

Beast Tamer 35

Chapter 35 I Didn 't Hear Anything!

Being a contract driver for a regulated transportation company with a Six-Hoofed Yak Car, he often had chances to send people to the "Scavenger" base.

He had seen enough to know very well what it meant to work as a "Scavenger".

"Scavenger" is a job that's quite respected, with good pay as well.

Many Beast Masters would take "Scavenger" as their career of choice.

Those Beast Masters who chose "Scavenger" as their occupation early on would weigh their choices in terms of beast contracts.

These Beast Masters wouldn't consider understanding the mysteries of beast-signature symbols or retaining even a hint of spiritual power, but would contract full five or six Guardian Beasts.

Then, while working as "Scavengers", they'd use these five to six Guardian

Beasts to protect themselves.

Such Beast Masters, who took up "Scavenger" as their profession, usually lived very well off.

They would never even consider riding a Six-hoofed Yak Car.

Because among the carriages hauled by beasts of contract, the Six-hoofed Yak Car was at the bottom rung.

If Fang Mu were a middle-aged man, carrying the pressures and hardships of life, with a clear idea of the implications of his choices, things would be different.

Such people the driver would not try to dissuade.

For sometimes, even a single coin can become an insurmountable obstacle to the best of men.

But Fang Mu was still young, and still had a future to pursue.

It is hard to persuade a man bound for doom!

Despite realizing that his words likely wouldn't make a difference, the driver just couldn't help the feeling of pity.

Upon hearing those words, Fang Mu smiled at the driver, expressing his thanks.

Without offering much of a response, he waved his hand and got off the car.

F Fang Mu just didn't know how to explain his situation.

He couldn't very well say that he was joining the "Scavengers" to feed the carcasses of strange beasts to his guardian beasts and incidentally supply goods to the Beastmaster Web, could he?

If he said so, the driver would likely end up thinking he was mentally impaired.

The smile that appeared on Fang Mu's haggard face was interpreted by the driver as one of resignation.

The driver let out a deep sigh.

The motion of driving the Six-Hoof Yak Car away had become noticeably heavy.

Fang Mu was indeed not yet eighteen.

However, to join the “Scavengers”, sixteen was old enough.

Before Fang Mu even entered the gate of the “Scavenger” base, he saw staff members distributing white masks, marked with a “Scavenger” symbol, by the door.

Anyone who enters the base, whether they decide to become a “Scavenger” or not, can get a mask free of charge.

The mask provides a certain degree of protection.

More to the point, it serves to cater to the feelings of visitors.

For many people wouldn’t want their family and friends to know they’ve become “Scavengers”.

And to put their family and friends through that worry.

This white mask serves as protection: both necessary and considerate.

Fang Mu directly took one of the standard masks from the workers and put it on his face.

Then, he stepped inside the gate to the base.

The worker distributing masks, upon seeing Fang Mu’s youthful countenance, was visibly taken aback.

But he didn’t say much more.

If the teenage boy who had just donned the mask and entered the base was underage, he'd be sent right back out.

Registering as a "Scavenger" is quite simple.

Having faced no obstacles on his way, Fang Mu completed the registration process swiftly.

He received a white badge, engraved with a green leaf.

While going through the registration process, Fang Mu had already familiarized himself with the "Scavenger" manual.

So he knew what the green leaf on his badge meant.

The green leaf on the badge symbolized his rank as a "Scavenger".

Every four leaf symbols would automatically combine to form a flower symbol.

Only "Scavengers" with a flower symbol on their badges could be considered formal members of the organization.

Advancing in rank as a "Scavenger" depended entirely on one's accumulation of points.

Ordinary people who came purely for the money often couldn't hold on until they had accumulated points for two leaves.

Beast Masters who cannot use beasts for their own protection often begin to experience clear physical symptoms once they have accumulated points for three leaves, and find it hard to continue.

Fang Mu quite liked this simple and straightforward method of advancing in rank.

If advancement required taking an exam, or being verified by a higher-ranking “Scavenger”.

It would not only bring Fang Mu a lot of hassles, but also waste much of his time.

At this point, the worker who had just completed Fang Mu’s registration and gave him his rank badge smiled and said.

“If you want to start working today, I can arrange for a formal member to take you to the soldier-level crematorium.”

“Along the way, he can share some valuable experience with you!” Hearing the statement, Fang Mu responded lightly.

“I want to start working today, could you kindly arrange that?”

Award, having been contracted by Fang Mu through Covenant Blood Essence, had become Fang Mu’s Guardian Beast.

It was kept in the Destiny Guidebook together with the Clean Water Spirit.

With Award protecting him, there surely wouldn’t be a problem for him to handle soldier-level strange beast corpses.

Having a formal member guide him could also give Fang Mu a chance to learn a lot of things that are not recorded in the handbook.

The people who came here applying to join the “Scavengers” generally wouldn’t delay in getting to work.

The front desk staff followed their standard procedure and randomly assigned Fang Mu a formal member.

Formal members who guide newbies can earn some points.

The points earned are the same as those awarded for completely taking care of a soldier-level strange beast corpse.

So the formal members are quite happy to guide newbies.

Soon, a woman dressed in red and with short hair arrived at the front desk.

The woman greeted the front desk with a coldly alluring voice.

“Manli, you’ve gotten a lot flatter in just two days.

“No wonder your husband cheated!”

Manli, the person being addressed, tossed back her Big Wave hairstyle, her voice changing drastically from her earlier gentle way of speaking with Fang

She gruffly retorted,

“He Qing, if you hadn’t helped me to put my husband in the hospital, we’d be over just based on that comment!”

He Qing puckered up her lips in response. “Be mindful of your surroundings, there are people watching!” “If you get reported, points will be deducted!”

As she spoke, He Qing whistles in a mannerism akin to a hooligan.

Fang Mu, who'd been standing to the side enjoying the show like a honey badger munching on a melon, suddenly felt annoyed.

"Why did you have to drag me into your sisterly squabble?"

Looking at Manli staring at him intently, Fang Mu shrugged his shoulders,

"I'm somewhat hard of hearing and didn't catch what was just said!"

Hearing Fang Mu's reply, Manli glared at He Qing and said,

"Make sure you go over the specific precautions with him."

Hearing this, He Qing's demeanor changed, and she nodded seriously.

Manli cleared her throat and switched back to her earlier gentle demeanor, turning to Fang Mu, she said,

"Don't judge her by the way she talks, acting all weird."

"When it comes to guiding newbies, she's actually one of the best!"

"You're in luck!"