hall said.

Everyone thought Nangong Han was merely afraid of Han Sen and his connections, but Nangong Han started to look like a man who had been shocked by a disturbing revelation. It was as if something mortifying had happened to him.

Chapter 984: Traitor Nangong Han

Nangong Han was an old man in the sanctuary. He had endured many trials in his time there, and his Shadow Punch was no joke.

Now, he was more shocked than he had ever been. Through the years, he had never been put in such an awkward position.

Despite what everyone thought, Nangong Han was indeed trying to use Shadow Punch. When Han Sen sought to block the shadow fist, Nangong Han would strike with his other—that was his plan.

There was no need to hit Han Sen hard, as even the lightest jab would weaken his image and the respect he was given as a tutor. If he could tarnish Han Sen's reputation in such a way, Nangong Han hoped that Han Sen would be seen as an ignorant young man, too big for his breeches.

But when Nangong Han sought to create the shadow fist, something strange occurred. His fist did not work correctly.

At first, he believed he had let the excitement get to him, and that was why he missed. So, he tried to recalibrate his focus and deliver the punch again. But for some strange reason, he could not conjure the shadow fist at all. It was as if his actual fist was being magnetized towards Han Sen.

Nangong Han secretly opened a few of his gene locks to increase his power output.

But it didn't make any difference, and that realization soon robbed him of the snark with which he had invited Han Sen on stage. Against Han Sen, his Shadow Punch was useless. Its effectiveness had magically disappeared.

Nangong Han's fist still went up against Han Sen with the speed of thunder, but it was a far cry from what was supposed to occur. But for the uneducated audience, it was quite the spectacle. Rapid, maniacal fists blurred towards Han Sen, but he was able to block each one.

The other tutors of Martial Hall knew more of Nangong Han's capabilities, and they believed he was just being a coward. They thought he genuinely wanted to co-operate with Han Sen and get in his good books, rather than attempt to humiliate him.

Even Qin Xuan believed Nangong Han was playing nice. Otherwise, she reasoned, things wouldn't be going so smoothly.

No one else knew how Nangong Han was truly feeling, and the shock of this turn of events was starting to make him panic. Sweat started to form across his forehead.

He now wanted to stop attacking, but it was like he had been possessed. Nangong Han's fists had minds of their own, and they wouldn't stop coming towards Han Sen.

Nangong Han was looking at the young man on stage with horror, as if he was the Ghost of Christmas Past.

Understandably, Han Sen was feeling quite different. Han Sen was actually having fun. He was using Bao'er's energy flow to draw Nangong Han's fists to where he wanted them and feign a proper block. But Bao'er's energy flow was wild and uncontrollable, even for Han Sen. He had only planned to use it when he truly needed it, but now, the old tutor's fists were coming at him as if the stage was on fire.

Nangong Han's strength was not in raw force, but in speed and the shadow that veiled his moves. Still, he had four open gene locks, and even that was not enough to withstand the insane suction that suckered him in.

Although this trick did not deal damage to his enemies, Han Sen was glad he had this power. It could affect the way others moved, and therefore it was quite the gamechanger.

If Han Sen used this technique during key moments of battle, it could entirely change the course of a fight and give him the leg-up he needed to overcome powerful foes.

Han Sen had once tried the gourd's suction before, but after Bao'er was born, its strength had most certainly increased.

"Um, I thank you for your... co-operation. That is exactly how one must defend against incoming attacks." Nangong Han's hands suddenly dropped to his sides, and he did his best to maintain his composure and not reveal a hint of what had occurred to him.

Seeing Han Sen bow to him, Nangong Han was at least grateful that the young man had not tried to embarrass him on stage or reveal to the audience what had transpired.

Nangong Han went on to finish the rest of the lesson, but when it was over, he could hardly recall what he had talked about.

When Nangong Han returned to his friends from Martial Hall, they looked at him with great disdain. They all thought he was a coward.

Nangong Han wished to explain what had occurred, but he could not put it into words.

Han Sen had only become a surpasser recently, and there was no way he already had what it took to defeat Nangong Han.

If he told them that Han Sen was controlling his movements, they'd think he was lying.

"Tutor Nangong, the lesson was nice." Han Sen's voice rang out to him from nearby, and when he turned, he saw Qin Xuan and Han Sen approaching.

Nangong Han felt like collapsing to his knees and crying his eyes out. The tutors that were with him were looking at him as if he was a traitor.

"Tutor Nangong's lesson was truly amazing. I'll be eagerly anticipating the next," Qin Xuan said.

The tutors from Martial Hall continued to stare at Nangong Han, silently fuming with anger. They believed he had betrayed them.

"I didn't do anything wrong!" Nangong Han exclaimed in his heart, but try as he might, he could not spit out the words.

"Tutor Nangong, when I take the stage for a lesson of my own, I hope you can help me out, as well." Han Sen smiled at him, which only made Nangong Han's face distort even more. The old tutor wanted nothing more than to run away.

Chapter 985: Qin Family's Secret

For Han Sen, archery was not difficult. It was a combat profession he adored, and when it was his time to teach students, he committed to the lectures with keen sincerity.

"Tutor Han, I have heard you know of the skill called 'Drillhead.' Could you teach us that?" a person asked. He was young, and wanted to learn a cool technique.

The idea of learning Drillhead quickly overtook the minds of many of Han Sen's students. Now, they all wanted Han Sen to teach them how to perform it.

In response, Han Sen smiled and said, "It's a complex skill. Skills that you would think of as being 'cool' are usually quite complicated. But you must first learn how to perform the basic talents, and achieve mastery with many of the early techniques before you can learn a skill such as Drillhead. It requires much dexterity with the bow."

"But Tutor Han, we have already learned our basic skills. We did so in the Military Academy," responded the man who initially asked.

"Ah, but I'm different. You learned those beginner moves from someone else—not me." Han Sen smiled warmly, and then went on to say, "Now, let's talk about the bow."

Drillhead required its user to have already adopted a drilling skill. It was not something someone could learn, or achieve even a modicum of true talent with, in just a few lessons. Han Sen wanted to speak in broader strokes that covered the combat arts of archery.

Unfortunately, it was a fairly boring lecture. But, as dull as it may have been, what was taught was very important. If the students heeded what Han Sen told them, their chances of survival and future success would be much greater.

That being said, if the students did not listen, there was nothing Han Sen could do to force them otherwise.

Cool skills were flashy, and they attracted much attention. But the students were young, and Han Sen wanted to teach them lessons that were truly meaningful, and could have a longer-lasting impact on their lives.

Young people weren't too keen on having others tell them what to do, though. And few enjoyed lengthy speeches.

Many people were becoming greatly disappointed with the lecture. They'd expected to learn a great deal, and to be inspired and uplifted by his speech. With their expectations dashed, their hearts continued to sink lower and lower with each sentence of Han Sen's on-stage rambling.

But not all of the students were like this. Many of the smart and focused students still paid great attention to Han Sen.

Overall, Han Sen wasn't a particularly good teacher. And while many of his students might have ended up walking away disappointed, he didn't regret the methodology or content of his lecture. Archery was his passion, and he was happy to share his wisdom about the subject.

When the lesson ended, two students approached Han Sen. One had black hair, whereas the other had red.

"Tutor Han, can I ask you a few questions?" the black-haired man asked politely.

"Of course," Han Sen said.

"I would like to ask if it's reasonable to use a bow in close-quarter combat?" the black-haired man said.

Han Sen initially believed the man would ask something else regarding Drillhead. This question came as quite a surprise.

"Hm, that is a good question. Contact me with this ID later, and I will tell you more. For now, move on to the next lecture. I don't want to be held responsible disrupting other classes with late-running students." Han Sen provided them with his ID.

He had been asked a question that could not be explained in a hurry. Plus, they had a few more lessons to attend immediately after his. Provided they were willing to listen, Han Sen would be happy to teach them more later.

“Thank you, Tutor Han.” Then they continued on their way.

“Not bad.” Qin Xuan appeared, smiling as she approached Han Sen.

“The students, on the whole, don’t seem pleased with what I was telling them,” Han Sen said.

“What you said was fine; they are just too young and inexperienced to grasp what you were saying to them.” Qin Xuan took a moment to smile softly. Then, she went on to say, “Those boys from the Arthur family came to ask you something. Is everything okay?”

“They just had some questions regarding archery.” Han Sen was a little surprised by her sudden questioning, so he asked, “Why? Is there something wrong with them?”

“Well, they can be considered the most troublesome members of the team. I get a headache just looking at them.” Qin Xuan smiled, then asked, “Right. And what about my proposition, have you considered what to do with it?”

“With what? The Taia sword? I’m still using it for now, but I might sell it when I get a better weapon in the future,” Han Sen explained.

“All right, then,” Qin Xuan said.

Han Sen thought this was strange. She was usually never this pushy and inquisitive, so he realized that the sword must mean more to her family than she was letting on.

“Can you tell me why this blade is so important to you?” Han Sen asked.

Qin Xuan fell silent and still for a moment. When her speech returned, she said, “I can tell you, but it’s a secret. You cannot tell anyone else.”

“I can keep a secret, don’t worry,” Han Sen said.

After another lengthy pause, Qin Xuan resumed by saying, “You once asked me about Qin Huaizhen. This blade relates to him.”

“Those two are connected?” Han Sen had never confirmed that the person he once found frozen beneath the Black Desert was indeed Qin Huaizhen. And he had always wondered why that man had told him to be wary of Han Jingzhi. And he also wanted to know why the man possessed the Blood-Pulse Sutra. A multitude of questions still lingered around his memory of that strange encounter, and nothing had ever been cleared up.

With the chance of a long-awaited revelation, Han Sen’s heart started to beat faster.

When Qin Xuan spoke again, she said, “In the past, the Qin family was not whole. One half was from the Zhou period, named Ji. The other originated from the Qin period, and was named Ying. I come from the Ying, and our lineage hails from the First King. Taia belonged to the First King. Our family also possesses a Qi Gong that requires this sword to be practiced.”

“What Qi Gong requires this sword for practice?” Han Sen asked.

“I can’t tell you that,” Qin Xuan said with a smile. “Taia is rightfully ours. But the existence of sanctuaries was unknown to us back then. At that time, everyone knew about our Qi Gong; they just lacked the correct sword for practice. Only Qin Huaizhen is known to have used Taia for its practice.”

“Did he succeed in learning the Qi Gong?” Han Sen asked, with great curiosity.

“I believe he did. And after doing so, he joined the Seventh Team to be an investigator. He took Taia with him to the sanctuaries, and when he returned, that sword had been broken in two. The other half was lost to us, for the longest time. He told us it was important for us to recover the other half of Taia, so that we could practice the Qi Gong.”

Chapter 987: Dry Angel Corpses

“Do you think Split-Space King will show up for the self fight in Shen Xiao?”

“Of course he will.”

“Aye; he has nothing to be afraid of. His split-space powers can vaporize this dark-dwelling loser.”

“It’s going to be one heck of a show, then. Come on, we mustn’t be late. Let’s hurry!”

“This will be a rare spectacle; we must definitely get there soon.”

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Countless spirits went to Shen Xiao to witness this fight. And as cold as ever, Split-Space King accepted the terms of the fight and said, “Pah! What a fool. ‘Tis a waste of life, challenging me to a self fight.”

“Split-Space, this fight is pointless,” a woman said.

“If I can’t beat him, or if I cower away, how in the sanctuaries do you think I can live up to my name?” Split-Space King said.

“But you don’t know anything about him. You don’t know the extent of his powers. It’s risky, and if you lose all your space geno points...” The woman sounded very worried.

“I am indestructible, have you not learnt that yet? I will crush anything that comes my way with the greatest of ease,” Split-Space King reaffirmed.

The woman wished to say something more, but he stopped her and said, “You are just a royal spirit. You do not understand. I can kill him one hundred times in the blink of an eye.”

The woman was only a royal spirit, but she had given birth to Split-Space King. It was very sad that he disdained her. He was a wretched son.

Han Sen set up the fight, but he did not go to Shen Xiao. He killed two more king spirits and left the spirit base.

When Split-Space King arrived, the spirits were overjoyed and their hype reached maximum. But much to their surprise, the shadow spirit that had called for this fight did not appear. The audience waited two whole days, and still he did not appear.

“That king spirit must have bluffed, and really is afraid to fight!”

“Of course; we should have seen this coming. Split-Space King has split-space powers, after all. That must be his weakness.”

“I can’t believe he lied like this. What a shameful person; he is so embarrassing.”

“Maybe he’s just busy?”

“What a coward.”

...

Han Sen was in the underground shelter’s east side, examining a corpse Xu You brought back.

It was a horned-bug that was spiky like a burdock. It was only a primitive creature, but it was special. There was a fist-sized hole in its head, and its brain was gone.

“You say there are many such corpses up north? All in the same state as this?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes, there are. And there are the bodies of other creatures, too.” Xu You gave him the details of their discovery.

Han Sen observed the body and fell silent, having seen something like this before. He could feel a dark residue of Yaksha in the wound.

Yaksha must have fled north, following their encounter.

“Little Han, can we bring the bodies back?” Old Huang asked.

There were many bodies in such condition, and aside from their missing brains, they were perfectly fine. Some of them were mutant, too; they’d be a good way for the people in his shelter to level up.

“Let me go there and scope the place out first. If it is safe, then you can bring them back.” Han Sen was worried Yaksha was still in the area, so he fancied checking it out alone.

Han Sen saw many dead bodies as he ventured north through Thorn Forest. He masked his presence and went forward with care.

After fifty miles of travel, he was still seeing many dead bodies. It didn’t seem as if Yaksha had returned.

Han Sen brought a few of the bodies back with him when he returned. He then commanded the others to go and collect the rest, deeming the region safe for the time being. He wanted to avoid letting the meat go bad.

Han Sen was a little worried. He didn't know what Yaksha's ultimate goal was, what he was doing, where he was going, or anything else. If Han Sen bumped into him before he could move the shelter, things would go terribly awry for not just him, but for the people that were now in his care.

Han Sen went to see Bao'er, and left the shelter again with her in tow. He followed the bodies, wanting to locate Yaksha, if he could.

As he moved deeper through the forest, the number of bodies lessened. Still, there were enough to track him.

Yaksha was obviously uninterested in hiding himself, so this meant it'd be easy for Han Sen to track him down.

But Han Sen made sure to exercise great caution on his trek, and his carefulness increased the deeper he ventured.

He masked his and Bao'er's presences as well as he could.

Thorn Forest was a wild and unpredictable place. Han Sen had seen many crazy things in his time there, so he knew he could never be too careful.

Suddenly, Han Sen's eyes opened wide. Along the thorny vines that wove between the trees, many corpses had been strung up.

Upon closer examination, the corpses were all dried like husks. It was a sinister scene.

And the most shocking thing for Han Sen was their human-like appearance. They weren't random creatures; they were humans with wings. These dried-up angelic beings had wings of varying colors: black, white, and grey. The feathers had mostly fallen from their wings, revealing the skeleton beneath what was once undoubtedly a most beautiful plumage.

The bodies of these angels hung from the vines, and in their chests, protruding from where their hearts should have been, were red spikes.

Thirteen angels had been pinned there, in total. When they had died, he could not tell. They no longer looked pretty and holy; the sight of them gave Han Sen chills.

He noticed the bodies of these angels had no eyes, either. Their sockets were dark and empty.

Han Sen used his dongxuan aura to scan the area, and that was when he felt Yaksha's presence. He had been here, and he had examined the bodies of these angels, as well.

Chapter 988: Place of Sacrifice

“Are they creatures or spirits?” Han Sen wondered, as he examined the eyeless angels with confusion.

Han Sen summoned Thorn Baron to hear her input. “Thorn, do you have any idea what these are?”

Thorn did not immediately respond, and she went to examine them as if she had never seen them before. This was confirmed when she told Han Sen, “No, I haven’t. They seem to be some sort of creature.”

“Are you sure they’re creatures?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes,” Thorn Baron answered, assuredly.

Han Sen frowned, thinking it to be an awful waste. Who would slay so many creatures and not even consume a single morsel?

Since she couldn’t help, he returned Thorn Baron and summoned Moment Queen to ask her.

Immediately, she looked upset. She had been in the midst of a hunt herself, and with the yank of a metaphysical chain, she had been brought over like a slave.

When Moment Queen saw the eyeless angels pinned on the vines, though, her irritation vanished. She looked shocked and exclaimed, “Who has established a sacrificial ritual here?”

“Come again?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen looked at Han Sen with grave seriousness, and shouted, “Who did this? Who did this!?”

“I haven’t a clue; I just stumbled upon it.” Han Sen explained the events that led him to the discovery.

When Moment Queen heard what he had to say, she looked upon the bodies of the angels. She walked towards the vine they hung from and looked at the earth below. Then she punched a deep hole through the soil.

Dong!

A loud metal noise emanated from beneath the dirt.

Moment Queen punched the ground again and started to dig, turning up soil that was dark red.

The soil looked coarse and dry, and the further she dug, the deeper the red hue became. It eventually looked as if the earth had been wholly dyed red.

It got even stranger when jewelry started to turn up in the churned soil she was pulling out of the ground. They seemed to show up in a specific order.

“It really is a site of sacrifice.” Moment Queen looked ill.

“Can you please explain to me what’s going on?” Han Sen frowned.

Moment Queen eventually answered, saying, “This is a festival for the deceased; something done by spirits.”

“This is in worship of spirits?” Han Sen found it difficult to believe. If what Moment Queen was saying was true, how was Thorn Baron unable to identify what this ceremony? After all, she was a spirit, too.

Moment Queen replied, “Spirits have spirit stones; when they die, they don’t necessarily die. The only spirits that require a sacrificial ritual are those who have failed to ascend to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary. Their spirit stones penetrate their own bodies, killing them.”

“Keep going.” Han Sen didn’t quite understand, but he was glad she was being somewhat forthwith.

“Think of it as a ritual of resurrection. If their bodies are not destroyed, they can use this ritual as a manner of reviving themselves.” Moment Queen paused for a second, and then went on to say, “This is a place of sacrifice. These beings were the sacrifice, and their lifeforce was wholly sucked dry. They provide their lifeforce to the spirit that requires resurrection, and the more powerful the spirit was, the more lifeforce they’d need. These thirteen creatures are Wind Angel super creatures.”

Han Sen felt a chill run down his spine, as he gulped and asked, “Thirteen super creatures? Was it a king spirit that did this?”

“Whatever did this was far stronger than a king spirit. Not even I can tell what manner of spirit would require thirteen super creatures for a resurrection. My best guess would be an emperor.” Moment Queen frowned as she stopped speaking.

“How do you grow the angels?” Han Sen noticed a fluctuation in her tone, when she mentioned the super creatures earlier.

To this, Moment Queen hummed and said, “You’re asking how you get thirteen of the same super creatures, yes? Well, they grow from a tree. And of course, any person who has managed to grow such a tree is undoubtedly an emperor.”

Han Sen was shocked, hearing that an emperor was resurrecting another emperor that had failed its ascension to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary.

“Can we still eat these Wind Angels?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen looked at him and said, “Their lifeforce has been sucked dry. It’s nothing but compost now.”

Han Sen shrugged. He didn’t want to eat the remains himself, but he thought it might have been a fine treat for the Disloyal Knight.

Since his retrieval of the fiend, Han Sen had fed the Disloyal Knight pet pills and waterdrops for its growth. But when the pet would be able to fight, he could not tell.

He thought the thirteen Wind Angels might have been enough to enable its battle mode.

“Did he get resurrected, then?” Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen shook her head and said, "I don't know. This is where the ritual is prepared. The real place of sacrifice is where the spirit's body lies. It's probably further ahead."

Han Sen looked in the direction Moment Queen gestured, and realized it was the way Yaksha had gone. He frowned and said, "What is Yaksha doing there?"

"That's the person you saw in the ding, yes? He was the one who went this way?" Moment Queen's face warped into an expression of horror.

"I am pretty sure, yes." Han Sen nodded.

"We should follow." Moment Queen walked forward in a bit of a rush.

"For what?" Han Sen commanded her to stop, not wanting to risk Bao'er's life by going after Yaksha.

Chapter 989: The Emperor's Spirit Orb

Moment Queen stopped and explained, "If the ritual did not work, the emperor will not have been brought back to life. But regardless, his lifeforce is still in-play. If its existence continues in this way, it will instead become a spirit orb. Think of it as a weakened spirit stone, that is unable to revive anything. But, it can be consumed by other spirits. If another spirit consumes a spirit orb, they are granted a considerable number of self geno points."

"How do you know there'll still be a spirit orb? What if the emperor has already taken it?" Han Sen frowned.

"It sounds to me like Yaksha is the emperor who has put all this in motion. Perhaps something happened to him, long ago, and now he has returned to finish the task," Moment Queen said.

"And you think we can do combat with an emperor?" Han Sen still feared the spirit.

The aqua dragon had been unable to defeat Yaksha, and Han Sen himself had only opened three of his gene locks. Hesitation and doubts as to whether he could defeat such a foe were entirely reasonable.

The only reason he had chased after Yaksha thus far was because of Bao'er's support and his newfound ability to obscure the seventh sense of others.

Moment Queen, seemingly alarmed, tried to explain the gravity of the situation in a rush. "Yaksha came out of a ding and fought a dragon immediately after, you said. He will undoubtedly be in a weakened state, and if we go after him now, we can kill him."

"Don't forget, your spirit stone is a part of your body. You can't respawn if you fall in battle," Han Sen told her.

"I wouldn't throw away my life by challenging a foe I knew I could not hope to beat. But you said there were several creature carcasses, scattered along the way here. That in itself tells me Yaksha is

weakened. Pride is a spirit's greatest shackle, and an emperor wouldn't be willing to eat such low-life creatures unless he was absolutely desperate. Before he consumes the spirit orb he is after, he'll be at his weakest. If we find him, we can kill him and take the orb for ourselves."

Han Sen thought what she had been saying made sense, and perhaps it would be best to nip this entire mess in its bud before things could get any worse. Han Sen didn't want Yaksha to get any more dangerous. Moment Queen wouldn't needlessly risk her life, and Han Sen needed all the self-gain points he could get.

"Fine. Let's check it out." With Bao'er by his side, he felt a lot more confident.

If Yaksha was able to, he would have killed the dragon when he fought it in the subterranean labyrinth. Yaksha had suffered much damage, and it was clear he had not yet recovered his health.

Moment Queen raced through the trees, as Han Sen followed from behind.

Bao'er observed her surroundings with great interest as she clutched a bottle. She was like a puppy, swinging her head left and right to see everything she could.

Although it seemed as if she was in the biggest rush ever, Moment Queen still exercised caution. But so far, after a great distance had been traversed, nothing curious revealed itself. The signature vines of the forest were still all-present, woven between each tree, but that was it.

After crossing a distance of ten miles, Moment Queen stopped and said, "This is it. It's right in front of us."

Han Sen stood near Moment Queen and saw a great clump of vines, all tangled together to form a sort of wall. It was rather like a wicker basket, except for its strong resemblance to a castle.

As they wondered whether or not to enter, something let out a sudden roar.

It sounded like a beast, one that used sonic powers to amplify its cries. It was so loud, they both felt as if their chests had been delivered a direct punch. They even spilt blood from their mouths.

"There is a super creature inside," Moment Queen said, as she wiped the blood from her lips.

Han Sen, wiping his own blood, saw that Bao'er was completely unharmed. She looked in the direction the noise had come from.

"Let's go!" Han Sen wanted to leave.

If there was indeed a super creature inside, there was no feasible way they could defeat it.

But, before he could turn to leave, something appeared to exit the castle. Without wasting a second, he masked their lifeforces and moved to hide in the nearby bushes.

It was a giant centipede. It looked terribly wounded, and it wasted no time scuttling out and racing off between the trees in panic.

Not long after, something else came out of the castle. It was Yaksha.

Yaksha looked to be in terrible shape, as well. His scaled-armor was entirely broken, and only a few roughed-up plates remained.

One of his arms had been almost completely severed. Only loose flaps and strings of skin connected it to his shoulder.

“Godd*mn dragon king; I’m not done with you yet!” Yaksha shouted, while holding the arm that looked ready to drop. Then he disappeared.

Han Sen froze. It was a horrible sight, seeing him in such condition, and he wondered what had occurred. From what he could guess, Yaksha had been set-up.

Moment Queen frowned and looked at Han Sen. She said, “I have heard about the existence of a certain dragon king before. If it resides inside that castle, we may have a struggle ahead of us.”

“What do you mean?” Han Sen saw Yaksha fleeing the area, and his expectations of obtaining a spirit orb had gone with him.

Moment Queen said, “Dragon King is a famous emperor of the Third God’s Sanctuary, and he possesses the power of dragons. Everyone obeys him, and if he failed to reach the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, I can’t imagine my chances. They’d be far slimmer, to say the least.”

“Are you still going to risk entering that castle?” Han Sen asked, as he looked at the menacing construct.

“Not even Yaksha could defeat Dragon King; I doubt we’d fare any better,” Moment Queen said.

Han Sen nodded. He didn’t want to risk Bao’er’s life by bringing her inside, either.

As they turned to leave the area, though, Bao’er leapt out of Han Sen’s arms and rapidly crawled inside the castle.

Chapter 990: Obtaining the Dragon Orb

“Bao’er, get back here!” She didn’t heed Han Sen’s call, but she did turn around and wave at him. This prompted him to follow, despite the sirens in his head. When he caught up with her, she had crawled even further forward.

“Don’t go in there!” Moment Queen shouted. If Han Sen died, she did, too. There was nothing for her to gain in her master’s untimely death.

Han Sen returned Moment Queen to the Sea of Soul and continued chasing after Bao’er.

He would have put his foot down and stopped her if Bao'er was an ordinary baby. But her appearance obviously hid her true maturity and knowledge. She wouldn't have crawled into the castle like she was, if there was nothing of value to be found there.

When they got inside, there were a variety of different passages. The variety of passages didn't slow Bao'er down, though. As if she knew the way to go, she kept on crawling without a single pause to collect her bearings.

She crawled incredibly quickly, and whenever Han Sen fell behind, she'd stop and turn around. Then, she'd call out, "Daddy, come!"

Han Sen continued to follow her, and was surprised by the distinct lack of action. They walked through the labyrinthine complex of the vine-castle without anything attempting to get in their way.

The castle was massive, and Han Sen had been walking for at least ten miles within its walls. He projected there'd be many more directions to travel since paths branched off in every-which-way, as awkwardly and obtusely as the very vines that twirled around each other to form the castle's structure.

Suddenly, Bao'er stopped. She pointed forward, and at which point, Han Sen decided to pick her up. In front of them, the corpse of a dead creature barred their way.

It was a golden tiger of sorts, and its body was wedged into the passage, with its backside facing them. There were no visible wounds, but blood coated the area around it.

"Hm, did the roar come from this thing?" Han Sen summoned his Disloyal Knight.

When Disloyal Knight saw the body, it emotionlessly approached the corpse and began chomping on the flesh and slurping its blood.

If Disloyal Knight was so interested in eating the creature, then there was a high chance the fallen monster was a super creature.

Disloyal Knight ate as quickly as Little Angel had, and it wasn't long before Han Sen could see the front of the tiger.

The tiger did not have a head, and he was unsure why it was missing or who had severed it.

After a brief look around, he couldn't find the head and neither could he find a Life Geno Essence to consume.

Disloyal Knight was almost done with the creature. With most of the flesh gone, it began gnawing at the bones, before snapping them and sucking the marrow inside with a revolting, feverish excitement. Han Sen had no clue how it could eat so much.

When it was done, Han Sen put Disloyal Knight away. Then, Bao'er crawled forward and said, "Let's go, Daddy."

Han Sen was unsure whether or not he should keep going, as the way that monster had been killed concerned him a great deal.

But with Bao'er hurrying him, not dismayed by what they had just seen, he was okay with following her forward.

Whenever the way branched—which was often—Bao'er led him without pause. There was no fear of getting lost, with her leading the way.

Shortly after, they came to a big room. In its center, there was an alter that had also been formed by the vines of the castle. Upon it lay a man.

Dragon-like horns protruded from the man's head, and his body was clad in black-plated armor. He had long, blue hair. As surreal as the scene was, it was so quiet, you would assume the man was just peacefully in slumber.

Upon closer inspection, Han Sen noticed a glowing orb atop the man's magnificently still forehead. It was beautiful.

Looking inside it, the image of a dragon appeared. It seemed to swim around inside the orb, as if the glowing lights were the sea it resided in.

"So, this is the spirit orb?" Han Sen was overjoyed at the discovery, but he wasn't willing to be so reckless as to attempt to steal it without learning more about the situation he had found himself in.

The man did not look dead, and his sleep may have been true. If Han Sen snatched the orb, and the man woke up, he'd be the one who was dead.

Deciding it was time to bring Moment Queen back, he did just that.

She looked angry and ready to complain at first, but when her eyes glanced across the man, she screamed and said, "Spirit orb! It's Dragon King's spirit orb!"

"Can we take it?" Han Sen asked.

Moment Queen inspected it carefully, but came to a disappointing conclusion. "No. The emperor has not been revived, but the body is active. It looks as if it's missing a key ingredient that is necessary to complete the resurrection ritual."

Moment Queen paused, and then went on to say, "Dragon King's body is connected to the orb. The lifeforce inside the orb, if stolen, might compel the body to attack and kill us. And that would be no hassle for an emperor, believe me."

"So, does that mean we should leave it be? We can't take it?" Han Sen frowned.

Moment Queen had a wry smile, but then said, "His resurrection is only half complete. I still fail to understand how it wasn't a success. See the dragon inside the orb? That is the spirit's soul. He should have been revived, so it is very strange to learn that he has not."

“The spirit orbs you can take and consume are those that have yet to achieve any such activity. This is far too tricky for us to attempt.” Moment Queen seemed to be out of ideas.

Han Sen wished to say something, but Bao'er suddenly held up her gourd. Then she aimed it at the dragon orb.

Over the course of a single second, the orb was sucked into the gourd.

Moment Queen froze, looking at Bao'er as if she had just seen a ghost.

Han Sen, seeing Bao'er take the orb, then turned his attention to the body, in case it moved. But then, the strangest thing occurred: the lifeless body withered away, drying up like a long-deceased carcass.

Dong!

Something fell from the emperor's body, after it dried up.

Chapter 991: Dragon-Blood Ring

Han Sen saw a red-jade ring drop to the floor. It had been on the man's finger, but it slipped off when the body withered.

He was not interested in jewelry, but he gave it a scan to see if it was significant, anyway. It wasn't, to his knowledge, so Han Sen paid it no mind.

But when Moment Queen saw the ring, she was shocked. She pretended not to be, though.

Han Sen had never heard of the ring before, but she had.

The blood-ring was something of much renown.

When she was in the Third God's Sanctuary the first time, Dragon King was incredibly famous. He also had a vast collection of jewelry.

His most important possession was this ring. He would never be seen without it, and Dragon King had an obsessive compulsion to never let it out of his sight.

People said Dragon King synthesized the ring with the horn of a super creature, and he fed the ring with his own blood for many years.

While many people had seen the ring, few knew what it did exactly.

The only time he would remove the ring was to fight a human. And when he set it aside, not even his wives were allowed to touch it.

He once murdered his favorite wife for touching his ring. When she touched it, she did so by accident, and as a consequence, he broke her spirit stone without remorse.

Some said the ring possessed Dragon King's second soul, and all his memories were stored there, like a back-up.

If he ever failed his ascension to the Fourth God's Sanctuary, he could resurrect himself with this ring.

Although it was just a legend, and something unproven, it was still a valuable artifact. It was the most important treasure of the late Dragon King.

Moment Queen wanted the ring for herself, as a sort of memento. If she went to get it, though, Han Sen would believe the ring to have a true worth and keep it for himself.

"Hm, how can I grab the ring? I need to distract him, somehow." Moment Queen tried to think of a way in which she could draw his attention away from the sight.

As she contemplated what to do, Han Sen was still observing the body. He circled it slowly, over and over. Despite how much he looked, there did not seem to be anything there of worth. He fancied taking the king's armor, but after touching it, it started to decompose.

Han Sen scanned the corpse repeatedly, unable to fathom how he might walk away from the venture without a reward.

Moment Queen, just about managing to contain her excitement, said, "That armor is pretty good; you should check it out."

"The armor is turning into goop. How is that 'pretty good'?" Han Sen said.

Moment Queen then said, "The reason it decomposes is because of the scales. It decomposes with the body."

"Okay, and what's your point? It's ruined now." Han Sen frowned.

Moment Queen smiled and said, "You don't understand. There is one portion of the scales that won't decompose."

"Which part would that be?" Han Sen asked with confusion.

"There is a dragon-scale that grows upside down. Even when Dragon King dies, that scale won't decompose. It will absorb his lifeforce, and thus be quite precious," Moment Queen explained.

"You're saying it's that good? Hm, where is it?" Han Sen said.

"I don't know. It must be underneath the armor or something; you should take a look," Moment Queen said.

"Okay, fine. I'll take a look!" Han Sen then got to it, in search of the mystical dragon-scale Moment Queen had told him about.

When Moment Queen saw Han Sen begin to rummage about the body, she coldly smiled and thought to herself, "Consider this a trade for the ring. If I didn't want this ring so badly, I wouldn't have told you about the scale, either."

Moment Queen had not lied about the scale's existence, but it was an effective way of buying time for herself.

And even though she knew, she wasn't willing to tell him where exactly the scale could be found. If she did, she'd have no time to fetch the ring without attracting his notice.

Han Sen, no longer focusing on her, was keen on pillaging the corpse. The prospect of treasure always demanded his attention. She walked around, as if pretending to be busy elsewhere, all the while eyeing the ring on the ground.

The dragon-blood ring was near the altar, and as if she was pretending to examine the altar itself, she inched her way closer to the ring.

"Mwahaha, it's mine! If the legends are true, perhaps I can use the emperor's help to get rid of this *sshole for good," Moment Queen thought.

As Han Sen plundered the body, she did her best to control her heartbeat and act as normal as possible.

"It's mine!" Seeing the ring so close, Moment Queen was exuberantly joyous. She believed the ring would aid her in escaping Han Sen's control.

Just as her finger touched the ring, a fat little hand reached out to grab it. Moment Queen froze.

"Ah..." Bao'er looked very curious, holding the ring.

Chapter 992: The Reversed Dragon Scale

Moment Queen's heart pounded in her chest as she watched Bao'er hit the floor with the ring in gleeful childplay. She wished to snatch it back.

But if she showed any interest in the ring, she knew Han Sen would take it away from her for good.

Bao'er continued to play with it, and Moment Queen hoped she'd soon lose her interest in it.

As Bao'er swung her arms around, with her fist clenching the ring, it looked as if it'd slip out from her grasp, any second.

"Bao'er, that belongs to the dead. You shouldn't do that." Han Sen was afraid she'd end up eating the ring.

Bao'er was stronger than anyone he knew, but on a certain level, she was still a baby. He still felt compelled to be as protective as any reasonable parent should.

When Moment Queen heard him speak, she hoped Han Sen would tell her to discard the ring.

She knew she still had to act cool and not show any interest, so she held back for a while and just watched Bao'er.

But then, Bao'er stopped messing about and just sat there. She fiddled the ring between her fat, wrinkly baby-fingers. It seemed as if she was actually considering whether she should keep it or throw it away.

Suddenly, she raised her hand as if to prepare a throw.

Moment Queen's glee and excitement immediately returned, and in her heart, she started shouting, "Throw it! Yes, throw it!"

Bao'er's hand raised the ring... and stopped. She didn't throw it, and the baby's crooked face suggested she was still deep in thought over whether or not to keep the ring.

Moment Queen's face turned dim again. Soon, Han Sen would find the scale. And when he did, her opportunity of nabbing this ring for herself would go, too.

But then, Bao'er pulled back her raised arm, as if to finally throw the ring away.

This delighted Moment Queen. But the rollercoaster of emotions showed no sign of slowing down, as Bao'er's arm dropped with the ring still in her possession. Moment Queen's mind was furious, screaming, "Just do it!"

Finally, Bao'er came to a decision. Her face looked serious, and she seemed ready to throw it in Moment Queen's direction.

"Yeah, that's it. Come on, baby. Come on." Moment Queen opened her arms, as if to gesture that she should really throw it her way, and prepare to catch it.

Bao'er's face dropped its babylike glee, though. She was serious, like a baseball player, preparing to throw the game-saver.

Seeing Bao'er ready to throw, Moment Queen's hands opened wide. The baby's arm launched forward but... no ring left the clutch.

Bao'er smiled to Moment Queen like a little demon. She stood up, with the ring firmly in her hands, and ran over to Han Sen.

Bao'er climbed on top of Han Sen's back and forced the ring on him.

Han Sen accepted the ring and smiled at Moment Queen.

Moment Queen, after seeing their impish smiles, knew she had been tricked.

Han Sen must have known there to be something special with the ring a long time ago. To test her faithfulness, and whether or not the ring was a worthy item for the taking, he pranked her.

“*sshole! *sshole father! *sshole daughter!” Moment Queen’s mind was an inferno of raging hatred, particularly so when she realized she had been tricked by a baby.

Han Sen took the ring. He didn’t know what good it would do him, if any, but if Moment Queen wanted it that badly, then he knew he’d be better off with it.

Han Sen did not say anything, though. He ignored Moment Queen and continued searching. He lifted up the armor and saw a scale that looked like that of a fish. It almost looked like a shell.

“Brother Dragon, you’re very dead, aren’t you? That means you won’t be needing this, right? Don’t worry, skeletor, I’ll make good use of it. You have my word. And who knows? I might make you famous again,” Han Sen said to the withered husk, as he plucked the scale from its bony torso.

Perhaps it was because the body was dry, but he had no problems taking the scale.

When his fingers felt the scale, it was cool to the touch. The scale was white and semi-transparent.

“Moment, is this the reversed scale you mentioned?” Han Sen asked.

“Yes,” Moment Queen coldly answered.

“Is there anything else around this place worth taking?” Han Sen asked, with a tone of slight mocking.

Moment Queen wanted to kill Han Sen. If it wasn’t for the ring, he wouldn’t even have learnt about the scale, either.

“No,” Moment Queen coldly said.

Dragon King died because of his attempt to level up. It was not his tomb or shelter, so it was likely she was telling the truth and there really was nothing else worth taking.

Finding the ring was lucky enough. And it was only through the emperor’s stubbornness it was there for Han Sen to claim.

“Well, if there’s nothing else for us here, we should take our leave.” Han Sen then returned the way he had come, and placed the angry Moment Queen back in the Sea of Soul.

With Bao’er up front, leading the way, the return trip to the shelter did not take long. Resting in his hall, Han Sen fiddled with the ring and scale he had retrieved.

“Moment Queen wanted this thing pretty badly. I wonder what it does, exactly?” Han Sen couldn’t discern what made either item special.

“Well, treasure is treasure. And besides, I’ve been needing a ring to pull my bow.” Han Sen then placed the ring on his finger.

When he wore it, though, the red of the ring seemed to come alive. It glowed menacingly, and the sound of a roaring dragon boomed through the hall.

Chapter 993: Stealing the Source

A light, manifesting in the shape of a dragon, shot out towards Han Sen's forehead.

The light was wickedly fast, and Han Sen was not quick enough to avoid it.

"Dragon King has returned." A voice rang across the expanse of Han Sen's mind. It was firm and menacing to hear, but there was a glimmer of genuine surprise and relief as an undercurrent to the tone.

Han Sen looked around and suddenly realized his environment had changed; he was inside his own consciousness. Ahead of him was a red lotus, and in its fold, something was trying to wiggle its way out.

"Evil Lotus Queen, you belong to her. And she has marked you?" Dragon King's voice roared with sudden anger, and he went on to say, "If she is here, I would do best to avoid her. But you are merely a marked subordinate; there is nothing you can do to prevent my rebirth."

"Dragon King, I think it would be best if you did not leave the lotus. You should go back to your ring." Han Sen was not afraid of Dragon King.

The Dragon King that sought to invade his mind was not the emperor he once had been. Now, he was only a king spirit. If his body was there, then perhaps Han Sen would have been unable to beat it.

But with only his mind there, playing an away game, he was nothing compared to Han Sen.

After all, Han Sen was a super king spirit that also possessed a super king body. Dragon King was only a king spirit, and had no body at all.

"What a fool! Do you think me feeble, without a body? I will make a good vessel out of you!" The encased dragon raged against the lotus folds and did its best to escape entrapment.

Cracks began to run the length of the petals, and it looked as if it would soon break.

Suddenly, the lotus began to shine. And then, fresh petals began to grow to replace the near-broken ones and keep the dragon contained even tighter.

"I am a dragon... break!" The dragon roared, and then, the red lotus burst into flames.

Seeing the red lotus get destroyed, Han Sen was delightfully happy. He had never lifted the mark that had been stamped on him, in fear of triggering the lotus.

Now that Dragon King had removed the lotus stamp on his behalf, he was actually grateful.

Far away, in a palace, Lotus Queen frowned and said, "Dragon King was not killed for good, and furthermore, he has touched my man. Even the Demon Emperor has returned. Oh, I'm going to make that Dragon King suffer."

Dragon King, breaking free from the constraint of the lotus, exclaimed to Han Sen, "Now, I can use you as a vessel. And when I return to the world outside this pitiful mind..."

Before Dragon King was able to finish his dialogue, the shadow of a holy white light beamed in front of him. Against that, even his draconic powers were no longer intimidating.

"How... how can your mind be so strong?!" In front of that shadow, his dragon-body was stripped of all its fierceness. It looked weak and frightened, by comparison.

"I told you to return; you brought this upon yourself." Han Sen's super king spirit mind prepared to attack the blood dragon.

Dragon King roared and attempted to flee.

The figure of a super king spirit leapt forward and palmed Dragon King, making it wheeze blood.

Of course, it wasn't physical blood. It was Dragon King's actual lifeforce, and as it seeped out, Han Sen was able to consume and absorb every last morsel of it.

"Super King Spirit Self Gene +1."

When Han Sen heard this, he was delighted. He squeezed the frail dragon repeatedly, to gain more and more self geno points.

Dragon King was in utter shock. He was so powerful, but against the spirit that now pounded him, he was helpless.

The blood dragon was like a dying lizard, unable to withstand the hits. Escape was impossible for it.

"I am a true dragon!" Dragon King knew he'd be broken for good soon, and he'd never return. He had to do whatever he could to ensure his survival. But Han Sen wouldn't let him, and in response to Dragon King's proclamation, he made the spirit's draconic body explode with a bright white light.

Amidst all the brilliant light, the dragon tried to slip away.

"You can't just come and go whenever you please." Han Sen reached out his hand and grabbed the dragon-blood lifeforce.

"Argh!" Dragon King shouted, as the tiny sliver of lifeforce was taken by Han Sen's hand. Dragon King was being dominated, and Han Sen would not show mercy to someone who had sought to usurp his body.

Absorbing every glint of light he could, Han Sen's super king spirit self geno points count continued to increase.

Reaching down to the flailing dragon, Han Sen squeezed it tight.

“Super King Spirit Self Gene +1.”

More of the dragon’s lifeforce was absorbed, and with it, Han Sen’s geno points increased again.

After squeezing some more, the dragon was beaten. It only had the strength to let out a pitiful scream.

“Don’t kill me! I can give you something wonderful in return for your mercy. Please, just let me live and it is yours!” Dragon King begged and pleaded for his life.

“Okay, then tell me what I can have. This better be good. And if I don’t like what I hear, you’re dead meat!” Han Sen coldly said.

Dragon King quickly responded, telling him, “I am one of Demon Emperor’s generals. When he went to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, he left me his armor. I can give it to you. Please, just don’t kill me.”

Chapter 994: Ancient Demon Emperor Tree

Dragon King had been returned to the ring by Han Sen. When Demon Emperor entered the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, not a single sanctuary had been discovered by humans yet.

When he was about to enter the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, his equipment became useless, so he gave all of it to his subordinates.

Dragon King received his armor, and when he tried to ascend to the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, it saved him from certain death. His ascension failed, but he was not killed outright as was expected.

Therefore, Dragon King made preparations for a future sacrificial ritual that would allow him to one day be reborn in full.

The Dragon Ring was his last resort, but neither method had worked out well for him.

Furthermore, the armor was damaged. But regardless, Dragon King hid it someplace special, so he could recover it upon his return to the world.

Han Sen put the ring on and hid it with his dongxuan aura. He summoned Moment Queen so he could ask for more information regarding Demon Emperor.

Moment Queen scoffed and wished to ignore Han Sen completely, but she knew that wouldn’t get her anywhere. So, to gain his favor, she told him what she could.

When she first reached the Third God’s Sanctuary, Demon Emperor had already been in the Fourth God’s Sanctuary for ten thousand years. What she heard were only whispers, murmurs, and rumors regarding the figure. And she never even knew Dragon King was associated with him. What she had heard about most was the simple power Demon Emperor possessed. She had no idea about what he owned or anything.

Han Sen put Moment Queen away again. Then, he touched the ring and asked, "Dragon King, do you know someone named Yaksha?"

"He is another subordinate that belongs to Demon Emperor. We were never friendly, and he was always jealous of the armor I was given. Still, he never could beat me," Dragon King told Han Sen without fuss.

"Did you know that he went to your sacrificial ritual?" Han Sen asked.

"That *sshole must have come for my armor. Little did he know that it was not with me. I foresaw the possibility of something like this occurring, and so I set up a trap. If he sprang it, he should be heavily wounded now," Dragon King explained.

Han Sen did not move and asked, "You said you were given the armor. What was Yaksha given?"

"He was given a Demon Seed by Demon Emperor. It takes one-hundred-thousand years to grow. The tree that grows, upon maturity, can bear many fruit that provide spirit genes. If low-tier spirits consume one, they can outright open gene locks. But like I said, it takes one-hundred-thousand years for such a tree to grow," Dragon King said.

"It's no wonder Yaksha wanted to kill me, if it took that long." Now Han Sen was understanding Yaksha's motives a whole lot more.

Dragon King also said that if a king spirit ate one, it could increase a few self geno points. But whenever Han Sen ate one, it only provided him a single point. It seemed as if things were far more difficult for a super king spirit.

"I need to find a way to move that tree. Maybe I really can get it to grow some more fruit," Han Sen thought to himself.

Han Sen kept Dragon King in the ring. He planned to leave him there for a while, as he wasn't going to get the spirit's armor just yet.

Even if the location he spoke of was true, the armor resided deep within the forest. And venturing there could prove too much, even for him. It was likely he'd encounter a variety of super creatures if he was to go there.

Even if he used the underground shelter, there was no guarantee it would work. And Han Sen was now responsible for the lives of everyone else who lived in the shelter, meaning he could not take so many risks. If a super creature attacked the shelter, it was likely they'd all be killed.

Han Sen looked at his self geno points and noticed he had a hundred and sixty-three. Forty-five of those had come from Dragon King.

Han Sen recalled he had to battle Split-Space King, so he decided to return to the spirit base.

"I hope he was patient enough to wait all this time," Han Sen said to himself, as he drove the island to where he had proposed that the fight be held.

All the spirits were still gathered at Shen Xiao, waiting for the much-anticipated fight to commence.

Split-Space King had waited there for three days, and when the shadow-spirit never appeared, they believed it was due to cowardice.

Unfortunately, Han Sen's absence only fueled Split-Space King's arrogance.

"I expected more from the spirit that beckoned me to fight." Split-Space King feigned disappointment, but the mocking of his tone was hard to miss.

"You really want to have a self-fight with me?" A voice came from an incoming island, with a handsome spirit atop it.

"The King..."

"Is the nameless king spirit actually The King?"

"It would appear so."

"Niiice!"

"Split-Space King said The King is garbage. I guess now we'll see."

...

When many spirits recognized Han Sen, they began to talk amongst themselves with great fervor.

"You are the king spirit that wished to fight me?" Split-Space King asked.

"Yep," Han Sen answered.

"And you are The King?" Split-Space King asked.

"Yep." Han Sen nodded.

"Well, that saves me some trouble. Let me kill you so we can get this over with," Split-Space King said.

Han Sen started the self-fight. Due to Split-Space King being first rank in the entire spirit base, he was able to send him an invitation immediately.

Split-Space King promptly agreed, which led to his statue going bright.

"Self-fight? It really is a self-fight!"

All the spirits began screaming with excitement, as the hype consumed them. Only the greatest of enemies would commit to a self-fight, so it was rare to witness such a battle.

Chapter 995: Invisible Versus an Equal

A white light shone brightly as Han Sen stepped onto the physical clouds of Shen Xiao. Then, he said, "I'm afraid this will be my final fight in the third spirit base. No one will dare fight me, after what they are about to see. That being said, I'll grant you the opportunity to forfeit before we begin."

The spirits that watched, all believed Han Sen was trying to bluff his way out of the fight.

At first, Split-Space King did not say a word. He silently stepped onto the clouds of Shen Xiao, then said coldly, "You're afraid, huh? You should be."

Han Sen laughed in response, and said, "You can go on believing that, if it helps. But how about you just cut the crap and try to kill me, like you've been saying over and over."

Split-Space King swung his hand like a blade that seemed to tear through the fabric of reality.

Cracks spiderwebbed through the very space around Han Sen.

"He really does wield the space element. Although it doesn't actually shatter the dimension, it is quite impressive to see cracks form in the fabric of space itself." Han Sen wanted the genes even more now.

But seeing what was occurring around him, Han Sen did not try to fall back. He wanted to see if his super king spirit could withstand the attack.

If he could not go up against space, then that meant he was not indestructible.

So, Han Sen stretched his body as light coursed through his veins and muscles. The light of his exterior was amplified.

As the cracks of the dimension drew nearer, it looked as if they would shred his body.

But without fear, Han Sen stretched his arms and prepared to punch his foe, seemingly without a care for the cracks that were fast approaching.

"Fool!" Split-Space King laughed.

Although his power was low, the cracks were like flying weaponry that sought to slice and dice Han Sen into bits.

All the spirits, seeing Han Sen just move forward, thought something was amiss.

The moment Han Sen went through the cracks, his body bled.

Even Han Sen's fist was bleeding. And as he pushed on through, he did so in a red light, as his clothes were dyed with his blood.

Even king spirits could not move through the cracks without getting destroyed in a barrage of lacerations.

“Space powers are too strong. Is there anything out there that can withstand it?”

“Split-Space King really is indestructible.”

“Even The King can’t beat him. If anything could actually challenge him, I’d wager it is only a spirit that wields the element of time.”

Split-Space King looked on cockily, saying, “What a fool; trying to transcend and break through the fracturing of space.”

Han Sen’s body was covered in gruesome gashes, and the red-shredding of his being was like the marking of a spiderweb. Split-Space King believed The King’s body would collapse into a mound of chopped meat if he pushed through a second more.

But Han Sen’s fist was getting close. It was getting dangerously close.

Split-Space King’s face changed. He wanted to formulate more space tears, but it was too late for him to do anything.

Han Sen’s raging fist was going to land, and the best he could do was establish a flimsy block.

Muscle collided with muscle, as bone went up against bone.

The spirits, seeing Han Sen’s body approach with a glowing fist, watched with rapt intensity as it broke Split-Space King’s arms and drove itself directly into his smug face.

Boom!

The white light drew together to create an orb of incinerating power—one that destroyed Split-Space King’s head. The arrogant spirit was sent flying back, crashing into statue in a bloody heap of broken bones and blood.

“Space King Spirit Gene +1.”

Shen Xiao was so quiet, you could hear a pin drop. No one could believe what their eyes had just witnessed.

They could not believe Split-Space King had lost to a single punch delivered by The King.

The eyes of the audience stared unblinking in disbelief of the sight. In continued silence, their eyes flickered between Han Sen standing still, and the crumpled body of Split-Space King and the bloodied statue.

“I’m going to kill you.” Split-Space King respawned and did not wait a moment before racing forward to attack Han Sen again.

Split-Space King created a multitude of cracks across the arena. It was as if Han Sen was standing in a world of glass, one that was slowly breaking and collapsing.

“If you could actually break space, only then might I fear you. A kitten could scratch me harder than all this could.” Han Sen threw his fist forward once more.

Again, many of the dimensional breakings cut Han Sen, but the damage done was only skin-deep.

No damage was done to his muscles or even his super body.

Split-Space King was incredibly angry, and that fury spread out into his surroundings, making the area around him look like a broken snowglobe.

But still, even those attacks would only draw blood. Not a single one of those cracks were enough to truly repel Han Sen and his thirsty fist.

Boom!

Han Sen's punch nestled itself deep into Split-Space King's head once again, with no fear, hesitation, or pain softening the merciless strike.

Split-Space King was powerful, but his body was not built to withstand the likes of Han Sen.

During his respawn phase, Han Sen approached the statue. And when Split-Space King respawned, there were no dramatics to precede the next killing. Upon each respawn, Han Sen was there, waiting for his next kill. The statue was like a space geno point dispensing machine, and the only sound to be heard was that of a brief scream being cut short every time.

Indeed, no spirit dared make a sound as they watched Split-Space King be utterly annihilated each and every time.

It was a frightening scene, watching an incredibly powerful king be utterly destroyed like an ant.

"Indestructible." Every spirit had this word rattling around in their heads.

Chapter 996: Ancient Shura Text

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

Han Sen was incredibly overjoyed, watching his space king spirit geno point tally increase one-by-one.

Split-Space King, before it was all over, became numb. Eventually, he gave up completely. Whenever he respawned, he stood there silently, awaiting death. Again and again, he allowed this to happen.

"Oh my spirit! The King is terrifying. What element does he wield?"

"Physical, maybe? But if that is true, can plain, physical power even reach such heights?"

"Unless someone has more gene locks open, The King is unbeatable."

"The King won't be a king much longer. He is sure to become an emperor!"

"This is the sort of spirit that will bring great change to the Third God's Sanctuary."

"The King is indestructible."

...

The quiet chattering between the spirits soon turned into a frenzy of praise and fawning, and whenever they looked at The King, their faces fell slack in complete awe and admiration of him.

Boom!

After killing Split-Space King ninety-nine times, Han Sen's space geno point tally reached a hundred. He couldn't increase it anymore.

"I've gone up against many king spirits in my time here, and still, none are able to defeat me. Is this to continue forever?!" Han Sen spoke aloud and put on an expression of disappointment. Then he turned to leave.

"Only The King can say something like this. And to be honest, he has every right to." The spirits all looked on him in amazement.

Han Sen did not really mean what he said. His primary goal was to provoke the ire and hatred of the other spirits even more, and perhaps draw out another challenger. Unfortunately, none were willing to.

Unexpectedly, the spirits all agreed with his words and deemed them appropriate.

"These spirits are lame. Humans are fearless; they wouldn't act like this," Han Sen thought to himself.

"I can't believe Split-Space King was unable to defeat The King." Flower Empress was in shock.

"If nothing stops him, he's well on his way to becoming an Emperor. He's got the makings of a spirit that'll reach the Fourth God's Sanctuary, without error," Heavenly Empress said.

"The Emperors have had no luck so far, but they won't relent in their pursuit of him. And when they do find The King, they'll kill him." Flower Empress spoke with a soft and worried tone.

"I don't think that is necessarily true. If they find out where he is, I'm not sure they'll be able to do much," Heavenly Empress commented.

"I wonder who his parents are. I'd sure like to meet them!" Flower Empress said.

"You want to be their daughter-in-law? You're thinking that far ahead, are you?" Heavenly Empress jested with a laugh.

Flower Empress said, "Well, there's no denying it'd be great if I could marry a spirit such as that. The baby we'd conceive would be something quite special, for sure. And regardless of that, I still owe him kisses!"

...

Moment Queen had been sent out to retrieve creatures, and when she entered the spirit base, she heard the news.

"Whoa! That sounds like a scary spirit. I wonder where he came from?" Moment Queen did not think highly of herself, and she did not even reckon she could defeat space king spirits of her own tier.

After hearing the tale of The King, she thought to herself, "If I can ally with him, I can most certainly exact my revenge! Hmm, but I've only opened one gene lock... I doubt I'll be able to catch up with him."

When the image of Han Sen's smug face flickered across her mind, Moment Queen said to herself, "Ugh, this is that asshole's fault! If it wasn't for him, I'd have opened a multitude of gene locks a long time ago. When the time for my revenge comes, I won't just kill him. No, that'd be too merciful. I'm going to enslave him. I'll make him my thrall!"

Moment Queen did not know The King was Han Sen, the person she hated most in all the world.

As this was occurring, Han Sen was dining on a meal Zero had prepared. At the same time, he fiddled with the scale.

With Moment Queen's fruitful hunt, Han Sen no longer had to worry about mutant geno points. All he had to do was eat his fill.

But the dragon scale troubled Han Sen.

There were many small words inscribed upon it, and he had no clue what they meant. Dragon King told him it was a transcript of his own secret skills.

But Han Sen did not believe this, and he found it difficult to imagine someone randomly carving their skills out on such a unique scale.

When Han Sen pestered Dragon King for a more profound explanation, he translated the text for him. But due to Han Sen not being able to understand the source text, he couldn't be sure whether or not to trust the translation.

And still, Han Sen believed he was lying. He asked Thorn Baron and Moment Queen what they thought, and they both told him the same thing: the words on the scale were not written in any spirit language.

Han Sen then went to do some research, and he found a few languages that possessed similar runic systems to the ones on the scale.

After a deeper analysis, Han Sen was surprised to discover an exact match with a shura language.

Han Sen had learnt how to read, write, and speak the shura language. But he had learned a modern variant of the language. The dialect written across the scale was ancient, and it was almost entirely different.

Not wanting to jump the gun, Han Sen spent some time with his research and was careful to confirm his findings. It wasn't long before he realized he really wasn't mistaken. The text on the scale belonged to an ancient shura writing system; it was prehistoric.

It was a shocking discovery, to say the least. The shura could not enter the sanctuaries, so why in the universe would their runes be inscribed on the scale?

Han Sen attempted a translation with his computer, but there was little he could uncover. Although there were a few words here and there the system could translate, not a single sentence could be completed.

At the very least, Han Sen had now learnt that whatever had been written upon the scale was not one of Dragon King's skills. And when he translated a word that was clearly the title of the text, it read: Asura.

Chapter 997: Falsified-Sky Sutra?

Translator: m.info Editor: m.info

"Why is the dragon scale inscribed with shura text?" Han Sen had tried his best to translate it, but it was mostly to no avail. So he turned his attention back to Dragon King and started interrogating him for information. But the spirit was tight-lipped, and no death threat Han Sen could make was enough to force him to talk.

"It's like the sky, but it is not. It is asura." As Zero returned, bringing back the meatfeast of a hunt to the shelter, she started talking to herself when seeing the dragon scale.

"Did you say something?" Han Sen asked Zero to repeat what she had said.

Zero pointed to the scale and said, "It's like the sky, but it is not. It is asura."

"You know what's written on this thing?" Han Sen's excitement perked.

His excitement did not stem from Zero being able to understand the text, though.

Zero was a shura, in some way or another. Although he was surprised to learn she was able to read the ancient shura language, this was not what excited him.

What excited him was what Zero had said. He recognized them, as they were the opening lines of the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

Zero nodded.

"Can you read it out to me?" Han Sen asked, in a rushed manner.

Zero took the scale in her hands and started to read, as requested. "It's like the sky, but it is not. It is asura..."

Han Sen was frozen, as ninety percent of the text was the Falsified-Sky Sutra.

His heart pounded and his head pulsed as if it was going to explode.

Han Sen could not understand why the Falsified-Sky Sutra had been written in an ancient shura language, on a dragon scale in the Third God's Sanctuary. It gave him a headache, as he tried to comprehend all the possible implications this revelation conveyed.

"What's going on?" Han Sen asked himself, in complete disbelief.

After Zero finished reading what was written, her hand gleamed with a power. All of a sudden, an invisible force was cast outwards against a nearby pillar with great intensity.

“Falsified-Sky powers?” Han Sen was quickly taken aback.

Han Sen had seen it many times at this point, so it was easy for him to recognize it.

“Zero, have you learned this before?” Han Sen asked, as he grabbed her by the arms.

Zero shook her head, but Han Sen still asked, “And that’s the truth? You haven’t learned it? What about the Falsified-Sky Sutra?”

Zero shook her head, as if she had done something naughty. “I’m sorry! I didn’t mean to cast it like that, I was just giving it a go.”

“It’s okay. You can practice it all you like, that’s not what I meant.” Han Sen realized his reaction might have scared her. So, he gave her the scale and comforted her to the best of his abilities.

Han Sen had not practiced the Falsified-Sky Sutra to distance himself from the Luo family. Since Zero had suddenly just learned it, he didn’t see the harm in allowing her to continue practicing it.

But Han Sen was still perplexed over the day’s discoveries. He could not wrap his head around why the Falsified-Sky Sutra would have some kind of connection not only to Dragon King, but the shura, as well.

Han Sen’s mother told him only members of the Luo family could learn the Falsified-Sky Sutra, but evidently, that was not the case. Zero had only just read it once, and she inadvertently cast it with as much ferocity as Luo Yin.

Looking at Zero, Han Sen now wore a complicated look that came from his intense interest in her character.

Han Sen left the hall shortly after this and went to a place where no one might intrude upon him in the shelter. There was a room there, and after closing its doors, he released Dragon King from the ring.

The hall was suddenly alive with the sound of screaming. Even the King of Hell himself would have shuddered at the sounds of those anguish-born cries.

No matter what Han Sen did to Dragon King, he would not talk. No threats or wretched manner of torture or inflicted pain would make him speak.

The asura sutra on the scale was the Falsified-Sky Sutra, and as incomprehensible as it seemed, Dragon King was not at all willing to elucidate the reasons why.

“How could Dragon King plead for his life before, and yet now, he seems happy to die on behalf of maintaining the Falsified-Sky Sutra’s secrecy?” Han Sen wondered.

Seeing Dragon King near death, Han Sen returned him to the ring.

Han Sen really wanted to learn more, but for now, he had hit a dead end. With no further leads to explore, it’d have to be put on the backburner.

Han Sen thought about asking his mother, but she was never keen on discussing anything regarding the Luo family. As such, he thought it was unlikely he’d learn anything from her about this entire affair.

And it would probably upset her, if Han Sen did start showing an interest in the Luo family.

Han Sen returned to the hall and continued dining on the mutant flesh Moment Queen had retrieved earlier. And now, his mutant geno points had maxed out.

He gave his new strength a whirl on the tester, and learned his fitness level was above fifteen hundred. This meant he was capable of opening his fifth gene lock.

Unfortunately, his Qi Gong was trailing behind. He estimated it'd take another three months just to unlock the fourth tier.

The higher the gene lock, the harder it would be to unlock it. After the seventh tier, subsequent unlocks rested purely on talent and luck.

Few super creatures and king spirits were capable of unlocking nine gene locks. And the number of humans reaching such heights was lower by an extremely large margin.

To kill super creatures in the future, though, Han Sen knew he'd have to get his gene locks open. And so he was determined to do just that. If he didn't get them open, he wagered he'd have no luck in their hunting.

When Han Sen woke up, he received a package from an AI. Strangely, it did not say from whom it was sent.

"That's weird. Who sent me this package?" Han Sen opened the package immediately, not concerned about the remote possibility of something dangerous residing within. The Alliance was able to scan packages, anyway. If there was a harmful substance, such as toxins or radioactive material, or even bombs inside, the package would never have been forwarded to him.

Chapter 998: Blind Man's Stuff

Han Sen opened the package, which had been delivered to him in a recyclable box, and saw a lone envelope inside.

Needless to say, he was taken aback. Sending someone a primitive letter in that day and age was very unusual.

He picked up the envelope, which was plain and without text on the front, and turned it over. There was nothing written on the back, either.

Han Sen opened it up and pulled out the slip of paper that was inside. On it, two simple sentences were written.

"Something will arrive in three days. Take it to the shelter and do not allow anyone else to see it – Blind Man." Han Sen read it out and frowned.

Han Sen did not recall a person named Blind Man, but the writing was somewhat familiar. It was someone he had met once before, but his memory of the person's significance was hazy.

When Han Sen was in the Second God's Sanctuary, a man called Blind Man had given him a book called The Innocent.

He only saw him once, and after their encounter, he disappeared and was never seen again. Why he would send a letter and ask him to expect a package in three days, Han Sen could not tell.

"What a strange person." Whatever was going on, it didn't feel like a mere prank. Regardless of what was to occur, Han Sen decided to wait three days and see if anything did indeed come.

When that day rolled around, a package showed up at Han Sen's door. Strangely, it was delivered to him by an actual person. This person was well-cloaked, though, and it was difficult to even discern their gender.

The person placed the item in the mailbox and left.

Because this item had not been scanned, Han Sen brought it to the sanctuary and got Moment Queen to open it for him. If there was something dangerous inside, it was best if she handled it.

When the box was opened, nothing bad happened. And on the inside was a miniature purple cauldron.

It was around twenty centimeters tall and ten centimeters wide. There was a lid on it, so if there was something within, it was obscured from view.

Curiously, though, emblazoned on the cauldron was the symbol of the Nine-Life Cat.

"Is Blind Man a member of Blood Legion? What meaning could there be, to him sending me this cauldron?" Han Sen frowned and gave the cauldron a good shake, to determine whether or not there was something inside it.

No sound was emitted, which told him it was empty—this actually disappointed him.

Removing the lid, though, proved his little test wrong. And what was inside gave him quite the shock.

Sitting inside the cauldron was a red jewel shaped like a ping-pong ball. It was rather weird, in that it had made no sound when he shook the cauldron.

"How is that possible?" Han Sen was really confident in his abilities of perception, and being able to sense the presence of something, even if it was out of sight. If there was something inside, he should have been able to detect it.

Han Sen closed the lid and gave the cauldron another shake with the jewel still inside. Like before, no sound was heard. It was as if the cauldron was empty.

When Han Sen removed the lid, the jewel was still there. He now also noticed a pleasant, herbal fragrance being emitted.

“What is this?” Han Sen took the jewel out. It felt warm to his touch, and it was lighter than any stone he had felt before.

Han Sen wondered if the jewel was actually a jewel, or was instead some sort of pill. If it was, it didn’t look edible. Swallowing it would be like swallowing a rock, or so he thought. He didn’t fancy digesting something like that.

Not partial to the consumption of such an item, he placed the jewel back in the cauldron and found a place in the shelter to hide it.

He didn’t really want to help Blind Man, but he was worried about the possibility of the package being associated with some murder or criminal act.

Han Sen returned to the Alliance and searched for information regarding such a cauldron.

He found many different cauldrons on Skynet, but there was nothing remotely similar to the one he had just been given. There was no news out there, either, about the theft of a cauldron.

After entering the dimensions of the cauldron, he should have been able to find something out about it. But alas, he could not.

Han Sen could not find anything out about the jewel, either. Frustrated, he simply decided to log-off Skynet and leave.

Following this package, though, Han Sen did not receive anything else from the elusive Blind Man. With no more reason for it to demand his attention, Han Sen decided to let the matter go for the time being.

“Little Han, we have received a report of an injured sacred-blood creature. Would you like us to check it out?”

As Han Sen went off to the east of the shelter, Old Huang sought him out.

“What is it?” His fourth gene lock had almost been opened, so he was fancying the idea of a quick kill of a sacred-blood creature.

“It is a black snake of sorts. It appeared to be dying, but that didn’t stop it from swallowing a mutant class frog. Still, that’s what told us it was most likely a sacred-blood creature,” Old Huang elaborated.

“Let’s take a look, then.” Han Sen followed Old Huang out of the shelter, and they ventured west. After ten miles of travel, they encountered a black snake resting on a rock. Its body was as thick as a barrel, and it had to be at least fifty meters long. Concerningly, its scales had been shredded by what appeared to be massive claws.

“It is a sacred-blood creature, you’re right.” Han Sen scanned it, and took notice of the lifeforce. And as they suspected, it was indeed legitimately damaged.

Chapter 999: Blue Ape

“Little Han, is it a sacred-blood creature?” Old Huang asked.

Han Sen nodded, saying, “Yes, it is.”

Han Sen brought out his bow and summoned a Sabertooth-Bee Arrow. Then, he took aim at the giant snake’s weakspot.

“Old Huang, ready yourself for a fight.” Han Sen then commanded the party to establish a formation.

Han Sen loosed the arrow. It pierced through the snake’s already-shredded flesh and embedded itself entirely within the beast.

The black snake shrieked in agony, and took off after Han Sen. It expelled a black smoke from its mouth, as it went, and it looked terrifying.

“The snake can breathe a horrid mixture of fire and toxic smoke; run!” Han Sen summoned his Dragon-Blood Snake as he ordered them all to fall back.

The two monsters lashed against each other. Although the giant snake had been severely wounded, it was still more formidable than its new opponent. Without wasting a second, it slithered its way around the Dragon-Blood Snake to ensnare and choke it. So powerfully did it seize Han Sen’s creature, it looked as if its entire body would snap in two-seconds-flat.

The Dragon-Blood Snake squealed in pain as the black snake rotated its head, nearing the mouth of its captured foe. Then it opened its venomous maw wide and cast a gust of toxic smoke down the Dragon-Blood Snake’s throat.

The Dragon-Blood Snake’s muscles relinquished their strength, and it collapsed as if it were drunk. It wished to escape, but it longer had the strength to even attempt to free itself.

Han Sen returned the Dragon-Blood Snake to the Sea of Soul before anything even more foul befell it.

Whoosh!

Another Sabertooth-Bee Arrow was fired, and it drilled through another of the giant snake’s wounds.

The black snake was whipped into a frenzy by Han Sen’s bold attacks, and it lashed towards him with a mouth that breathed fire like a geyser.

The forest around him was turned to cinders, and charred branches cascaded to the ground in a chimney-red, halloween-orange haze. If a portion of the once-green region had been spared the fury of the snake’s fire-wreathed vengeance, it soon fell prey to the fierce disintegrating properties of the beast’s toxic smoke.

Han Sen pranced quickly in retreat, weaving his way past trees and bushes, using what he could as momentary cover.

His sacred-blood armor was able to repel the fire and toxic smoke, thankfully. All he had to do to remain alive was not breathe in the smoke himself.

Using the bushes, Han Sen evaded the snake's enraged attacks. And after each successful dodge, he fired an arrow at another of the snake's wounds.

If Han Sen had not gotten as strong as he was, he wouldn't have been able to keep his head above water and remain toe-to-toe with the foe.

Still, the sacred-blood creature was scary. And despite the barrage of arrows Han Sen fired, and the shrieks of pain they drew from the snake, they didn't actually slow the creature down. It still came for Han Sen as madly as ever. He could only be thankful the snake had already been injured so severely; had it not, Han Sen wasn't sure if he could've handled it.

The black snake was strong, and it continued as it was for quite some time. But eventually, as all things did, the blood loss took its toll. The creature began to shiver and shake, and its attacks lost the precision and finesse they once had.

Han Sen, braving the inferno, took the opportunity to run loops around the snake. He fired arrow after arrow, each striking the wounds of the giant snake.

After an hour of this, the black snake lost its composure and fell to the ground. It remained there, with at least two hundred arrows protruding from its scaly-skin.

"Sacred-Blood Creature Black Python killed. No beast soul gained. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."

Han Sen felt great relief following that battle. It had almost been too hot for him to handle, and he was supremely thankful the creature had been found wounded. He did not fancy going up against such a foe if it was at full health.

Han Sen then went to fetch Old Huang and his people, and brought them back. As they prepared to transport the creature back, something leapt out of the forest towards the snake's body. It grabbed the snake, threw it over its shoulder, and ran away.

Everyone was frozen stiff. An ape had just waylaid them; one that was two meters tall and had baby-blue fur.

For it to carry such a creature all by itself was no small feat, and yet despite that, it managed to race through the knotted woods with impressive speed.

"Sh*t! How dare you take my kill. That belongs to me!" Han Sen's wrath was quickly incited, and he fired arrows as he yelled at the fleeing simian.

But the ape did not look back, and off it continued to go. It had positioned the snake across its back, too, so that the corpse would be the recipient of any arrows fired at the ape's back.

“Ooh-ooh-Oohaha!” The blue ape turned around and laughed at Han Sen. Then, it went back to running away.

“F*ck you, monkey!” Han Sen was furious. He had to do something, but first, he told Old Huang to return.

The blue ape continued running through the tangled overgrowth of the forest, and Han Sen planned to go after it. Unfortunately, it too was a sacred-blood creature. And so, to ensure the safety of Old Huang and the others, he made sure they did not follow.

What’s more, he had seen the ape’s claws. It was quite possible that the blue ape was the one responsible for the snake’s initial injuries.

As Han Sen gave chase, the blue ape sped up. It ran faster than Han Sen could.

That surprised him, too. It was as if the blue ape had suddenly activated a speed boost.

“Is it just fast, or has time just sped up?” Han Sen was quite surprised.

The blue ape shone with a blue light as it went, and further and further it raced. When there was a wide enough berth, it would even turn around to taunt Han Sen with a cheeky grin.

Han Sen was unable to catch up, and after a while of chasing it, the thief had gained a lead that increased until it was completely out of sight. Regretfully, Han Sen had to give up the pursuit.

There was no use in Han Sen getting mad, as it was his fault for not being able to match the ape’s speed. He returned to the shelter empty-handed, but did not make a fuss.

What had occurred with the ape did not weight on his mind, either. He soon forgot about it entirely. Failure was to be accepted sometimes, and it was something that happened frequently, when someone wished to hunt creatures.

But a few days later, there were growing reports of a blue-colored fiend making a habit of stealing kills and even wounding people.

Han Sen frowned. With the ape’s power being what it was, he knew the ape could have killed the hunters if it chose to. So, it seemed as if the ape had returned with the desire to provoke them.

“Stay in the shelter over the course of the next few days. I will check it out,” Han Sen commanded his people. Then, he went to the spirit hall and picked up Bao’er. With the baby in-hand, he left the shelter.

Han Sen had been unable to chase the blue ape before, but things might be different with Bao’er in tow. If the ape made an appearance and did something to upset Bao’er, Han Sen was fairly sure she’d use the gourd to make quick work of it.

Chapter 1000: Battling the Ape King

Han Sen left the shelter with Bao'er. He killed a few primitive class bugs at first, to see if that would draw the ape out.

Not long after, it had indeed come to steal his kills. It crept near to Han Sen and watched him.

It was possible the ape knew Han Sen was special, more accomplished than the others fighters it had boorishly stolen from. This time, it did not make an immediate appearance and try to tackle Han Sen before running off with the goodies; it just waited and watched.

Han Sen was aware of the ape's presence, but pretended he wasn't. If he revealed he knew it was close by, there was a chance the ape would scarper. And if so, he'd most certainly be unable to pursue the ape if it was empty-handed.

Han Sen faced away from the ape, and holding Bao'er, he looked for more prey he could kill. When he started to move, so did the ape.

Han Sen found a black scorpion lying ahead, and noted it was primitive class. He fired an arrow.

The scorpion's carapace was broken by the sudden shot, and the insect quickly died.

And just as this happened, a blue flash leapt out of the bushes. The ape spared no time in picking up the scorpion, shouting mockingly at Han Sen, and running off back into the tangled depths of the forest.

The ape could have easily killed the scorpion if it wanted to, and it was clear it was interested in annoying Han Sen more than anything.

Han Sen immediately opened the three tiers of his Dongxuan Sutra. As he did, he covered the ape and sealed its seventh sense.

"Where are you going to run now, you little imp?!" Han Sen pulled out his bow and fired.

Having been unexpectedly robbed of its seventh sense, the blue ape was quite shocked. It frantically panicked as if it had been blinded, and a Sabertooth-Bee Arrow had already made a home on the hairy fiend.

The sharp arrow hit the monkey's soft belly, and it accelerated as it came into contact, spinning as if it were a drill.

Surprisingly, the arrow was only able to ruffle some of the ape's fur, and was unable to break the ape's skin.

The blue ape squealed in fright, but it didn't let Han Sen's meddling stop it from trying to escape. Although its seventh sense was still sealed, it was still able to reorient itself and try to flee. Perhaps, Han Sen thought, the monkey was familiar with the area, and thus it could still run off in a certain direction with great speed.

Han Sen gave chase, determined to fire another arrow that would strike the monkey's arse.

Through the boons of Dongxuan Aura, Han Sen was able to fire the arrow silently. And because of this talent, the arrow managed to avoid the attention of the ape. As planned, the arrow dug into the monkey's meaty backside.

Roar! The blue ape's arse was bleeding. It pulled its arms back to finger the wound, which oozed blood. It looked rather funny.

"Haha!" Bao'er clapped and laughed at the sight.

Han Sen was going to fire another, but the ape's blue light appeared. And after this occurred, the speed of the ape greatly increased.

He tried giving chase to the monkey, but Bao'er looked unmoved, and it didn't appear that she wanted to bring out her gourd and kill the ape before it could escape. Needless to say, this disheartened Han Sen, somewhat.

Bringing out his bow again, he fired. Unfortunately, not even the arrows could keep up with the fleeing ape. Eventually, it disappeared from his sight.

"It went fast." Although Han Sen had lost sight of the creature again, all was not lost. This time, he had drawn blood. With a good whiff of the ape's scent, Han Sen would be able to track it and discover where the ape had gone to.

The blue ape traveled through the forest for a good long while, and Han Sen was determined to follow it. As long as the ape's trail didn't lead him to the more nefarious corners of the forest, that was.

Because Han Sen was able to mask his scent and movement, even if there were creatures near him, he would most likely be able to avoid them and not alert them to his presence.

After fifty miles of travel, however, the scent became lighter. Han Sen presumed the wound on the blue ape's arse had probably healed up.

But the blue ape seemed to have a taste for vengeance. Han Sen had inflicted a decent bit of damage, and in an embarrassing spot, too. Given the chance, Han Sen believed it would only be a matter of time before the ape returned for him.

"Dad. Monkey." Bao'er suddenly pointed to a space ahead.

Han Sen peered in the direction she was pointing, and suddenly saw an army of monkeys jumping around.

The monkeys had already spread out to surround them, something which had shockingly escaped Han Sen's realization.

"Ooh-Ooh-Oohaha!" The thieving blue ape made an appearance. And as it revealed itself, so did all the other monkeys that surrounded them. They all chanted in their simian banter, wildly and sharply.

Han Sen observed them all, and counted there to be around one thousand of the creatures. Save for the sole sacred-blood blue ape, which had clearly established itself as king, the rest were all a mixture of primitive and mutant class types.

In unison, all the apes let out a cry and ran towards Han Sen. As cool as ever, though, he did not flinch back from their approach. And as this occurred, Bao'er clapped her hands as if she was applauding grand theatrics.

Han Sen opened his Dongxuan Aura and sealed the seventh sense of every creature there. And like they had just become headless chickens, all the monkeys lost their sense of direction and became aimless.

Han Sen brought out his bow and fired an arrow at the blue monkey king, aiming for the felon's ear.

The arrow drilled neatly into the spot he had selected, but it did not remain there long. Immediately after it had settled, the ape grabbed the arrow, pulled it out, and broke it.

Han Sen was disheartened by the loss of the arrow, so he pulled out Taia and ran towards the king.

The ape king could no longer hear or see, but it looked as if it was able to do just fine with guesses. It turned around and sought to run-off again.

The blue ape's behavior was starting to aggravate Han Sen. The beast was too cowardly, despite its dastardly acts. Han Sen wanted to fight it face to face, but his inability to do so annoyed him.

Han Sen was even angrier at the thought he could never actually catch up with the fiend if it chose to flee.

Still, this area was home to many such monkeys. Wherever the blue ape lived, it had to be near.

"I don't think so," Han Sen said, with Bao'er on his back sucking a dum-dum in excitement.