

Chapter 1: Supergene

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Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

By a stony creek in a valley, a black-clad young man was holding a black beetle with a metallic sheen that looked like a cross between a crab and a Hercules beetle.

Holding a dagger in his other hand, the young man swiftly cut the still-struggling claws off the beetle, revealing white and tender meat.

Almost without hesitation, the young man sucked the meat out of the claws as if he were eating a crab, and swallowed it together with larger pieces of tougher meat.

"Black beetle killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the flesh of the black beetle to gain zero to ten geno points randomly."

"Black beetle flesh eaten. Zero geno points gained."

A strange voice sounded in Han Sen's mind, and some data also appeared.

Han Sen: Not evolved.

Status: None.

Life span: 200 years.

Required for evolution: 100 geno points.

Geno points gained: 79.

Beast souls gained: none.

"I have received zero geno points from more than thirty black beetles in a row. I must have eaten too much black-beetle flesh to evolve from it further. Zero points! When will I ever finish the first evolution and gain status." Han Sen looked frustrated.

Over a hundred years ago, science and technology reached a very high level, and humans finally mastered space teleportation technology. Shockingly, when they tried to be teleported, they found that they were neither sent back to the past nor teleported to the future. They didn't even travel from one planet to another. A completely different world lay at the other end of the space teleport channel.

A world that human beings could not have imagined. In this world, all scientific and technological means lost their function: a machine gun in this world was not even as useful as a steel knife. Missiles and nuclear weapons would not explode, same as a heap of scrap iron. No mechanical or electronic equipment would work either.

All kinds of horrible creatures inhabited this world. Human beings, who used to stand on top of the food chain because of their wisdom and technology fell to the bottom.

But when people killed certain relatively weak creatures and ate their flesh, they were surprised to find that their own bodies changed considerably and evolved quickly in ways that science could not explain.

What made people pleasantly surprised was that in this world, with the evolution of the body, their lifespans also increased, which was amazing news to all mankind.

In the following century, more and more people entered this world called "God's Sanctuary," gradually became familiar with the rules of this world, hunted its creatures, and saw their own bodies evolve. The higher the degree of physical evolution, the longer the life. Theoretically, if you could continue evolving, it could be possible to live forever.

In this world, science and technology became completely useless. The only things that could help humans were the most primitive fighting skills. Ancient martial arts, which were almost forgotten in modern society, had an unexpected effect here.

All kinds of ancient martial arts had been re-developed, and after more than 100 years of development, new martial arts schools were formed and became prominent.

In addition to ancient martial arts, God's Sanctuary offered another tool to enhance humans, the beast soul.

When killing a creature in God's Sanctuary, a person had a chance to obtain the beast soul of the creature. Beast souls had all kinds of forms and appearances. Some could be summoned to fight for men, and some appeared in the form of armor or weapon.

In addition, some beast souls could even help humans transform so they could take the shape of terrifying monsters, magical birds flying between heaven and earth, or insects drilling underground.

Neither martial arts nor beast souls had anything to do with Han Sen.

Even in modern society, advanced science and technology were in the hands of just a few people.

Han Sen completed integrated compulsory education and entered God's Sanctuary when he turned 16. What he had learned from school was no more than the beginning level new martial arts that everyone knew.

As for beast souls, they were so expensive that Han Sen couldn't afford even the cheapest.

Without martial arts and beast souls, or even advanced man-made alloy weapons, Han Sen was only able to kill some low-level creatures to eat their flesh and evolve, and he was having a difficult time in God's Sanctuary.

But the more meat of low-level creatures he ate, the less effect of evolution he gained. Three months in God's Sanctuary and he still could not complete a physical evolution.

Han Sen had tried to kill some of the more powerful creatures, but even the weakest primitive creature, the copper-toothed beast, almost took his life. He had to rest for nearly a month before returning to God's Sanctuary.

By this time Han Sen had eaten all kinds of ordinary creatures around him, and it wouldn't help to eat their flesh any more. If he didn't risk hunting more advanced creatures, he would never evolve.

When he was about to try to kill a copper-toothed beast, Han Sen saw something climbing out from the ripples of the creek.

He originally thought it was a black beetle, but immediately noticed something different: all black beetles had black shells, but a bright golden color caught his eye.

Han Sen gazed at the creature climbing out of the water. It really was a black beetle, but different from the ordinary ones because of its golden body as big as a basketball. It was like a sculpture carved from gold, and its eyes were crystal clear, like gems. It did not even look like a living thing unless observed carefully.

"Why is this black beetle so strange?" Han Sen stared at the golden black beetle.

Recently he had killed countless black beetles and knew everything about them. Their vision was poor, but their hearing was very sensitive. As long as he remained still, even in close proximity, a black beetle would not notice his presence.

Han Sen stared at the strange beetle, and unexpectedly, it climbed toward him.

Without hesitation, when the golden black beetle crawled next to Han Sen, he held down the golden black beetle's shell with one hand and swiftly cut into its fragile joints with the dagger in his other hand. He made six clean cuts vertically and horizontally to remove all six claws of the beetle.

The golden black beetle struggled and flipped over. Taking this opportunity, Han Sen pierced his dagger into a white mark on its belly and turned it sharply. The golden black beetle suddenly stopped moving.

"Sacred-blood creature black beetle killed. Beast soul of sacred-blood black beetle gained. Eat the flesh of sacred-blood black beetle to gain 0 to 10 geno points randomly."

Chapter 2: Ass Freak

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Han Sen was stunned by the sudden voice in his head, and he could hardly believe it was true. Sacred-blood creature and sacred-blood beast soul: were those even real?

The creatures of God's Sanctuary were divided into four parts: ordinary creatures, primitive creatures, mutant creatures and sacred-blood creatures. Different geno points could be gained by eating flesh of creatures of different types.

At that time, there were four God's Sanctuary phases known to men. With each physical evolution completed, access to the next space would be permitted. The more powerful the geno points used in evolution, the higher the likelihood of surviving in the next space.

Sacred-blood beast souls were without any doubt the best beast souls. Any sacred-blood beast soul could be sold at an enormous price.

When Han Sen finally realized what had really happened, he was almost trembling. Holding the dagger to pick open the shell of the black beetle, he filled his mouth with meat as tender as jelly.

"Flesh of black beetle eaten. One sacred geno point gained."

Feeling the flesh turn to energy and hearing the voice in his mind almost brought Han Sen to tears.

He grabbed a claw and sucked out all meat from it, feeling waves of energy hitting his body and boiling his blood.

There was not much difference between eating a sacred-blood black beetle and eating a crab. After sucking the meat clean from all six claws, Han Sen started to cut the meat inside the shell.

"Flesh of black beetle eaten. One sacred geno point gained."

"Flesh of black beetle eaten. One sacred geno point gained."

The strange voice continuously sounded in Han Sen's mind and made him feel on top of the world.

As Han Sen was cutting away, he felt his dagger cut into something hard that made a sound like metal. Han Sen stopped.

Black beetles and crabs are alike: They looked tough, but inside their shells there would be nothing but boneless meat, so how could there be metal?

He removed the dagger, pulled aside the meat that had been cut, and saw a corner of black metal. Han Sen cut open all the meat surrounding it, and soon the black metal was completely exposed.

At first he thought it was metal, but taking it out, he discovered that it was a black crystal the size and shape of a pigeon egg.

Han Sen took the crystal in his hand and didn't feel anything abnormal. The crystal was just like a beautiful, rounded black pebble.

But with a closer look, there seemed to be millions of stars shining in it, creating incredible beauty.

"Here is the easiest area in God's Sanctuary," Han Sen thought. "Even primitive creatures are hard to find here, let alone sacred-blood creatures. How did this sacred-blood black beetle suddenly appear? And I've never heard of a sacred-blood black beetle before. Black

beetles are such low life after all. And this sacred-blood black beetle is so outrageously weak. Is its appearance related to the crystal?"

There was no clue, so he simply ate all the rest of the black beetle meat and was stuffed. He gained a total of seven sacred geno points.

Seven sacred geno points were beyond his wildest dreams. With his background, he needed to risk everything even to kill a primitive creature, let alone a sacred-blood creature.

The shell of the sacred-blood black beetle was also precious material, so Han Sen picked up all the claws and stuffed them into his pocket, together with the upper and lower shells.

The shell of ordinary black beetles almost had no value, but the shell of a sacred-blood black beetle would probably make a soup that could give him one or two more sacred geno points.

It was the first time Han Sen had eaten a sacred-blood creature. Technically he could max out and get ten sacred geno points: he already had seven from the meat, and the other three should be in the shell.

If he were to sell the shell, he could probably afford a nice private aircraft in Levo Interstellar Alliance with the money he received.

On the way back to Steel Armor Castle, everyone was pointing at him, gloating and laughing, and no one would come near him.

Everyone in the Sanctuary was looking at him as if he were a monster.

Normally, when an ordinary person went to the Sanctuary, even if he were poor, if his martial skills were not too bad, he could always find some companions and kill a few primitive creatures together, and he would be nowhere near as miserable as Han Sen.

However, in the entire Steel Armor Castle, no one was willing or had the courage to have anything to do with Han Sen.

More than three months ago, Han Sen had entered God's Sanctuary for the first time. The moment he stepped outside Steel Armor Shelter, he saw a giant white wolf unicorn standing with its back towards him around the corner of the rampart.

Without hesitation, Han Sen grabbed his dagger and fiercely stabbed the unicorn in the ass.

This stab turned Han Sen and Qin Xuan together into the biggest laughing stock in Steel Armor Shelter.

Yes, the white wolf unicorn was not a beast, but a human like Han Sen himself. She was just transforming using a beast soul.

Qin Xuan was also the most powerful woman in Steel Armor Shelter. She was likely to finish her first evolution with sacred geno points and embark on the path of evolution.

A new guy stabbing Qin Xuan's rear end became the biggest joke in Steel Armor Shelter. Although no one dared to mention this to Qin Xuan's face, secretly everyone was laughing their asses off.

And "Ass Freak" became Han Sen's well-known nickname in Steel Armor Shelter.

Then Qin Xuan declared that whoever spent time with Han Sen would become her enemy. In Steel Armor Shelter, few people could afford to be Qin Xuan's enemy. Even if they could afford it, no one would risk antagonizing Qin Xuan for the sake of a nobody and Ass Freak.

That was why Han Sen had such a difficult time, but he didn't really blame Qin Xuan. It was his fault in the first place: He was too nervous the first time he came to God's Sanctuary, plus he had never seen creatures in his previous world or transformers before, which all led to the unforgivable mistake.

Han Sen was already grateful that Qin Xuan did not kill him in anger.

The only lucky thing was that the teleportation into God's Sanctuary was always random, and there were no familiar faces in Steel Armor Shelter, so no one knew his real name.

Chapter 3: Sacred-blood Armor

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Han Sen returned to his room, made a fire, and started boiling the black beetle claws and shells in a pot.

Without tools and know-how, he could only use the most primitive methods to process the shells and extract the geno essence.

The shell of a sacred-blood creature would take more than an hour or two to cook, so Han Sen covered the lid and took out the black crystal to take a closer look.

Still, no clues whatsoever.

Suddenly, Han Sen caught a glimpse of the caged green-scaled beast the size of a civet cat in the corner of his room and suddenly had an idea.

Like black beetles, this green-scaled beast was an ordinary creature. Han Sen used to prey on them and bring them back to cook and eat to increase his geno points.

But later, green-scaled beasts no longer increased his geno points, so Han Sen didn't eat the last beast and forgot about it. Surprisingly, it was still alive.

He grabbed the moribund green-scaled beast from the cage, hesitated for a moment and was about to feed the black crystal to the beast.

To his surprise, seeing the black crystal, the dying green-scaled beast gathered all its strength to stretch out its tongue, roll the black crystal back into its mouth and swallow the whole crystal.

"There is indeed something magical about the black crystal!" Han Sen was stunned and found that the green-scaled beast seemed considerably more lively after swallowing the crystal, its four claws scratching and head moving to bite Han Sen's hand, which was on its neck.

Han Sen threw the green scaled beast back into the cage and carefully watched it. The beast, which hadn't fed for days, completely recovered its vitality, thrashing and scratching wildly in the cage, just like it had when it was first caught.

Han Sen sat across from the cage and watched the movements of the green-scaled beast. He had a guess, and if he was right, he might have obtained something incredible—something more exciting than a sacred-blood creature.

But Han Sen was afraid he was wrong, so he could only stare at the green-scaled beast anxiously, hoping to see the change that he desired.

Han Sen nervously stared intently and did not realize that he was starving until he smelled bone broth from the pot.

Looking at the time, he noticed almost 24 hours had passed. Rising to check the black beetle shell in the pot, he saw the golden color of the shell had been boiled off and the broth had become golden. It smelled so good that the hungry young man's mouth watered.

About to scoop up a bowl of soup, Han Sen suddenly heard iron breaking from the cage of the green-scaled beast. He quickly turned around and saw the green-scaled beast had bitten off an iron bar of the cage and stretched out his head from the inside.

Its light green scales had now completely turned a dark green color. Its teeth had become sharp and the tips of its four claws were like iron hooks. The beast was about to come out of the cage.

Han Sen was pleasantly surprised and pulled out the dagger from his waist. He rushed to the front of the cage and stabbed the dagger into the lower belly of the green-scaled beast. With a turn of the dagger, the green scaled beast stopped struggling.

"Primitive creature green-scaled beast killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the flesh of the primitive green-scaled beast to gain zero to ten points randomly."

The strange voice sounded in Han Sen's mind and left him stunned.

"Primitive green-scaled beast ... Primitive creature ... So the crystal can really make these creatures evolve ... " Han Sen was overwhelmed with joy and did not know how to react.

After a long time, he suddenly cut open the green-scaled beast with the dagger and uncovered the crystal as big as a pigeon egg. Taking no heed of the blood on it, he kissed the crystal twice and then wiped it clean, holding it in his hands like it was a great treasure.

"The crystal was really the reason the black beetle became a sacred-blood creature ... If the green-scaled beast had continued to evolve, could it have become a sacred blood creature too? " Han Sen almost dared not think about it, because it was just too amazing.

He was so excited that his hands were trembling while holding the crystal. He bit his tongue and cried out of pain so as to know that it really was not a dream.

After remaining excited for quite a while, Han Sen carefully put the crystal away, gobbled up the shell broth, and gained another sacred geno point, bringing his geno point count to eight.

Without tools and means, his primitive method couldn't extract all geno essence from the shell, but it was good enough that he gained one sacred geno point.

Han Sen realized that he had gained a sacred-blood beast soul of a black beetle when he killed the golden black beetle, and he quickly accessed his profile.

Han Sen: Not evolved.

Status: None

Life span: 200 years.

Requirements for evolution: 100 geno points.

Geno points gained: 79 geno points; 8 sacred geno points.

Beast soul gained: Sacred-blood black beetle.

Type of sacred-blood black beetle's beast soul: Armor.

"What would the armor of sacred-blood black beetle's beast soul look like?" Before Han Sen finished the thought, a golden shadow shot out of thin air, looking exactly like the golden black beetle.

The golden black beetle flew to Han Sen's chest, turned into a golden liquid and started to cover his whole body. In the blink of an eye, Han Sen's whole body, together with his hair, was all wrapped up.

The streamlined gold armor was full of power and impact, and covered his whole body as if it were a suit of gothic Medieval armor instilled with improved aerodynamics—it looked just like a piece of art.

The whole suit of armor felt full of power and speed, making Han Sen look slender and majestic, as if his whole body were full of explosive power.

With shining metallic luster, the armor was gorgeous and had a solid texture. At first glance, it was even somewhat like the gold cloth worn by Golden Saints.

The difference between the gold cloth and the beast soul armor was that the armor covered the head and body completely, with only a few gaps in the joints where different pieces overlapped, just like the black beetle itself, which was the only weakness of the beast soul armor.

Han Sen moved around in the armor and there was no feeling of heaviness or clumsiness. Instead he felt that his body had become a little lighter and full of energy.

"Indeed, this was armor from a sacred-blood beast soul. It is way more gorgeous than the ones from primitive beast souls that I often have seen at Steel Armor Shelter." Han Sen felt ecstatic. He used to envy people in armor of primitive beast souls and had never thought he would get a suit of a sacred-blood beast soul one day.

Chapter 4: The Old House

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"Yate Group President Zhao Yalong completed the third evolution, entered Fourth God's Sanctuary, and became the 83rd human in history to enter Fourth God's Sanctuary. His life span has reached 500 years and he has gained the status of demigod..."

"The prodigy from Raikot Galaxy, Lange, entered Second God's Sanctuary with 100 mutation geno points. His life span has reached 300 years and he has gained the status of evolver..."

"The speaker of the House of Representatives, Hemingway, killed a demigod creature star of the ocean yesterday, and was the first to accomplished this feat..."

"According to authoritative experts, in ten years someone will complete the fourth evolution for the first time and advance into Fifth God's Sanctuary..."

"..."

Han Sen had just teleported from the Steel Armor Shelter and the news was playing on a virtual screen.

"Evolver, surpasser and demigod. With the black crystal, I will be able to do all that, and go even farther." Han Sen shook his fist, stepped away from the teleport station, and took the maglev train home.

Before he went into the yard, Han Sen heard a harsh female voice.

"Luo Sulan, do you want to take the old house of the Hans? This house was our parents', and my two elder brothers and I each own a part. Now my eldest brother has passed. We

won't bully you, since you are a widow, and will leave you his share. But if you want to take everything, we will never agree. "

"That's right!" The voice of a middle-aged man chimed in. "The old house has always been the inheritance of our parents. All of us have rights to it, and you can't keep it for yourselves. Your family has lived here for more than 20 years, so you have already taken advantage of us in a big way. It is time to divide the inheritance."

"My brother has said it," a soft-pitched male voice continued. "You lived in the old house for more than 20 years. We will not collect the rent, but this old house is our inheritance and has to be divided."

A young woman's voice could be heard saying, "We have an estimate from a lawyer, and this old house is now worth more than three million. We are three households, so we should get a million each. You can either give each of us a million and own this old house outright, or sell the house, and then we all split the money. We are okay with either option you choose."

"Exactly, now that our eldest brother is gone, we won't bully his widow and kids. You can give us money or sell the house, as you like," the harsh first voice began again.

"Brother and sister, there is no need to force me. You know our situation. We don't have two million," a woman said sadly.

"Then put the house up for sale," the harsh woman immediately said.

"Where would we live without a house? Han Sen just graduated and Han Yan is about to go to school," the sad woman said.

"Sister-in-law, this is not reasonable. How are you the only one with troubles? Your kids Han Sen and Han Yan are only enrolled in integrated compulsory education, while my Han Hao goes to a private school. His tuition gives me grey hair every year. "

"Sister, you are right. We are all having a hard time and everyone needs money. Why don't we just sell the house? We could all take some, and you could afford Han Yan's education," said the effeminate voice.

"Anyway, you either give us money or sell the house. Your choice," the young woman said coldly.

Outside the house, Han Sen became furious as he listened. He pushed the door open and saw his mother shedding tears while holding his sister, Han Yan. The five-year-old girl curled up in the arms of her mother, her big eyes full of fear. Next to them, two men and two women were all smiling indifferently.

"How dare you come here and ask for the old house?" Han Sen pointed to the fierce-looking fat woman and exclaimed in anger. "Aunt, you used to be an accountant in the company and brought about tens of millions in bad debts. Did my dad not help you after you begged him?"

"Han Sen, what nonsense. Who caused bad debts? Stop lying," the skinny guy with the effeminate voice cried, pointing to Han Sen.

"Uncle, you embezzled the company's public funds to invest and lost a few million." Han Sen pointed to the skinny guy. "Did you not come to my home and get on your knees to beg my dad for help?"

"And you, uncle, you owed so many gambling debts that you were almost forced to commit suicide. Who helped you? When you were almost beaten to death, who saved your life?" Han Sen pointed to the fat, middle-aged man.

"Starry Group wanted to acquire our family business. If my dad didn't represent all of you and then had a falling out with Starry Group, would he have died in such a shady way?" Han Sen clenched his teeth, looking at the four. "But you, you skipped my dad's funeral and sold the company to Starry Group upon his death. Did you give us any of the money you got from selling the company? Also, who paid for YOUR houses when you got married? Were those

houses any cheaper than this old house? Did you take care of your parents for a single day when they were alive? How dare you come here to ask for a share of the old house?"

"Stop it! Your father only did what he wanted to do. The company belonged to my father, and we all have shares. He can't decide for us. And surely, we can spend the money of the company," Uncle Han Lei said brazenly.

"That's true. Your father was a dictator, and we are only getting our own money back. It does not matter what you say. Give the money or sell the house, otherwise we'll see you in court. You will lose the case wherever we go," Aunt Han Yumei shouted.

"It's all your dad's fault ... " They started to accuse Han Sen's late father.

Han Sen was shaking with anger and felt wronged for his father. When his father took over the company, it was only a small business, worth one or two million. He spent so much effort for the company to bloom and had to look after his family and make up for their mistakes. A few times the company was on the brink of bankruptcy due to liquidity problems. And he even died for the company. After his death, however, his wife and children were bullied by the relatives that he used to help.

When Han Sen's father was alive, he always said that they were family and there's no need to argue. And what an irony it has become now!

If they truly needed the money and had difficulties, Han Sen would just agree to give it. But all the private aircrafts they piloted here were worth more than a million. And they at least got ten million from selling the company, which all fell into their pockets, and nothing was given to Han Sen's family. It was simply impossible that they didn't even have a million.

Chapter 5: Swift Mantis

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After making a fuss at Han Sen's home, Han Yumei and Han Lei gave his family an ultimatum—they had to come up with the money or sell the house in one month, otherwise they would file a lawsuit.

"I'm so useless that I can't even keep the house." Luo Sulan held Han Yan, her face covered with tears.

Luo Sulan was a gentle lady. When Han Sen's father was still alive, she was treated like a princess. She didn't even know how to sweep the floor, let alone do other chores. Han Sen knew how difficult it was for her to raise his sister and him after his father passed away.

"Don't worry, Mom. I am here even though Dad isn't. I will not let them take away our house. You take a rest and I'll consult Uncle Zhang on the matter." Han Sen called a friend of his father's, Mr. Zhang. He was the lawyer who used to work in their family business as legal counsel.

"Hi, Uncle Zhang? This is Sen ... Is your back any better? I have a legal matter that I want to ask you about ... so ... " Han Sen looked a little pale when he hung up.

He had confirmed that his relative told the truth—they do have rights to a part of the house. And if they really did go to court, the verdict would be close to what they've asked for—to either pay them money or sell the house.

"Sen, what did Mr. Zhang say?" Luo Sulan asked Han Sen, looking at him nervously.

"Don't you worry, Mom. I have checked with Uncle Zhang and there is a solution. You just make sure Yan is okay, and I'll take care of this. The house will not be taken away by anyone," Han Sen said with a smile.

"That's good ... that's great ... " Luo Sulan breathed a sigh of relief.

Having rested at home for a night, Han Sen took a train to the teleport station and entered God's Sanctuary in the morning.

Han Sen was teleported to his room at the Steel Armor Shelter. When one was teleported into God's Sanctuary, one would appear in a certain room only accessible to him or her. Unless permitted by the owner, others were not able to enter the room.

Before finishing the first evolution and entering Second God's Sanctuary, this was Han Sen's home in God's Sanctuary.

Now Han Sen had no power or influence. The only solution was to come up with two million dollars in a month if he wanted to keep the house.

Although he felt it was unfair, without power, there was nothing left to do.

Two million Levo dollars was an enormous amount for a young man who just finished integrated compulsory education.

In the past, Han Sen couldn't have earned two million in a year, let alone in a month. But now everything was different. In fact, if he had not already cooked the shell of the sacred-blood black beetle, the shell alone would be worth one or two million.

Even without the shell, he still had the black crystal that could make creatures evolve. As long as he had that, two million was nothing.

Looking at the body of the primitive green-scaled beast on the ground, Han Sen hesitated for a moment before cutting the body into pieces. He then dried the meat, made it into beef jerky and carried it with him in his waist pack.

He must first catch a creature before he could use the crystal to make it evolve and trade the flesh of the evolved creature for money. Now that Han Sen owned a suit of sacred-blood-beast soul armor, he could up his game and start to hunt primitive creatures instead of ordinary creatures.

Primitive creatures weren't worth much, and he would waste a day's time waiting for an ordinary creature to evolve into a primitive one. To come up with two million, Han Sen would need to sell at least a mutant creature.

Primitive creatures were usually seen a dozen kilometers from Steel Armor Shelter. Han Sen had not dared to go that far before, but now he had his armor.

This time, his goal was no longer a copper toothed beast, the weakest among all primitive creatures, but the swift mantis often spotted in Zephyr Valley.

Although a primitive creature, a swift mantis had a fragile body and could easily be killed by a normal alloy dagger if stabbed in a vulnerable spot. However, a swift mantis was so fast that ordinary people couldn't keep up with it. And its pair of hacksaw-like forelegs could easily split human bones. Once hit by the forelegs, a person would be crippled, if not killed. So few humans would go to hunt this creature.

For Han Sen, however, the swift mantis was the best option. It was in the end only a primitive creature, and there was no way it could cut open his sacred-blood-beast soul armor. If he couldn't be hurt by the mantis, surely he could kill it.

The most important thing was that with claws and wings cut off, a swift mantis could no longer fight back but could still live. This way, Han Sen could easily take it back, keep it in his room, and use the black crystal to make it evolve into a mutant creature before he sold its flesh.

Of course, if he were able kill a few swift mantises and got lucky, he might even gain a beast soul.

The beast soul of a swift mantis was in the shape of a swift jagged blade, which was a long dagger, a type of weapon Han Sen had mastered.

Although the swift jagged blade was only a primitive beast soul weapon, it was the sharpest of all primitive weapons, and could even compare to some mutant beast soul weapons.

Because of the danger of hunting swift mantises, few would go to Zephyr Valley, and even fewer had obtained a swift jagged blade. If the rare weapon were to be sold, it would cost more than two million. So, if Han Sen could score a beast soul of a swift mantis, there would be no need to sell mutant creature flesh any more.

The closer Han Sen got to Zephyr Valley, the fewer people he could see. Around the valley, there was no human activity at all.

Han Sen did not dare to go too deep, so he found a hidden place and summoned the sacred-blood black beetle beast soul to cover himself in the golden armor. Taking a deep breath, he sneaked towards Zephyr Valley.

Han Sen did not dare to go too fast. The valley was covered with trees and wild grass as tall as a man. As the trees and grass swung with the wind, it was difficult to spot any swift mantis that might be hiding there. Even momentary carelessness could lead to broken bones from a mantis attack.

Chapter 6: Armor Is Everything

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Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Suddenly, Han Sen saw something green, about a foot-long, sticking to the grass like a leaf. If he didn't look closely, he would've thought it was part of the grass and would have never imagined it to be a swift mantis that could split a human skull with a single blow.

Its pair of sickle-like, jagged forelegs were even longer than its body. Dark green in color, the forelegs were covered in a metal sheen, and were nothing like its fragile body. The rigidity of the forelegs was definitely comparable to the most advanced alpha alloy.

Han Sen was lucky that he found the swift mantis before it saw him. Moving towards it, he calculated the nearest he could get to it before being noticed by the swift mantis.

When he was about six feet away from the swift mantis, Han Sen did not dare to go any farther, fearing he might lose the opportunity to attack by stealth.

Tightly holding the dagger in his hand, Han Sen rushed out from the grass and cut at the swift mantis' waist in a fast and ruthless strike.

But Han Sen had still underestimated the speed and responsiveness of the swift mantis. It had noticed his presence the moment he rushed out. All of a sudden, it rose into the air, gliding with wings spread towards Han Sen in a truly swift move. Its forelegs had cut him in the head before he could even react.

Han Sen subconsciously stepped back in shock, yet the mantis foreleg still hit his head. With a sound of metal clashing, Han Sen felt only slight discomfort, as if his head were hit by a stone. And there was not even a scratch on the sacred-blood-beast soul armor.

Filled with ecstasy, Han Sen seized the opportunity to cut into the slim waist of the swift mantis in front of him with a fierce stab. The swift mantis was cut into two halves, green mantis blood splashing him wet all over.

Han Sen didn't care at all and listened to the strange voice in his head blissfully.

"Primitive creature swift mantis killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the swift mantis to gain zero to ten primitive geno points randomly."

Touching his helmet where the swift mantis cut to feel it was still smooth, Han Sen thought to himself in excitement, "Ha-ha, the armor is everything! With my armor, I could kill whatever I want to kill and no one could ever hurt me. I wouldn't even fear mutant creatures."

Han Sen suddenly gained courage and stopped hiding. He marched to Zephyr Valley and alerted several swift mantises to attack, but they couldn't hurt him at all by cutting his armor. Han Sen took the opportunity to kill them all, each with one stab.

"Primitive creature swift mantis killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the swift mantis to gain zero to ten points randomly."

"Primitive creature swift mantis killed ..."

The voice continuously sounded in his mind, adding to his thrill. He stabbed his way through the valley and killed more 20 mantises in succession.

...

Su Xiaoqiao was on his way to Zephyr Valley as well, quietly mulling over his own bad luck.

His parents were the owners of an interstellar conglomerate and were considered both distinguished and aristocrats. He, however, was randomly assigned to Steel Armor Shelter, where he had no friends or even acquaintances.

To get an aristocratic title, Su Xiaoqiao could only choose to follow Qin Xuan in order to max out on mutant geno points and become an evolver.

There were two types of titles in Levo Interstellar Alliance. One was "distinguished"—once one became a surpasser, one could be certified as distinguished. The other was an "aristocratic." If one could evolve with 100 mutant or more advanced geno points, one could be certified as an aristocrat.

Either title involved a lot of benefits in the Alliance, and most importantly they were a symbol of social status. Today in the Alliance, people were more and more snobby. People from the upper class wouldn't even talk to someone without a title, even when doing business.

Advanced titles like sacred-blood aristocrat were beyond Su Xiaoqiao's dreams. All he wanted was to gain the title of ordinary aristocrat by maxing out on mutant geno points and completing an evolution.

However, to get 100 mutant geno points was still too difficult for him on his own. He did bring a lot of money to Steel Armor Shelter, but money could only buy ordinary and primitive creature flesh, as very few people would sell mutant creatures. Only people who aimed to max out on sacred geno points like Qin Xuan would sometimes sell the mutant creature flesh they had. However, it wasn't money that she wanted, but loyalty and service.

Su Xiaoqiao was now running errands for Qin Xuan, exploring the places less known to people and looking for traces of sacred-blood and mutant creatures to gather information for her. With the information, she could then gather a team to hunt down these creatures, and the team members would get mutant creature flesh in return.

Su Xiaoqiao had been exploring for a month and found no traces of mutant creatures, not to mention sacred-blood ones. Running out of supplies, he had to return to Steel Armor Shelter. When he passed Zephyr Valley, he thought there might be mutant creatures around, as the area was so sparsely populated.

After he sneaked in the valley, he felt something strange.

He didn't see any swift mantises, not even one. A mile into the valley, all he saw were some messy traces on the ground.

"Someone must have wiped out the swift mantises. Fist Guy or Son of Heaven? No. Although there are signs of fighting, there should be more damage if it were a group of people ... "

Surprised, Su Xiaoqiao sped into the valley, wondering what had happened.

As he expected, there were many green blood stains from swift mantises along the way. He followed the blood stains and turned a corner. What he saw stopped him in his tracks, appalled.

Next to the piled bodies of swift mantises stood a golden figure. In the sun, the figure looked like a robot in gold cast armor.

Chapter 7: Dollar

Chapter 7: Dollar

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Brother, you killed all these swift mantises?" Su Xiaoqiao saw no one except for the guy in golden armor.

The dead mantises were still bleeding, so they couldn't have been dead for long. Su Xiaoqiao couldn't believe that someone was able to kill so many mantises in such a short amount of time.

Although the swift mantis was only a primitive creature, considering the sharpness of its forelegs and its speed, even those who had maxed out on primitive geno points didn't dare to provoke it.

After all, there were too many weak spots on human body, and no one wanted to risk losing his life or getting severely injured from a mantis cut.

There were at least three dozen dead swift mantises on the ground. Even Qin Xuan would need some helping hands to achieve this. Su Xiaoqiao wouldn't believe that someone could have done it alone.

"Want some? A thousand Levo dollars each." Han Sen was just considering what to do with the mantises. He was on a killing spree and forgot the fact that there was no way he could eat so much mantis meat. And even if he could eat them all, only the first few could gain him geno points.

"A thousand each? Are you sure?" Su Xiaoqiao looked at him, surprised. Although many people were able to hunt primitive creatures, they were in short supply, especially the ones that most people had never eaten, like swift mantis.

After all, people's energy was limited, and there was a limit to how many geno points the meat from the same type of creature could offer. Only by eating the flesh of a variety of creatures could one keep collecting geno points.

Those who were relatively well-off would all be willing to pay for the creatures they hadn't eaten yet in order to be able to quickly max out on their primitive geno points.

Therefore, the primitive creatures that were easy to kill could bring a few hundred each, while the ones that were difficult to hunt, such as the swift mantis, could sell for two or three thousand each and still be in short supply.

Su Xiaoqiao calculated and figured that he could double or triple the price if he could transport these mantis bodies back.

"Yes, a thousand Levo dollars each." Han Sen nodded.

It wasn't that Han Sen did not know what the mantises were worth. Without a car or other tools, there was simply no way he could move all these bodies back on his own.

And if he left now, the bodies might be stolen when he returned.

Moreover, Han Sen did not want to waste his time and energy on this. He had more important things to do, and he could take some loss of the profits—as the wholesaler, he had to leave some profit to the retailer.

"Sure, I'll take them all. How many are there?" Su Xiaoqiao was onboard. The swift mantises could bring him more than money.

Primitive creatures like the swift mantis that ordinary people couldn't easily access would make great gifts. No one could refuse such a nice offer, as long as they hadn't maxed out on primitive geno points.

"A total of forty-three. I'll give you a discount and charge only forty thousand." Han Sen was just casually asking and did not expect this ordinary-looking guy to be so rich that he could buy them all.

Su Xiaoqiao took out his wallet and pulled out ten ten-thousand-dollar notes. "Brother, I'll give you fifty thousand for these mantises. The other fifty thousand is a down payment for whatever good stuff you may have in the future. I'll always give you a good price and would pay even higher for mutant creature flesh."

A hundred thousand was a small amount for Su Xiaoqiao. It would even cost him as much to buy someone a fancy dinner. This person was so bad-ass that he killed all these mantises on his own, so it was highly likely that he could hunt mutant creatures too. If it was possible to purchase mutant creature flesh from him, a few hundred million was nothing.

"Couldn't tell you were rich," Han Sen took the money and said bluntly, looking at Xiaoqiao slightly surprised.

"In all honesty, money is all I have. If you have mutant creature flesh to sell, do let me know. The price is definitely not a problem," Su Xiaoqiao boasted, afraid that he might lose this great opportunity.

"Great. What's your name and address? I will come and find you if I have something." Han Sen appreciated Xiaoqiao's generosity, and thought he might be an ideal buyer for the mutant creature he planned to produce using the black crystal.

After all, the black crystal had to remain a secret. Selling the creature to one person was much better than selling it in the market in front of everyone.

And he didn't even need to worry about the price since Xiaoqiao was incredibly rich.

"Brother, my name is Su Xiaoqiao, and that's my real name. My room number at Steel Armor Shelter is 1046. How about you? What's your name and where do you live?" Su Xiaoqiao said.

"Dollar. That's the only thing I care about. Prepare some money, and I'll go to room 1046 once I have something." Han Sen put the money into his pocket, waved goodbye to Xiaoqiao and left Zephyr Valley.

Having been through his father's death, Han Sen did not want to have too many exchanges with others. He just wanted to take care of his mother and sister and do his own thing. Other people or things didn't really affect him.

"Brother, I'll wait for you. You must come! Remember, the price is definitely not a problem..." Su Xiaoqiao shouted at the back of Han Sen while waving his hand.

After Han Sen left, Su Xiaoqiao couldn't help but call out: "How could I get these back?"

Su Xiaoqiao thought for a while and decided to carry some back in a bag and ask some friends to help him carry the rest.

Fortunately, there were almost no humans in Zeohyr Valley. When Su Xiaoqiao came back with friends, all the bodies were still there.

"Xiaoqiao, is it true that Dollar killed all these swift mantises?" Su Xiaoqiao's friends looked wide-eyed at the pile of mantis bodies.

"Of course. Although I did not see him hunting, there was no one else in Zephyr Valley at the time and the mantises had just died. Who else could it be?" Su Xiaoqiao said.

"I think it must be a gang of people that killed these swift mantises, and others must have left him to deal with the bodies. I don't believe one person could kill so many mantises. He must be bragging! "

"He was definitely bragging."

None of Su Xiaoqiao's friends believed Han Sen killed the swift mantises alone.

Translator's Thoughts

Nyoi-Bo Studio Nyoi-Bo Studio

Note: For English readers easily understanding the meaning of the word, Translator team selected word 'Dollar' instead of 'Jin Bi' in the translation.

Chapter 8: Primitive Beast Soul

Chapter 8: Primitive Beast Soul

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen didn't go back to Steel Armor Shelter after leaving Zephyr Valley. In a flash, he killed every swift mantis in a frenzy so that there were none left.

"Well, I'll just go hunt a copper-toothed beast. There are plenty of them near Steel Armor Shelter and there is a high chance of catching a mutant copper toothed beast, so it wouldn't seem too suspicious if I were to produce a mutant one using the crystal." Han Sen found a habitat of copper-toothed beasts and wanted to catch one that was alone.

Only able to find a small group of copper-toothed beasts, Han Sen went ahead and killed all of them but one, taking advantage of his tough armor.

"Primitive creature copper-toothed beast killed. No beast soul gained. Eat the flesh of copper-toothed beast to gain zero to ten primitive geno points randomly."

"Primitive creature copper-toothed beast killed. Primitive beast soul of copper-toothed beast gained. Eat the flesh of copper-toothed beast to gain zero to ten primitive geno points randomly."

Han Sen's eyes widened in surprise. The forty-three swift mantises and thousands of ordinary creatures he had killed didn't render a single beast soul. Now he had killed only two copper-toothed beasts and gained a beast soul!

"To get a beast soul requires pure luck." Han Sen was filled with joy. Although it was common, the beast soul of a copper-toothed beast was quite nice to have.

The copper-toothed beast was one of the weakest among all primitive creatures, but its beast soul was popular. Han Sen summoned the new beast soul, and a porcupine-like shadow with bronze fangs shifted into a bronze crescent spear in his hand.

The crescent spear had a bronzy sheen and a menacing look with its crescent-shaped spear head.

Type of primitive beast soul of copper-toothed beast: Weapon.

Han Sen played with the spear for a while, looking quite fierce. He was taught basic spear skills at school. Han Sen was interested in all kinds of weapons, so he learned well.

Han Sen put away his spear before he grabbed the living copper-toothed beast and went back. On his way back, he found a lonely spot to remove his armor. Looking like himself again, Han Sen went back to Steel Armor Shelter, carrying the knocked-out and tied-up copper-toothed beast on his shoulder.

At the gate of the shelter, a gang of about a dozen people were marching out, all riding on different tall beast soul mounts, headed by a man wearing steel armor and carrying a blood-red sword on his back. The man was riding a triceratops-like beast soul mount, looking mighty and majestic, attracting envious glances from all around.

In Steel Armor Shelter, there are three outstanding persons who aimed to complete evolution by maxing out on sacred geno points. This man, Son of Heaven, was one of them. Han Sen didn't know his real name and identity, but he was definitely a king in Steel Armor Shelter.

Carrying the copper-toothed beast, Han Sen stepped aside to let the gang pass. However, Son of Heaven stopped his mount when passing by him.

Crack!

Son of Heaven looked at Han Sen and slashed him on the shoulder with a leather whip. The copper-toothed beast fell on the ground, and Han Sen's clothes were ripped apart. A wound started to swell on his shoulder and back.

"Who had the nerve to sell you this primitive creature?" Son of Heaven asked in a cold tone, looking down at him condescendingly.

In Steel Armor Shelter, everyone knew that Son of Heaven was wooing Qin Xuan. Ass Freak who stabbed Qin Xuan in the rear naturally became his enemy. He was also one of the reasons why Han Sen was miserable.

When learning Qin Xuan was stabbed, Son of Heaven not only had Han Sen beaten up but also let everyone know that whoever would dare to do business with Han would become his enemy for life.

"I hunted it myself." Han Sen stared back coldly, fist clenched but standing still.

Not only had Son of Heaven gained a lot of geno points, but he also had collected many beast souls. Since he had help from his gang, Han Sen wouldn't be able to touch the guy even with his best effort. Even with his sacred-blood armor, he would be beaten to death before he approached Son of Heaven.

God's Sanctuary was different from the Alliance in that there was no law at all. Power was everything. Han Sen would only die in vain. Plus, Son of Heaven was said to be of prominent origin in the Alliance. Even if Han Sen were killed by him in the Alliance, Son of Heaven might not be subject to legal sanctions.

Han Sen was not afraid of death. But if he died, what about his mother and sister?

"If I find out that someone dares to sell to you, I'll make sure you both die in pain." Son of Heaven looked around and rode away.

"Ass Freak, don't make trouble. Or else I don't mind teaching you another lesson," Luo Tianyang smirked at Han Sen before following the gang on a black wildebeest.

Luo Tianyang, a henchman and old acquaintance in the Alliance of Son of Heaven, was one of the those whom he sent to beat Han Sen up.

Han Sen watched the gang going away with fire burning in his eyes. He picked up the copper-toothed beast quietly and walked towards Steel Armor Shelter, with everyone watching him with derision.

"Stronger, I need to become stronger." With scorching anger in his chest, Han Sen knew he was far too weak to fight the gang on his own.

The black crystal, however, was his biggest opportunity.

"Son of Heaven, just get rid of him for good," Luo Tianyang said coldly.

Son of Heaven smiled and said, "Qin Xuan is a stubborn girl. She doesn't like people to intervene in her business. Since she did not kill Han Sen, she might be upset if I did."

"What an unwise woman!" another henchman of Son of Heaven, Peerless Sword, said. "It's her honor that you, bro, would chase her, while she just puts on airs. If it weren't for you, I would have killed her already."

"Don't put Qin Xuan down. She is quite something in both God's Sanctuary and the Alliance. If she becomes mine, it will be a huge advantage to me." Son of Heaven said grimly, "End of discussion. We need to get to Sunset Slope before Fist Guy's gang. That sacred-blood creature has to be ours!"

Chapter 9: Sacred-blood Creature

Chapter 9: Sacred-blood Creature

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen returned to his room, tied the copper-toothed beast to a cage and put the black crystal in front of it. The beast gobbled up the black crystal greedily.

After an entire day, Han Sen noticed some changes to the copper-toothed beast. Its fur had been gray-black like a wild boar, and its fangs had been bronze. Now its fur also started to show a bit of bronze luster, and the fangs had become brighter in color.

However, this was not a true mutant copper-toothed beast, which ought to look like a bronze statue. Although this one did show some show some bronze luster, it was still quite different from a mutant one.

"It seems that the evolution from a primitive creature to a mutant creature is a more complex process than from ordinary to primitive, so it requires more time than one day," Han Sen pondered.

After more than two days, its bronze color thickened, but the copper-toothed beast still didn't look like it was going to evolve anytime soon.

Han Sen had to let the beast evolve at its own pace, and go kill some primitive creatures for money. Plus, he could also use some primitive geno points.

Even if one didn't choose to use the primitive geno points to complete evolution, the more primitive geno points one gained, the stronger the body would become. And the same went for ordinary and mutant geno points.

If one could max out on ordinary, primitive and mutant geno points, one's physical conditions would still be far beyond the average level, even without evolution.

With the black crystal, it wouldn't be difficult for Han Sen to max out on all four types of geno points. At the moment, he wanted to max out on the other three before he focused on sacred geno points.

Han Sen left his room and walked into the shelter, feeling slightly different: today the streets seemed to be a lot less crowded than usual.

"What's going on?" Han Sen walked past the plaza and found fewer stalls there than usual as well. People there were all whispering something to each other.

Han Sen listened for a while and started to figure out what had happened.

A few days ago, someone had spotted a new sacred-blood creature near the Sunset Slope. Somehow the three gangs in Steel Armor Shelter all found out about it and gathered at the slope, but the outcome was terrible: the sacred-blood creature ran free while a lot of men were killed.

Today, Qin Xuan, Son of Heaven and Fist Guy had reached an agreement to hunt the sacred-blood creature together. They also recruited a lot of lone wolves and smaller groups, forming the largest campaign in Steel Armor Shelter in recent years. The three gangs were determined to kill this creature.

Han Sen suddenly had an idea, so he turned around and ran out of the city. When there was no one around, he summoned the black-beetle beast soul and covered himself in armor. After running for two hours, he came to a stone hill west of Sunset Slope.

Having finally climbed to the top of the hill, Han Sen took a look in the direction of Sunset Slope. Among thousands of people fighting and yelling, there was a monster with the head of a cow, the upper body of a human and the lower body of a horse. It was holding a double-edged golden axe and pushing its way through the crowd. No one could withstand the fierce blow of its axe.

Han Sen happened to see the monster swinging the axe at Son of Heaven. who even had his blood-red sword, Son of Heaven did not dare to block the axe. He stepped on his own mount and leaped back a few feet.

Roar!

The monster's double-edged axe hit the triceratops-like beast soul mount and split it in two halves. That broke Son of Heaven's heart. A mutant beast soul mount was very rare, with the same value as a small interstellar spaceship.

"How is this sacred-blood creature so strong?" Han Sen was shocked.

The sacred-blood creature ran and killed thousands of people in a flash, and no one was able to fight back. Even people as strong as Qin Xuan, Son of Heaven and Fist Guy didn't dare to engage in a frontal attack. Hit by all sorts of alloy arrows and beast soul arrows, the monster still didn't even get a scratch. When it swung the axe, no one could get close.

Such a mighty creature corresponded to Han Sen's impression of a sacred-blood creature. The sacred-blood black beetle he killed was way too weak compared to this monster. It was only a little stronger than an ordinary black beetle and didn't even feel like a sacred-blood creature.

People were expecting to trap the sacred-blood creature, but now a key buffer was lost as the mount of Son of Heaven was killed. The sacred-blood creature was charging madly, waving the golden double-edged axe and leaving screams, blood, and limbs behind. It took it only moments to rush out of the siege to the mountain.

At the foot of the mountain, it even smugly turned around and stood on its back legs, mooing like a cow before it ran into the mountain.

"F*#k! It wants to escape!" Son of Heaven furiously summoned a green eagle-shaped beast soul, which turned into a green iron bow in his hand. Then he summoned a fiery beast soul in the shape of a giant six-winged wasp as his arrow.

Seeing the arrow, Qin Xuan and Fist Guy exclaimed, "A sacred-blood beast soul of a six-winged wasp!"

They had joined force with Son of Heaven in hunting the sacred-blood six-winged wasp. Son of Heaven was the one who had launched the final blow. They just didn't expect him to be so lucky to have gained its beast soul.

There were less than ten beast souls known to people in the entire Steel Armor Shelter, and many were left by those who already had evolved and gone to Second God's Sanctuary.

"Son of Heaven, stop! It's a beast soul that can only be used once. If you failed to kill it..." Luo Tianyang wanted to stop him, but it was too late.

Son of Heaven had already shot the sacred-blood beast soul arrow with a full draw. The arrow turned into a red lightning bolt flying towards the sacred-blood creature.

Bang!

The sacred-blood creature felt the imminent danger and turned around. The wasp arrow shot into its chest and exploded, bursting open its flesh. The monster fell to the ground, losing its vitality as its internal organs and blood sprayed out.

"How dare you kill my mount? There is no way I'd let you live after doing that," Son of Heaven yelled loftily, standing like a king, leaving everyone in shock.

While proud to see the crowd being impressed, including Qin Xuan, Son of Heaven suddenly saw a green shadow shooting down from the sky into the dying sacred-blood creature and ended its life.

A golden figure immediately rushed down from the stone hill nearby and approached the sacred-blood creature. Lifting the golden double-edged axe to his shoulder, the mysterious figure ran towards the mountain in a flash.

"Dollar!" Su Xiaoqiao recognized Han Sen's unique golden armor in no time and called out loud.

Chapter 10: Bloody Slayer

Chapter 10: Bloody Slayer

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen was hiding on the stone hill when the sacred-blood creature charged in his direction. As he was deciding whether to retreat, he saw Son of Heaven shoot down the sacred-blood creature.

Anger surged and Han Sen rushed down the stone hill while summoning the bronze crescent spear. He shot the spear at the monster and hit it in the wounded chest, killing the dying creature.

"Sacred-blood bloody slayer killed. Sacred-blood beast soul bloody slayer gained. Eat the flesh of bloody slayer to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."

The voice in the back of his head brought him intense joy. He had just gained another sacred-blood beast soul! His luck was too good to believe.

However, Han Sen did not have time to celebrate. The body of the bloody slayer was too large for him to take away, but what he could take away was the giant golden axe.

The creatures in God's Sanctuary could produce certain treasures through special means. People called these treasures "gears". Although gears were just like solid items and could not be summoned like beast souls, they could perform as well as beast souls if they were produced by advanced creatures.

The bloody slayer was peerless when holding the golden axe, and the axe could easily break normal beast soul weapons and beast soul mounts, so it proved to be an excellent sacred-blood gear.

Han Sen's goal was to get the golden axe, and the beast soul of bloody slayer was completely unexpected loot.

Watching Han Sen running on the mountain with the golden axe, everyone was stunned.

"Motherf*#ker!" Son of Heaven let out a raging roar when he realized what had happened. With a black wildebeest summoned as his mount, he rode madly in Han Sen's direction. Behind him, his gang all raced off on their own mounts to chase Han Sen, roaring and rebuking him.

Han Sen did not expect the golden axe to be so terribly heavy. With eight sacred geno points, he was already lot stronger than before, yet he could still barely walk with the axe, not to mention run.

"The bloody slayer made it seem so light! How could I run off with such a heavy weapon?" Hansen looked back and could already see Son of Heaven and his gang only half a mile from him.

Although it was too heavy to carry, Han Sen would never leave behind such an excellent sacred-blood gear. He suddenly thought of his newly gained beast soul of the bloody slayer, took a look at it and suddenly cheered up.

Type of sacred-blood bloody slayer's beast soul: Shapeshifting.

Without thinking, Han Sen summoned the beast soul of bloody slayer and a majestic shadow galloped out, looking just like the monster, only missing the giant axe.

The beast soul ran towards Han Sen and was instantly integrated with him. His body was transformed into a bloody slayer and the black-beetle armor changed its shape accordingly, still fully covering Han Sen's body as a bloody slayer.

After all, beast soul armor was not as rigid as man-made ones and could change according to the shape of the body.

After shapeshifting, Han Sen felt so energetic that the golden axe was now nothing to him. Running with four hoofs, he also became incredibly fast.

Han Sen surged up the mountain at full speed and disappeared, far outpacing the gang.

Everyone was speechless, as everything happened so fast. Many smirked as they watched Son of Heaven and others who were still chasing Han Sen.

"S*#t! Who was that guy? He's got some nerve jumping into the boiling pot! And what loot! In addition to the golden axe, he gained a sacred-blood beast soul! Can you imagine how much it must be worth?"

"You think you could buy a sacred-blood beast soul just with money?"

"Ha-ha, Son of Heaven must be so mad. A sacred-blood beast soul! It would have been his but was taken away."

"The arrow he used seemed like a one-off sacred-blood beast soul. And what did he get in return for such investment... LOL..."

"I'm just afraid Son of Heaven will lose his mind."

"Didn't expect there to be a sacred-blood beast soul! How lucky that guy is! He could never have killed the monster alone. And a dozen sacred-blood creatures may not even render a single beast soul. It just happened that he gained everything with the last hit."

"Who was that guy indeed? Is there such a person in Steel Armor Shelter?"

"I heard someone call him Doll, but not sure."

"Doll! Interesting name."

After less than an hour, Son of Heaven returned gloomily with his gang, but people already knew it was impossible to find someone on the winding mountain trails.

Son of Heaven immediately questioned Su Xiaoqiao when he got back. His exclamation "Dollar" had been a mistake.

Su Xiaoqiao had no choice but to tell him everything about how he met Han Sen, which wasn't very helpful since all he had was a name, Dollar.

Son of Heaven didn't fully believe him, but couldn't do much as Su Xiaoqiao was in Qin Xuan's gang. He bitterly led his gang back to Steel Armor Shelter and locked down the shelter, swearing to find Dollar and cut him into pieces.

Most people did not learn the name Dollar, while "Doll" became popular. For a while, Doll, Son of Heaven, sacred-blood creature, and sacred-blood beast soul became the most popular topics in Steel Armor Shelter.

Chapter 11: Who Is Dollar?

Chapter 11: Who Is Dollar?

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen was digging a pit at the foot of the mountain, planning to bury the giant golden axe there.

Although he escaped the manhunt of Son of Heaven by shapeshifting into the blood slayer, there was a limit to how long he could shapeshift.

As one of the most powerful beast soul types, shapeshifting beast souls could directly impart significant changes to a human body, which could be unbearable for those with weak genes.

The stronger the creature one wanted to shapeshift into, the more geno points and bodies were needed.

In general, for primitive beast souls, the number of minutes the body could withstand the shapeshifting was equal to the number of primitive geno points gained. In addition, one mutant geno point could support ten minutes of shapeshifting with primitive beast souls; and in turn, ten primitive geno points could support one minute of shapeshifting with mutant beast souls.

Now Han Sen had eight sacred geno points, which could last him only eight minutes for shapeshifting as a blood slayer. Even counting the ordinary, primitive and mutant genes he had gained altogether, he could shapeshift for less than ten minutes.

It was enough for escaping, but if he were to fight a gang of people, he could only kill one or two before his time was up.

No one could see a sacred-blood beast soul if it wasn't summoned, yet the golden axe could not be turned invisible. The person he mainly had offended was Son of Heaven, yet the campaign was a joint one, and the axe should've been the mutual gain of all three gangs. Hence, Han Sen had pissed off all of them and could only bury the axe in that spot for the time being.

"If I could sell the giant golden axe, it should easily bring at least two million." Han Sen was still excited after burying the axe.

A sacred-blood gear was not as valuable as a sacred-blood beast soul, but still considered almost priceless. If he could sell it, two million would be a small amount.

As for the sacred-blood beast soul, Han Sen had not even thought of selling. This was the bedrock of his survival and success in God's Sanctuary, and it would be like killing the goose that lays the golden egg if he were to sell it.

Returning to Steel Armor Shelter, he saw Luo Tianyang guarding the gate with others. Everyone who tried to enter the shelter was interrogated.

"Can you even see what beast souls I have?" Han Sen had no fear as he had already buried the golden axe.

A young man at the gate stopped him and wanted to do a body search on him, while Luo Tianyang said, "Why waste any time on that scumbag. How is it even possible that he would be Dollar?"

"F*#k off." The young man pushed Han Sen away and turned to search other people.

Han Sen looked at Luo Tianyang with a sneer and went into the shelter.

Everyone in the street was talking about what had happened at Sunset Slope. Listening to people calling him Doll, Han Sen thought, "Damn Su Xiaoqiao. Who told you to call me Doll?" He was happy to know that Son of Heaven was furious and strode back to his room.

In another room, Su Xiaoqiao stood in front of Qin Xuan, almost in tears. "Xuan, you need to believe me. I've told you everything I know. I really did not know Dollar, but only saw him once in Zephyr Valley and bought some swift mantises from him, which I gave to my bros as gifts. Just ask around if you don't believe me. They even helped carry the mantises back from the valley.

"I am not blaming you. I just want you to contact Dollar, tell him I am willing to buy his sacred-blood beast soul and gear, and ask him how much he wants," Qin Xuan said quietly.

"But I really do not know where he is!" Su Xiaoqiao said sadly.

"Then go find him. Don't let anyone know about this and go look for him secretly. If you manage the task, I'll reward you." Qin Xuan showed Su Xiaoqiao out after she gave the order, not waiting for his reply.

After he left, Qin Xuan frowned to herself, "Who could Dollar be? Is he someone in Fist Guy's gang? Or was the whole thing orchestrated by Son of Heaven? If he really is on his own, can I get him on my side? If I can't, it would also be nice to purchase the sacred-blood beast soul and gear."

Almost at the same time, Fist Guy sent his men to look for Dollar in secret, trying to buy the sacred-blood beast soul and gear from him.

Although it was a joint action, the only one who suffered a loss was Son of Heaven.

If it had not been for his sacred-blood wasp arrow, the bloody slayer would have run away and there would have been nothing for Qin Xuan and Fist Guy. Now they could share some flesh of the bloody slayer, so it had gone well for them.

However, Son of Heaven lost a mutant beast soul mount and a sacred-blood wasp arrow, while being robbed of the sacred-blood beast soul and gear. Anyone in his place would have been exasperated.

The entire Steel Armor Shelter was looking for Dollar, yet no one connected him to Ass Freak.

Son of Heaven also put a price on his head, and even offered to pay a reward for any substantive information. The price was so good that even Han Sen wanted to offer himself for the reward.

"Primitive green-scaled beast flesh eaten. One primitive geno point gained."

Han Sen squatted in the bushes, watching a deep pond near him while chewing meat jerky made from the green-scaled beast.

Up until this point, he had gained 91 ordinary geno points, 26 primitive geno points, zero mutant geno points and eight sacred geno points.

The copper-toothed beast was still slowly evolving, so Han Sen could only go out to hunt some primitive creatures, hoping to gain more primitive geno points.

Because the black beetle armor would draw too much attention, he could only go deep into the mountains where nobody goes, fearing that Son of Heaven would know where he was.

Fortunately, God's Sanctuary was so vast that there were many places where humans had never set foot, so it was rather easy for Han Sen to disappear.

While staring at the deep pond, Han Sen suddenly heard a distant voice of a man and immediately tensed up.

Chapter 12: Who Is Scum?

Chapter 12: Who Is Scum?

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Soon, Han Sen saw a young man walking towards the pond in ragged clothes. He was covered with cuts and bruises all over and looked extremely tired.

"Friend, there are iron-toothed crocodiles in the pool," Han Sen came out of the bushes and cried from afar. He meant well in warning the young man, but was also afraid that he might alert the crocodiles that he wanted to hunt.

This young man looked very tired and seriously injured. If he drank from the pond without knowing the crocodiles were there, he could have gotten killed by the iron-toothed crocodiles hiding under the water.

The young man saw Han Sen and became ecstatic. "What is this place? And how do I get to Glory Shelter?" he asked, staring at Han Sen.

"Glory Shelter?" Han Sen hesitated, looking at the young man strangely. "We are in Tekees Mountains north of Steel Armor Shelter, and I do not know where the Glory Shelter you mentioned is."

"I have come so far that I'm now in the territory of another shelter?" the young man whispered to himself, looked up at Han Sen, and said with an almost commanding tone. "Take me to the shelter."

Han Sen frowned, as the tone of the young man wasn't very polite. Quietly he said, "You go south from here. If you don't walk too slowly, you can reach the shelter before dark. I have to hunt, so I can't accompany you. "

Han Sen was preparing to go back into the grass, not expecting the young man to suddenly hit him in the back. Losing balance and falling to the ground, Han Sen knocked his head on a rock and started to bleed.

"What are you doing?" Han Sen covered his wound and stood up, glaring at the young man.

"All I want is obedience, not bulls*#t. Take me to the shelter." The young man looked at Han Sen coldly.

"F*#k you." Han Sen summoned his bronze crescent spear and poked it at him.

"Rubbish basic spear skills taught in integrated compulsory education! Even though my beast souls were all ruined on the way here, scum like you can't compare to me." The young man looked at Han Sen contemptuously, raised one palm and slashed it at Han Sen's spear.

The young man's hands looked nothing like hands of a man, but rather like they were sculpted out of a whole piece of white jade, giving off an incredible sheen.

Crack!

The beast soul spear was cut in half by his palm as easily as a steel knife cutting through wood.

"Hyper geno art!" With only half of the spear in his hand, Han Sen was horrified.

Science and technology were of no use in God's Sanctuary, but ancient martial arts played an unexpectedly important role. With all the geno points gained, humans were able to perform some mythical ancient martial arts in the real world. Nonetheless, it wasn't the so-called qi but the power of genes that powered the ancient martial arts. So, the more geno points gained, the more effective ancient martial arts would be.

The research showed that ancient martial arts could stimulate and bring out the potential of genes, offering extraordinary power to mankind. A new type of martial arts was developed called "hyper geno arts."

Hyper geno arts were deeply rooted in ancient martial arts, full of mysteries that couldn't be explained by science. Their practice methods were mostly monopolized by the upper class. The most advanced hyper geno arts were the least accessible.

For those who graduated from a public school of integrated compulsory education like Han Sen, hyper geno arts were never an option. Only the advanced schools would teach basic hyper geno arts.

If the process of gaining geno points was compared to turning mud into steel, then hyper geno arts could decide whether the steel was to be made into knives and guns or simply left as a piece of metal. Acquiring genes to make the body evolve was merely acquiring the material, while hyper geno arts taught one to use the material effectively.

"You know a lot for the scum you are." The young man looked at Han Sen indifferently. "This is your last chance. Lead the way or die."

Again, he raised the jade-like palm as if he was an executioner about to perform his duty. If Han Sen didn't comply, he would cut his head off.

"Kiss my ass!" Han Sen summoned the black beetle armor and covered himself, kicking the young man with a leg sweep.

"You asked for it." The young man's face darkened, his jade-like palm chopping towards Han Sen's leg.

Clank!

Han Sen's leg was knocked away, and there was a white mark on the golden armor.

The young man was also forced to step back from Han Sen's kick. Surprised, he looked greedily at Han Sen's armor. "It didn't break under my Jadeskin! Must be sacred-blood beast soul armor then! A scum like you having such a nice thing is just a gift sent from heaven. Hand over your armor and I'll spare your life."

Han Sen turned around and launched another kick in rage.

The young man grabbed Han Sen's leg and twisted it, wrestled him down and came down hard on his back with a knee.

"Ah!" Han Sen uttered a scream, feeling his spine about to break.

"Scum is always scum, even with a sacred-blood beast soul." The young man (named Xue Longyan) continuously hit Han Sen on the back of head, knocking his head into a rock. He cried ferociously, "Surrender the sacred-blood beast soul. It's not meant for scum like you."

"Asshole!" Han Sen's blood was burning. He suddenly raised his head and butted Xue Longyan's face with his helmet. Blood splashed from Xue Longyan's nose. He covered his nose and backed off.

Han Sen regained freedom and immediately summoned the bloody slayer. The moment he turned into the monstrous figure, he threw himself at Xue Longyan.

Xue Longyan kept chopping at Han Sen, while Han Sen ignored all the attacks from his tough hands and held him down tightly, the cow-shaped head knocking on his head.

"Who is scum... who the f*#k is scum..." Han Sen knocked madly on Xue Longyan's head over and over again.

Chapter 13: Jadeskin

Chapter 13: Jadeskin

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

While Xue Longyan was struggling to kick Han Sen, the latter ignored him and rammed his face with the cow head. It didn't take long before Xue Longyan's body went limp. When Han Sen finally calmed down, he was already dead, with his face smashed in like a hunk of meat.

With the body of a bloody slayer and sacred-blood beast soul armor, even those who practiced hyper geno arts couldn't resist such brutal impact.

Han Sen let go of the body, and Xue Longyan fell to the floor like a pool of mud.

Having dismissed the beast souls, Han Sen felt a severe pain. It was hurting so much in a few spots that it felt like his bones were broken.

Han Sen dreaded to think what could have happened. He was injured so badly, even with the shapeshifting and armor. Xue Longyan's hyper geno art was really quite something.

If he had the same beast souls, Han Sen wouldn't be a match for him.

Looking at the dead body, Han Sen hesitated and then searched the body. There was a wallet, with no cash but several crystal credit cards in it—deluxe ones with high credit lines. He also found a memory chip. After some thought, Han Sen destroyed the wallet and credit cards and threw them, along with the dead body, into the deep pond, while keeping the memory chip.

Several iron-toothed crocodiles emerged from the water and snapped at the dead body. Soon even the bones were gone. Han Sen was relieved and turned away.

Too injured to keep hunting, Han Sen returned to Steel Armor Shelter, enduring the pain.

The gang of Son of Heaven were still looking for Dollar, and the bounty had been raised. Unfortunately, no one had any interaction with Han Sen, so no one would know Dollar was actually Ass Freak. People were still talking about Dollar on the streets.

Han Sen went all the way back to his room and checked out the copper-toothed beast, which had turned bronze in most parts, although the shade was still lighter than a true mutant copper-toothed beast. It probably would take more time for the evolution to complete.

Teleporting out of God's Sanctuary, Han Sen went to see a doctor. Multiple fractures of the bone were diagnosed, and it took the doctor a long time to fix all of them.

Fortunately, Han Sen still had the ten thousand he earned from Su Xiaoqiao, or else he wouldn't even have been able to afford the medical bills.

Back home from the hospital, Han Sen closed the door and inserted the memory chip into a smart gadget, trying to find out Xue Longyan's identity.

Able to cross the mountains and swamps to reach Steel Armor Shelter and having practiced a hyper geno art that looked very advanced, Xue Longyan would be very a formidable opponent if he still had his beast souls with him and had not been injured.

The smart gadget displayed the contents of the memory chip and Han Sen only had to look for a while before he became wild with joy.

"Hyper geno arts... it's a tutorial for hyper geno arts..." Han Sen almost laughed out loud.

The hologram stored in the chip was a naked woman making odd movements while reciting arcane incantations. With each movement, she would also give some explanation.

Although the woman was extremely beautiful, Han Sen was completely attracted to what she was talking about and had no other thoughts.

"Jadeskin! Isn't this the hypo geno art used by Xue Longyan?" Han Sen had seen the power of jadeskin when Xue Longyan used it, and became even more happy.

Having locked himself in the room for 48 hours, Han Sen finally memorized everything in the chip and destroyed it, as it could become a pitfall in the future. After watching the jadeskin tutorial, Han Sen had a stronger sense that Xue Longyan must have been somebody significant.

Han Sen began to practice jadeskin as he was recovering. He had thought before about buying a tutorial of a hyper geno art, after he had earned some money. However, the ones that could be bought were all cheap, unlike jadeskin, which he could tell was premium.

Knowing that practicing jadeskin might eventually expose him, Han Sen still decided to begin. If he missed jadeskin, he might never have the opportunity to practice a premium hyper geno art.

Having practiced for several days, Han Sen felt his body had become cooler. And his body temperature was indeed 35 degrees Fahrenheit lower than normal. It was not a discomfort, but rather a refreshing feeling. Han Sen felt more fit, as if his body cells were full of energy.

His body temperature didn't change further as he kept on practicing. Han Sen became more and more fit and his skin more and more smooth.

"Han Sen, what have you been up to lately? It's been awhile since we met. Let's hang out sometime!" The hologram of a smiling handsome long-haired man about Han Sen's age popped out from the comlink.

"Where are we going?" Han Sen was delighted to see Zhang Danfeng, the long-haired guy. They grew up together, and he was son of Mr. Zhang, the lawyer.

"Come out first! Han Hao and Xue Xi are also with me, and we are almost there," Zhang Danfeng said.

"Sure." Han Sen nodded and went out the door. There was a small private jet parked outside, and Zhang Danfeng was waving to him from the driver's seat.

Han Sen got in and saw a girl and a guy talking in the back seats. The girl named Xue Xi was very pretty and gentle. And the guy was Han Hao, son of Han Sen's fat aunt.

Han Sen's aunt was an aggressive woman, so Han Hao inherited her family name.

The four young people had all grown up together. However, after Han Sen's father's accident, he could only go to integrated compulsory education, while the rest were in private schools.

Han Sen nodded to Han Hao and Xue Xi and sat in the co-pilot seat. Han Hao took a look at him and continued to talk to Xue Xi, ignoring Han Sen.

"Xue Xi, you should see it! Dollar just waved his hand and turned into a monster with horse legs, a human upper body and a cow head in golden armor. Son of Heaven and his gang could do nothing but watch him gallop away..."

Chapter 14: The Chosen

Chapter 14: The Chosen

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen was somewhat surprised to see Han Hao sputtering on. He did not know Han Hao was also randomly sent to the Steel Armor Shelter.

Han Hao was three months younger than him, so he should've just had his birthday and gained access to God's Sanctuary.

For unknown reasons, if those under 16 were teleported, their bodies would suffer irreversible damage. So according to the Alliance laws, one must be 16 years old to be teleported to God's Sanctuary, regardless of social status.

"Hey Frenzy, where are we going?" Han Sen asked Zhang Danfeng. Although Zhang Danfeng was a good-looking man, he became crazy whenever he was in a fight, hence the nickname.

Zhang Danfeng's face lit up, "Starlight Martial Hall. My idol Tang Zhenliu's going to be in an exhibition fight held there! He was the Chosen last year, and his broadsword skills are so fierce!"

Zhang Danfeng was full of yearning. In this era where everyone was focused on evolution, stars no longer came from acting, singing, sports and E-sports, but from fighting.

In God's Sanctuary, once every year the martial hall of each shelter would open at the same time, and those in the top 100 could have their names on the martial stele in the martial hall. The champions from each shelter would be eligible to compete among themselves. And the same happened in all four phases of God's Sanctuary. The top 10 from

each phase could have their names on the Sacred Stele, which was public to everyone in the same phase, and gain the title "the Chosen."

And the ten Chosen would become the hottest stars of the year.

In recent years, Qin Xuan had always been the champion of Steel Armor Shelter, but her name was never on the Sacred Stele, so she was never among the top 10 of First God's Sanctuary.

Ranking number 5 last year, Tang Zhenliu was known for his fierce broadsword skills. He was very popular among young people and even more well-liked than the top 4. He was paid as high as ten million Levo dollars for any exhibition match.

Knowing his popularity, Han Sen was nevertheless shocked when he saw a full house at Starlight Martial Hall, which could accommodate more than a hundred thousand people.

Many crazy fans were holding signs and calling out Tang Zhenliu's name. When he appeared, a girl was so excited that she fainted.

"If I could have my name on the Sacred Stele like Tang Zhenliu once in my life, then I'd know I've lived." Zhang Danfeng said admiringly.

"You will Frenzy." Han Sen smiled and said, watching the young people around him going crazy for Tang Zhenliu's appearance.

"It's so hard. I have entered God's Sanctuary for three months already. Although I bought some primitive flesh and a primitive beast soul, it's still difficult for me hunt any mutant creatures. If I could buy a mutant beast soul, it would be much easier. But even if I had the money, people wouldn't necessarily sell their mutant beast souls." Zhang Danfeng shook his head with a wry smile.

Han Sen thought to himself regretfully, "The only thing that could be brought from God's Sanctuary to the real world was a beast soul, while it can only be used but not traded there.

Otherwise I could produce mutant creatures and would gain some mutant beast souls eventually, which could be really helpful to Frenzy."

"Ha-ha, then I have better luck than you, Danfeng. I just entered God's Sanctuary and have already gained a mutant beast soul. Such a pity you are not in Steel Armor Shelter, or else we could hunt together and I could help you," Han Hao said proudly.

"You've gained a mutant beast soul already? Tell the truth, did you hunt it or pay for it? " Zhang Danfeng cried, staring at Han Hao.

"Of course I hunted it myself," Han Hao said loudly.

Han Sen laughed to himself. Since he was a kid, Han Hao had always raised his voice when he lied. His parents probably bought him the mutant beast soul with an enormous amount of money.

The cheapest mutant beast soul would cost millions, and good ones tens of millions. So that's why his relatives were after the old house. It was a huge expense for them. Although the company had earned a lot of money, they had probably spent it all by now.

Tang Zhenliu was indeed awesome. Although it was just an exhibition fight, his broadsword skills were so swift and fierce that his broadsword almost became invisible.

After watching for a while, Han Sen knew that Tang Zhenliu must have practiced premium hyper geno arts and learned his weapon skills from masters, and he was no competition to Tang Zhenliu.

Tang Zhenliu won the fight and summoned a beast soul to perform, shapeshifting into a three-meter-tall tyrannosaurus creature and smashing a huge stone with its head, arousing a burst of screaming.

"Sacred-blood beast soul of raging dementor! I would do anything for a beast soul like this." Zhang Danfeng stared at Tang Zhenliu, who turned into a monster with a watering mouth.

"This is nothing! This beat soul is nothing like the one Dollar has..." Han Hao sputtered about Dollar as if it were himself.

"It would take a showdown to tell." Tang Zhenliu was Danfeng's idol, so he was upset to hear that. "I don't know how good Dollar was, but his sacred-blood beast soul was robbed from others, and it was not a chivalric act. Even if he had a great beast soul, he would not be comparable to Zhenliu."

Han Sen blushed with shame and thought, "Oh Frenzy, you didn't know what a hard time I was having! How could I let go of an opportunity like that! Not to mention Son of Heaven was my enemy."

Han Sen was hesitating whether or not to tell them that Dollar was himself but decided not to. It wouldn't do them any good, after all.

Rate Translation Quality

Chapter 15: Selling Flesh

Chapter 15: Selling Flesh

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Chapter 15 - Selling Flesh

Han Sen kept practicing Jadeskin and recovering after he returned home. Every two days he went to God's Sanctuary to check on the copper-toothed beast.

It took the beast half a month from the time it swallowed the black crystal to become a mutant creature, but it was still the size of an ordinary copper-toothed beast, while the mutant copper-toothed beasts Han Sen had seen were twice that size. In addition to the size, the one he evolved into wasn't much stronger either, not even close to a true mutant one.

Han Sen took out his alloy dagger and slashed the beast on the neck, but caused no damage at all. It was his dagger that chipped.

"So it is somewhat different from an ordinary one." Han Sen shapeshifted into a bloody slayer and snapped its neck by force.

"Mutant copper-toothed beast killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points."

The sound in his mind overjoyed Han Sen. It might look different than a wild mutant copper-toothed beast, but it was fine as long as it was indeed a mutant creature.

Now what was troubling him was how to sell this mutant copper-toothed beast. He really needed the money, or else he could just eat it to gain mutant geno points.

"It is too dangerous for me to sell it showing up as Dollar, now that the entire shelter is looking for him. But it would also be troublesome if I were to sell it using my own true identity." Han Sen still decided to use Dollar's name after some hesitation.

Su Xiaoqiao was depressed these days. Qin Xuan asked him to find Dollar, but he didn't know Dollar any more than she did, so what was he supposed to do?

Early in the morning, Su Xiaoqiao was tripped by something and fell flat on his face.

"Who is this f*#ker that placed a stone in front of my room? He's dead if I find out." Even more depressed than before, Xiaoqiao saw that there was something under the stone.

He took a closer look and found a note and a bundle. The note said, "Goods worth fifty thousand delivered. We are square. If you want more, come to Zephyr Valley tomorrow. Cash only."

Although there was no signature, a coin was drawn at the lower left corner, making clear who it was from.

"Dollar!" Su Xiaoqiao was thrilled but didn't make a sound this time. Looking around and seeing no one, he took the bundle and note and closed the door.

Su Xiaoqiao carefully opened the bundle and saw a long strip of meat jerky the size of two or three bites.

Su Xiaoqiao chewed up the meat jerky and swallowed.

"Mutant copper-toothed beast flesh eaten. One mutant geno point gained."

The voice in his mind surprised Xiaoqiao, "Mutant copper-toothed beast flesh! So it was hunted by Dollar? He must have more now that he asked me to bring cash to Zephyr Valley."

Thinking of this, he got even more excited that he could bring Qin Xuan's message to Dollar and buy mutant flesh from him at the same time.

Early in the morning, Su Xiaoqiao set off to Zephyr Valley. He waited from early morning to noon but didn't see Dollar coming.

"S*#t, he must have fooled me!" Su Xiaoqiao was so upset that he was preparing to leave, but then heard someone say, "You brought cash?"

Shocked, Su Xiaoqiao turned around and saw Dollar in golden armor emerging from below the ground.

"Brother, did you hide there all morning?" Su Xiaoqiao said, staring at Han Sen.

"I've been hiding here since last night. You know what's going on right now, and I have to be careful," Han Sen said casually.

"I admire you Dollar, but you really have nothing to worry about. I'm so grateful you would sell me mutant flesh and would never betray you."

Su Xiaoqiao gave Han Sen the thumbs-up. It was incredible that he could stay underground for the whole night and the entire morning. It must have been so uncomfortable.

"Cut the crap. Did you bring the money?" Han Sen pulled out another bundle from the pit where he was hiding and placed it in front of Xiaoqiao.

Su Xiaoqiao looked inside the bundle, which was full of the same meat jerky he had eaten yesterday. There must have been more than five pounds of it. He excitedly asked, "Dollar, did you make all this from the mutant copper-toothed beast?"

"Yep. An entire mutant copper-toothed beast is right here. Two million, and no bargaining," Han Sen said.

"Well, two million is fine." Su Xiaoqiao handed two stacks of ten-thousand notes to Han Sen, but doubted whether the entire beast was really there, as there should have been more meat.

Han Sen noticed his doubt, took the money and said, "This meat jerky is made in traditional ways, so it shrank a bit. Rest assured that the whole beast is here."

Han Sen made the copper-toothed beast into meat jerky so that no one would wonder why the beast was so tiny..

"Of course I trust you!" Su Xiaoqiao paused and said, "Dollar, you should know that I work for Qin Xuan. She has a message for you: she wants to buy the sacred-blood beast soul and golden axe you gained the other day, and she could offer you a good price."

"Oh, what is the price?" Han Sen was interested in selling the golden axe, as it was not that portable. He hadn't found a chance to use it, so it was still buried.

"You will have to figure this out yourselves. I'm just the messenger," Su Xiaoqiao shrugged and said.

"If you meet with Qin Xuan, tell her if she really wants to buy it, she can name a price and you can bring it to me," Han Sen said lightly. It was too risky for her to meet Qin Xuan.

Chapter 16: Quartz Scorpion

Chapter 16: Quartz Scorpion

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen took back the beast soul armor and returned to Steel Armor Shelter. When he was entering the gate, he met an acquaintance.

"Sen?" Han Hao was surprised to see him.

"Han Hao, you know Ass Freak?" Han Hao's companions all recognized Han Sen and looked at Han Hao strangely.

"No, wrong guy. Let's go!" Han Hao paused and looked embarrassed. Without saying hello, he walked past Han Sen.

Han Hao hadn't expected Han Sen to be in the same shelter, nor that he was also the infamous Ass Freak. If word got out that he was Han Sen's cousin, Han Hao couldn't imagine what Son of Heaven and Qin Xuan would do to him.

Han Sen smiled wryly and did not expose Han Hao's lie. Since Han Hao didn't want anything to do with him, why would he do his cousin any harm?

With two million on him, Han Sen left God's Sanctuary and went back home. He asked Mr. Zhang to help with the legal procedures regarding the old house to avoid any further disputes with his relatives. After that, Han Sen felt a lot more relaxed. Everything would be taken care of and life would only get better. When he earned more money, Han Yan could go to a private school, where she could get a much better education than he did. In some elite schools, she could even learn hyper geno arts and have a much better start.

To enter an elite school, however, her family must be aristocratic. So Han Sen must complete one evolution and gain the title.

"That would be a piece of cake for me. I could even have the title of sacred-blood aristocrat if I want." Han Sen's spirits were high.

"Brother, you here?" Han Yan, in floral pajamas and holding a doll in her arms, poked her head through the door and searched for Han Sen.

Seeing Han Sen sitting on the bed, she ran over and leaned against him with the doll.

"Naughty girl, why are you still up?" Han Sen pinched her little nose.

"Yan wants to listen to a story! It's been forever since you told me stories, and I've missed you so much since you've been gone." Han Yan looked at Han Sen with watery eyes.

Han Sen sighed secretly. Since he graduated and entered God's Sanctuary, he had almost no time for his little sister, which he felt so guilty about.

"I'll tell Yan a story right now." Han Sen sat Han Yan on his lap, opened a story book and read softly, "Once upon a time ..."

After Han Sen returned to God's Sanctuary, he decided to catch a primitive creature to feed, which, incredibly, would turn to a mutant one in half a month.

But Han Sen was more curious to know how long it would take for it to become a sacred-blood creature, which is what he needed most.

It was still relatively easy to hunt a wild mutant creature, but almost impossible to hunt a sacred-blood one. Take the bloody slayer for example: he could never have killed it if it weren't already severely injured by Son of Heaven.

The moment Han Sen left his room, he was pulled away by someone.

Han Sen turned and saw Han Hao, who pulled him to a remote spot. After confirming there was no one nearby, Han Hao said, "How did you cause such trouble! You haven't even been here long, and you've managed to piss off gangs of both Qin Xuan and Son of Heaven.

"I didn't mean to," Han Sen said casually.

"I do not care. You are on your own for the stupid things you did. You are not allowed to say that I am your cousin or that you know me in front of others. I just started here and have a bright future, and will not be destroyed like you were," Han Hao said, glaring at Han Sen.

"Sure, I won't tell." Han Sen knew his cousin had been looking down on him since he went to integrated compulsory education, and there was no way he would support him under these circumstances. Of course, he was not obligated to either.

"That's settled then. Don't say you know me," Han Hao told Han Sen once again before leaving, fearing that someone might see them together.

Han Sen left Steel Armor Shelter and went all the way into the mountains. He didn't plan to hunt copper-toothed beasts anymore, as he had had enough of their meat and would no longer gain primitive geno points from it. It was another primitive creature that he was going after. He could eat several and also bring back a living one to evolve.

Han Sen had chosen a place called Barathrum Cave for hunting this time. It was a remote cave in the mountains, where primitive creatures, quartz scorpions, lived.

Because it was so dark and narrow in Barathrum Cave, even with lighting equipment, sometimes it was still difficult to see quartz scorpions hidden in rock tunnels.

If stung by these scorpions, it would take a mere three to five minutes before someone who had maxed out on primitive geno points would be poisoned to death.

Therefore, few people would choose quartz scorpions as their targets. With black beetle armor, however, Han Sen wasn't risking much, as it was not likely that quartz scorpions could get to him.

His chose quartz scorpions because, first, it was easy to hide himself from the public in the cave. And second, a quartz scorpion was only the size of a fist, so it would be easy for him to carry their bodies back, unlike the large prey which were hard to transport. Third, if he

happened to gain the beast soul of a quartz scorpion, he would also make a fortune, as it was a weapon like a military knife which was poisoned and incredibly sharp. As a primitive beast soul, its price was almost as high as a mutant one.

At the mouth of the cave, Han Sen made sure he was alone and summoned his armor, entering Barathrum Cave prepared.

As modern lighting equipment didn't work in God's Sanctuary, Han Sen brought a self-made torch, with which he could only see several feet in front of him. With mica in the rocks reflecting the light, he could hardly see the hidden scorpions.

Clank!

Han Sen soon felt a hit on his foot. He looked down and saw a deep blue scorpion the size of his fist stinging him on the feet with its tail.

Chapter 17: Unexpected Encounte

Chapter 17: Unexpected Encounter

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Fortunately, Han Sen's feet were also wrapped in armor, and the scorpion tail couldn't hurt him at all.

Han Sen stepped on the quartz scorpion and crushed it.

"Primitive creature quartz scorpion killed. No beast soul gain. Eat the flesh of quartz scorpion to gain zero to ten primitive geno points."

Han Sen picked up the dead scorpion, put it into a prepared bag, and walked further into the cave with the bag on his back.

Protected by the black beetle armor, Han Sen killed all quartz scorpions he saw on the way, and there were nearly a hundred scorpions in his bag after he had walked for an hour.

"Georgie Porgie, Pudding and Pie, kissed the girls and made them cry. When the boys came out to play, Georgie Porgie ran away." Han Sen collected the dead scorpions as he was humming a nursery rhyme.

His mother had to work to support their family, and he was the one who took care of Han Yan. That's why he was used to humming nursery rhymes.

"Dollar?" Han Sen heard the other name he had given himself when he was on a spree. Shocked, he peered in the direction where the voice came from.

In the cave sat a woman in her twenties leaning against stalagmites, looking at him surprised.

"Qin Xuan!" Han Sen exclaimed. Not expecting to see this woman here, Han Sen turned around to run.

Since he had stabbed her in the rear, he had had nightmares about it.

"Don't go. I don't care about the grudge between you and Son of Heaven. And even if I wanted to look for trouble, I wouldn't be able to," Qin Xuan quickly said.

Hen Sen paused and looked back at Qin Xuan, whose ankle was swollen and badly bruised. Clearly, she had been stung by a quartz scorpion.

It suddenly hit Han Sen that Qin Xuan must have so many treasures on her since she had been in Steel Armor Shelter for years and wished to evolve with the maximum sacred geno points. She must have sacred-blood beast souls and very many mutant beast souls.

At this point she was injured, and it looked quite serious. She had so many geno points that the scorpion poison might not kill her, but her ability to fight surely had suffered, or at least she couldn't move her injured leg.

"Although I was the one who stabbed her, she hit me back right away and has been ruthless to me ever since. If I could blackmail her right now, that would be some compensation for my suffering these months," Han Sen thought, leering at Qin Xuan.

As if she could see through him, Qin Xuan summoned a beast soul in the shape of a purple butterfly, which turned into a purple dagger in her hand.

"You know the name of this dagger?" Qin Xuan asked him with a smile.

"I don't." Han Sen noticed the gleam of the dagger, but she couldn't have summoned it for its beauty. It must be at least a mutant beast soul and even possibly a sacred-blood beast soul.

"This dagger is the beast soul of a malicious butterfly, and it is envenomed with strong poison. You decide if your armor could block my dagger." Qin Xuan was still smiling.

Qin Xuan couldn't see Han Sen blushing because his armor blocked his face. "You worry too much. We just met and have no hard feelings between us whatsoever. Why would I try to hurt you?"

The sacred-blood armor might not have been able to block the sacred-blood dagger. Han Sen would not take the chance. Besides, they weren't really enemies either, as Qin Xuan didn't do anything more than make a few threats. It was Son of Heaven and his gang that really bullied him.

Qin Xuan smiled and took back her dagger. "I can't move. If you can take me out of the cave safely, I will pay you a generous reward."

"How come you came here alone?" Han Sen asked, not agreeing straight away. He was curious how Qin Xuan was able to come this far when there was no trace of quartz scorpions being hunted on the way.

"Originally I wanted to kill a mutant quartz scorpion, but it was more cunning than I thought. It started to attack me, leading other scorpions when my incense was about to burn out, so that I couldn't leave the cave. The primitive scorpions no longer feared me when the incense was gone. I was able to fight them off but was stung by a mutant quartz scorpion. So now it's even less likely that I can leave here."

Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen and said, "Didn't you barter with Su Xiaoqiao for money? Take me out and I'll offer you that."

"You were stung by a mutant quartz scorpion?" Han Sen looked at her, horrified.

"If it was just a sting by a primitive quartz scorpion, I wouldn't have asked for help," Qin Xuan said casually.

Han Sen now knew it was incense that kept the quartz scorpions sway from Qin Xuan, and she thought that he must have used the same method. What she didn't know was that he had killed all quartz scorpions on the way out. If she had known, she would have walked away herself.

"Did you not kill the mutant scorpion?" Han Sen asked again.

"Yes, but I did not get a beast soul. No one could get the flesh either, as it's full of scorpions out there," Qin Xuan said.

"I'll take you, not for money but for a mutant beast soul."

"You are too greedy." Qin Xuan glanced at him.

"Miss Qin, for you, a mutant beast soul is nothing. Is your life not worth it?" Han Sen said.

"Alright then." Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen earnestly.

"Amazing. You have a deal Miss." Han Sen walked farther into the cave.

Chapter 18: Mutant Creature

Chapter 18: Mutant Creature

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"What are you doing?" Qin Xuan frowned.

"I'll take you out after picking up the corpse of the mutant quartz scorpion you killed." Han Sen continued to go inside.

"There are so many scorpions there. Don't you need incense?" Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen, puzzled.

"Why do men need incense?" Han Sen came back with a giant blue scorpion about a foot long in his hand.

Qin Xuan sighed after looking him up and down, "I was tricked by you. You have already killed all the quartz scorpions out there, haven't you?"

"Smart girl." Han Sen poured the dead scorpions from his bag, which soon piled into a heap.

Although Qin Xuan had guessed it, she was still surprised to see that Han Sen had killed so many scorpions.

Han Sen put the corpse of the mutant scorpion in his bag first before he started to fill it with primitive scorpions. There were still a few that wouldn't fit in there, and he didn't waste those but ate all the flesh until he had cleaned them up.

"Primitive quartz scorpion flesh eaten. Four primitive geno points gained."

"I haven't seen anyone quite like you, willing to eat such disgusting things." Qin Xuan had never met someone who had such nice equipment but remained so stingy.

"Come on." Han Sen squatted next to Qin Xuan, wanting to carry her out on his back.

"Since there are no scorpions anymore, I could just walk out," Qin Xuan said.

"You have promised me a mutant beast soul and couldn't take that back anyway. Why not enjoy my service with your injured leg?" Han Sen said.

"You are right. Why not?" She bit her bottom lip, got up and carefully climbed onto the back of Han Sen.

With the armor, Han Sen couldn't really enjoy the feeling of her body against his. He walked out, carrying Qin Xuan, with his bag in one hand.

She only weighed about 100 pounds, which was nothing for Han Sen, who had already gained quite a lot of points. They emerged from the cave in no time.

"Where are you going?" asked Han Sen.

"Back to the shelter,." Qin Xuan said.

Han Sen no longer spoke and carried her towards Steel Armor Shelter. After an hour, he let her down.

"It is not too far away from the shelter now, and people pass by here all the time. Wait for a while, and then ask them to bring you back." Han Sen extended an empty hand to Qin Xuan: "Now, my mutant beast soul."

"I have asked Su Xiaoqiao to send a message. Would you sell me the sacred-blood beast soul and gear?" Qin Xuan didn't hesitate before she handed over a mutant beast soul in the shape of a black cat to Han Sen.

"What is your offer for the golden double-edged axe?" Han Sen asked.

"Two million."

"That is a piece of sacred-blood gear, while two million won't even get you a mutant beast soul." Han Sen frowned.

"Sacred-blood gear is very nice, but you can't take it to the real world, while beast souls could be used outside God's Sanctuary. That explains the price. If you would sell a sacred-blood beast soul, I'd give you twenty million," explained Qin Xuan.

"A mutant beast soul, plus two million," Han Sen said.

"A mutant beast soul is out of the question. I'll give you five million."

"Flesh of two mutant creatures and two million."

"You are asking too much. Final offer, six million. After all, you can't take it outside," Qin Xuan said.

"Okay, get the money ready. I will tell Xiaoqiao when and where we trade," Han Sen said and left with his bag.

"You really would not consider selling the sacred-blood beast soul? Twenty million is just a tentative offer. We could discuss further," Qin Xuan said to his back.

"No way." Han Sen left without pausing.

Qin Xuan looked at him leaving and thought, "His armor was tougher than the quartz scorpion sting. It must also be a sacred-blood beast soul."

"Who was he? He doesn't look like a soldier." She had no clue.

Han Sen went back to his original look and returned to the shelter with his bag.

There was no one guarding the gate anymore: they had searched for Dollar for so long and found nothing, so they had to give up.

Coincidentally, Han Sen ran into Han Hao and his friends again.

"Nice to see you again, Ass Freak! You have a full bag with you. How many mutant creatures did you hunt?" A young man ridiculed him.

"One." Han Sen replied calmly.

"Ha-ha, you are funny. Could you even hunt primitive creatures? It must be full of black beetles there," laughed the young man, leading everyone to burst into laughter. No one believed Han Sen could get a mutant creature.

"Han Hao, don't mistake him for anyone. If you knew him, you'd forever have bad luck." A young man patted Han Hao on the shoulder.

"No way I'd know Ass Freak!" Han Hao looked embarrassed.

Han Sen ignored them and carried his bag back to his room.

He saved the mutant quartz scorpion and was going to sell Xiaoqiao all the rest. Although he could evolve a creature into a mutant one in half a month with the black crystal, he'd rather use the crystal to get sacred-blood creatures.

Chapter 19: The Distinguished and Aristocrats Only

Chapter 19: The Distinguished and Aristocrats Only

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

In the middle of the night, Han Sen placed a bag of dead quartz scorpions and a note at the door of Su Xiaoqiao's room before knocking a few times. Then he hid in an alley close by and made sure Xiaoqiao took the bag and note inside.

It turned out to be a nice collaboration, and Han Sen got the six million promised by Qin Xuan and another eighty thousand for the scorpions. He went back to his room with boxes of cash and almost jumped with joy.

Even when his father was still alive, he had never seen so much money at once.

Han Sen left God's Sanctuary with the money, since the only thing he wanted to do right now was to share the joy with his mother and sister. Their adversity had finally ended.

The two million he earned before was all used on solving the issue of the old house, and he could eventually have the six million to himself, which was a totally different feeling.

Although the money was not even enough for the rich to buy a luxury airplane, for Han Sen it was already the most money he had seen in his life.

"Mom, Yan, I have something to show you." Han Sen pulled them into his room and poured the cash onto his bed.

"Where did you get so much money?" Luo Sulan was first frightened instead of being surprised, fearing that her son might have done something dangerous.

"Mom, I was lucky to have killed a mutant creature and gained the beast soul, so I traded it for this money." Han Sen did not dare to tell the truth, afraid that Luo Sulan might get worried.

He didn't dare to leak anything about the black crystal, as the precious stone may land its innocent possessor in jail. His whole family could be wiped out if word got out.

Luo Sulan said ruefully, "Sen, you should not have sold it. It could be of great help to you, and we could always get by... "

"Mom, no worries. I will have another chance. I've eaten the mutant flesh and gained mutant geno points. In the future, it'll be much easier for me to hunt, and everything will get better."

"But..." Luo Sulan still felt bad, as it was not that easy to kill a mutant creature. For ordinary people, it would be great luck to hunt one, just like winning the lottery, so there may never be a second time.

"Yan is about to start school, and I'm not letting her to go to a public one like I did," Han Sen said.

Luo Sulan looked at her children with tears in her eyes, "It's all my fault. I didn't take good care of you."

"Mom, you are a great woman, and you were the one who raised us. Let me contribute a little as well!" Han Sen picked up Han Yan: "Yan, let's go out to eat. You can have whatever you want today."

Han Yan's face lit up: "I want to eat Sapphire ice cream."

"Sure, let's go have Sapphire ice cream!" Han Sen pinched Han Yan's small nose.

"Sapphire ice cream is too expensive. You don't need to splurge with the money. Save it to buy some meat..."

"Just once!" Han Sen went out, holding Luo Sulan's hand.

"Don't tell others you have hunted a mutant creature or you sold a mutant beast soul... I don't want anything bad to happen to you..." Luo Sulan urged her son. Since Han Sen's father had the accident, Luo Sulan had changed. She no longer wanted Han Sen to be in charge but just to be safe.

"Mom, relax. I will not say a thing. You keep the money and decide what to do with it." Han Sen went out of the house holding his sister with one hand and his mother with the other.

Sapphire ice cream was famous throughout the Alliance and was also very expensive. Even the cheapest type cost more than ten thousand.

Their neighbors' kids were always having Sapphire ice cream. And Han Sen also had tried it a few times when he was younger. However, when Han Yan was born, they were already bankrupt, so they couldn't afford such luxuries any more.

Having the impression that the ice cream was delicious, Han Sen could no longer remember what it tasted like.

When the three came to Sapphire, all the seats were taken, and there was a long line to buy ice cream.

"Let's go upstairs." Before Han Sen entered the store, he saw through the window that the second floor was almost empty, so he thought the ladies could go upstairs and have a seat while he would stand in line alone.

At the stairs, he was stopped by a waiter.

"I am sorry, you cannot go up," the waiter said.

"Why? Aren't there any seats upstairs?" Han Sen frowned.

Contemptuous and impatient, the waiter pointed to a notice on the wall, "You should have heard about our rule even if you have never had our ice cream before."

Han Sen looked at the notice, which said, "The Distinguished and Aristocrats Only" and understood what he was referring to. So the second floor was an area exclusively for people with privileges, and ordinary people weren't even allowed to enter.

No wonder the second floor had much better decorations yet was so empty.

"We don't need to sit down. We'll just wait here, and you go get Yan ice cream," said Luo Sulan, trying to spare Han Sen.

"I'm going." Han Sen smiled and went to the back of the line. He seemed to be indifferent, but was suddenly possessed by an aspiration.

"What's so special about the distinguished and aristocrats? Soon I shall have it all and more. The stupid notice will never get in my way again."

There still were no empty seats when it was his turn to buy the ice cream, so Han Sen had to order takeout. Before leaving, he took another look at the notice—"The Distinguished and Aristocrats Only!"

Chapter 20: Her

Chapter 20: Her

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The next morning, Han Sen was on the train going to the teleport station, with many passengers sharing his destination.

Most people could not afford a teleport device, so they had to enter God's Sanctuary using a public teleport station.

Today, the conductor seemed to be in a bad mood. While Han Sen was deep in thought about what to do in God's Sanctuary, a violent shake of the train left everyone who was standing falling to the sides.

Since he wasn't paying attention, Han Sen also involuntarily staggered a few steps forward and fell on something soft.

Subconsciously wanting to seize something to regain his balance, he felt strange because what he was holding on to was even more soft and tender.

Then he found that he had bumped into a woman in military uniform, and his hands were on her chest.

"Bastard!" The woman scowled and elbowed him fast and hard. If she were to succeed, Han Sen would have lost half his face. He subconsciously raised an arm to block the hit, felt a strong hit on his arm and involuntarily stepped back several steps.

The woman turned around and viciously stared at Han Sen. She exclaimed with just one look: "You! Ass..."

"Qin Xuan!" She didn't finish her sentence, but Han Sen cried in fear. This woman in uniform happened to be the woman from whom he had gotten the nickname Ass Freak.

Han Sen did not expect Qin Xuan also to be on Roca Planet, and it seemed that she had enlisted in the army.

Being in the military was nothing uncommon in the Alliance, as all legitimate residents of the Alliance needed to serve at least five years when they turned twenty. When Han Sen turned twenty, he would also become a soldier, if there were no special reason for him not to serve.

Qin Xuan recognized Han Sen, but didn't initiate a fight. She just looked at him with a cold and slightly disgusted look.

Han Sen thought ruefully, "She must think I'm a pervert now. I don't even blame her. I did stab her in the bottom and now... If I were her, I'd assume the same. "

"There are so many planets in the Alliance, how is Qin Xuan here as well? And what are the chances that I would meet her and did this to her," Han Sen thought plaintively. There was no way around it; he would have to let the situation play itself out.

In the Alliance, wounding others was not allowed. Qin Xuan did not want to make a scene, so she just glowered at him and didn't move further.

Han Sen had goosebumps from her staring and immediately got off the train once he reached the teleport station. To his surprise, Qin Xuan followed behind him.

"Dogs can't help from eating sh*t. I thought you were just innocent, while you are by nature a disgusting person," Qin Xuan said fiercely.

"You saw what happened. It was the train, and so many others also fell. It was just a coincidence," Han Sen said with a wry smile.

"Would you believe that if you were me?" Qin Xuan said coldly.

"What do you want?" Qin Xuan had identified him as a bastard, so there was no need to explain.

"You really are brazen, showing no remorse for what you did. It must not be the first time you have done something like this." Seeing that Han Sen wasn't going to apologize, Qin Xuan raged, "You think I'll just send you to the police? It's not that easy. I can't beat you up here, but in God's Sanctuary, it will be a different story. You are going there right? I'll wait for you."

Qin Xuan immediately left and the soldiers saluted her, "Good morning, Stationmaster."

Han Sen stumbled and couldn't believe what he saw. He almost wanted to cry.

All teleport stations belonged to the military system. A garrison was assigned to each station, and the stationmaster was the garrison's chief executive.

Han Sen had heard that the old stationmaster was to be transferred, and he couldn't believe that Qin Xuan would be the new stationmaster, not even in his wildest dreams.

Han Sen had a bad feeling about the whole thing. As the stationmaster, Qin Xuan would know his whereabouts very well.

And it wasn't even possible for him to use a different teleport station. There are three public teleport stations on Planet Roca, but the other two were too far away, and he couldn't waste two days on travelling.

Han Sen entered God's Sanctuary when Qin Xuan went to her office. He decided to wait until she left the shelter before he teleported back home.

Han Sen gave Qin Xuan no chance to intercept him. Taking some meat jerky made from the mutant scorpion, Han Sen left Steel Armor Shelter.

"Did I use up my luck when I found the black crystal?" Han Sen thought, depressed.

He did not go far before seeing Son of Heaven and his gang standing outside the shelter chatting.

Han Sen wasn't interested in meeting up with them and went the other way. However, Luo Tianyang called him from behind: "Ass Freak, come here!"

Reluctantly, Han Sen had to turn around toward Luo Tianyang, perplexed.

"I'm calling you. Come here and you'll get lucky." Luo Tianyang waved to him, smiling maliciously.

"There is no need. I'm not strong. I can only deal with ordinary creatures and can't even fight primitive creatures. I am afraid I cannot help you." Han Sen knew it was never good when Luo Tianyang called him.

"Cut the crap! Do you want a beating? I said come!" Luo Tianyang gazed at Han Sen with his face dark.

Chapter 21: Underground River

Chapter 21: Underground River

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

In addition to Han Sen, Son of Heaven and his gang were also joined by a few thugs they paid to come along. The group left Steel Armor Shelter and marched into the mountains.

Although they expected nothing good to happen, they still wanted to take the chance for the sake of the generous reward.

In the past, if Han Sen had not been blocked by Qin Xuan and Son of Heaven, he might also have risked his life for the bounty.

Now Han Sen had no reason to take such risks, but it was clear that Son of Heaven and Luo Tianyang wanted to use him as a stepping stone, which made him want to kill them both.

Han Sen quietly followed them, guessing what they were about to do. When recruiting people, the gang had said they were hunting a mutant creature, and it was only because there were also many ordinary and primitive creatures that they needed more hands.

Han Sen of course couldn't take this seriously. To kill a mutant creature, the regular gang was more than enough. The dozen people around Son of Heaven could all kill a mutant creature on their own, let alone Son of Heaven himself. The extra hands were completely unnecessary, according to their story.

Luo Tianyang and others casually killed the creatures they encountered along the way, and gave the meat to the hired people casually, which made everyone quite happy.

The group had been going for six or seven days, and the gang still had no intention of stopping. On the eighth day, they halted at a mountain pass.

Very far from the shelter, there was no human activity. They encountered many different creatures. Son of Heaven and his gang had killed a lot of primitive animals on the way and kept some of the flesh as food.

"It seems that we are almost there. What on earth are they up to?" Han Sen had not heard anything, but judging from the grave look on their faces, this couldn't be a simple operation.

They rested for a day at the campsite and crossed the mountain pass the next morning. After hiking a dozen miles, they saw a gap in the canyon so deep and dark that no one could see the bottom.

Everyone lit a torch. The gang sent the hired people as the vanguard and followed them into the gap.

The hired ones all knew it was time to put their life on the line, so they were dawdling.

"Why are you going so slowly, bitches? Do you still want the rest of the money?" Luo Tianyang whipped a few people in the back and shouted.

The thugs could only speed up going down.

Han Sen was among them. It was not too difficult to walk down, and nothing happened along the way until they reached the bottom. The thugs were relieved and started to talk and laugh again.

It was very dark at the bottom of the gap, and the group had to rely on the torches. There was an underground river running through the huge space.

"Cross the river and go into the cave on the other side." Luo Tianyang pointed his whip to the other side.

"Luo, I cannot swim. This river is too wide," said a young man who had been recruited.

"Who told you to swim? We have inflatable boats. Just row across." Luo Tianyang opened the parcel on the back of his mount, and there were indeed inflatable boats in there. After they inflated the boats, each one could sit four to five people.

The group started to row the boats across. The speed of the water was not fast, and there was no risk of being rushed downstream. Two boats soon reached the center of the river.

All of a sudden, with a splash, a dark creature emerged from the water with half of its python-like body exposed. Its body was wider than a bucket and covered with shiny black fine scales. Its mouth was so large that it could fit a cow.

But it wasn't a cow that was swallowed, rather someone on the boat. The giant body then put its full weight on the boat, which exploded with everyone on it falling into the water.

Everyone was shocked and trying to row the boats back. Those who hadn't gone on the boat just dropped their boat and started to run back.

With a glint of cold steel, the two running the fastest were beheaded by Luo Tianyang and another gang member. Luo Tianyang pointed the knife with blood on it at the rest and cried ruthlessly, "There is but one monster, so whoever reaches the other side can live. And I'll kill anyone who took the money and tries to run away. To live or to die, it is up to you."

Everyone was intimidated by Luo Tianyang's vicious act and started to row towards the other side.

"Assholes, you just want to feed the monster with humans," Han Sen cursed in his heart. Those who fell into the water before were trying to swim to the other side but were suddenly pulled into the water by something.

It was so dark that no one saw what happened to them, but their fate could be imagined from the thick scent of blood.

The hired boys dared not move forward, and Luo Tianyang used his knife again to force them. They didn't want to stay in the river, so they had to row hard.

Han Sen lit the surroundings with his torch while rowing the boat. In case the monster came out of the water, he had to summon sacred-blood beast soul armor at once to save his life.

The monster again collapsed a boat, and everyone on it was screaming. Then what could be heard was only the waves rolling.

"Row harder if you want to live!" Han Sen yelled at the two on the boat with him who were petrified as he was rowing his heart out.

"F*#king heartless bastards!" He swore quietly.

The two men were revived by Han Sen's shout, and started to row desperately. From time to time there were screams and splashes. Countless men must have been buried in the snake belly.

Chapter 22: Broken Egg

Chapter 22: Broken Egg

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

There was no doubt that this giant snake was a sacred-blood creature. Aquatic creatures were hard enough to kill, let alone a sacred-blood creature.

With his normal gang, Son of Heaven didn't even dare to hunt it, but was only trying to fill out the group, so that they could safely reach the other side.

Han Sen took a look at the other side as he was rowing. After they passed the middle of the river, the torch could light up the other side a little bit.

Since Han Sen had started to practice Jadeskin, his body function seemed to get a lot better. vision was also a lot stronger than before and he seemed to have gained night vision as well. Now he could clearly see a cave six to nine feet wide on a cliff. Although there was no path, the cave must have been the gang's destination.

Han Sen was looking at the cave when he heard a loud splash. His heart sank as he saw the giant snake popping out of water less than six feet from their boat, its mouth moving towards the boat and its fangs showing.

Without thinking, Han Sen jumped into the water and summoned his armor underwater. Like a fish, he struggled to swim across the river.

The whole process of crossing the river was tragic. It wasn't clear whether the black snake was insatiable or just determined to kill humans, but only two boats reached the other side, and only seven people lived. All the others were in the water and most likely dead.

The snake didn't show up again.

"Son of Heaven, although the snake was a sacred-blood creature, it was not intelligent. Now it is full, we should not have too much risk crossing," said Luo Tianyang, smiling.

"Go over." Son of Heaven gave the order, and the gang went over in three boats. As expected, the snake didn't attack anymore and they all landed safely.

"Continue." Luo Tianyang whipped the seven survivors, who were forced to walk inside the cave, trembling. They regretted so much that they had coveted the bounty. What was money good for if they died here?

But they did not encounter any other creatures along the way. In half an hour, they reached the end of the cave.

At the end of the cave there was a pool, and next to the pool was a gravel nest 30 feet wide. In the middle of the nest there lay two eggs the size of ostrich eggs with black patterns.

Son of Heaven was overjoyed. "Ha-ha, awesome! Eggs of sacred-blood creatures, and there are two of them. Now my sacred geno points could go over 80."

Even so, he did not lose his caution and winked at Luo Tianyang, who was equally excited. The latter understood immediately and forced the survivors to fetch the eggs.

Trembling, they walked into the gravel nest and carried out the two eggs.

However, before they were able to leave the nest, the pool started to bubble, and BANG! A huge snake head stuck out, the dark-red snake eyes staring at the egg thieves.

"Damn! Throw the eggs over," Son of Heaven shouted to them, but they were dumbfounded by the snake up close and did not reply him.

"Useless motherf*#kers!" Son of Heaven scolded and summoned his red sword, running forward.

The gang all summoned their weapons and followed him. Rushing in front of the survivors, Son of Heaven grabbed the eggs and ran towards the mouth of the cave. The

snake was originally concerned about its eggs and didn't move. Seeing Son of Heaven running away with them, it went into a rage and left the pool, chasing the gang madly.

"Block it," cried Son of Heaven, while he kept running without pause.

Luo Tianyang was even more ruthless. He grabbed two shivering survivors and threw them at the snake. Catching one in the mouth, the snake swallowed him without chewing.

The rest of the gang all followed suit, using the survivors as human shields, which temporarily resisted the snake's attack. They took advantage of it and retreated.

Son of Heaven ran fast, holding the two snake eggs. It took him no time to arrive at the mouth of the cave. When he was excited, a golden fist appeared in front of him and hit him on the face.

He hadn't expected someone hiding behind the cave mouth and was unprepared for the attack. Blood spilling and nose crooked, he fell back with his hand covering his face.

The two snake eggs suddenly flew out from his arms. A golden figure jumped up, caught one egg with each hand, and ran toward the river.

"Dollar!" Son of Heaven fell to the ground, clutching his face. He immediately managed to climb up, saw the unique golden armor and recognized who it was.

After jumping in the water, Han Sen had swiftly swum to the shore in the chaos, and instead of going into the cave, he hid behind a boulder and waited until the gang entered the cave. He then followed them and watched. When he saw Son of Heaven running with the eggs, Han Sen gave him a hard punch and captured the eggs.

Han Sen just regretted that his bronze crescent spear had been ruined by Xue Longyan, or he might have been able to kill Son of Heaven with this secret attack.

Han Sen reached the river and suddenly saw waves roaring. A huge black-scaled snake appeared from the river.

"F*#k! There is another one?" Han Sen looked back and saw the other snake chasing the gang.

"Dollar, you are so f*#ked!" Son of Heaven hated Dollar's guts and gloated that he was stopped by the snake.

Han Sen quickly had an idea as the snake in the river glared at him. He pushed hard with his right hand secretly, and then threw the snake egg at Son of Heaven. "Catch. We will each keep one egg, and let's deal with the snakes together first. "

"Who agreed to that? I will get both eggs and kill you!" Thinking Han Sen was terrified, Son of Heaven sneered and caught the egg, but the egg broke when it hit him and the egg was all over him.

Son of Heaven was stunned.

Chapter 23: Obsidian Dragon

Chapter 23: Obsidian Dragon

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Roar!

The giant snake shrieked and rushed madly toward Son of Heaven, who was covered in egg, leaving Han Sen alone.

Han Sen turned and ran with the remaining snake egg. Jumping on an inflatable boat, he desperately rowed to the other side without looking back.

He still had an egg with him, and if both snakes decided to go for him, it would be no fun at all.

"Dollar, f*#k your..." Han Sen heard cursing from behind, followed by all sorts of human voices and the beast's roar.

Han Sen went to the other side, jumped onto the shore and ran out of the big gap. Without a pause, he ran toward the shelter.

After running for a while, Han Sen started to get uneasy. In case Son of Heaven and his gang escaped, they would definitely go for him, and he could by no means outrun their mounts.

Han Sen decided to go into the forest and take a detour so that he didn't risk being caught by them.

They had been in the shelter for years, and everyone was fit and had plenty of beast souls. Even though they were no match for the snakes, surely some of them could get away. It was best to be careful.

That night, Han Sen found a corner to take shelter from the wind and got some firewood. Sealing the snake egg with a layer of mud, he put it on the fire and barbecued it.

While cooking, Han Sen murmured, "Pure life, before you see this dirty world, let me handle the sin and send you back to heaven."

"Young obsidian dragon killed. No beast soul gained. Eat it to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly." Having barbecued it for a while, Han Sen heard the voice.

"So it was not a snake... unfortunately I didn't gain the beast soul," Han Sen thought greedily.

Soon the egg was cooked and Han Sen used a stick to get the egg out of the fire. Breaking the burnt mud crust on the outside, he saw the delicious egg white.

Han Sen took a bite, and the egg was so much better than a chicken egg.

"Young obsidian dragon eaten. One sacred geno point gained..."

Han Sen ate the whole egg and was so full he couldn't move. He had gained five sacred geno points. Adding the eight points he already had, Han Sen now had thirteen sacred geno points.

It took Han Sen eight or nine days to reach Steel Armor Shelter. Son of Heaven and his gang had been back for two days already when he arrived.

There were only eight in the gang that returned alive, and everyone was injured. Even some of Son of Heaven's henchmen had died. Son of Heaven wouldn't say what they had done, and Qin Xuan and Fist Guy failed to find out.

Several hired thugs, however, had come back alive after they had fallen into the water. And through them, Qin Xuan and Fist Guy eventually learned what had happened. They still had no idea what had happened after the hired men fell into the water, so just took for granted that the gang was hurt by the obsidian dragons.

Their guess was only half right, because the egg thrown by Han Sen also contributed a lot to the gang's predicament. After all, they wouldn't have had to fight the dragons if he hadn't done that.

Son of Heaven was afraid of being ridiculed, and did not tell what happened later, while secretly he launched a new search for Dollar.

"It is a pity that Son of Heaven and Luo Tianyang didn't die." Han Sen learned what had happened and felt relieved.

He was afraid that Son of Heaven might suspect something, seeing he had returned alone.

Now that there were other survivors, Han Sen naturally had nothing to worry about, and caught a primitive copper-toothed beast on his way back to the shelter. If Son of Heaven and his gang came to interrogate him, he could just say he was rushed downstream and got lucky.

Han Sen was thinking too much, because Son of Heaven did not have the time to ask him and didn't make the connection at all.

More than half a month was spent on the expedition. Han Sen teleported out of God's Sanctuary to see his mother and sister. However, at the gate of the transport station, Qin Xuan was standing at the exit, looking at him coldly.

"You sure can hide. It's been more than half a month since I saw you. Do you think I'll spare you from the punishment you deserve?"

"Miss Qin, what do you want?" Han Sen looked at her, depressed. Qin Xuan was now the stationmaster, and there was no way to bypass her.

"Easy, take this and come with me." Qin Xuan threw a combat suit at Han Sen.

"You would not kill me anyway," Han Sen thought, taking the combat suit and following her back to the station. They didn't teleport to God's Sanctuary but to the combat room in the station.

Han Sen put on the combat suit and entered the room, where Qin Xuan stood in a red combat suit with black stripes.

A combat suit was not just clothing, but a high-tech product that could function as armor, with in-built sensors which recorded all data during fighting, including heart rate, breathing, punch speed and the impact taken. This allowed the users to understand their physical status and determine their future practice methods.

"If you win, I will leave you alone for good." Qin Xuan curled her finger, indicating Han Sen should attack.

"You are about to max out on sacred geno points and have so many beast souls. I just graduated, and you have trained in the army for so long. Why don't you just say you want to kill me?" Even if Han Sen could win, he didn't want to expose the fact that he was Dollar. And he wasn't confident about the fight.

"No beast soul allowed. And we are clear if you can still stand after 50 movements," Qin Xuan said casually.

"Deal." Han Sen believed he could endure 50 movements if he focused on defense.

Chapter 24: Sneak Attack Skills

Chapter 24: Sneak Attack Skills

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Qin Xuan had made up her mind to kick Han Sen's ass. The first time, when Han Sen stabbed her in the rear, she could attribute it to his ignorance, while the harassment on the train couldn't be a coincidence.

Having identified Han Sen as a freak and bastard, Qin Xuan walked up to him with anger in her eyes and said, "You start."

Bang!

Han Sen punched her in the face. Clutching her nose and stepping back, Qin Xuan stared at him, not believing what had happened.

Han Sen was not like any man she had seen. She let him start and he just immediately punched her, which was completely beyond her expectations. That's why she was not prepared for it. They were standing close to each other, so she was hit on the nose.

In her understanding, in a showdown, the two opponents should go to the middle and take their positions. And men always acted as gentlemen in front of her. Even if they were weaker, they'd still want to show their masculinity. No one was like Han Sen, who threw a punch without a sign, hitting her face, where she wasn't even covered by protective gear.

"I'm sorry ... so sorry ... have we not started?" Hansen repeatedly apologized. He thought he'd let her beat him to let out the anger, and wanted it to end sooner. He didn't expect that he could hit her nose, which soon turned red.

"We had started, and we'll continue, you ... bang!" Qin Xuan had more to say, but he acted hearing "continue" and hit her on the nose again. She was in so much pain she had to squat on the floor.

"You said continue, so I thought ..." Han Sen quickly explained.

"I'll kill you..." Qin Xuan jumped from the ground. Not caring about the rules any more, she moved forward and started to beat Han Sen up.

Resisting Qin Xuan's beating, Han Sen found his fighting skills were much weaker than Qin Xuan's, and he couldn't even play defense. He barely got through a dozen punches and was beaten down.

"Way less than 50. See you next time." Qin Xuan turned away, leaving behind Han Sen, who was wounded all over.

Han Sen stood up with a wry smile on his face. Wearing a combat suit, he wasn't injured seriously. It was just some pain he would have to put up with. The worst part was he seemed to have enraged Qin Xuan even more.

After Han Sen left the station to return home, Qin Xuan took a shower and was about to delete the video and data of the fight right away.

She was the stationmaster and the strongest woman in Steel Armor Sanctuary. There was no way she'd let people see the video of herself being punched in the nose by Ass Freak.

Before deletion, Qin Xuan watched it again, and she was momentarily shocked. She thought that the reason she was hit was that Han Sen took advantage when she wasn't prepared.

After carefully reviewing it several times, Qin Xuan suddenly found that although this was a very important reason, it couldn't fully explain her being hit.

"Was it..." thought Qin Xuan, and repeatedly watched the part when he hit her and compared the data collected by the combat suit.

"So, his fist fighting skills are really poor, just about the normal level of a compulsory education graduate, but his movements were explosive and unexpected," Qin Xuan mumbled as she was checking the data. "And there was something about him... like a killer... Before he made a move, I could not predict his intention, and that had left me unguarded. When he threw a punch, there wasn't even the slightest change in his emotions, not even when he was hitting hard. The separation of behaviors and emotions should belong to a good assassin—a fatal blow under ordinary cover."

"No, he just graduated, and there is no way he is an assassin. Also, his movements were too bad for him to be one. So, this separation was just his innate talent?" Qin Xuan could only think of this one possibility.

What she didn't know was that Han Sen was really poor when he entered God's Sanctuary, at the time he offended both Qin Xuan and Son of Heaven.

No one dared to be with him, and no one dared to trade with him. The new graduate started to hunt creatures using an ordinary alloy dagger, without any experience.

Even just ordinary creatures posed great threats to a beginner, not to mention that they often came in groups, so Han Sen must have taken an individual creature by surprise and killed it. Once surrounded by a group, he could only wait to die.

To minimize the danger, he had to ambush and attack, and the most important part was not to alert the creatures, who had more acute senses than men. In the first month, Han Sen was honing this skills.

In failure after failure, he learned to hide his emotions and intentions, so that the creatures sensed no danger even when he approached.

It was like playing dirty, but it was also the only way for him to survive at that point

Later, he had to keep practicing and improve his skills in order to kill primitive creatures, and gradually they became part of his instinct.

Although Han Sen's fighting skills were not even close to advanced, he was no worse than a great assassin in his explosiveness and timing. Like an assassin, he skills were also honed between life and death, and the only difference was that it was the creatures instead of men that he killed.

Chapter 25: Ghosthaunt

Chapter 25: Ghosthaunt

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"He seems to have great strength, speed and explosiveness, which indicates that he has fairly high geno points, unless he is practicing hyper geno arts." Qin Xuan looked at some data, but didn't worry too much about it.

Han Sen's data was indeed better than average, but data like this can be seen anywhere in the shelter. It was only a bit unexpected that it belonged to Han Sen.

"Talented but vulgar and despicable. I'll just teach him a lesson next time," thought Qin Xuan bitterly.

Because of Han Sen's sneak attacks, she labelled him as despicable again. It was indeed hard for most people to imagine that Han Sen had integrated the sneak attack skills into his practice and instinct.

The reason why Han Sen could hit Son of Heaven in the face was his sneak attack skills. Or else someone like him could never hit Son of Heaven, who had great geno points and hyper geno arts.

Sneak attack didn't sound good, but it was practical.

When he got home, Han Sen had dinner with his mother and Han Yan. The next day, he did not go to God's Sanctuary but took the train to a martial hall.

Han Sen had only learned basic martial arts in the past, and those were designed for people who had no geno points.

As one started to gain geno points in God's Sanctuary, one became stronger in general. With the practice of hyper geno arts, the body had become even more unique, and this difference allowed people like him to practice certain martial arts that normal people could not practice.

These martial arts can be learned at martial halls as well as at advanced colleges. And martial masters who worked at martial halls taught these for a living.

Unlike in ancient times, these martial masters did not rely on their inherited fame, nor did they want to leave legacies. Their only goal was to make profit. So, the more money a student spent, the better martial arts were taught.

Martial arts all had certain requirements for physical conditioning. If the requirements were not met, it wouldn't be possible to practice.

In the past, Han Sen had no money and no significant enhancement in his physical conditioning. Now with thirteen sacred geno points and lots of other geno points, he had become stronger. The practice of Jadeskin had also helped. Now his physical condition was among the best in his peer group..

Ares Martial Hall was famous on Roca planet. The tuition there was very expensive, but the martial arts taught were very good. The owner of the martial hall was a veteran and was famous back in the days when he was serving. After getting severely injured in a battle, he went back to Roca to open Ares Martial Hall.

Everyone called the veteran "Old Devil." As long as you paid enough, he would teach you anything, and you could indeed learn some really good skills.

"Young man, want to learn something? We have elementary classes, intermediate classes, advanced classes and special classes here. You can learn fist fighting, weapon skills, and even hyper geno arts here. For an elementary class, you could choose to learn a martial art that I define as elementary for ten thousand dollars. For an intermediate class, you could choose a martial art that I define as intermediate for a hundred thousand. Advanced classes are each

for a million, and special classes are each for ten million. At these prices, I could guarantee a good learning outcome. Fellow, you look like you have a bright future ahead of you. Do you want to sign up for all special classes? All twelve martial arts for only fifty million." Old Devil looked at Han Sen with a greedy smile, like a dragon looking at gold.

"I would like to sign up for an advanced class to learn Ghosthaunt." Han Sen came here for a reason. His Dad had learned from Old Devil and told him Old Devil has a great martial art called "Ghosthaunt." Unfortunately, his Dad's physical condition hadn't reached the required level for Ghosthaunt, so he couldn't learn it. He always had regretted that and asked Han Sen to learn Ghosthaunt when he grew up.

Han Sen also heard from his father that Ghosthaunt was especially effective on women. Han Sen had once again offended Qin Xuan, and it didn't look like she would let it go easily. Not willing to be bullied by her, he thought of his father's words about Old Devil and Ghosthaunt and wanted to take the opportunity. After all, a million was a piece of cake for him right now.

"Although Ghosthaunt is among the most advanced, its requirements were even higher than those of special classes. You must at least max out on mutant geno points to stand a chance. How fit are you?" Old Devil looked at Han Sen in surprise. No one had chosen Ghosthaunt in a while because of its high entry barrier.

"You can test me to see if I can meet the standards." Han Sen was not sure whether he would pass either. Technically, with 13 sacred geno points, he should be more fit than those who had maxed out on mutant geno points.

"Ten thousand test fee for a physical fitness test." Old Devil placed a card reader in front of Han Sen.

Han Sen took out his credit card and paid ten thousand, and Old Devil was quite pleased by his generosity.

After scanning and testing in a dozen instruments, the test result was out, which slightly surprised Old Devil, "your physical fitness is very good. You must have almost maxed out on ordinary, primitive and mutant geno points."

"Can I learn Ghosthaunt? " Han Sen gave no reply, as his mutant geno points were less than ten, and sacred geno points and Jadeskin would explain his fitness.

"Yes. One million." Old Devil did not ask further, placing the card reader once again in front of Han Sen.

While a bit upset about spending his hard-earned money, Han Sen paid for it.

"Young man, you have great things lined up for you. Come with me. You'll have to memorize Ghosthaunt first." Old Devil showed Han Sen into a screening room, turned on the hologram and left him alone in the room. It was Old Devil himself practicing Ghosthaunt in the hologram.

Han Sen looked for a while, and his eyes widened. He thought to himself, "Wow, so that's what you mean by 'especially effective on women,' Dad!"

Chapter 26: Mutant Three-eyed Cat

Chapter 26: Mutant Three-eyed Cat

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Ghosthaunt should really be called skin-to-skin, as all movements were aimed at one thing, which was to stick on the opponent.

Wrapping, blocking and winding, all sorts of movements allowed the body to act like a snake to tightly trap the limbs of the opponent, so that there was no way for the opponent to attack.

If the opponent was a woman, with the practice of Ghosthaunt, one would be able to feel her up. If it was a normal woman, she would feel overwhelmed in just a few movements.

"If I were to use Ghosthaunt to fight Qin Xuan, she would consider me even more of a pervert. Han Sen suddenly regretted picking this martial art to learn. However, the tuition was non-refundable.

"Well, I'll just learn it first and see." Han Sen calmed down and started to carefully watch and memorize Ghosthaunt.

With a closer look, Han Sen found that the martial art was not so nasty as it had seemed at first. There were indeed a lot of advanced skills, especially in wrestling and close combat. Many were very practical and could save a life at critical moments.

It did indeed have high requirements for fitness, especially for flexibility. Even for those who had maxed out on mutant geno points, it would be somewhat difficult to meet the requirements.

The reason Han Sen was able to pass, in addition to his sacred geno points, was Jadeskin training, which had greatly enhanced his flexibility.

The teaching method of Old Devil was straightforward. You could learn the movements from his pre-recorded hologram, and then he would correct you where you made mistakes and remind you where you should be more careful. He could be reached via comlink, and his replies were detailed. Although he charged a lot, he was very engaged in teaching. With a strong body, Han Sen was able to start practicing Ghosthaunt in half a month.

But only to get started was not enough. Martial arts that required close combat like this were the most dangerous. If not a master, one could be easily killed in the actual battle. Han Sen would never hunt creatures or fight with others in God's Sanctuary using Ghosthaunt before he mastered it.

"Qin Xuan, if you leave me alone, I'll let it go. If you insist on giving me a hard time, I will have to use you to practice Ghosthaunt," thought Han Sen.

When he came to the teleport station, Han Sen still did not want to see Qin Xuan. Looking around from time to time, he didn't see her until he entered God's Sanctuary.

In his room at Steel Armor Shelter, the primitive copper-toothed beast had become a mutant creature.

Han Sen decided to let it keep evolving into a sacred-blood creature.

At the gate of the shelter, the gang of Son of Heaven was gone. It had been half a month since Han Sen left God's Sanctuary, so Dollar was never spotted. They weren't very patient, so they just left.

In fact, Son of Heaven had been aware that it was useless to guard the gate, as they didn't know what Dollar really looked like. So even if he did walk in front of them, they wouldn't be able to recognize him.

Han Sen left the shelter and went into the mountains, ready to find a remote place to hunt.

After entering the deep forests, human footprints became scarce. Han Sen summoned his armor when he was alone and went further into the mountains.

Han Sen no longer bothered to hunt ordinary creatures. He would just chase them away or ignore them. And was only interested in hunting rare primitive creatures for food.

Now Han Sen had maxed out on ordinary geno points and had over 80 primitive geno points, so he didn't really need commonly-seen primitive creatures.

Now what he really needed was mutant and sacred-blood geno points. Han Sen wanted to complete his evolution with all four types of geno points maxed out. It would be really slow if he used only the black crystal to do this.

"For primitive creatures, I don't even need to do the hunting. The mutant beast soul I got from Qin Xuan was a pet. It should be able to kill some primitive creatures if summoned." Han Sen looked at the beast soul in the shape of a black cat that he got from blackmail.

Type of beast soul of mutant three-eyed cat: pet.

Han Sen summoned the mutant three-eyed cat, and a little black kitty the size of his palm appeared. It was rubbing at the foot of Han Sen, looking just like a normal pet cat with its tiny body and wide eyes.

"Could such a little thing kill those creatures?" Han Sen picked it up to take a look, not convinced that a cute thing like this possessed great strength.

But then he thought, size didn't necessarily matter. Since it was a mutant beast soul, it must be able to hunt primitive creatures.

Seeing some primitive triangular-scaled beast wandering nearby, he ordered the cat, "Go kill the triangular-scaled beast."

The little guy meowed and got up its nerve to streak toward the triangular-scaled beast, biting it on the tail.

The triangular-scaled beast hesitated and looked back at the cat. Throwing up its tail, the triangular-scaled beast then whipped the cat away like a basketball.

The mutant three-eyed cat screamed and ran behind Han Sen's feet, shivering.

"She tricked me! No wonder she didn't even blink when she gave me this. It's a useless beast soul." Han Sen stared at the cat hidden behind him with widened eyes.

Han Sen tried a few times more, and the cat was indeed of no use, not even able to beat the weakest primitive creature, a copper-toothed beast. Chased around and running, it was not like a mutant beast soul at all.

Suddenly, Han Sen thought of the type of beast soul. According to his knowledge, the beast souls that can be summoned to fight on their own were normally either fighters or mounts, while he knew nothing about pet beast souls.

Chapter 27: SOS

Chapter 27: SOS

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"What the heck is a pet beast soul? It's not just for fun, right? I was really tricked by Qin Xuan. What am I going to do with it?" Han Sen's heart sank, and he killed the copper-toothed beast that was chasing the cat. When he was about to take the cat back, it started to meow around the body of the copper-toothed beast with its mouth watering.

"Go ahead." Han Sen looked at the mutant three-eyed cat curiously. Normal fighter beast souls and mount beast souls didn't have to eat, and they could just recover in a vacuum once injured.

Receiving the approval from Han Sen, the cat rushed to the corpse and started gnawing, but it was clear that its teeth and claws were not sharp enough to break down the skin.

Depressed, Han Sen peeled the skin off, sliced the meat with a dagger and fed it to the cat. And this little thing sure could eat. The copper-toothed beast was at least twice its size and it managed to eat all the flesh. Lying on the ground with a full belly, the cat could barely move and Han Sen was almost worried about it.

Helplessly shaking his head, Han Sen took the cat back and decided to research the use of a pet beast soul on Skynet when he got back home.

Mutant creatures were not so easy to find. Han Sen had been in the mountains for more than half a month, and did not encounter any mutant creatures. He did find quite a few primitive creatures new to him and now had more than 90 primitive geno points.

Hunting alone in the mountains was quite boring, so Han Sen would summon the cat to play with and feed for fun when he was resting.

The protection from the black beetle armor allowed him to practice Ghosthaunt even when hunting primitive creatures.

Although he was still not skilled at it, he noticed the strengths of this martial art, especially in wrestling. It was very easy to use, and would incapacitate the creatures in a short time. However, close combat can be dangerous, and there were a few times when he used the wrong movement and could have been killed by the creatures.

For over a month in the mountains, he had not found a single mutant creature, while he made a lot of progress in using Ghosthaunt.

Later, Han Sen no longer needed to rely on his armor when hunting primitive creatures.

One of his biggest gains was that he finally maxed out on primitive geno points.

Thinking of the fact that he was struggling for ordinary geno points just a few months ago, he was suddenly in a great mood and started to make a fire and barbeque some meat.

"Help ... Help..." Han Sen was sharing the barbeque with the mutant three-eyed cat he named "Meowth" when he saw a guy in ragged clothes running toward him, crying for help.

He quickly got up and looked over there. With just one look, Han Sen abandoned the meat on the ground, took back Meowth and started to run.

"Buddy, please help me! I'll give you money, however much you want," cried the man while running.

"You can keep your money." Han Sen did not turn his head and ran desperately.

You first needed to be alive to spend money, and there were at least a hundred mommo beasts chasing him. Although mommo beasts were only primitive creatures, they each weighed more than a dozen tons and had the toughest skin. If hit or trampled by one, his internal organs would probably be shattered even with his armor on, not to mention there were so many of them.

Even if Qin Xuan, Son of Heaven and Fist Guy were all here, they'd have run under such circumstances.

"Buddy, not so fast! Give me a hand and I will thank you!" Behind Han Sen, the man was out of breath.

"I'm in danger as well. Just pray!" After running for a while, Han Sen saw a cliff ahead of him with green vines hanging, grabbed a vine and started climbing up.

The benefits of the gained geno points and practice of Ghosthaunt were showing. Han Sen was in the air with just a bit of climbing and jumped on a large stone platform extending from the cliff.

Seeing Han Sen climbing up, the man also ran over and wanted to follow him.

The man was either too weak or too tired, so he slipped down after a few tries.

"Buddy, help!" With the mammo beast less than 30 feet from him, the man was about to cry out.

"Hang on!" Han Sen grabbed the vine the man was holding on to and started pulling hard. Overjoyed, the man climbed with all fours, leveraging Han Sen's strength. When he was 30 feet from the ground, he heard mammo beasts running into the cliff.

Han Sen and the man felt as if even the mountains were trembling. With pulling and climbing, the man was finally on the platform.

Once on the platform, the man lied down as if he were paralyzed, while breathing heavily, unable to speak.

"Friend, what on earth did you do to them?" Han Sen looked down at the mammo beasts running into one another. They wouldn't even leave after they got up, roaring at the platform.

But they couldn't climb up as they were even bulkier than elephants.

"Do not mention it. Worst luck ever." The man calmed down, fished out a packet of cigarettes from his pocket, lit one and offered one to Han Sen, "You saved my life and I, Lin Beifeng, will always remember. I will show my gratitude after returning to the shelter."

"Best with cash." Han Sen looked at the cigarette and knew the man must be rich. A packet of Schwarzwald cigarettes cost more than ten thousand, and there was no need to be modest with such a wealthy guy.

Chapter 28: Expensive Food

Chapter 28: Expensive Food

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Buddy, what's your name?" Lin Beifeng threw a lighter at Han Sen.

"Han Sen." Han Sen caught the lighter and lit the cigarette. Made from the tobacco produced from Schwarzwald, the cigarettes were harmless to the body and especially refreshing.

For those who were risking their lives in God's Sanctuary, the Schwarzwald cigarettes were definitely heaven-sent.

"Sen, trust me, when we are back at the shelter, you can have as much money as you want. Problems that can be solved by money are no problems for me..."

They chatted for awhile, and Han Sen understood what had happened. Lin Beifeng was not only rich, but super rich. He was also lucky to be assigned to a shelter where he had very close acquaintances. So he bought a whole lot of mutant beast souls: armor, weapons, mounts, fighters, etc. He also hired a group of people to hunt with him, wanting to hunt a sacred-blood creature. With his great luck, they indeed caught a sacred-blood creature, but what happened after was not so lucky. The people he hired either died or escaped, and he just went running into the mountains. After all sorts of danger, he had managed to survive, but lost almost all the beast souls he bought. If it was not for Han Sen, he would have been killed by the mammo beasts.

"Sen, how far is our Glory Shelter from here?" asked Lin Beifeng.

"It's your Glory Shelter." Han Sen laughed.

Lin Beifeng was shocked. "Sen, are you joking?"

"I came from Steel Armor Shelter, and it takes two weeks to return there."

"S#*t! I'm really in the range of another shelter." Lin Beifeng was very depressed.

He had friends in Glory Shelter, and it was easy for him to buy flesh and beast souls. But it was likely that no one knew him at a different shelter, so even with money it would be hard to buy advanced flesh and beast souls.

"Hey, what did you do to the mammo beasts? They are being so persistent." Han Sen looked down again and the mammo beasts were still there, roaring and standing on their hind legs, trying to climb onto the stone platform.

"Uh, I was walking and got hungry. So I saw a young mammo beast grazing, and..." said Lin Beifeng bitterly.

"It was unfortunate. It seems that we are trapped here for some time, so before they leave, let's be nice to each other." Han Sen laughed.

"Right, let's do that." Lin Beifeng smiled agreeably and approached Han Sen, "Sen, I'm so thirsty. Can I drink from your water bag?"

"Ten thousand per cup," Han Sen said, narrowing his eyes.

"S#*t! What happened to being nice?" cried Lin Beifeng.

"You are paying, I'm selling. Isn't that nice?"

"But your water is too expensive. It is even more expensive than water from Planet Snowspring. And ten thousand can buy a few bottles of that. It can't be water from Planet Snowspring that you have," Lin Beifeng glanced at Han Sen's water bag and said.

"Although this is only water from a pool, we do not know how long we'll be trapped here. Water is life at this point, and we'll die within a week without water. And you think it's not worth it?" Han Sen smiled.

"It's worth it... but my wallet was lost on the way. Could you give it to me on credit and I'll pay you double when we arrive at the shelter," Lin Beifeng said.

"We don't know each other, and you still owe me the life-saving fee. And now you want to get water on credit. You are making this so hard for me." Han Sen looked indecisive.

"Triple... no... quadruple..."

"Deal."

Han Sen took out his own cup and poured Lin Beifeng a cup of water. Lin Beifeng drank the water in a gulp and gave the empty cup back three times for more water.

"That's it for today. I don't have much water and need to save. We still don't know when the mammo beasts will leave." Hansen put the water bag away when Lin Beifeng asked the fourth time.

"Sen, you are so strong, so brave and so impressive that you are able to hunt alone deep in the mountains."

"What do you want?" Han Sen rolled his eyes.

Lin Beifeng approached Han Sen and said, "Sen, my beast soul was completely destroyed on the way here. Now I feel so insecure with no beast soul on me. Do you have extra beast souls to sell?"

Speaking of beast souls, Han Sen had killed quite a few primitive beasts in recent days and had gained no beast soul. He might have used up his luck on the two sacred-blood beast souls he got.

"No beast soul. Would you like some primitive meat jerky?"

"Yes, of course."

"Ten thousand per piece."

"Sen, this is such a small piece!"

Trapped on the stone platform for eight days, they still didn't feel like the mammo beasts would ever leave.

"We cannot wait any longer. We must find a way out," Han Sen told Lin Beifeng solemnly.

"We still have some food and water. Let's wait. And maybe the herd is about to retreat." Lin Beifeng had a lingering fear about the mammo beasts.

"We still have water and food, as well as physical strength. When we have used up everything, we would stand no chance," Han Sen said.

"But how is it even possible with such a herd?" Lin Beifeng said bitterly.

"So we will have to climb up." Han Sen pointed to the cliff above.

Lin Beifeng looked at the cliff standing straight into the clouds and suddenly shuddered, "Are we capable of doing this?"

"We have to. It beats waiting to die, and we don't have to climb over. If we could climb up a bit and find somewhere to stand, we could just walk around and go down on the other side of the cliff," Han Sen said.

"Sen, I agree," Lin Beifeng quickly said.

"Great. We will start to climb now using the vines." Han Sen grabbed a vine, made sure it was tough enough and began climbing.

Chapter 29: Stormbird

Chapter 29: Stormbird

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"Sen, you are so fit! You must have maxed out on mutant geno points. " Lin Beifeng stopped climbing as he felt his arms hurting too much, while Han Sen was still climbing briskly.

"Hang in there. There is a rock sticking out up there, and we can go there and rest." Han Sen looked down at Lin Beifeng.

"Sen, I can't. Shall we just go back down?"

"You stay here. I will go up first and then pull you up with the vine." Han Sen started to climb with all fours, and he was so fast it looked like he was walking on the ground, which stunned Lin Beifeng.

It took a little while for Han Sen to reach the rock and use the vine to pull Lin Beifeng up. The rock was the size of a table. The two huddled on the rock and looked around. The cliff was so steep and there was no way to climb if it wasn't for the vines, which only covered a part of the cliff.

"Sen, let's stay here for two days and maybe the mammo beasts will leave if they don't see us. The cliff is so steep and I'm not as fit as you. I really can't go up," Lin Beifeng said anxiously.

"Well, you just rest here, and I'll go see if there is a way out. If there is, I'll come back for you. If not then we could just wait for the mammo beasts to leave," Han Sen said and got up to climb.

"Sen, you will not abandon me?" Lin Beifeng grabbed Han Sen's clothes like a little girl.

"Don't worry. How can I abandon you when you owe me so much money?" Han Sen patted Lin Beifeng on the shoulder and climbed away.

Because he had practiced Ghosthaunt, Han Sen was particularly good at climbing. As he was much stronger now, it wasn't too hard for him either.

Han Sen climbed for a few hundred feet and still saw nothing but the cliff. The vines continued to go up, and he was wondering where their roots were.

Han Sen felt a little tired and was thinking about going down. But with another look, he felt like there was a rock sticking out above him.

"I'll climb up to the rock above and have a look. If there is no way out, I'll just go down to eat and drink. Maybe we could outrun the mammo beasts," Han Sen decided, and kept climbing.

The stone was farther and larger than Han Sen had imagined. It was half the size of a basketball court. When he got on the stone, Han Sen's eyes suddenly widened.

On the stone was a nest made with tree limbs and vines. It looked like a huge swallow's nest, almost taking up a better half of the stone. An egg at least three feet tall lay in the nest.

"Wow, such a big egg! How big would the creature that laid it be?" Han Sen shuddered. The creature was not here now, but he dared not think what would happen if it came back.

Being big did not necessarily means it was advanced. Mammo beasts were huge but merely primitive creatures.

However, the ability to make a nest and lay an egg on the cliff proved the creature was no average creature. It could very likely be a sacred-blood creature.

If the egg belonged to a sacred-blood creature, Han Sen would not want to miss it.

After some hesitation, Han Sen approached the egg and cut a hole in the egg shell with the tip of his dagger. Fishing out a straw from his pocket, he stuck it in the hole and started sucking.

Suddenly the sweet juice filled Han Sen's mouth.

"Sacred-blood creature stormbird's egg eaten. No sacred geno point gained.

Although no sacred-blood geno point was gained, the fact that the egg was indeed a sacred-blood creature left Han Sen in joy.

It was such a huge egg, with at most only ten sacred geno points, that he was not surprised that he hadn't gained a point with just a mouthful. And he already had some sacred geno points and couldn't have all ten points, so he could only get six or seven if he was lucky.

But sacred geno points were so hard to get that even just a few more would help.

Han Sen was desperately sucking the liquid with the straw that he used to drink from his water bag when he was hiding from the creatures that he didn't have to move. It was unexpectedly handy as well for sucking the egg juice.

The egg was so big that when Han Sen finally heard the cue that he was gaining one sacred geno point, he was so full that he could drink no more. Han Sen pulled out the straw, and then sealed the hole with mud. Putting the straw back, he descended using the vine.

"Sen, what took you so long? Is there a way out?" Seeing Han Sen coming from above, Lin Beifeng, who had been worried sick, asked immediately in a low voice so as not to alert the mammo beasts below.

"No. It is as steep as a mirror, and we have nowhere to go." Han Sen shook his head.

"Then we have no option but to wait for the herd to leave," Lin Beifeng said disappointedly.

"It's alright. We still have some food and water left." Han Sen was really taking his time now as he couldn't finish drinking the raw egg any time soon, and he wouldn't leave before that.

They huddled on the stone to spend the night, and the next morning Han Sen climbed up to eat more egg. He made sure there was no creature in the nest before he went up and broke the seal to drink from the egg.

"Sen, why are you climbing up again?" Lin Beifeng wondered when Han Sen came down.

"There are sacred-blood creatures above, and I was having a feast up there. Do you want to go together?" Han Sen laughed.

"You can keep it." Lin Beifeng glanced at him and didn't believe a word he said. Even if there really were sacred-blood creatures, Han Sen was more likely to be their food.

Chapter 30: An Empty Egg

Chapter 30: An Empty Egg

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen climbed up every day to steal some egg juice and never met a sacred-blood creature returning to the nest. Han Sen thought the egg's parents might have been hunted already. But to be safe, every time he finished drinking from the egg, he would return to where Lin Beifeng was instead of staying inside the nest.

Lin Beifeng just assumed that Han Sen was going up to find a way. When they had waited for two or three days, Lin Beifeng looked down, and with the fog he wasn't sure if the mammo beasts had left.

"Sen, how about we go down a bit and check if they have left?" Lin Beifeng couldn't handle the heat during the day and coldness at night on the cliff anymore.

"Let's wait for two more days to be safe. If they see us now and guard the place for another week, we will run out of food." Han Sen's geno points were higher, so he had heard the mammo beasts leaving the previous night. But he didn't want to go now, as he hadn't finished the egg.

Lin Beifeng felt that made sense, so he held on.

However, after two days, Lin Beifeng still saw Han Sen making his daily climb. The vines only covered a small part, and if Han Sen was just exploring the way, he should have done that already, so why did he keep climbing?

"What is it?" Lin Beifeng wondered, yet he still did not believe there could be sacred-blood creatures.

"Sen, why is it that you climb every day?" Lin Beifeng could not help but ask.

"I told you, there are sacred-blood creatures, and I'm going up to eat," replied Han Sen.

"Would you take me with you?" Lin Beifeng did not believe Han Sen's words but was very curious.

"OK!" Hanson smiled, grabbed a vine and started climbing.

Lin Beifeng followed him up, but he was so weak that he stopped halfway and asked, "Sen, I've gotta stop. Where are you going?"

"We are almost there. Wait here and I'll pull you up." Han Sen climbed up like a gecko.

In a short while, Lin Beifeng saw a vine thrown from above. Tying himself to the vine, he borrowed Han Sen's strength and climbed.

When he reached the stone, Lin Beifeng was stunned by the size of the egg. "My God, such a big egg. Is it sacred-blood?"

"Yes, this is a sacred-blood creature's egg." Han Sen nodded.

"Gee, it really is a sacred-blood egg. Sen, you are amazing." Lin Beifeng was pleasantly surprised. He smashed the egg with a fist and wanted to drink.

Stretching his tongue out and waiting, Lin Beifeng saw no egg juice flowing out and smashed a few times more, making a big hole in the eggshell.

"Where is the egg juice?" Lin Beifeng looked blankly inside the hollow eggshell.

"I drank it." Han Sen blinked.

"You drank it?" Lin Beifeng looked at Han Sen.

"A few days ago, I told you that and invited you to join me. I thought you didn't want to come." Han Sen spread out his hands.

Lin Beifeng regretted so much that he was ready to kill himself right then. "Sen, I had no way of knowing you were telling the truth. Who could have imagined a sacred-blood egg on the cliff? If I knew, I would have come, even if I had broken all my limbs."

"Beifeng, don't worry. I'll inform you next time I find a sacred-blood egg." Han Sen smiled and patted him on the shoulder.

"Sen, next time such good things happen, you must remember to let me know. Money is not a problem, and I promise I will never say no to you again." Lin Beifeng was upset.

"I promise." Han Sen made such an effort to bring him up just to hear these words from him. People like Lin Beifeng made great customers.

Lin Beifeng sighed for a while, smashed the eggshell and carried it with him. He wanted to see if he could boil some sacred geno points from it.

"Not in a hundred years," Han Sen chuckled to himself.

When they got to the bottom of the cliff, the mammo beasts had left already, so the two went back to Steel Armor Shelter.

When they were about to arrive, Han Sen smiled and said to Lin Beifeng, "Beifeng, my reputation is not that great here, so I won't go in with you. I'll see you around."

Lin Beifeng quickly said, "Sen, what do you take me for? We have been through death together, and I'll kill whoever is disrespectful to you."

"It's fine. I have to go and want no trouble. Just enter alone." Han Sen would not believe someone as glib as him, so he waved goodbye and entered the shelter first.

The stormbird egg added five more sacred geno points to Han Sen, which were fewer than he had expected, but it was a surprise in itself, so it was still great. Now Han Sen had 18 sacred geno points.

It was a shame that he didn't get a beast soul from it, but it was quite normal, since killing ten creatures wouldn't even guarantee a beast soul. Han Sen just got lucky previously.

Han Sen happily returned to his room, and was teleported out of God's Sanctuary. Before he left the station, a slim figure blocked his way.

"Stationmaster! Such a coincidence." Han Sen groaned inwardly. He had totally forgot about his discord with Qin Xuan.

"Come with me," Qin Xuan said coldly, walking toward the combat room. She was upset that Han Sen had been able to hit her last time and wanted to kick his ass before she could let it go.

Chapter 31: Free Training Partner

Chapter 31: Free Training Partner

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"I'll just fight her. She's just a woman after all," Han Sen whispered to himself.

Han Sen knew that Qin Xuan would not leave him alone no matter how he restrained himself. So he would no longer do that. He had almost mastered Ghosthaunt, and it would be great for him to practice it on her.

When Han Sen stood in front of Qin Xuan in a combat suit, she didn't spare any effort and kicked him with a leg sweep.

For Han Sen, who was good at sneak attacks, as long as he had no chance to sneak up, he was doomed to lose. Hence Qin Xuan hit first and didn't give Han Sen any chance.

But she had still committed a great mistake: she still didn't take Han Sen seriously enough and did not regard him as an opponent. All she wanted to do was to kick his ass. That's why she didn't use even half her strength.

In her mind, he was still the ignorant Ass Freak, a rookie who could be bullied by anyone in the shelter.

Qin Xuan did not really want to harm Han Sen, so she wasn't hitting hard.

But what she didn't know was that Han Sen now had 18 sacred geno points and was practicing Jadeskin. Although not as fit as her, the gap between them was not so big either.

Seeing her leg sweep, Han Sen moved to a spot where Qin Xuan couldn't reach and twisted her leg with his arms. She immediately lost balance and fell to the ground.

Han Sen immediately pressed himself against her and locked her limbs down.

Qin Xuan hadn't expected such nifty moves from him, and when she realized her mistake, she was trapped and couldn't wriggle free.

Feeling anger and shame, she struggled and failed because of the clever techniques of Ghosthaunt. If she struggled with all her strength, her arms would be dislocated or even broken. Trapped by Han Sen, she blushed and still couldn't believe Han Sen had taken her with the first move. She wanted to teach him a lesson, and everything went wrong.

"Stationmaster, did I win?" Han Sen was secretly pleased. "I did not expect Old Devil's teaching to work. I even beat Qin Xuan."

"You will never win." Qin Xuan raged and refused to throw in the towel.

If it was anyone else, it might be fine. But for this despicable Ass Freak, she would not bow her head.

Qin Xuan roared and shapeshifted into a golden lion taller than a man. Han Sen was thrown off her instantaneously, and the lion swooped down at him.

"Foul! We have agreed not to use any beast souls," Han Sen quickly shouted.

Qin Xuan paused as her lion paw was about to hit him. She did promise last time that she wouldn't use beast souls. But under the circumstances, she had completely forgotten about it.

"Alright, no beast souls." Qin Xuan secretly blushed, took back her beast soul and launched an attack with her fist.

Han Sen still hadn't completely mastered Ghosthaunt, and his fitness and experience fell short compared to Qin Xuan. Although he resisted over 20 movements from her, he was still beat.

Qin Xuan did not say anything and turned away. In fact, she felt ashamed because if she hadn't used her beast soul, she couldn't have gotten rid of Han Sen. So, she had already lost at that moment.

"I'm still not strong enough. My geno points and fighting skills were not even close to hers." Han Sen knew that he couldn't have caught up with the best in Steel Armor Shelter in such a short amount of time, while he was still a little disappointed that he couldn't even take 30 movements from her.

Qin Xuan was still blushing after a shower. She was truly abashed that she was put in such a tough situation by Ass Freak.

"Something is wrong. Although his wrestling skills were not bad, he couldn't have locked me down without great fitness. How did he gain so many geno points?" thought Qin Xuan suddenly. She quickly called out the data collected in Han Sen's combat suit.

Qin Xuan clenched her lips and cursed bitterly, "That bastard, he must have maxed out on his mutant geno points already. He was just playing weak to make me underestimate him. Ass Freak, I'll never make peace with you."

From then on, every time Han Sen passed the teleport station, Qin Xuan would always call him into the combat room.

Han Sen was glad to oblige. Wrestling skills such as Ghosthaunt really need much practice, and with a training partner as good as Qin Xuan, he could not really hone his techniques. Some pain was nothing compared to his gain.

If it was not for Qin Xuan, Han Sen could only practice when risking his life, which was far more dangerous than his fights with her.

Of course, Han Sen was careful so that she didn't notice he was using her. Each time he would get on her nerves on purpose so that she would keep calling him to the combat room.

Qin Xuan picked on Han Sen many times but still didn't get over it. Every time she saw his smiling face, she would get mad and have an urge to beat him up. It almost became a habit of hers.

Chapter 32: A Ritual between Men

Chapter 32: A Ritual between Men

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The copper-toothed beast fed by Han Sen had become purple in color and bigger in size two months after it had become a mutant creature.

"Whether I could keep rising in the world all depends on you. Please become a sacred creature soon." Han Sen looked at the purple color of its skin and thought it was about time.

Judging from the situation, it would take about three months for a mutant creature to evolve into a sacred-blood creature. This period was neither too long nor too short. It was almost impossible for most people to hunt a sacred-blood creature in just three months. Even Qin Xuan might not have been able to hunt a sacred-blood creature for a year.

Now with this black crystal, Han Sen could have an entire sacred-blood creature to his own every three months, which was simply incredible.

"Just give me enough time, and I could easily evolve with all four types of geno points maxed out. By then I will gain the title of sacred-blood aristocrat for sure." Han Sen was getting excited.

He did not see Qin Xuan at the teleport station on his way home. She could be either tired of this game or simply busy.

Outside the station, he saw a girl standing at the roadside and stopped walking.

It was Xue Xi, the girl who grew up with Zhang Danfeng and him.

Xue Xi was from a single-parent family, and her mother had raised her by working at Han Sen's father's company. With no one to babysit her, her mother had often brought her to work, and she had always played with Zhang Danfeng and Han Sen.

Later, Han Sen heard that Xue Xi's father was still alive and found her mother and her. After his Dad's incident, Han Sen didn't have the energy to learn more about her family. But he did hear that she was an illegitimate daughter and her father only took her back after his wife passed away.

"Sen!" Xue Xi also saw Han Sen and exclaimed.

"Why are you here?" asked Han Sen, puzzled.

"Sen, I'm over 16 and can enter God's Sanctuary now," Xue Xi chuckled and said.

"So fast?" Han Sen was startled. In his mind, Xue Xi was a little girl, and now she could even enter God's Sanctuary.

"I'm only a few months younger than you. Don't think of me as a child," Xue Xi said discontentedly.

"Indeed. How time flies!" Han Sen looked at her well-developed body and smiled. She was no longer a little girl.

Xue Xi blushed as Han Xin looked at her. When she was about to say something, there was a roar of an engine, and they saw a well-dressed young man coming down from a private aircraft parked on the roadside.

The young man was about 20 years old, and that private aircraft alone was worth more than ten million.

"Sister, I said earlier to use our private teleport equipment. It's just inevitable that we should meet some annoying people at a teleport station." The young people did not even look at Han Sen and went straight to Xue Xi.

"Brother, he is my childhood friend," Xue Xi quickly explained.

"Well, we should go back." The young man ignored her explanation, took her hand and led her on the aircraft.

"Sen, I'll come back," Xue Xi said to Han Sen softly before she went.

The young people returned to warn Han Sen: "People like you aren't worthy to be her friend. Leave her alone or you'll be sorry."

"Are you talking to me?" Han Sen glanced at him.

"You don't believe what I said?" The young man suddenly stepped forward, and quickly hit Han Sen's lower abdomen with a knee.

He was very close to Han Sen, and he was incredibly fast. His knee suddenly came toward Han Sen.

Han Sen looked calm, but secretly sneered. "Nothing is better for wrestling than Ghosthaunt. Even Qin Xuan dares not let me get close now."

Leaning to one side, Han Sen avoided his knee and stuck a leg behind his leg on the ground. Han Sen's also clamped the young man's neck and pulled hard.

Bang!

The young man suddenly lost his balance and fell to the floor.

Lying on the ground, he looked at Han Sen in shock and forgot to get up. He didn't expect his hit would be in vain, and couldn't believe he was pulled down by Han Sen.

"Sen, what happened?" Seeing things going wrong, Xue Xi ran down from the aircraft and quickly helped the young man up.

"Nothing, just a ritual between men. It is late and I need to go. Let's eat together sometime." Han Sen smiled, waved goodbye and went to the train station.

"Brother, you alright?" Xue Xi asked the young man.

"Interesting... really interesting..." The young man watched Han Sen leaving with a strange smile.

Seeing the young man smiling, Xue Xi was suddenly anxious. "Brother, don't pick on him. He didn't mean it."

"He could make me fall even when he didn't mean it. If he meant it, then would I, Fang Jingqi, be killed?" he said with his eyes narrowed.

"Brother... that's not what I meant..." Xue Xi panicked and did not know how to explain.

"No worries sister. As he said, it was a ritual between men and I shall return the favor." Fang Jingqi stared frantically in the direction where Han Sen went. "In a few days, please invite him to dinner at home."

"What?" Xue Xi looked at Fang Jingqi and could not believe her own ears.

Chapter 33: Polar Night Forum

Chapter 33: Polar Night Forum

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen didn't go far to hunt these days. He was on his own, so unless he went somewhere no one would go, it wasn't likely he could find mutant or sacred-blood creatures before the gangs of Qin Xuan, Son of Heaven or Fist Guy did.

Han Sen went on the Skynet and logged into a forum called "Polar Night" whose members were people from different planets currently struggling in God's Sanctuary. Here, people from the same shelter could exchange information and needs. Although the Alliance had a similar official site, it was much easier for people to go on Polar Night because all you needed was a username. On the official site, you'd need to register with your real identity.

Not wanting anyone to know his identity, Han Sen went to the section of Steel Armor Shelter, where there were a lot of posts—roughly a 1,000 or more per day.

He went through the postings, most of which were buying or selling information, and then there was some recruiting information. For example, the rich would spend money to hire some people from the same shelter to protect or help the child.

Recently, Han Sen's luck had been poor. Not only couldn't he find any mutual creatures or sacred-blood creatures, he also failed to gain any beast souls. So, he decided to work for money.

Han Sen browsed for a while and saw a job posting that paid well. He was surprised to see it was Lin Beifeng who posted it. Han Sen hadn't seen him since the last time they met. It was unexpected that he had also posted in Steel Armor Shelter.

Lin Beifeng was not only recruiting good men, but also making offers for beast souls and mutant creature flesh. He wanted all the good things, and was willing to pay for them. People who answered his thread were mainly just onlookers. After all, the demands for mutant creature flesh and beast souls were so high that no one would sell easily.

Han Sen browsed a while and turned to other threads, and soon he found a satisfactory job.

There were several young people who had just entered God's Sanctuary hiring a skilled hunter to help them kill primitive creatures. The requirement was to be able to deal with ten primitive creatures and protect them at the same time, alone.

In a word, this was a babysitting job: Watching these rookies fight primitive creatures and save them when they encountered danger.

This job was not difficult, but quite troublesome. Generally speaking, the experienced would not take such a job. But these young men were paying well, ten thousand to protect them each day, and one contract was for at least half a month.

Han Sen sent a text message to the number they had left and didn't leave voicemail or send an image of himself. He didn't want his personal information to leak out, and that was why he had chosen Polar Night. He could've gone to the official site, where everything was regulated and protected by law, but he would need to sign the contract with his real identity.

After a while, he received a reply, which said they had to see how well he could fight before deciding to hire him. Han Sen had no problem with that and agreed to meet at a certain time and place in Steel Armor Shelter.

After agreeing to meet, Han Sen did not close the window but continued to browse the trading section. After his bronze crescent spear was destroyed, he had wanted to hunt himself a weapon beast soul, but he had had no luck with a beast soul at all.

Han Sen wasn't trying to buy a weapon beast soul but a man-made alloy bow and arrow.

Alpha alloy weapons could now easily kill primitive beasts, but not mutant creatures. They were not cheap either, and normally even more expensive than primitive beast souls.

Han Sen could use most of the weapons, but he had worked hard on archery since he had planned to hunt alone at a distance before he entered God's Sanctuary. But he overlooked something. He couldn't afford any good bow and arrows, and without those, he couldn't even pierce the skin of any creature.

Now he had earned some money and it would be possible for him to purchase an alloy bow and arrows. And he wanted to start hunting with archery. It was, after all, both a safe and powerful way of hunting.

The most important thing was that, in God's Sanctuary, only the one who launched the last hit had the chance to gain the beast soul. And archery must be among the top three methods when it came to the potential windfall.

Archery required special training, so most people preferred swords and knives. There weren't many posts about selling a bow and arrows.

Han Sen was trying to save money, so he wanted to buy some second-hand goods. The alpha alloy bows all cost more than a million, which was too expensive for him.

The silver lining was that due to the unpopularity of archery, there were not many competing buyers either. Han Sen noticed a post from seven days ago written by someone who was about to go to the Second God's Sanctuary and planned to sell all his belongings. All the stuff was sold except for an alloy bow and six alloy arrows.

"A bow from the Black Vader series and arrows from the Saber series!" Han Sen had practiced archery for a while and carefully studied all types of bows and arrows.

To make weapons, the alloy didn't necessarily need to be the stiffest, because if it was too stiff, the edge could chip. However, stiff alloy didn't wear out easily.

Bows and arrows were no exceptions. There were three types alloy used in a Black Vader bow. Two were mixed to make the bow itself in order to guarantee its flexibility and stiffness at the same time. And the alloy used in making the string was even more special, its manufacturing methods monopolized by a few interstellar metal production companies.

The Black Vader series was a classic series of alloy bows, and the prices were overwhelming. The cheapest one, Wanderer's Bow, cost two million, with no arrows or quiver included in the price.

Chapter 34: A Bow in Hand

Chapter 34: A Bow in Hand

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

The bow for sale in the post was "Doomsday" in the Black Vader series, which cost 6,680,000 dollars in the store. Its farthest range could reach 2,400 feet. Using this bow, Saber arrows could pierce steel armor and the skin of most primitive creatures from more than 900 feet away. However, one would need to have a 7.0 strength rating to draw the string of Doomsday.

Normally only those who had maxed out on mutant geno points could reach a 7.0 strength rating, and this requirement was only to draw the string. Unless you could kill with only one shot every time, so that you didn't need a second draw, you would need a rating of more than 8.0 to use the bow.

Generally, if one had maxed out on original, primitive and mutant geno points, one's strength rating would reach 10.0, but many would choose to complete evolution and go to Second God's Sanctuary before their rating reached 8.0.

"No wonder no one would buy this bow, those with the ability to use the bow wouldn't care about such a small amount of money and try to save with a second-hand weapon. Those who couldn't use it wouldn't bother to buy it either." Han Sen sent the poster a message and offered one million for the bow and arrows, which altogether would probably cost more than seven million at a store.

He had only kept two out of the six million he earned from selling the golden axe and gave the rest to his mother. Having spent a million learning Ghosthaunt, he wasn't sure if he could purchase the bow and arrows with just one million.

The poster didn't reply. He was either offline or didn't want to dignify his offer with a response. Han Sen waited for more than half an hour and almost lost hope. He checked other posts and found nothing.

"Well, some cheap stuff will have to do for now. Maybe I can get an arrow beast soul in a few days," Hansen comforted himself and went into the shower.

When he was back in front of the screen, he found the poster had sent a message to him, which only contained a webpage of a well-known trading site, where the price was marked as one million.

Han Sen almost jumped with joy and paid for the items after confirmation.

Soon the item was shipped, and would reach Planet Roca the next day.

God's Sanctuary could be used as a transfer station for transporting goods produced in the Alliance, so many transactions between different planets were completed this way, and it was also much faster than interstellar spaceship.

The next morning, Han Sen got a package from a robot postman. After signing for it, he couldn't wait to open it.

The black and purple metal bow had a bow string like a silver line. Holding the bow in his hands, Han Sen immediately felt powerful. The bow was also carefully kept and looked almost like new except for a small scratch.

Six brand new Saber alloy arrows were gleaming with a cold shine. To Han Sen's surprise, they even came with a matching quiver. It was used, but there was no damage.

"A bow in my hand, the world is mine. I won't have to risk approaching it the next time I steal a sacred-blood creature from Son of Heaven." Han Sen stroked the bow and laughed.

With no shooting range nearby, Han Sen could only try to draw the string a few times. It was indeed quite heavy. Even with his strength, he could only draw a dozen times before his arms started to ache.

"Not bad." Han Sen was pleasantly surprised. He hadn't tested his strength recently, but his rating must be more than 8.0 now, or else he couldn't have used this bow so well.

Han Sen went to a weapon shop nearby and bought 20 Thunder arrows and 20 Skyfall arrows. The quiver that could hold 50 arrows still looked a little empty, even with the arrows in it.

Although these arrows had impressive names, they were in fact cheap. Each Thunder arrow only cost a thousand, and only the arrowhead was made of alloy. It was too stiff and would chip easily on bones or shells.

Skyfall arrows were even cheaper, a hundred each. They looked like Saber arrows but didn't function that well. Han Sen only bought Skyfall arrows to practice with, as Thunder arrows were too easy to break and the six Saber arrows were too expensive to be used for practicing.

Han Sen played with his new bow, Doomsday, for quite a while and fell in love with it. When it was almost time for him to meet his young clients, Han Sen took his bow and arrows and entered God's Sanctuary.

When he arrived where they were supposed to meet, he saw dozens of people surrounding several young men in biological armor and realized that he wasn't the only candidate.

Walking around to earn ten thousand easy dollars per day seemed to be a great deal for many. After all, a primitive creature was only worth several hundred, and it also took energy to hunt and move the dead creature around.

Han Sen frowned at the crowd and was ready to turn away. He just wanted to find an easy job to earn some money. With such competition, he'd rather look for another job.

When he was ready to leave, Han Hao and a few people came together. It looked like they were also coming for the young men.

"Well, well, Ass Freak himself here, looking sharp with the bow and arrows. Did you come to protect the masters as well?" a young man next to Han Hao ridiculed him, with a tone of exaggeration.

His remark got the attention of the crowd, as Ass Freak was well-known in Steel Armor Shelter. People suddenly started to heckle Han Sen.

"Ass Freak, who do you think you are?"

"Ass Freak, can you even beat the original creatures?"

"It's more likely that the young masters will need to protect him."

Chapter 35: Who Should Go

Chapter 35: Who Should Go

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Ass Freak was so infamous that a torrent of scornful abuse was lavished on him. The young men who were paying came to them, and one of them with harsh, angular features curiously looked at Han Sen and said, "You are the legendary Ass Freak?"

"Yes," Han Sen answered casually. He did not think it was a bad thing, because in the entire Steel Armor Shelter, he was the only one who had ever stabbed Qin Xuan in the butt. This was a kind of achievement in a sense.

The young man was obviously curious about Han Sen. Suddenly he said, "You are also here for the job?"

Han Sen nodded: "If you don't like the idea, I can go right now."

"No, if you do not have any questions, we can sign the contract right here," the young man quickly said.

A roar went up in the crowd as they heard the young man's decision. Even the young man's friends looked surprised. They pulled the young man to the side and said, "Yuan, that's Ass Freak. What are you going to do with him?"

"That's right, Yuan. If we are in danger, he will probably run even faster than us. It's just a waste of money."

"I've hired him, and you can choose the rest," the young man named Yuan insisted and signed the contract with Han Sen.

The others didn't say much after that and selected several more candidates who looked experienced. Han Hao showed them his mutant beast soul weapon and was chosen. The two coming with Han Hao showed some skill and got the job as well.

"Ass Freak, you got lucky thanks to your young master's kindness and curiosity," Liu Feng, one of the two, said when walking past Han Sen.

"My luck has always been good," Han Sen said faintly.

The clients had selected ten experienced men to protect them in hunting primitive creatures. With such a team, they could even hunt primitive creatures by herd.

Those who had been hired were in a good mood and tried to flatter the clients all the time. They clearly understood the background of these young men who were paying them.

The clients actually had very good fighting skills, and they must have graduated from posh schools. Although they had just entered God's Sanctuary, their fitness and skills were much better than Han Sen's when he had just arrived. They were only lacking the experience of hunting.

When the clients were hunting primitive creatures, Han Sen was just practicing archery on the side. Initially he had chosen to practice archery because it was less demanding than other weapons. He was unlikely to be able to learn advanced techniques of sword or knife fighting in the public education system, while all he needed for archery was accuracy.

Han Sen was still getting to know the performance and characteristics of Doomsday, so he had selected some of the trees nearby as his targets to practice on.

"Ass Freak, you are just taking up space. Why are you shooting in vain and ignoring our clients?" Liu Feng was confused by Han Sen's behavior and looked at his shots contemptuously. "You can't even shoot something within 60 feet."

Han Sen did not look at Liu Feng or reply to him. He was just trying the arrow and did not focus on one target, and that was why his shots looked messy.

"Just let him be. It was just a charity act. Our clients didn't expect him to help at all," other hired hands laughed.

"That is true. Just be grateful, Ass Freak!" Liu Feng spit and joined the rest.

"Do not say you know me," Han Hao found a chance to whisper to Han Sen and went back to laugh with his friends.

The clients were making incredible progress. In the beginning, they needed some assistance, while they soon became better and could hunt some rather vicious primitive creatures one-on-one. Indeed, posh schools had great teaching outcomes.

Those who were in integrated compulsory education wouldn't dare to hunt primitive creatures alone with no previous experience.

It went so well that everyone lost their vigilance. When the clients were hunting three primitive spotted beasts, one of the beasts played dead and attacked a young client when he approached it.

Han Hao and others didn't expect this, and the spotted beast was too close to the client for them to rescue him. In an instant, the claws of the spotted beast were on the delicate neck of the young man.

The young client was horrified, regretting that he wasn't wearing his alloy helmet. But it was too late for that. Everyone watching screamed in horror.

Whoosh!

An arrow flew by the client's face and hit the spotted beast in the left eye. The beast whimpered and fell to the ground.

Han Hao and the rest swarmed to the spotted beast and cut its corpse into pieces.

"Ass Freak, why did you shoot the arrow? You almost hurt Qing!" Liu Feng turned around and scolded Han Sen.

Other people all followed him, criticizing Han Sen. They were secretly ashamed, but instead of self-reflection, they chose to blame Han Sen. In their view, Han Sen just shot the beast by pure luck, because Ass Freak could never be so good at anything.

"Get lost!" Yuan suddenly shouted with a dark face.

"Did you hear that Ass Freak? Yuan just asked you to go," cried Liu Feng.

"I'm letting you go." Yuan stared at Liu Feng coldly. "I paid you to protect us, and what did you do when Qing was in danger? Nothing! And you even tried to blame the only person who did his job. All of you, get lost, and I don't want to see you again."

Chapter 36: Archery Master

Chapter 36: Archery Master

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

"Yuan, you can let us go, but according to our contract, this is a breach. You will have to pay us the rest of the money," sneered Liu Feng.

"Just go." Yuan threw a few stacks of money at them and didn't look at them again.

Liu Feng and the rest picked up the money. Although they were angry, they didn't dare to harm the clients because they knew who these young clients were. They gazed at Han Sen and said, "Misters, we are far from the shelter, so please be careful, as you are trusting someone unreliable."

"He is a hundred times more reliable than you," Yuan replied.

The hired ones didn't dare to express their anger in front of Yuan, so they just left.

"Ass... your arrow was so powerful..." commended Qing after the rest were chased away. He didn't want to call Han Sen Ass Freak but awkwardly discovered that he didn't know his name.

"His rating must have reached 7.0 to use Doomsday. Of course it was powerful," said Yuan.

"7.0? But they said that he..." Qing and the other clients looked at Han Sen and his bow, unconvinced.

After all, the story of Ass Freak was so well-known that even they knew about it.

"I mean at least 7.0. He shot so many arrows in practice, and if his strength hadn't reached 8.0, it would certainly not be so easy for him," Yuan said, looking at Han Sen.

"8.0!" They were even more surprised and kept looking at Han Sen as if they hadn't seen him before.

Anyone with an 8.0 rating would be rather advanced in First God's Sanctuary, so they couldn't believe Ass Freak would be so strong.

"Let me try your bow?" One client still didn't believe Yuan's words.

Han Sen smiled and handed Doomsday to him. The young client held it with both hands and tried to pull the string, but the string didn't even move. He tried a few times more and still failed to draw the string. Although they graduated from top schools and had practiced hyper geno arts as kids, their bodies hadn't been modified by geno points, so their strength could reach 3.5 at best, which was far below the requirement to use Doomsday.

"You are so weak. Let me." Another client could not stand to watch and grabbed the bow. He too had failed after a few tries.

Everyone gave it a shot except for Yuan, and none could draw the string. Only then had they felt impressed by Han Sen.

Archery was practiced by very few people and required a lot of effort. So most people didn't know much about bows and arrows, let alone how good Doomsday was. For example, Han Hao and his friends had no idea that Han Sen's bow was worth millions, or they wouldn't have ridiculed him like that.

The clients stopped underestimating Han Sen, not least because Han Sen also had saved Qing's life. They asked his name and called him "Sen" from then on.

After all, God's Sanctuary was a world where only the strong were respected, and Han Sen's archery and strength were truly impressive.

"Sen, would you show us real archery skills?" Qing proposed. All the other clients looked at Han Sen with great anticipation.

"My archery skills are just ordinary," Hansen laughed.

"Don't be modest. When one is being too modest, one is actually proud," Qing said.

"OK, I will try to shoot then." Han Sen also itched to exercise his skills. Since he received Domsday, he hadn't tested its limits yet.

The clients were overjoyed. Han Sen looked around and walked to a hillside. He aimed at something and slowly drew a Saber arrow. As he drew the string, blue and swollen veins popped on his arms. The arrow left the string in the blink of an eye and disappeared in the woods.

"Did he miss?" Qing and others didn't hear any prey being hit and thought he had missed.

"It is too far away. The woods must be at least 400 yards from here. It is understandable to miss," said Qing.

"Come on, let's go and find out," Han Sen said and walked down the hill into the woods.

The clients followed with suspicion. A hundred meters into the woods, they saw a spotted beast nailed on a tree with an arrow through its head.

"No wonder we did not hear a thing. The arrow directly destroyed the nerves of the spotted beast and it didn't even have time to shriek." Everyone was so impressed. It was at least 400 yards from where Han Sen had been standing, and the beast was killed with just one shot. Han Sen's archery must be among the best in First God's Sanctuary.

After that, all the clients worshiped Hansen and did everything he said. Han Sen protected them for half a month and received 150,000 in cash.

The clients wanted to sign a long-term contract with Han Sen, but he declined. He was only short of money at the moment. In the long run, he still needed to focus on his own evolution.

Han Sen returned to Steel Armor Shelter alone and was stopped by those who had been chased away by Yuan at the gate. These men were led by Liu Feng, and Han Hao was also among them.

"Ass Freak, you have really pissed me off. How can you make it up to me?" asked Liu Feng, cracking his knuckles while slowly approaching Han Sen.

Chapter 37: Whose Broadsword

Chapter 37: Whose Broadsword

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

A crowd of spectators started to gather. They were used to seeing Han Sen getting bullied.

"How do you want me to compensate you?" said Han Sen calmly, watching Liu Feng approaching him.

"Let me kick your ass," Liu Feng said, throwing a punch at Han Sen's face.

Liu Feng's punch was fierce and fast. If Han Sen was hit, his nose would be smashed.

When everyone was thinking that he would suffer, Han Sen leaned his body and dodged the punch. Meanwhile, he tripped Liu Feng with his leg and made him fall on his face.

Liu Feng fell so hard that his nose was bleeding and his eyes were watering. Burning with anger, he drew his alpha alloy broadsword from the sheath and slashed it toward Han Sen. "Little scum! How dare you resist? I'll kill you."

Han Hao had mixed feelings watching this. Although he despised Han Sen, Han Sen was still his cousin, and Han Hao felt terrible watching him being bullied and perhaps getting killed.

But if he helped Han Sen and people knew him to be the cousin of Ass Freak, how could he stay at Steel Armor Shelter?

Having hesitated for a while, Han Hao turned his face to the side, deliberately avoid seeing Han Sen. Han Hao thought that he would immediately hear Han Sen's screams, but the screams he heard were not from Han Sen, but from Liu Feng.

Han Hao quickly turned to see what had happened and couldn't believe his own eyes. Liu Feng's alpha alloy broadsword was now in Han Sen's hand and Liu Feng himself was pinned to the ground with his arm twisted behind himself, screaming while too scared to struggle.

Han Hao did not see how it happened, but others all saw clearly. They were so surprised that they stood there with their mouths wide open.

When Liu Feng slashed his broadsword at Han Sen, everyone thought Ass Freak was doomed. But as soon as Liu Feng wielded the alpha alloy broadsword, Han Sen grabbed his hand and twisted, bringing Liu Feng to his knees. Han Sen then knocked his back with a knee and held him down to the floor.

No one could believe that Ass Freak would have such fine movements and were all in a daze. There was no sound except for Liu Feng's screams.

"What are you doing? Kill this bastard... Ouch!" Liu Feng shouted to the onlookers while screaming.

Crack!

His arm was broken by Han Sen before he could even finish the sentence. Covered in cold sweat, Liu Feng was deathly pale.

Liu Feng's friends saw this and rushed to Han Sen, raising their weapons. Han Sen was still holding Liu Feng's alpha alloy broadsword in his hand, and used it to block the first alloy weapon swung at him. To his surprise, the weapon was cut in half by Liu Feng's broadsword instantaneously.

"This dumbass had a really nice alpha alloy broadsword. It's at least worth one or two million," Han Sen thought and decided not to give it back.

In a short while, all the other weapons were cut off by Han Sen, and their owners were scared off. No one dared to attack Han Sen anymore.

Han Hao was stunned, almost thinking he was in a dream. Liu Feng had a strength rating of 6.7 and a nice weapon, so he enjoyed quite a lot of attention in Steel Armor Shelter.

Although Han Hao had a mutant beast soul weapon, he knew he could not match Liu Feng. All of a sudden, Liu Feng became the one lying on the floor without his weapon, while Han Sen became the winner. The change was so drastic that Han Hao couldn't process it.

"Hadn't he been isolated by both Qin Xuan and Son of Heaven since he entered the shelter? Didn't he fail to hunt even a primitive creature? Didn't he..." Han Hao looked at Han Sen blankly, with a variety of complex emotions entangled in his mind.

Han Sen did not continue the fight with the rest, but went back to take Liu Feng's sheath away, hung the sheath on his own belt, and returned his new broadsword to his new sheath.

"The next time you want compensation, just come to me," said Han Sen as he strode toward the gate of Steel Armor Shelter. The onlookers all looked at him as if it was the first time they saw him.

"Stop!" Someone approached riding a beast soul mount when Han Sen was about to enter the gate. It was Luo Tianyang, Son of Heaven's henchman.

"Luo, Ass Freak broke my arm and seized my broadsword. You have to avenge me," shouted Liu Feng in delight at the sight of Luo Tianyang.

"Douchebag." Luo Tianyang first glanced at Liu Feng and then at Han Sen. "I was wondering who was so daring to hurt my guy. So, it was you, scum."

Luo Tianyang took out his alloy whip, and whacked it at Han Sen.

Han Sen paused and wielded his broadsword at the whip. When the two weapons collided, Han Sen and Luo Tianyang both shuddered.

Luo Tianyang suddenly shouted, "How come you have such strength?"

Luo Tianyang's own strength rating had reached 9.6. Although with this whack he did not use all his strength, Han Sen must have had at least an 8.0 rating to be able to block his whip, which he could not believe.

Chapter 38: My Guy

Chapter 38: My Guy

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"This person must die." Luo Tianyang suddenly had an urge to kill Han Sen and was about to raise his whip again. When he looked at Han Sen, however, he stopped and his whole body became tense.

Han Sen had put away the broadsword and held Doomsday in his hands. Drawing the string to the fullest, he pointed the arrowhead at Luo Tianyang.

Although Luo Tianyang did not recognize Doomsday, thanks to his rich experience of fighting, he could smell danger from Han Sen and his bow and stayed completely still.

The two were into a deadlock—Luo Tianyang did not dare to move, and Han Sen did not have the confidence to kill Luo Tianyang with only one shot. Even time seemed to stand still.

The onlookers were completely shocked. When Han Sen beat Liu Feng and his friends, they simply couldn't believe it, and now he was even well-matched with Luo Tianyang?

Luo Tianyang was one of Son of Heaven's henchmen, his strength rating was near 10.0, and even he didn't dare to move with Han Sen's arrow pointed at him.

Anyone with a strength rating of more than 9.0 would be among the top 100 in Steel Armor Shelter, where there were more than 100,000 people. That someone like this could be scared by Han Sen was an overwhelming fact to all. No one knew how Han Sen could gain such strength when isolated by both Qin Xuan and Son of Heaven.

"Han Sen, put down your bow," said Qin Xuan, leading her gang, who were all riding beast soul mounts.

Han Sen put away his bow and arrow. His strength was still weaker than Luo Tianyang, and Han Sen was not sure if he could shoot his opponent when Luo had his guard up. Keeping the posture was consuming his energy very fast, and the deadlock was not good for Han Sen.

"Miss Qin, I'll kill this bastard for you," said Luo Tianyang, whipping at Han Sen, who had already disarmed himself.

Han Sen seemed to be prepared for this and was about to block the whip with Doomsday. Before he acted, a beast soul bronze sword was thrown over and hit the whip. The strength of the throw was so fierce that the whip fell from Luo Tianyang's hand.

"I will discipline my guy, and you can mind your own business." Qin Xuan looked at Luo Tianyang coldly and summoned back her sword before she rode into the shelter.

"Follow me," Qin Xuan turned back and commanded Han Sen.

Han Sen quickly caught up with her and followed her gang into the shelter.

The entire Steel Armor Shelter was suddenly in an uproar. Ass Freak beat Liu Feng and his friends, was well-matched against Luo Tianyang and was, most importantly, declared by Qin Xuan to be her guy. All the news had driven everyone mad.

No one understood what had happened: it was all guesswork.

"Did they develop a love affair from the stab?"

"I have to learn from Ass Freak and stab a beautiful and capable woman in the ass. Maybe I can become rich and powerful."

"Qin Xuan looks so serious, but she is actually a flirt."

Rumors spread across the entire Steel Armor Shelter, and Han Sen was once again put under the spotlight.

However, Han Sen's strength was not really the focus. People cared more about whether he was Qin Xuan's boy toy. Even Qin Xuan's gang would look at Han Sen weirdly.

"You know archery?" asked Qin Xuan after she called Han Sen to a hall.

"I used to practice," Han Sen shrugged.

"You can use Doomsday, so you must've worked hard on it," said Qin Xuan matter-of-factly. "You can join Bullseye and follow me in the future."

"No," Han Sen refused.

Qin Xuan bite her lips and said snappily, "You just offended Luo Tianyang. Without my protection, do you suppose he'd let you live?"

"Thank you for your kindness, but I will deal with it myself," Han Sen said indifferently.

"You should have known who I am. My men are more or less related to the military, and Bullseye belongs to me. Follow me and you will gain great advantages when applying for military schools," Qin Xuan suppressed her anger and said to Han Sen.

"I never wanted to go to a military school." Han Sen knew that he could apply to a military school for further education after he finished integrated compulsory education. However, all military schools had high requirements of fitness. If one's fitness index was below 10 before the first evolution, one had no chance at military schools. For Han Sen, to reach 10 in the fitness index was not hard, but he wasn't interested in going to school at all. He'd rather put more effort into hunting.

Exasperated, Qin Xuan said, "Without education from military school and an aristocratic title, you could only be an ordinary soldier when you are of age to serve. Only through a military school can you become something in the army. At least by then you wouldn't have been sacrificed."

Chapter 39: Saint Paul

Chapter 39: Saint Paul

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Let's talk about this another time. I have to go now, and thank you so much for all your help. I'll buy you dinner sometime," said Han Sen, ready to go back.

He knew that what Qin Xuan said made sense, but he had his own plan. He wanted to get an aristocratic title before he turned 20 and went to serve, because aristocrats had certain privileges in the army and would not be sent to the front.

"Stop! Have I excused you?" Qin Xuan stared at Han Sen fiercely.

"Stationmaster, please, that's not my thing," said Han Sen bitterly.

"It's fine if you don't want to go." Qin Xuan suddenly smiled at Han Sen and said, "If you do not go, each time you enter the teleport station, I will fight you."

Looking at her evil smile, Han Sen's heart sank.

He knew that Qin Xuan hadn't tried her best at all when fighting with him in the past, because he was no match for her at the moment. Judging from her expression, he knew if he declined, he would really have a hard time in the future.

"I'll just join Bullseye then," Han Sen said, depressed.

Qin Xuan snapped at Han Sen, "Do you have any idea how many people in Steel Armor Shelter want to join my gang? And you just acted like I've asked you to take poison!"

"Freedom is priceless, and to lose my freedom is exactly like taking poison," Han Sen sighed.

"Then you could die a slow death. Even if you died and became a ghost, you'd still be my ghost," Qin Xuan pouted and said.

Han Sen knew that Qin Xuan had made up her mind, and he accepted the offer unwillingly. Feeling dejected, he left the hall.

Qin Xuan watched him go and was very pleased by his upset look for some strange reason. She couldn't help but smile.

"Stationmaster, why do you have to recruit such a person to our Steel Armor Gang? He's not worthy of being a member of Bullseye," a woman of the same age as Qin Xuan came out from a side door and asked after Han Sen had left.

"Manli, trust me, although this guy can be a bastard sometimes, he does have great potential in some aspects," Qin Xuan told Yang Manli seriously.

Qin Xuan had witnessed what a fast learner and diligent student Han Sen was. Repeatedly defeated by her, he didn't go down but grew stronger and stronger. Now even she had to take him seriously. Such progress and mentality were truly amazing.

Qin Xuan's opinions of Han Sen had improved a great deal, or else she wouldn't have defended him in front of everyone.

Han Sen returned to his room and teleported back home before Qin Xuan had the chance to leave God's Sanctuary.

He was not the least interested in going to a military school. Before, it would have been a great option for him, because he could learn hyper geno arts there. Now, with Jadeskin, he didn't have to waste his time in a military school at all.

It would be much wiser for him to spend time hunting and increasing his geno points.

As for Bullseye, Han Sen had even less interest in joining. Although as a member of Bullseye he could gain assistance from Qin Xuan's information network to improve his

chance of finding mutant and sacred-blood creatures, he would also have to share the meat hunted with the rest of her team.

Han Sen decided to go hunting alone after some preparation. If Qin Xuan didn't see him for a while, she would probably forget about the whole thing.

Han Sen had wanted to buy an alpha alloy dagger with the 150 thousand he had earned, but now he had the broadsword he seized from Liu Feng, so the other was no longer necessary.

The broadsword was made of a special alloy with Z-metal, which made it very stiff. Its edge could easily cut primitive creatures open. So weapons made from this kind of alloy had always been expensive.

"Nice!" Han Sen touched the edge and his finger was cut immediately. Looking at the shiny edge, Han Sen loved the weapon so much he couldn't put it down. "It's worth the price," he thought to himself.

The Han family had an alloy business before, and although it was a small factory, they had unique formulas. Their products might not be as good as this broadsword, but could also cut open the skin of some primitive creatures. So the business was quite profitable.

If it was not for those terrible family members, their company could surely be among the top three on Planet Roca. But now the company had been bought by Starry Group.

Han Sen was too young back then, and to this day he still didn't quite understand why Starry Group had to acquire their company. He knew his father's death must have had something to do with Starry Group, but he had no ability to find out the truth, so he had to lay low.

"Son, today I have something important at work. Can you take Yan to school?" Luo Sulan knocked on the door and asked Han Sen.

"School has started already? I did not know that. No worries Mom, I'll take her," Han Sen quickly said.

"School started a few days ago, and you were in God's Sanctuary so I didn't want to bother you," said Luo Sulan.

"Which school is it?" asked Han Sen.

"It is Saint Paul, and I used to the money you left to pay the tuition." Luo Sulan felt slightly uneasy, as she had spent almost all the money on Yan's school.

"Great! Saint Paul is the best on Planet Roca except for the posh schools." Han Sen was very happy. He didn't have an aristocratic title for the moment and couldn't send Yan to a posh school, but a good private school is still much better than integrated compulsory education.

After chatting with his mother, Han Sen took Han Yan on a maglev train to school.

The entrance of Saint Paul was almost blocked by private aircrafts, and some of them were deluxe. Almost all rich people without an aristocratic title would send their children to Saint Paul. And almost all students here were from affluent families.

Walking his sister to school, Han Sen saw a middle-aged fat guy getting off an aircraft with a flirtatious woman on his side and an eight-year-old boy in his arms.

He paused, as the middle-aged fat guy happened to be his uncle, Han Lei.

Chapter 40: Physical Test Center

Chapter 40: Physical Test Center

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"What are you doing here?" Han Lei was surprised to see Han Sen here.

"Taking Yan to school," replied Han Sen.

"Yan is coming to Saint Paul?" Han Lei looked at Han Sen and Han Yan, unconvinced.

"Since a few days ago." Han Sen said, ready to walk Han Yan into the school gate.

Han Lei thought for a while and ran in front of Han Sen. He grabbed Han Sen's wrist and raged, "I knew it! My elder brother managed the company for so many years, he must have embezzled lots of money. You were just lying to me about not being able to come up with two million, while you are now spending millions to send Yan to Saint Paul. I'm telling you, this money belonged to the whole family, just like the house. We must split it, or I'll..."

"Or what? What can you do about it?" Han Sen looked at Han Lei coldly. He was completely disappointed in his relatives and wouldn't give them a cent more.

"Boy, watch it. I'm your uncle." Han Lei flinched with Han Sen watching him, but he didn't plan to let Han Sen walk free.

"Uncle?" Han Sen smiled dismissively. "Well, please go home and review the legal documents we signed and see if you have the right to anything we own. From now on, do not think you can take a penny from us ever again."

The reason why Han Sen gave them two million so promptly was to draw a line between his relatives and his real family. To get the two million, his relatives all signed a document

prepared by Mr. Zhang which made it impossible for them to take anything from Han Sen's family in the future.

"That is fraud! I'll go find your Mom right away. How dare you hide money from us..." cried Han Lei angrily.

"Uncle, don't even think about it. I have the right to kill a trespasser." Han Sen looked at Han Lei gloomily.

"Little brat, how dare..." Han Lei threw a punch at Han Sen furiously.

With a blank expression, Han Sen grabbed Han Lei's arm and threw Han Lei over his own shoulder. Han Lei shouted out in pain.

"Uncle, if you want to die, welcome to our house." Han Sen stared at Han Lei coldly.

Han Lei opened his eyes wide, as if he didn't know Han Sen. The look on Han Sen's face had terrified him.

Han Lei was an evolver, although just by maxing out on primitive geno points. He didn't really do much in Second God's Sanctuary, but he was still an evolver. It was abnormal that Han Sen, who hadn't evolved at all, could give him a shoulder throw easily. His nephew suddenly looked like a different person.

Han Sen suddenly smiled and pulled Han Lei up.

"I'm sure my aunt doesn't know about this woman and child. I think I should talk to her," Han Sen whispered, while Han Lei was still shocked by his sudden change.

"You think my wife will believe you?" Han Lei said madly.

"That doesn't matter, as long as she believes this." Han Sen showed Han Lei the comlink on his wrist. He turned the video camera on the moment he saw Han Lei.

"You..." Shocked, Han Lei reached to grab the comlink.

Han Sen only moved slightly to make Han Lei fall again.

"Uncle, we can negotiate a price, and I can sell you this." Han Sen smiled and was about to pull him up again.

Han Lei grinned and suddenly reached to twist Han Sen's hand, ready to break it and seize his comlink.

Han Sen flipped his hand and held Han Lei's hand down, making him kneel on the floor and howl like a pig.

"Uncle, it seems that you have no intention to negotiate. I'll have to show it to my aunt then." Han Sen released Han Lei's hand and turned to leave.

"Wait." Han Lei quickly stopped Han Sen and gritted his teeth. "Ten thousand. I'll give you ten thousand, and you delete it."

Han Sen turned away. "Two hundred thousand, or I'll go to my aunt."

"Okay, okay," said Han Lei, limping over to take hold of Han Sen.

"Thanks then, cash or bank transfer?" Han Sen asked with a faint smile.

Han Lei unwillingly transferred two hundred thousand to Han Sen, "Well, now can you delete it?"

"Of course I will delete it, but only when I'm in a good mood," Han Sen said and walked away.

"Brat, you lied to me..." Han Lei became furious and raised his fist. However, he froze at the sight of Han Sen, as his nephew's movements had really left a strong impression.

"Uncle, I received your money so I will certainly delete it, but I did not say when I will do it. So you'd better keep me in a good mood." Han Sen patted Han Lei on the shoulder and

stopped smiling. He whispered, "Also, do not let me see you in my home again, otherwise I will kill you."

Han Lei shuddered, and for some reason, he knew Han Sen meant it.

"S*#t! The brat has become so evil," Han Lei cursed as Han Sen moved away. Ashamed that he was terrified by a boy, Han Lei was still nervous deep down and changed his mind about going to Han Sen's home.

After sending Yan to school, Han Sen was in a great mood. On his way back, he saw a physical test center and went in, wanting to know his current physical fitness level.

Chapter 41: Home Run

Chapter 41: Home Run

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

In the unevolved test hall of the physical test center, Zhao Boshan looked at "A-level" displayed on the virtual screen and was secretly feeling proud of himself.

In order to get A-level in the test, an unevolved person must reach more than 10.0 in at least 100 items, including strength, speed, quickness, leaping ability, muscle toughness, bone strength and organ function.

With A-level fitness, one was also very likely to be admitted into a military school, as long as one didn't make a huge mistake during the entrance exam.

In his fantasy, Zhao Boshan had already graduated from a military school with stellar scores and become a captain of an interstellar warship, directing battles in the space and receiving respect and worship after all his victories.

"I didn't do that well in the live combat test. If I had done better, I might be assessed at AA-level. Maybe I'll try again." Zhao Boshan went back, but found the test hall he had used was occupied.

Zhao Boshan thought the testing process was quite short, so he decided he might as well wait there. But after he had waited for quite a while, the person inside still hadn't come out.

"So slow! This person inside must be stupid? If I had gone to a different hall, I would've finished by now." Zhao Boshan was quite upset but not willing to give up.

Zhao Boshan gave it some thought and paid to observe the test. Suddenly, the holographic image was projected in front of him.

"I wonder how dumb this person could be to take so long." Zhao Boshan looked to the golden figure in the holographic image. That person in the image was about to take the final test, the robot channel.

The robot channel was the last part of the entire test. In the 300-foot-long one-way channel, one had to beat a combat robot with biochemical alloy shell every six feet, and the performance of combat robots was stronger and stronger toward the end.

As an unevolved, being able to cross the 180-foot line was "pass," 210-foot line was "good," 240-foot line was "excellent," 270-foot line was "advanced," and going all the way was "super."

Zhao Boshan had earned a "good" score himself, but he might be able to pass the 240-foot line if he put in more effort.

"This is weird. How come it took him so long?" Zhao Boshan felt strange, as all the tests before this one should have taken the same amount of time. What he didn't know was that Han Sen actually took each test twice, the first time without beast souls and the second time with beast souls, so as to know his abilities under different circumstances.

That's why it took Han Sen so long. In fact, Han Sen had already been through the robot channel twice. This time, he summoned black beetle armor and bloody slayer at the same time and wanted to try the robot channel one last time under his best conditions.

When Zhao Boshan saw clearly the golden figure, he was amazed by how great the bloody slayer and black beetle beast souls looked.

"S*#t! This guy wants to use beast souls to take the robot channel test. Well, even so he could hardly go all the way, unless..." While Zhao Boshan was still thinking, the majestic golden figure had rushed toward the robot channel.

Boom!

What happened next rendered Zhao Boshan speechless. The golden figure ignored all combat robots trying to block him and forcefully went through with his strong body. The combat robot, which was much heavier than the man, was knocked away immediately.

The golden figure was like an armored vehicle, brutally hitting his way through the combat robots. Even the robots' biochemical alloy shells were smashed. Nothing could stop that figure.

30 feet... 60 feet... 90 feet... 180 feet... 210 feet... 240 feet...

Zhao Baoshan knew that the performance of the combat robots placed behind the 240-foot line was beyond the ability of average unevolved persons. But they were smashed by the golden figure as if they were a pile of clunkers.

The robot channel that was viewed as a cruel test by most unevolved became an easy path for the golden figure.

Unmatched strength.

All combat robots in the channel, including the last one, were knocked away within seconds. Zhao Boshan opened his mouth and didn't recover from shock for a long time. When he looked at the virtual screen, it already changed to "SSS-level."

"OMG, who is this fierce fellow?" Zhao Boshan saw the door of the test hall open and the person in the hall was gone.

Zhao Boshan immediately chased him out, but the center was so crowded and he had no idea who that person was.

"The video!" Zhao Boshan ran back to the hall, paid to play the recorded video and made a copy. Having watched the video a few times, he regretted that he didn't see the golden figure's performance before the last test.

Zhao Boshan suddenly had an idea. He logged into his account and uploaded this copy to the official forum, and named it "7'88"- Robot Channel Conquered."

Chapter 42: Dollar

Chapter 42: Dollar

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

In the beginning, Zhao Boshan's video didn't attract much attention. After all, there were so many videos online about the robot channel test.

7.88 seconds was also considered a gimmick, as those who could pass the test within ten seconds would be among the very best of the unevolved.

Even stars like Tang Zhenliu could finish the test in just under ten seconds and couldn't improve any further. If someone really finished it within 7.88 seconds, he or she would surely be a star. Therefore, it would be impossible for it to be uploaded by an unknown account.

Almost everyone who saw the title would choose to skip the video, and it could soon be lost in the massive number of videos. Only a few who were bored would play the video.

However, those who had seen the video were all impressed by the brutal method used to pass the test and chose to forward the link to their friends.

Coincidentally, someone from Steel Armor Shelter also watched the video and recognized the man in the video as Dollar from Steel Armor Shelter. Immediately after he finished watching the video, he posted a new thread titled "SSS-level, Dollar Conquered Robot Channel in 7'88" to the section of Steel Armor Shelter.

"That Dollar who robbed Son of Heaven of the beast soul?"

"Is the title for real?"

"Is Dollar's real identity exposed?"

The name Dollar was so well-known in Steel Armor Shelter that the post soon got a lot of attention, and many watched the video with a skeptical attitude, which turned into admiration when they finished watching.

"Dollar is my idol."

"This is how real men should pass the test."

"Ha-ha, the combat robots were all crushed."

"His beast soul was stolen from Son of Heaven, and he is nothing without beast souls."

"Dollar is invincible."

"Idol!"

The video was watched so much in Steel Armor Shelter that the administrator soon noticed it and put it on the front page.

At this point, this video became viral in the entire alliance, and almost all unevolved now knew about Dollar.

"It must be fake."

"No way! Did you not see it's an official video?"

"This is not possible. The robots in the beginning were not that strong, but it was so incredible that he knocked away the ones close to the end as well."

"No way this looks too fake. It is definitely modified. If it's not, I'll eat s*#t."

"Who is this man? One of the Chosen?"

"This is Dollar from Steel Armor Shelter."

"What Dollar? I have not heard of him."

"That is because you are ignorant..."

Dollar brought honor to the entire Steel Armor Shelter. Many people in the shelter were telling the story all over the Skynet of Dollar robbing the beast soul from Son of Heaven.

"Zhenliu, come and look at this," a good-looking young man waved to Tang Zhenliu, who was training.

"Lin Feng, what is it?" Tang Zhenliu approached the young man while wiping his face with a towel. Taking a look at the video the young man was watching, he commented, "7.88 seconds, robot channel conquered. This is crap. It took me ten seconds. How can anyone finish it in 7.88 seconds?" Tang Zhenliu played with his hair casually.

"Just watch this." Lin Feng played the video.

"No way! This can't be... Who is this guy? Where is he from?"

"No idea. But according to my analysis, he must have maxed out on all geno points except for sacred geno points. He also has practiced advanced hyper geno arts. His armor and shapeshifting beast souls were all sacred-blood." Lin Feng paused the holographic video and continued to analyze, "His shapeshifting beast soul is fast and..."

"Enough with the analysis. I just want to know who he is. Finally, all the top guys have gone to Second God's Sanctuary, and I now have a chance to rank second among the Chosen. And now here's this guy!" Tang Zhenliu gritted his teeth. "Find out who he is. I'll have him killed before he can ruin my chances."

Lin Feng rolled his eyes, "First, this video is from the official physical test center, so there is no way you could find out his identity. Second, someone with this fitness level must be from a prominent family or even have something to do with the military. You think you dare to have someone like that killed?"

"Ahem, I was just expressing my anger... Don't take me seriously..." Tang Zhenliu was embarrassed.

"Who could he be?" Lin Feng frowned, staring at the golden figure in the video.

There were many who shared Lin Feng's question and wondered about the background of Dollar. Due to the limited information available, no one had any clue.

Some people also tried to ask Zhao Boshan, the poster of the video. However, Zhao Boshan had no idea who that man was. So, all people knew was that Dollar took the test on Planet Roca.

But interplanetary travel was so convenient that many people were even working on a different planet from where they lived. Hence, no one knew whether Dollar was passing by or lived there. Plus, there were a dozen billion people on Roca, so it was impossible to locate a single individual anyway.

Chapter 43: Age Difference

Chapter 43: Age Difference

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

While everyone was discussing who Dollar was, Han Sen was practicing archery alone in a waste factory near his home, avoiding entering God's Sanctuary in case Qin Xuan would send him to Bullseye.

"If I had not used beast souls, my strength would only have been rated 9.1 due to the lack of mutant geno points. If I could max out on mutant geno points, my rating would reach 12," secretly calculated Han Sen while he was resting. The improvement in physical fitness levels got more and more difficult as he became stronger.

Han Sen had checked the data. Those who had maxed out on all four types of geno points could have a rating at 15. If they were also practicing hyper geno arts, then their number might reach 17 or 18, which was the limit for the unevolved.

For individual indicators such as speed, there was the same limit. An average person would be considered a genius with a rating of 15. Some indicators could be further improved to 17 or 18 with the practice of hyper geno arts.

Maxing out on all four types of geno points was incredibly difficult, and there might not even be anyone who could achieve this in several years in a shelter. At that time, Qin Xuan was the only one who had any chance of maxing out on all four types of geno points.

As Han Sen was thinking, suddenly his comlink rang. He took a look, and it was a strange number. Han Sen hesitated and took the call. The holographic image of Qin Xuan popped out. She looked at Han Sen coldly and said, "If I do not see you in front of me in an hour, then you better pray I will never see you again."

Qin Xuan hung up immediately and her holographic image also disappeared.

"How did she know my number? I have not told her." Han Sen helplessly got up and went to the teleport station. Qin Xuan was the stationmaster, so there was no way he could avoid her.

"I am a dignified man, and I fear nothing." Han Sen came to the teleport station and cheered himself up.

"Come here," Qin Xuan spat out as she saw him coming.

"Stationmaster, I was busy with some family business and..." Han Sen forced a smile and tried to explain when he saw Qin Xuan's grim face.

"Busy playing archery every day in the waste factory?" Qin Xuan didn't even blink.

"Stationmaster, stalking is not a good idea. I understand what you want, but our age difference is more than three years. Even if I'm willing, my Mom..." Han Sen joked.

Qin Xuan, who was walking ahead, was pissed off but didn't turn back. Entering the combat room, she threw a combat suit and some protective gear in front of Han Sen and said sharply, "Put it on."

Han Sen suddenly felt something was very wrong. Qin Xuan had never given him protective gear before, and this was certainly a red flag.

Han Sen wanted to run, but Qin Xuan had already anticipated his thought and locked the door of the combat room before he even moved.

"Stationmaster, don't do this. We must talk this out. I never thought age was an issue. I'll bring you home right... Don't come close..." Han Sen kept backing off while Qin Xuan gritted her teeth and approached him.

"Damn you." Qin Xuan raised her fist and threw a punch at Han Sen.

She was really mad this time. She had finally persuaded Yang Manli to let Han Sen join Bullseye, but Han Sen had completely disappeared in recent days.

Han Sen felt a lot more pressure than usual, and his arms went numb after blocking two punches from her.

When Qin Xuan was ready to beat him senseless, the holographic image of Yang Manli popped up from the comlink in the combat room.

"Stationmaster, Starry Group sent someone to discuss killing the sacred-blood creature," Yang Manli said.

"OK, take them to the conference room and I'll be right there." Qin Xuan stopped and fiercely stared at Han Sen.

"Stationmaster, we are cooperating with Starry Group?" asked Han Sen.

"You didn't know? Son of Heaven is the son of the CEO of Starry Group," replied Qin Xuan. "Think about it. Will I do you harm by asking you to join Bullseye?"

"No need to think. How could I ever go against your will? I'll join Bullseye right away, and you don't have to stalk me anymore," Han Sen said bitterly.

"Good to see that you've come to your senses. Your family is not rich. What are you going to do if you don't go to military school?" said Qin Xuan before leaving the combat room. She didn't forget to arrange for a guard to accompany Han Sen to report to Yang Manli.

The reason for Han Sen's sudden change of heart was that he learned Son of Heaven was the son of Starry Group's CEO. Since Qin Xuan was collaborating with Son of Heaven, maybe he could find out the facts of Starry Group's acquisition of their family business as a member of Qin Xuan's Steel Armor Gang.

The guard took Han Sen to the front of an office. Han Sen knocked on the door and found that the woman who had been in the holographic image just then was sitting behind the desk, looking at him seriously.

"Stationmaster asked me to report to you," Han Sen said politely.

"Fill this out." Yang Manli showed no expression and passed a sheet to Han Sen.

Han Sen took it and saw it was just a basic information form. He filled it out and gave it back.

"You can go back. Show up at the training camp of Bullseye tomorrow morning at six o'clock. Remember, I don't like people who are not punctual. And this is your last chance." Yang Manli's impression of Han Sen was terrible, especially after his absence from Bullseye.

Chapter 44: He Isn't Man Enough

Chapter 44: He Isn't Man Enough

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen could tell that Yang Manli did not like him. When he was ready to go, Yang Manli answered a comlink call and Qin Xuan's holographic image popped out.

"Manli, come to my office right now." Qin Xuan saw Han Sen there and said, "Bring him with you."

Han Sen followed Yang Manli to Qin Xuan's office and saw Qin Xuan watching a video from the Skynet.

"Manli, come see this video." Qin Xuan replayed it.

Standing on the side, Han Sen secretly thought, "This is the video of me taking the physical test! Someone paid to record this. People must have found out that I'm Dollar."

There were so many halls in the test center, and it cost money to watch others taking the test. He thought no one would care about a nobody like himself and did not expect this to happen.

If Son of Heaven knew Dollar was Han Sen, he would be in a lot of trouble. Starry Group was powerful in the Alliance, and there was no way Han Sen could compete with them.

"Dollar? You know who he is?" Yang Manli was somewhat surprised to see the golden figure in the video.

"No. The video only covered the robot channel, and he was wearing beast soul armor the entire time. Couldn't tell who he is."

Qin Xuan's words suddenly sent Han Sen from hell back to heaven. He secretly wiped the cold sweat off his forehead.

"I have to be more careful. This time I got lucky, next time there may really be a leak," Han Sen secretly warned himself.

"Excellent." Yang Manli only said one word after watching it.

"Son of Heaven told me about this video. After watching this, we can be certain that Dollar's armor is a sacred-blood beast soul, and he must be from a prominent family because he is definitely practicing an advanced hyper geno art. Another clue was that he took the test on Planet Roca. We must find him. He can be of great value to us," Qin Xuan said.

Yang Manli thought about it and said, "There are no prominent families on Roca. Maybe he was just passing by and has left by now."

"I agree. Let's give it a shot. He's worth it," said Qin Xuan.

Han Sen was frightened that Qin Xuan and Yang Manli might find out the truth. Han Sen cleared his throat and said, "Dollar was just relying on his sacred-blood beast souls. He had no real skills. There's no need to look for him."

Yang Manli gave Han Sen a hard look and said, "What do you know? The ability to get the beast souls is enough proof of his ability. Also, those beast souls can be of great use to Bullseye."

"What ability?" Han Sen thought. "It's just pure luck."

"Manli is right. His armor brings amazing defense, and bloody slayer has strengthened his physical strength and speed. Coupled with his practice of advanced hyper geno arts, he must be able to contain most sacred-blood creatures, and that's very useful to us," said Qin Xuan.

"If we have him in our gang, we won't have to collaborate with Son of Heaven and Fist Guy anymore to hunt sacred-blood creatures," Yang Manli said with great hope.

"Wow. You just wanted me to risk my life as your tank. How vicious!" thought Han Sen, drinking from a cup to cover up his fear.

"Agreed. So, do your best to find him," Qin Xuan nodded.

"But since he's from a prominent family, even if we find him, he may not be willing to join us," Yang Manli sighed.

Qin Xuan blinked and joked, "I know you like a strong man like him. Try to seduce him."

"Ahem!" Han Sen choked on the water he was drinking.

Yang Manli gave Han Sen a fierce glare, and Han Sen quickly took another sip from his cup.

"I don't mind seducing him. I'm only afraid he isn't man enough."

"Ahem!" This time, Han Sen choked so hard that he was almost in tears.

Yang Manli looked at Han Sen with disgust, "Fortunately, Dollar won't be a scum like him."

"Hey!" yelled Han Sen. Yang Manli shut the office door and completely ignored him.

"Stationmaster, your minion is too arrogant. I'm your guy and she shouldn't talk to me like that," Han Sen said with anger. "Transfer me to another team. I don't want to be in Bullseye where she is the leader."

Han Sen was a little worried that Yang Manli would see that he was Dollar if he stayed close to her for a long time.

Qin Xuan patted Han Sen on the shoulder, "You were a scum, but you can change. Follow Manli's lead. Although you may never be like Dollar, you could stop being a scum. There is still hope."

Sending Han Sen out, she did not give him a chance to speak again.

Han Sen left the teleport station, went back home and checked out the video on the Skynet. He then found out that the video had more than a hundred million hits.

Han Sen made sure that he couldn't be identified from the video and felt relieved. Seeing the compliments under the video, he was quite pleased with himself: "Looks great indeed."

Chapter 45: A Thousand Arrows

Chapter 45: A Thousand Arrows

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The next morning, Han Sen entered God's Sanctuary and saw the copper-toothed beast had become purple all over except for the tip of its tail. He was happy to know it was about to become a sacred-blood creature in a day or two.

Watching the beast over and over again, Han Sen left for the Bullseye training camp. When Han Sen arrived, he met an acquaintance.

"Su Xiaoqiao!" Han Sen was surprised to see Su Xiaoqiao, who was wiping the bows and arrows at the shooting range.

"Ass Freak, how do you know me?" Su Xiaoqiao was also surprised.

"How do I not know you? Everyone was calling Dollar 'Doll' because of you." Han Sen smiled while secretly hating Xiaoqiao. Thanks to him, Han Sen had such a strange nickname.

Su Xiaoqiao was very proud, "If it wasn't for me, Dollar wouldn't be as popular as he is now."

"Good job." Han Sen gave him a thumbs-up, while thinking, "You little bastard."

"Brother, why did you choose to enter Bullseye?" Su Xiaoqiao asked Han Sen.

"Because you can stand away from the creatures to reduce risks. Safety first," laughed Han Sen.

"Great minds think alike." Su Xiaoqiao felt like he finally met someone who understood him. "The only good thing about Bullseye is safety. I wouldn't come here in a million years if it wasn't for this. The team leader Manli looks great but she is a sadist. You know what we call her behind her back? Nazi..."

Su Xiaoqiao and Han Sen suddenly shuddered as they were talking. They turned back and saw Manli standing near them. She must have heard everything they said.

Han Sen and Su Xiaoqiao were petrified. Su Xiaoqiao quickly put on a smile, "Manli, I was just teasing the new guy. In fact, you are so charming that..."

"Use a 7.0 practice bow. You each have to shoot a thousand arrows. Don't leave until you are finished," said Yang Manli coldly and turned away.

"My god! 7.0 practice bow, a thousand arrows? Why doesn't she just kill me?" Su Xiaoqiao's smile collapsed.

"She won't be here anyway. She wouldn't even know how many arrows we shoot," said Han Sen.

"Brother, you are too naive. Of course Nazi has thought of this. There are people who are in charge of counting arrows. You can't shoot standing over the line. Nor can you miss the target," Su Xiaoqiao said in desperation.

"We will take our time then. She didn't say when we have to finish." Han Sen patted Su Xiaoqiao on the shoulder.

With a strength rating of 9.1, a thousand arrows with a 7.0 practice bow could be a difficult task, but it wasn't the end of the world. However, for Su Xiaoqiao, who only had a strength rating of 7, it was different. If he was going to shoot continuously, a hundred arrows could kill him.

The two took the practice bow and started. Standing next to Su Xiaoqiao, Han Sen was shooting at a slow pace. The other members of the Bullseye team were all gloating at them.

Several Bullseye members carried a few bundles of practice arrows, and one of them said to Su Xiaoqiao, "Xiaoqiao, keep practicing. We will hunt the sacred-blood creature tomorrow."

"Another sacred-blood creature found? When? Why didn't I know?" Su Xiaoqiao said with wide eyes.

"Son of Heaven's gang found it. They couldn't hunt it by themselves so they asked us to help. We will leave in the morning to hunt but you won't be able to make it. A thousand arrows will take you at least three days," the team member said with a grin.

"Enough said. Xiaoqiao, go practice!" yelled an angry young man, the deputy head of Bullseye.

After the other members had left, Su Xiaoqiao begged the angry man, "Hongtao, please ask Manli to let me go tomorrow. I will double my practice time when I come back."

"You think this is a farmer's market where you can bargain? Manli said shoot a thousand arrows, so you can't miss even one." Liu Hongtao gave Han Sen a hard look and said, "And you, don't think you can get away with anything here just because you know Qin Xuan. This is just a small lesson. Don't let me catch you or you will regret it."

"Liu, you know we meant well. Please help us out." Su Xiaoqiao passed a pile of cash to Liu Hongtao.

Liu Hongtao threw the money on the floor and rebuked Su Xiaoqiao, "You think you can bribe me? Rules are rules. You can't go anywhere unless you finish shooting a thousand arrows."

Liu Hongtao turned away after his speech.

Han Sen was a bit surprised and asked Su Xiaoqiao, "Are the rules really so strict at Bullseye?"

"Strict my ass. Liu always takes money from us," Su Xiaoqiao gritted his teeth and said.

"Why didn't he this time?" Han Sen was confused.

Su Xiaoqiao looked at Han Sen and whispered, "You better be careful now. I think Manli is very upset with you, and Liu likes Manli a lot. He must be deliberately messing with you. Or else you are supposed to still go hunting even when punished."

Han Sen suddenly realized why Liu Hongtao had looked at him with disgust and hatred.

"This is my fault. But no worries, we can still go tomorrow." Han Sen patted Su Xiaoqiao on the shoulder.

"What if we can't finish a thousand arrows?" Su Xiaoqiao sighed and suddenly thought of something, "Brother, are you sleeping with Qin Xuan? If it's true, just talk to her and we can definitely go."

Chapter 46: Endurance

Chapter 46: Endurance

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Even if I am sleeping with Qin Xuan, I wouldn't bother her with this. Moreover, there is really nothing going on," explained Han Sen.

"In our gang, Manli would only listen to Qin Xuan. So, unless she helps us, we won't be able to go tomorrow." Su Xiaoqiao held Han Sen's hand, "Brother, dignity is worthless, but the sacred-blood creature is priceless. If you really have something going on with Qin Xuan, you need to beg her and let her do whatever she wants with you. You need to focus on the big picture."

Han Sen sighed, "Unfortunately, there is really nothing."

"Then we are doomed. We will practice while others go hunting," Su Xiaoqiao said dejectedly.

"You don't have to be so frustrated. Even though I am not sleeping with Qin Xuan, we can still go hunting tomorrow," Han Sen laughed.

"What do you have in mind?" Su Xiaoqiao watched Han Sen helplessly.

"Just finish shooting these arrows today." Hansen pointed to the bundles of arrows.

Su Xiaoqiao said weakly, "Brother, we each have one thousand arrows to shoot while standing 450 feet away from the target, and those that miss the target will not be counted. We need at least three days to do that."

"Not necessarily." Han Sen tried the practice bow, which was much lighter than Doomsday. A 7.0 practice bow means that you use the bow to practice rapid shooting with a strength rating at 7.0. For Doomsday, you only draw the string with a strength rating at 7.0.

He picked up an arrow and shot it toward the target. Instantly, it ended up on the bullseye.

Han Sen didn't pause but kept shooting. While he didn't hit the bullseye each time, all his arrows were on the target.

Su Xiaoqiao had thought it was impossible to finish practicing today. Yet Han Sen had shot three dozen arrows in a short while and didn't seem to need a break.

"Brother, great job! Ten arrows in a row with a 7.0 bow," praised Su Xiaoqiao.

Any archer knows that rapid shooting consumes a lot of energy and a normal archer can only shoot a dozen arrows in a row while those who shoot two dozen arrows in a row must be a lot stronger than what the bow requires.

Han Sen just smiled and said to Su Xiaoqiao, "Don't just stand there. Let's finish the two thousand arrows and go hunt the sacred-blood creature.

"Ignorant," Liu Hongtao who was supervising them said with contempt.

Being able to shoot three dozen arrows was impressive, but a thousand arrows was not so easy. Even if Han Sen had a strength rating over 8.0 or 9.0, he couldn't keep shooting at this pace. His arms and fingers would be wasted, so there was no way he could join the hunting tomorrow anyway.

Han Sen also knew that shooting for a long time required more than just strength. However, he discovered that his muscles were incredibly tough and resilient. After shooting two dozen arrows, his muscles got slightly sore. But as he shook out his arms, he felt fine again.

Even if he used his muscles for a long time, his body would stay cool and strong.

Han Sen knew it wasn't because of his geno points, but his practice of Jadeskin. A thousand arrows with the 7.0 practice bow was not hard for him. He had enough strength and endurance to do the task.

Han Sen kept shooting, while the man counting arrows was thunderstruck at the sight of four dozen arrows thickly dotting the target. "This guy is out of this world," he whispered.

"Who are you talking about?" someone heard his whisper and asked.

"Ass Freak! He shot four dozen arrows and didn't even pause," the man counting the arrows said.

"Ass Freak? For real?"

"Come and see if you don't believe me."

Soon a few Bullseye members came to watch Han Sen shooting. After watching for a while, everyone was stunned.

"Wow, all three targets we are full. That was all him?"

"Yeah! Xiaoqiao only shot a dozen arrows and hasn't even filled one target."

"No way! That must be a 4.0 practice bow."

"You can't even tell the difference between a 4.0 bow and a 7.0 practice bow? They look nothing alike." The man counting rolled his eyes.

More and more Bullseye members came around. Liu Hongtao could not help but stand up, staring at Han Sen who was still shooting.

"More arrows." Han Sen hadn't had such fun with archery in a long time. When he was practicing alone, he could only shoot the few arrows he owned and then stop to collect the

arrows from the target himself. Now he could shoot as many as he wanted and as long as he wanted.

"Buddy, great job! This is the second bundle." Su Xiaoqiao untied another bundle of practice arrows, grabbed a bunch of arrows and stuck them in Han Sen's quiver.

"Just started warming up." Han Sen smiled and shot another arrow.

"Brother, if you shoot all the arrows and we can go hunting tomorrow, I will do anything for you. I'll even do your laundry," cried out Su Xiaoqiao.

"Forget about laundry. How about cash?" laughed Han Sen.

"Talking about money would hurt our friendship," replied Su Xiaoqiao.

Han Sen paused every 50 arrows and used only his right hand to draw the string, instead of using both hands in turn.

Chapter 47: Z-Steel Arrow

Chapter 47: Z-Steel Arrow

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"What is the noise outside?" Yang Manli heard it getting more and more noisy outside her office as she was reviewing the data of the sacred-blood creature sent from Son of Heaven.

Yang Manli asked twice, but no one answered. She frowned and went to find out.

Almost the entire Bullseye team was at the shooting range, cheering from time to time.

Yang Manli took out a telescope. Most of high-tech products lost their function in God's Sanctuary, but primary instruments like the telescope still worked.

Yang Manli, starting to feel skeptical, put down the telescope and went to the shooting range.

"Ass Freak, a real man, he's been going at this pace for so long."

"His endurance is invincible."

"I think a thousand arrows was too light a punishment for him. He can probably finish before dinner..."

The Bullseye team saw Yang Manli coming over, and quickly ran back to training. They were not afraid of Liu Hongtao, but terrified by Yang Manli.

"Those arrows were all shot by him?" Yang Manli asked Liu Hongtao.

"Except for Target 9 and Target 10." Liu Hongtao felt somewhat reluctant to answer her.

"I see." Yang Manli did not say anything and turned back to the office.

Liu Hongtao did not know what Yang Manli was thinking and quickly asked, "Manli, the punishment is too mild and it would set a bad example. Should we add another thousand to their punishment?"

"No." Yang Manli left.

Back in the office, Yang Manli took out Han Sen's profile and reviewed it. "Great endurance, good geno point counts, strength rating is probably at 9.0. Integrated compulsory education graduate with excellent scores."

Yang Manli carefully read the profile, pondered for a moment and muttered: "I'll give him a chance, even just for the stationmaster."

Han Sen stopped after five hundred arrows and rested for two hours before he resumed shooting. Although he could continue, he was afraid to scare everyone so he took a break.

By midnight, Han Sen and Su Xiaoqiao had shot two thousand arrows.

Han Sen had become famous in Bullseye and all members had changed their view of him. Anyone who could shoot a thousand arrows in a day deserved respect.

"Sen, I'm not easily impressed, but you are amazing." Although most of the arrows were shot by Han Sen, Su Xiaoqiao was also sore and tired. He put his arm around Han Sen's neck and gave Han Sen a thumbs-up.

"Don't mention it. Do you know what kind of sacred-blood creature we are going to kill tomorrow?" asked Hansen.

"I'm so handsome that Manli's assistant couldn't resist my charm and told me everything," Su Xiaoqiao said triumphantly.

"So what is it?" Han Sen didn't care for his bragging.

"It seems to be a flying creature. There aren't many archers in Son of Heaven's gang, so they want our help," replied Su Xiaoqiao.

Hansen frowned, "A sacred-blood creature that can fly. That's tough." Sacred-blood creatures were strong enough. If they had the ability to fly, it would be even harder to hunt them. After all, the range of the best alloy bows was only about half a mile and only a few people in First God's Sanctuary could even draw the string of those bows. If the sacred-blood creature flew too high, arrows wouldn't do it much harm.

Also, the skin of sacred-blood creature was so stiff that even the tip of Saber arrows couldn't cut through.

Han Sen knew that Bullseye must have beast soul bows and arrows. And there must be alloy arrows better than Saber arrows as well. But he didn't think that Yang Manli would give him access to those.

If he couldn't even pierce the skin of the sacred-blood creature, even if this opportunity was heaven sent, he had no means to grasp it.

"Seems that I should buy a Z-steel arrow," Han Sen pondered.

Z-steel was not steel, but a kind of metal humans discovered fifty years ago. Its characteristics were similar to steel, but its toughness were far beyond steel.

The toughness of an alloy arrow could be greatly improved by adding just a little Z-steel. And all alpha alloy had Z-steel added.

Doomsday and the broadsword Han Sen seized from Liu Feng had Z-steel in them but the content was quite low. The broadsword contained 0.3 percent Z-steel, while Doomsday contained 0.4 percent Z-steel in its body and 0.5 percent Z-steel in its string. If a weapon contained more than 10 percent Z-steel, it could cut through the bones of mutant creatures. And if a weapon contained more than 60 percent Z-steel, it would be as strong as the bones of sacred-blood creatures.

However, Z-steel was extremely rare and therefore, its price was quite high. The Alliance also had strict control over its production, so any alloy with more than 1 percent Z-steel would be hard to find.

Although the tip of Saber arrows contained a little Z-steel, it would not exceed 0.1 percent. Hence to hunt a sacred-blood creature with Saber arrows was next to impossible, even if he could shoot the arrows directly into a wound.

Han Sen's ideal arrow was the Z-steel arrow, which was 1 percent Z-steel. However, it was so expensive that even with all the money he had at the moment, which was around three hundred thousand dollars, he could only afford one arrow with about 0.6 percent of Z-steel.

Han Sen went home at night and logged in to Polar Night Forum. If he couldn't find the right second-hand goods, he would have to buy a new one at the store.

In Polar Night Forum, there was a post that claimed to sell weapons with 1.2 percent Z-steel. Han Sen noticed that the post was from an owner whose store had no license or legal permit. On the webpage of the store there were only holographic images of the products and a comlink number.

Chapter 48: Team Effort

Chapter 48: Team Effort

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen took a closer look and saw that there were holographic images of weapons in the making, which proved that the weapons were all handmade

After reviewing the images, Han Sen dialed the number on the webpage.

Someone answered, but didn't allow video chat. Han Sen could only hear his voice.

"How can I help you?" the owner asked in a low male voice.

"I saw on the forum that you sell weapons. Do you have arrows with higher percentage of Z-steel?" Han Sen did not expect that the content of Z-steel could really reach 1.2 percent. He'd be happy if it reached 0.8 percent.

"I have two arrows made by myself. 1.2 percent Z-steel. Three hundred thousand each," replied the man.

"I want one. Where can I check it out?" asked Han Sen.

"I'll tell you the address," the man gave him an address and hung up.

Han Sen followed the address to a red-light district. Although it was already the middle of the night, the streets were still crowded.

Han Sen waited for a while at the agreed spot and saw someone waving at him across the street. Hansen warily walked over to him.

"You want to buy an arrow?" asked a guy in sunglasses and hoodie. Han Sen could only tell he was a middle-aged man.

"Yes," Han Sen nodded.

The man took out a box and placed it in front of Han Sen. He opened it up and there was a black steel arrow inside.

"Can I test it?" asked Han Sen.

"Suit yourself," replied the man casually.

Han Sen took the arrow out and tested its balance. If an arrow wasn't balanced, it didn't matter what material it was made from.

"Excellent." Han Sen found this arrow had better balance than Saber arrows. If the bow was strong enough, this arrow would always maintain stability.

The man nodded and did not say anything.

Hen Sen pulled out his broadsword and asked the man, "Can I test it with my own weapon?" Without his permission, Han Sen didn't dare to test it that way. But technically speaking, if the arrow contained more than 0.7 percent Z-steel, his broadsword wouldn't even leave a mark on it.

The man looked at the broadsword in Han Sen's hands and again said, "Suit yourself."

With his permission, taking the arrow in one hand and the broadsword in the other, Han Sen fiercely slashed the broadsword at the arrow.

Clang!

Han Sen checked the arrow and was pleased to see there were no mark on the arrow, while his broadsword was chipped.

Although he wasn't sure if the Z-steel content reached 1.2 percent, he knew it was great stuff.

"Great stuff. I'll take it." Hansen took out the three hundred thousand dollars he had brought with him and paid the man.

"Of course, it was made from the bearing steel of old interstellar warships, hence the Z-steel content is a standard 1.2 percent. Also the machine-made weapons are no match for my products. Let me know if you need something in the future," the man said and disappeared in the back lane.

Han Sen returned home and tested the arrow more thoroughly. It was truly great, similar to the name-brand arrows, and only one-tenth of the price.

"I was really lucky to find a true craftsman." Han Sen hadn't had high hopes because a lot of sellers of handmade weapons only produced mediocre products. For weapons like arrows that required a lot of skills to make, it was even less likely to find good ones from independent sellers.

Han Sen was very satisfied with this arrow. Just the tip of the arrow showed incredible craftsmanship, as it must have been manually polished to be so sharp. Han Sen had briefly learned weapon-making at school, but his work was not the high caliber of this weapon maker.

"It is a good arrow, but unfortunately I can only afford one. If I don't hit the target, there won't be a second chance." Han Sen checked his bank account and found he had less than one hundred thousand dollars left.

"I wish I could buy something with it tomorrow." Han Sen slept for a while and teleported to God's Sanctuary early in the morning.

In Qin Xuan's Steel Armor Gang, Bullseye was the smallest team. Few people among civilians were interested in archery, so most Bullseye members had military background and could enter military schools if their scores qualified.

When they entered God's Sanctuary, they would report with the military force into the shelter they were assigned. Qin Xuan's Steel Armor Gang was the military force in Steel Armor Shelter.

The Alliance didn't have much power over God's Sanctuary, but it still maintained some control. In each shelter, the largest gang typically had military background.

Qin Xuan led her people to the agreed place, and Son of Heaven's gang was already there. Compared to Steel Armor Gang, Son of Heaven's gang seemed rather unorganized.

Luo Tianyang gave Han Sen, who was in the crowd, a cold stare and judging by his look, Han Sen knew their business was not finished.

After the two sides joined, Son of Heaven's gang led the way, marching into the mountains. Bullseye's place was at the end of the line, and Han Sen and Su Xiaoqiao were walking behind everyone else.

"Sen, I think we should each bring a shield, to protect ourselves," Su Xiaoqiao said.

"You're rich. Just buy a suit of Z-steel armor," said Han Sen.

"Z-steel is so heavy and not as portable as beast soul armors. And even primitive beast soul armors are tougher than Z-steel armor, unless the Z-steel content exceeds 10 percent. You know we could only find weapons with at most 1 percent Z-steel. So beast soul armors are in general much better." Su Xiaoqiao continued to say, "How nice if I could have the same beast soul armor as Dollar's. That's the only sacred-blood beast soul armor I've seen in Steel Armor Shelter. I wonder what beast soul it was."

"From its look, I think it must be a fierce and mighty beast soul," another Bullseye member jumped in.

"That goes without saying. It must be a from phenomenal sacred-blood creature," others agreed.

Han Sen chuckled silently and wondered what they would say had they known the armor was from the weakest creature, black beetle.

Chapter 49: Starlight Arrows

Chapter 49: Starlight Arrows

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The two gangs had marched more than half a month before they reached a mountain Han Sen had never been to.

On the way, Han Sen had truly understood there was strength in numbers. No creatures could block their path with the rain of arrows from the archers and the charge of the cavalry. Of course, the scouts would inform them if there were herds of strong creatures ahead of them and they would take a detour.

At the destination, Bullseye hid on a cliff and was ready to shoot the sacred-blood creature drawn out by Luo Tianyang's team.

The rest went under the cliff and was ready to chase the creature.

In addition to Bullseye, Son of Heaven and his henchmen also stayed on the cliff. Han Sen knew they must also be good at archery because he had witnessed Son of God almost killing the bloody slayer with an arrow before he snatched its beast soul.

Son of Heaven looked at Han Sen coldly as he had heard rumors about Han Sen being Qin Xuan's boy toy, which annoyed him.

"Son of Heaven, where are the arrows you've agreed to offer?" asked Yang Manli.

It was Bullseye that Son of Heaven really needed this time. As normal arrows wouldn't harm a sacred-blood creature at all, and Z-steel arrows were too expensive, Son of Heaven had agreed to provide Bullseye with the arrows needed this time.

Son of Heaven smiled and waved his hand. His henchmen then carried a box down from the back of a mount. They opened the box and it was filled with Starlight arrows, each worth more than a million. It was made by Starry Group with 1 percent Z-steel.

"Manli, here are a hundred Starlight arrows we agreed on. Would you distribute them among your best archers?" Son of Heaven smiled.

Yang Manli turned around and started calling out names. She had good arrows herself; so did Liu Hongtao. Hence, she planned to pick five other members of Bullseye out to use the Starlight arrows.

Soon she had four people picked out and with some thought, she looked at Han Sen, "And you."

Han Sen was slightly surprised, as he did not expect Yang Manli to choose himself. But this was a good thing, and Han Sen quickly stepped up and stood together with the other four.

While Yang Manli was preparing to distribute the arrows among the five, Son of Heaven suddenly said grimly, "Manli, are you sure about the archers?"

"What is the problem?" Yang Manli looked to Son of Heaven.

"How is someone like him qualified to use the Starlight arrows?" asked Son of Heaven coldly, pointing to Han Sen.

"I chose him, and that's why he's qualified," replied Yang Manli.

Son of Heaven looked at Han Sen disgustedly and said to Yang Manli, "I am not questioning your decision, but this person just will not do. Please replace him."

Yang Manli frowned, but she knew this campaign was dominated by Son of Heaven, since he had provided everything. Bullseye was just here to help. So, she couldn't refuse him.

"Zhao Hua, come here." Yang Manli had to let Han Sen return to the team, and called out another name.

Son of Heaven continued to stare at Han Sen coldly.

"Sen, you are really unlucky. You had the opportunity to get 20 Starlight arrows and kill the sacred-blood creature. Now it's all gone," said Su Xiaoqiao with regret.

Han Sen shrugged. Although it was a shame he didn't get the 20 Starlight arrows, he had an even stronger arrow in his quiver. He still had a chance.

The archers each took position on the cliff and prepared their bows and arrows, waiting for the sacred-blood creature to fly out from below.

Han Sen and Su Xiaoqiao found a comfortable spot and Son of Heaven suddenly walked over and said, "What are you useless scums doing here? Go away." Then, Son of Heaven's henchmen shoved Han Sen and Su Xiaoqiao aside.

Su Xiaoqiao fiercely stared at them with anger. Han Sen tugged on his arm and said, "It doesn't matter. Let's go over there."

"They are pushing too far," said Su Xiaoqiao bitterly.

"Revenge is a dish best served cold. Just wait until you see Son of Heaven's face when we kill the sacred-blood creature," smiled Han Sen while walking to the other side with Su Xiaoqiao.

"It's not that easy. This cliff is wide and Son of Heaven's men are waiting on the other side. If the sacred-blood creature went to their side, it would be too far from us. Even if it were only three hundred feet from us, we couldn't even injure it without Starlight arrows. Basically, we are just a decoy, a distraction," Su Xiaoqiao smiled wryly.

"You have money. Why didn't you buy a few Starlight arrows?" Han Sen looked at Xiaoqiao puzzled. He remembered Su Xiaoqiao to be very rich. One million should be nothing for him.

"What do I need those for? It's outrageously expensive and you may not even be able to recover it. One million each, and you probably need to shoot seven or eight before you could hit something. No guarantee of killing anything either. I'd rather spend the money purchasing mutant creature meat." Then Su Xiaoqiao lowered his voice and said, "Now Z-steel is extremely overvalued. As the young master of Starry Group, Son of Heaven owns mines and factories of Z-steel. So, he doesn't need to spend much on these arrows, as the cost of each arrow is at most ten thousand."

"Such huge profits?" Han Sen was surprised.

"Well, now Z-steel mines have been monopolized by a few groups. Also the manufacturing technologies are not ready for producing alpha alloy with more than 5 percent Z-steel. For some reason, the alpha alloy will become as brittle as glass if Z-steel content exceeds 5 percent." Su Xiaoqiao explained to the Han Sen.

While the two were chatting, they suddenly heard a howling like dragon under the cliff. Grabbing their bows, they looked down from the cliff.

Chapter 50: Siege

Chapter 50: Siege

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"Such a gigantic lizard!" Su Xiaoqiao saw the creature under the cliff and let out a cry.

Han Sen also saw what the sacred-blood creature looked like--a huge lizard covered in purple scales, flying out from the deep valley with a pair of feathered wings.

The sacred-blood creature was closer to where Han Sen was, but still about 250 feet away. With the order of Yang Manli, everyone started shooting down at the the sacred-blood creature that was trying fly up from the valley. The arrows rained on it but couldn't even hurt the feathers on its wings, let alone the scales on its body. Even the Starlight arrows could only leave some sparks before they fell. As the tips of the arrows were turned, its features remained intact.

Han Sen had already put his arrow with 1.2 percent Z-steel on the bow, but did not shoot it out. This was the only arrow he had and it would be useless if he didn't have the best angle.

"Its feathers and scales were too tough. Our arrows are useless unless we could shoot it in the eyes." Su Xiaoqiao also shot a few arrows, which were completely wasted.

As Su Xiaoqiao was talking, Son of Heaven had summoned his eagle beast soul bow and a beast soul arrow in the shape of a wolf tooth. Aiming at a wing of the sacred-blood creature, Son of Heaven made his shot.

Han Sen saw that the beast soul arrow Son of Heaven used this time was much inferior to the sacred-blood six-winged wasp arrow he used last time, so it must either be a mutant or primitive beast soul.

The beast soul arrow flew across the sky like a black lightning bolt, cut through the purple feathers and nailed on the wing of the creature, making the creature utter a roar.

Yang Manli also summoned a white pigeon-like beast soul bow, along with a blue swordfish-like beast soul arrow. As she made the shot, the arrow also pierced the purple feathers and blood started to flow down the arrow.

Neither Son of Heaven's arrow nor Manli's arrow was one-use this time. After the arrows hit the target, they summoned them back to their hands.

"This means infinite arrows! Beast soul arrows are so much better than Z-steel arrows in this sense." Han Sen was green with envy, wishing he could grab the beast soul arrow from Son of Heaven's hands. It must be a mutant beast soul, or else it wouldn't have penetrated the wing of a sacred-blood creature so easily.

Son of Heaven and Yang Manli both knew the wings were the weakest part of the creature and aimed again at its wings. The creature took another two shots and flew away from the cliff.

Son of Heaven's beast soul bow was obviously stronger than Doomsday. When he made a shot 600 feet away from the creature, the arrow still went through its wing.

Everyone was desperately shooting at the creature, while the injuries they made were still not fatal. The creature escaped and flew away.

"Go after it! Its wings were hurt so it can't go far." Son of Heaven gave the order and those who had beast soul mounts all summoned their mounts and chased after the creature.

Han Sen and others who had no mounts could only follow by running and were soon left behind. After all, those with two legs could never outrun those with four.

In a while, they could no longer see the mounts and suddenly heard the thud of hooves. It was Qin Xuan and others who were attacking in the valley.

"Up." Qin Xuan called to Han Sen when her mount passed by him, considering her mount could take a second person and Han Sen was a good archer with Doomsday.

Han Sen was delighted and quickly leapt on the mount. He thought his chance had gone, but now Qin Xuan would take him so he had a second chance.

Qin Xuan followed the hoof prints and went ahead. Sitting behind her, Han Sen had to put his arms around her to keep himself on the mount. She was in beast soul armor so he couldn't really feel a thing.

In addition to the hoof prints, there were also traces of blood on the ground, which must be from the sacred-blood creature's wounds—proof that they were in the right direction.

After eight hours of chasing, Qin Xuan finally saw Son of Heaven, Yang Manli and others ahead of them.

Son of Heaven stopped in front of a mountain, and looked up at the top of the mountain.

Qin Xuan and Han Sen approached. The mountain was like a sword plugged into the ground, standing at least half a mile high. And the sacred-blood creature was crouching on the mountain top, howling from time to time.

"This mountain is too high. Even the beast soul arrows couldn't possibly hurt the creature," seeing Qin Xuan, Yang Manli said.

Son of Heaven also looked to Qin Xuan and saw Han Sen sitting behind Qin Xuan with arms around her waist. Suddenly he had an urge to kill Han Sen.

"We must try to climb up to kill it as soon as possible, or we can chase it down. With the self-healing ability of a sacred-blood creature, its wounds would heal in a few hours and we could no longer kill it by then," said Qin Xuan, staring at the mountain top.

"Then we will climb up and kill it." Son of Heaven put away his mount.

"This mountain is too steep. If we were attacked halfway, we would die," Yang Manli objected.

"We could send a few people up and we will watch here. If it attacked, we would shoot it dead," Son of Heaven said calmly.

"Who should go up?" Qin Xuan looked at Son of heaven and frowned.

Obviously, whoever going up will be in great danger and no one would not want to take the risk.

"Only Manli and I could threaten it with arrows. And we need you, Qin Xuan to stay and give orders. The rest should all go up. We've come too far to give up. Whoever goes up can have a bigger share of its meat, so it is fair, right?" Son of heaven's gaze swept across the faces of the men in front of him and turned cold when it met Han Sen.

Chapter 51: My Beast Soul

Chapter 51: My Beast Soul

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Son of Heaven's proposal was a risky one, but it was indeed their best chance to kill the sacred-blood creature. The creature was now lying on the mountain top bleeding, its wings hardly moving. If they missed this opportunity, they might never be able to kill it.

Finally, Qin Xuan agreed with Son of Heaven, but she decided to go up the mountain, leaving Son of Heaven and Yang Manli, the only two mutant beast soul arrow owners, at the foot of the mountain.

"Xuan, no need to go up yourself. Just give orders from down here," Son of Heaven advised.

"There are no orders to be given. Since I have no mutant beast soul arrow, I might as well go up." Qin Xuan started climbing as she spoke.

The crowd was divided into seven groups, and each group was climbing toward the mountain top from a different direction. Han Sen immediately followed Qin Xuan. He noticed Son of Heaven's cold stare at him and knew Son of Heaven was about to stab him in the back. Probably it would be Han Sen himself instead of the sacred-blood creature who got shot at first.

Hence Han Sen had made up his mind to follow Qin Xuan everywhere, so that Son of Heaven had no chance to play dirty.

Indeed, Han Sen was right. Son of Heaven had the idea of shooting Han Sen dead from the moment he proposed everyone to climb up. On the slope, Han Sen would have nowhere to hide and thus be doomed.

But now Han Sen was always following Qin Xuan. If Son of Heaven made any move, Qin Xuan would save Han Sen for sure.

However, Son of Heaven didn't give up just for this. Instead, he now had an even stronger desire to kill Han Sen. All he needed was a moment when Qin Xuan went away from Han Sen.

Although the slope was steep, the groups were all equipped with a full set of climbing tools and they soon climbed halfway.

The sacred-blood creature was severely hurt, when it noticed the climbers, all it could do was howling at them as it was unable to go down and attack or fly away.

As Qin Xuan and others approached the top of the mountain, the creature tried to fly away by flapping its blood-stained wings, while it immediately fell.

All groups were overjoyed and started to shoot at it with arrows. Although they couldn't harm the creature, it was infuriated.

Suddenly, the sacred-blood creature flapped its injured wings and pounced on the closest man.

The man had no place to hide on the slope and helplessly hacked his blade at the sacred-blood creature. His blade cut the creature on the head but didn't even leave a trace on its scales. The man himself was bitten by the sacred-blood creature and torn into two halves.

His blood sprayed everywhere, which scared people off. Everyone started to climb down. It would be hard to go down the mountain, but luckily they had secured ropes on the slope when they were climbing up. Everyone just ended up using the ropes to slide down.

Seeing the sacred-blood creature being lured down and madly chasing after the climbers, Son of Heaven and Yang Manli quickly raised their bows and continuously shot their arrows at the creature.

Son of Heaven shot two arrows and both missed. He was more interested in shooting at Han Sen than the creature. However, Han Sen was sly and kept following Qin Xuan, giving him no chance to make an insidious attack.

"Coward." Son of Heaven secretly cursed and again shot at the sacred-blood creature.

At this point, everyone knew the the sacred-blood creature was a spent bullet. It had bled too much and could hardly fly. If it came down now, it wouldn't be able to fly back up.

Despite the casualties, they were going to kill this sacred-blood creature.

Not able to find a chance to kill Han Sen, Son of heaven had to take it out on the sacred-blood creature. Arrow after arrow, the sacred-blood creature was in more pain and howled harshly.

Flapping its bleeding wings, the creature wanted to return to the mountain top, but it was hurt too badly to fly. With its desperate flapping, it was still falling. Suddenly, it flew to the slope and gripped on a stone with its claws as its fingers cut four holes in the stone as if it were butter. The sacred-blood creature gripped harder and started to climb up the mountain.

"We cannot let it climb up." Qin Xuan summoned her beast soul and shapeshifted into a golden lion, climbing up using the holes left by the creature.

Han Sen was anxious. If Qin Xuan went away, he would become the target of Son of Heaven.

Han Sen reached out to grab the lion's tail and was suddenly dragged up. Qin Xuan gave him a fierce gaze, but he pretended not having seen it and still held on to her tail. Qin Xuan had no time to beat Han Sen up and just chased after the creature at full speed.

Seeing the sacred-blood creature going out of his shooting range, Son of Heaven put away his bow and arrows and suddenly shapeshifted into a black ape more than nine feet tall.

Son of Heaven quickly ran to the slope and started climbing at a speed much faster than the other climbers. It was as if he were running on the ground.

"Let go!" cried Qin Xuan. She couldn't keep up with the sacred-blood creature as Han Sen was tugging at her tail.

Han Sen quickly let go of her tail. Son of Heaven was in a rush to kill the sacred-blood creature so he had no time to harm Han Sen.

"Son of Heaven is a real asshole. He has such a strong mutant beast soul, yet he still sent us up and put us in danger." Han Sen felt jealous as he saw the ape climbing up at an incredible speed.

He did have the bloody slayer, but its strengths were its galloping speed on the ground and the dexterity of its human hands. For mountains as steep as this one, the bloody slayer could never climb up with its four hooves.

Son of Heaven soon went ahead of Qin Xuan the golden lion and was directly behind the sacred-blood creature. The creature that was already on the mountain top clawed at Son of Heaven as it saw him.

Chapter 52: Purple-winged Dragon

Chapter 52: Purple-winged Dragon

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen found a place that was not so steep and held Doomsday in both hands while watching the fight on the mountain top. Pulling out a Skyfall arrow from his quiver, he shot it at the sacred-blood creature.

He barely hurt the sacred-blood creature with his arrows and two were shot at Son of Heaven who was fighting the sacred-blood creature.

Of course, Skyfall arrows wouldn't hurt Son of Heaven either. It was so badly made that it wouldn't even pierce the skin of mutant creatures.

Han Sen was just warming up. After all, he only had one Z-steel arrow and wanted to make sure he would succeed with it.

"Damn it. Do not shoot if you don't know how to use your bow. Put away your useless arrows," growled Son of Heaven who had been shot twice by Han Sen.

Qin Xuan rushed to the top and started to attack the sacred-blood creature. Others also climbed back to the top and started shooting at the creature.

Although the sacred-blood creature was dying, it was still powerful. Howling on the mountain top, it forced everyone back. Neither Son of Heaven nor Qin Xuan could approach it.

Suddenly, Son of Heaven shapeshifted back into his own body. He had only shapeshifted for an hour, although he could've shapeshifted longer than that with his geno points.

As Han Sen was wondering what Son of Heaven was trying to do, he saw Son of Heaven summoning his red beast soul sword and slashing it at a bloody wing of the creature.

Qin Xuan also shapeshifted back into herself, summoned her malicious butterfly dagger, and stabbed it at the creature.

Several others on the mountain top also used their own weapons to attack the sacred-blood creature.

The creature was injured heavily and Son of Heaven made a foot-long wound on its wing. The creature was bathed in its own blood.

Qin Xuan took the chance to stab her dagger into the creature's wound and its blood suddenly turned black as it was poisoned by the dagger.

"Attack harder. It is almost dead," yelled someone. And then everyone stepped up their game.

Han Sen saw clearly from where he was standing that the henchmen of Son of Heaven did have incredible skills. They moved around on the slope as though they were walking on flat ground. If they hadn't been there to distract the creature, Son of Heaven and Qin Xuan would not have succeeded so easily.

Seeing that the sacred-blood creature was almost gone, Han Sen grabbed Doomsday and stared at the creature, looking for a chance to make the shot. If he made the last attack before the creature died, he would have an opportunity to gain its beast soul.

Although the chance was very slim, an opportunity was still better than nothing. Son of Heaven took the risk and climbed up himself for the last attack as well.

Whoever made the last hit could keep the beast soul for him or herself. That was a default rule in the shelter. The reason was that only those who made the last attack would know if they had gained the beast soul or not. And no one would know if they were lying.

Crack!

Son of Heaven's sword was slashed into the neck of the creature and made a cut so deep its bones were exposed. More blood started to gush out.

The creature once again suffered a fatal hit and went mad. It gathered all its strength and swept its wings across the crowd, forcing everyone to back off. Trembling, it flew up again toward a different mountain.

Everyone knew from how bad it was bleeding that it was going to die very soon. Son of Heaven quickly summoned his own mutant beast soul bow and arrow, shooting at the creature in the sky.

The arrow penetrated its wing. The sacred-blood creature couldn't take it any more and started to fall with its wings helplessly flapping.

It was falling too fast and it was too late for others to shoot at it.

Son of Heaven was overjoyed as even if the sacred-blood creature fell and died, he was still the one who attacked last and had a chance at its beast soul.

Suddenly, an alloy arrow was shot from the slope and disappeared in the creature's wounded neck.

Son of Heaven suddenly raged. And everyone else was shocked. In the blink of an eye, the sacred-blood creature had fallen at the foot the mountain and died.

"Sacred-blood creature purple-winged dragon killed. Sacred-blood beast soul of purple-winged dragon gained. Eat the flesh of purple-winged dragon to gain zero to ten sacred-blood geno points randomly."

The voice sounded in Han Sen's mind. Han Sen almost shed tears for happiness. However, he managed to fake disappointment, helplessness and frustration.

Everyone on the mountain top was looking at him, especially Son of Heaven. If he could kill with his sight, Han Sen must have died a million deaths.

Although there was the default rule, Han Sen made up his mind not to admit he had gained the beast soul. Or Son of Heaven would definitely kill him.

People who saw his disappointed look did not entirely buy it, but did feel better somehow.

After everyone had come down from the mountain, Son of Heaven seized Han Sen's collar and asked, "Have you got the beast soul?"

"No," Han Sen insisted that he had gained nothing.

Son of Heaven was skeptical and tried to beat Han Sen up, but Qin Xuan stopped him.

"Son of Heaven, my guy broke no rules. He said he didn't get it. And even if he did, you have no right to ask him to hand it over to you," said Qin Xuan, her face grim.

Han Sen was in her gang. If he was beat up by Son of Heaven, she would have no authority in the future.

Son of Heaven stared at Han Sen for a long time before he walked toward the dead body of the purple-winged dragon, pulled out Han Sen's arrow, and snapped it into two halves.

Chapter 53: Sacred-blood Copper-toothed Beast

Chapter 53: Sacred-blood Copper-toothed Beast

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

After wrapping up the dead body of the purple-winged dragon, everyone returned to Steel Armor Sanctuary and Qin Xuan called Han Sen into her office.

"Did you get the beast soul?" Qin Xuan stared at Han Sen.

"Stationmaster, I really did not get the beast soul. Had I known this I would never have shot the arrow," said Han Sen wryly.

Qin Xuan didn't believe him, "Stop acting. If you have gained the beast soul, I will not take advantage you either. If you want to sell it, I'm willing to pay. I can even pay you up front."

"Stationmaster, I'd be a fool if I don't want to earn the money. I really did not get the beast soul. If I could show you I would," Han Sen looked depressed.

Qin Xuan felt Han Sen's emotions were authentic. She frowned and said to him, "Forget about it then. Do not go anywhere alone and stay in Bullseye these days. Son of Heaven might try to kill you."

"I will behave," Han Sen nodded.

Back to Bullseye, Su Xiaoqiao put his arm around Han Sen's neck and asked, "Sen, I heard that you made the last attack. Did you get the beast soul?"

"I wish, but unfortunately I don't even own a primitive beast soul, let alone a sacred-blood one," Han Sen shrugged and said.

"Right... Beast souls are very hard to come by. We can't all be as lucky as Dollar," Su Xiaoqiao sighed and said. He did not have too much doubt. After all, the probability of gaining a beast soul was too low.

"Recently you must be careful not to leave the shelter. Although you did not get the beast soul, Son of Heaven wouldn't let you off the hook easily," said Su Xiaoqiao.

"I know." Han Sen patted Su Xiaoqiao on the shoulder, thinking, "He seems a nice guy."

Back in his room, Han Sen could not help but smiled and started to review his new beast soul.

Type of sacred-blood purple-winged dragon's beast soul: Flying.

The introduction was brief, but reminded Han Sen of so much he had heard about this type of beast soul. A flying beast soul meant the beast soul could turn into wings that could give its owner the ability to fly like a bird.

Flying across the sky without the need for tools such as aircrafts was certainly a dream coming true. The most important part was that with the ability to fly, one's survival would become so much easier in God's Sanctuary. A flying beast soul also allowed one to go where ordinary people couldn't reach.

Flying beast souls were super expensive, even more so than the shapeshifting beast soul of the same level. Also, flying beast souls were so rare in God's Sanctuary that you might not even be able to buy one even if you had the money.

"Amazing! A sacred-blood flying beast soul. I wonder how many of these exist in the entire First God's Sanctuary," Han Sen was so excited that he almost jumped up.

Primitive flying beast souls had a low speed and didn't allow the users to go very high. It could only bring people ten feet above the ground.

Mutant flying beast souls were better but still slow and clumsy. Sacred-blood flying beast souls were much better than the others. But Han Sen had never seen even mutant flying beast souls in Steel Armor Sanctuary.

Of course, this had something to do with the fact that there were less flying creatures near Steel Armor Shelter.

The room was too small for Han Sen to summon the wings. When he calmed down from excitement, his eye fell on the copper-toothed beast that had turned completely purple and shiny as if it had been polished.

"Sacred-blood... The copper-toothed beast has evolved into a sacred-blood creature..." Han Sen was filled with unspeakable joy, staring at the beast.

For three months, Han Sen had been anxious about the result, but now he knew it for sure: Every three months, he could have a creature evolved into a sacred-blood creature. If the words got out, everyone would go crazy.

Like today, it was so hard for such a huge group of people to hunt a purple-winged dragon. And after it was killed, every member in the group would share its meat. Son of Heaven's gang would have a bigger share, and Qin Xuan's gang would have the rest. After everyone got their own part, how many geno points can a small part of the entire body offer?

Hunting that cost a lot of resources and effort like this one would happen at most once per month, and the success rate would be at most 50 percent. Yet Han Sen could have the meat of an entire sacred-blood creature all to himself every three months.

Son of Heaven and Qin Xuan were both several years older than Han Sen, but they still hadn't evolved to enter Second God's Sanctuary, which meant maxing out on sacred geno points took a lot of time and effort.

Behind Son of Heaven was Starry Group, and behind Qin Xuan was the military. Even they were not able to max out on sacred geno points within 10 years. It might take them 15 years or even longer if they had bad luck.

Now with the black crystal, Han Sen only needed at most five years to evolve with max sacred geno points.

Han Sen's first reaction was not to kill the copper-toothed beast and eat its meat, but to go to the square to buy a living primitive creature.

He did not want to waste any time before he started to feed the next sacred-blood creature. Also, he didn't dare to go out hunting, fearing Son of Heaven's revenge.

Taking the primitive creature he had bought back to his room, Han Sen didn't hesitate before he killed the sacred-blood copper-toothed beast. It was far less strong than a wild sacred-blood creature and was easily slaughtered.

"Sacred-blood copper-toothed beast killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain one to ten sacred geno points randomly."

Although there was no beast soul gained, Han Sen was still over the moon. He quickly set up a pot and was ready to make a stew.

Chapter 54: Small Gift

Chapter 54: Small Gift

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Meat of copper-toothed beast eaten. One sacred geno point gained."

"Meat of copper-toothed beast eaten. One sacred geno point gained."

"..."

Two days later, Han Sen finished a big pot of copper-toothed beast meat and even sucked the bones clean. He threw the bones into the fire so that there was nothing left.

A total of seven sacred geno points was added to his former 18 points. Now Han Sen had 25 sacred geno points and his fitness had been further improved. He felt as though he had endless strength.

Looking at the primitive shrieky beast he kept in the cage now, Han Sen couldn't help but smack his lips.

Shrieky beasts were relatively small and had no hair, so he could just throw it in the pot entirely when it finished evolving. That was why Han San had chosen a shrieky beast to evolve.

Yesterday Qin Xuan had divided the meat of the purple-winged dragon among her gang. All she had was a smaller half of the body so all each person would get was just a slice, about a thousandth of the body, which wouldn't be of much use at all. Hence like most people, Han Sen chose to get two hundred thousand dollars as the reward instead of the slice of meat.

Han Sen was still short of cash. It cost money for his family to live better and he also needed money to buy some necessities. When checking his bank account, he found that he still only had less than three hundred thousand dollars.

"Three hundred thousand, a Z-steel arrow would cost that much," Han Sen put on a wry smile. He had collected the parts after his Z-steel arrow was broken by Son of Heaven and wanted to see if he could pay the seller to repair it.

"I have to get myself a beast soul arrow. Z-steel arrows were expensive and not as convenient. If I had a beast soul arrow, I wouldn't have to buy new arrows or pick up the arrow after I made the shot," thought Han Sen, wondering where to find a beast soul arrow.

He wasn't interested in primitive beast soul arrows, which were barely better than his Z-steel arrow but much more expensive. What Han Sen wanted was a mutant beast soul arrow like the ones used by Son of Heaven and Yang Manli.

After some thinking, Han Sen was ready to ask Yang Manli from which creature she had gained her mutant beast soul arrow. Maybe he could go hunting it and try his luck as well.

"Yang Manli seems to dislike me. I'm afraid she will not tell me. Forget it, I haven't been back home for days. I'll go back and search on the Skynet for information about where the arrow beast soul are generally found near here." Han Sen teleported out of God's Sanctuary.

When he returned home, his mother was still in Second God's Sanctuary and Han Yan was at school.

After taking a bath, he started searching the Skynet. There were many former members of Steel Armor Sanctuary that had written about their experience. Although most was useless to Han Sen, he did manage to find one useful article.

When Han Sen was going to read carefully, he suddenly heard the doorbell. Looking through the monitor, he found standing at the door were Xue Xi and her brother Fang Jingqi.

"Why is he here?" Han Sen knew Fang Jingqi didn't like him and they also had some conflicts before, so he did not expect to see Fang Jingqi here.

Opening the door, Han Sen said with a smile, "Xi, you have not come to my house for many years."

Xue Xi looked a bit uneasy and whispered, "If this isn't a good time, we will just leave."

Although she tried to pull Fang Jingqi away, Fang Jingqi stood still and smiled at Han Sen, "It's always a good time for friends, isn't it?"

"Indeed." Han Sen already understood that Fang Jingqi was looking for trouble.

Letting Fang Jingqi and Xue Xi in, Han Sen handed them two bottles of water, "Sorry. There is only water."

"Doesn't matter." Fang Jingqi did not touch the water and asked, "Sen, which shelter are you in?"

"Steel Armor Shelter," replied Han Sen.

"Sen, you are also in Steel Armor Shelter? How come Han Hao never mentioned it?" Xue Xi was slightly startled.

Han Sen said indifferently, "Maybe we have never run into each other."

Xue Xi clearly didn't buy it, but she didn't continue to ask.

Fang Jingqi said, "It so happens that a classmate of mine is also there. His name is Fist Guy. Have you heard of him?"

"One of the three major leaders. It'd be hard not to hear about him," said Han Sen.

"Awesome." Fang Jingqi smiled at Han Sen, "Last time you treated me with a ritual, so today I have a gift for you. Not sure if you are interested."

"I don't like gifts. Your visit has already made me a happy man." Looking at Xue Xi's upset face, Han Sen shook his head and said. He didn't want to cause any trouble and put her in a difficult place.

"A mutant beast soul. Are you still not interested?" asked Fang Jingqi slowly.

"A mutant beast soul!" Han Sen looked at him, slightly surprised. He immediately understood why Fang Jingqi had mentioned Fist Guy.

Fang Jingqi looked at Han Sen with faint smile, "Let's go to the combat pit and have a fight. Regardless of the outcome, I will let Fist Guy give you a mutant beast soul. Sen, what do you think about this gift?"

If it was up to Han Sen, he would definitely accept it. However, he knew Xue Xi wouldn't want him to fight her brother, so he just said, "I can't accept the mutant beast soul. If you haven't eaten, I'll cook us dinner."

Fang Jingqi thought Han Sen did not believe him, so he picked up the comlink and dialed a number. Suddenly the holographic image of a hunk popped up. The hunk smiled at Fang Jingqi and said, "Jingqi, it's been so long since we saw each other..."

"Fist Guy, I need your help. I have a friend in Steel Armor Shelter and want you to take care of him. Would you give him a mutant beast soul?" asked Fang Jingqi with a smile.

"If others asked me for this, I would tell them to f*#k off. Since it's you asking, just send your friend to me in the shelter. And remember you owe me one," replied Fist Guy.

After hanging up, Fang Jingqi looked at Han Sen and asked, "Now, are you willing to accept my gift?"

Chapter 55: Ten Thousand per Slap

Chapter 55: Ten Thousand per Slap

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen knew Fang Jingqi had misunderstood him. He smiled back at Fang Jingqi, "Let's not to go to the combat pit. Would you play a small game with me here at home?"

Xue Xi shot Han Sen a look of disapproval, but this time Han Sen did not respond to her.

Han Sen knew a guy like Fang Jingqi would not give up unless he was defeated.

"What game?" frowned Fang Jingqi.

"Have you ever played red hands?" Han Sen asked with a faint smile.

Fang Jingqi turned down the corners of his mouth, "Of course, but that's such an easy game."

"Red hands" was a game played between two players. One player (the "slappee") placed their hands palm down, hovering above the other player's (the "slapper") hands. The slapper hovered their hands below the slappee's, palms up. The two players' hands should be touching each other.

The slapper was on offense, and attempted to bring his hands over to slap the backsides of his opponent's hands. This must be done with sufficient speed, because the slappee's goal was to pull their hands away, and out of the area where the hands overlap, to avoid the slap. If the slapper missed the hands of the slappee during the slap, then the roles must switch.

"If our hands touch, it would be easy. How about we play with our hands not touching?" Han Sen was still smiling.

"No problem," laughed Fang Jingqi.

Red hands mainly tested one's reflexes and Fang Jingqi was confident that his reflexes were superior to Han Sen's.

Also, Fang Jingqi was glad that the rule of this game was that as long as the slapper was able to hit the slappee, their roles would never change. Fang Jingqi wanted to take advantage of this rule and slap Han Sen so hard on the hands that he couldn't raise his arm.

"So, as long as the slapper's hand moved, it would be counted as a slap and he could not take it back." Han Sen first set the rules down.

"OK, I will let you slap first." Fang Jingqi was very confident and reached out his arms.

Han Sen did not reach his arms out but smiled at Fang Jingqi, "Jingqi, you said there would be a mutant beast soul?"

Fang Jingqi was not stupid. Although he did not care about a mutant beast soul, he didn't want Han Sen to take advantage of him either. He said, "A mutant beast soul is for a fight in the combat pit. Since we are now playing red hands, let's consider it a prize. You could win it if you could slap me."

"Jingqi, this is not fun. And I don't want to take advantage of you either." Han Sen pondered and said, "Forget about the beast soul. Let's change the prize to ten thousand dollars. Every time you are able to slap me, I will pay you ten thousand dollars and vice versa. What do you think?"

The mutant beast soul pet Meowth that Han Sen got from Qin Xuan was useless and ate a lot. Han Sen had thus learned a lesson and asked for cash as he didn't know what beast soul it would be.

"Fair and square. I'm beginning to like you. But ten thousand is too little. How about a hundred thousand?" Fang Jingqi looked at Han Sen.

Han Sen shook his head, "We are all friends. Losing too much might hurt our relationship."

Xue Xi quickly said, "Right. It's just a game. No need to bet too much money. Ten thousand is already too much."

"Since you are afraid to lose, then we will stick with ten thousand," Fang Jingqi shrugged.

Han Sen did not say anything, but kept smiling at Fang Jingqi. Now in his eyes, Fang Jingqi was not a person, but a walking ATM. Fang Jingqi came to him just when he was worried about money. All he needed to do was accept.

If the opponent wasn't too much stronger than him, Han Sen believed that he could win most people at playing red hands.

His understanding of his opponents and timing were among the very best. Before he got the black crystal, that was how he made his living. Fang Jingqi who thought the game was only about reflexes wouldn't be his match at all.

"I'll let you be the slapper first." Fang Jingqi again reached out his hands. He didn't think Han Sen stood a chance.

Judging from Han Sen's age, he was in God's Sanctuary less than one year, so he couldn't have gained many geno points. In addition, the situation of his family wouldn't allow him to buy the meat of advanced creatures either.

Fang Jingqi himself had already been in God's Sanctuary for several years and had gained many geno points. So, his fitness and reflexes must be far better than Han Sen and Han Sen wasn't likely to be able to hit him.

"Alright." Han Sen reached his hands under Fang Jingqi's hands and kept a little distance from them. Han Sen kept his hands still and then asked, "Can I start?"

"Ye..." Han Sen's hand slapped on the back of Fang Jingqi's hands before Fang Jingqi could finish his reply.

"Ten thousand," Han Sen said. "Xi, write it down."

"Write it down," Fang Jingqi gritted his teeth and said to Xue Xi.

Xue Xi quickly opened the holographic note board on her comlink and drew a line.

"Again." Fang Jingqi reached his hands out.

"Can I start?" Han Sen asked again.

Fang Jingqi just nodded, staring at Han Sen's hands wholeheartedly without blinking. With the lesson learned, Fang Jingqi swore he would not be tricked by Han Sen again.

Han Sen didn't rush this time and turned to speak to Xue Xi, "Xi, do you want to hear a funny story?"

"Now?" Xue Xi was surprised.

Han Sen nodded and started, "A lovely puppy was traveling in the desert. It had brought enough water and food, but still died after two days. Can you guess why it was? "

"Was there a sand storm?"

"No, the weather was fine."

"Because it was lost?"

"There was plenty of water and food, so it would not die even if it got lost," Han Sen said.

"I cannot guess. Why did it die?" Xue Xi didn't want to guess anymore because she was nervous about the result of red hands.

"Because that cute puppy could not find a utility pole in the desert, so its bladder exploded," laughed Han Sen.

Xue Xi blushed, "Sen, that's so corny."

"Vulgar..." Fang Jingqi said with his face grim, and suddenly felt a pain on the back of his hands.

Snap!

Chapter 56: I'll Be Damned

Chapter 56: I'll Be Damned

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

Fang Jingqi regretted his own carelessness as his face turned red. He also blamed his loss on Han Sen's slyness. If Han Sen didn't tell Xue Xi the vulgar story, he would not have been distracted and gave Han Sen the opportunity.

"Another ten thousand," said Han Sen to Xue Xi.

"Again." Fang Jingqi reached his hands out.

When Han Sen was ready, he said to Xue Xi, "Another lovely puppy was traveling in the desert with plenty of water and food. It found a utility pole but it still died. Can you guess why? "

"Why?" Snow Xi thought about it seriously but did not think of an answer.

"I was asking you." Han Sen ignored Fang Jingqi, and turned to look at Xue Xi.

"I don't know the answer," Xue Xi said.

"Alright, I'll tell you. It is because there was a sign on the pole that said 'no peeing zone,' then the puppy's bladder exploded again."

Snow Xi burst out laughing.

Fang Jingqi knew that it was Han Sen's trick to get him distracted, but he couldn't stand Han Sen ignoring him and said to Han Sen, "Would you rather tell stories than..."

Snap!

Han Sen's hands once again slapped him on the back of his hands, which had turned red after three slaps. However, Fang Jingqi's face was redder than his hands.

"Come again." Fang Jingqi gritted his teeth and stretched out his arms again.

Han Sen put his hands back and continued his story, "Another lovely puppy was traveling in the desert with plenty of water and food and it found a utility pole with no sign on it. But it still died. Can you guess why? "

Fang Jingqi was focused on Han Sen's wrists, neither talking to nor looking at Han Sen. He would give Han Sen no chance to distract him this time.

After Han Sen told Xue Xi the answer, Fang Jingqi was still staring at Han Sen's wrists.

"Little brat, you will learn your lesson when it's my turn to be the slapper," thought Fang Jingqi.

Seeing Fang Jingqi was still focused, Han Sen sighed and said, "Jingqi, you are so calm. I've been the king of red hands for two decades and no one could escape my storytelling yet. You are indeed impressive."

"Cut the crap..." Fang Jingqi said and suddenly changed his expression. It was too late. His hand was once again slapped hard by Han Sen.

Fang Jingqi bristled with anger. He hadn't expected to be tricked by Han Sen again.

"Again!" Fang Jingqi clenched his teeth and squeezed the word out, making Xue Xi anxious on the side.

Han Sen put his hands in position and didn't tell a story this time. He said to Fang Jingqi with a faint smile, "Did you think I won just because you were distracted?"

Fang Jingqi ignored Han Sen, as if he couldn't hear anything Han Sen was saying.

"I won't move even if the sky collapsed..." thought Fang Jingqi, determined to win this round and kick Han Sen's ass. When he became the slapper, he'd be the one telling Xue Xi stories and hitting Han Sen on the hands...

Having noticed Fang Jingqi was still focused, Han Sen sighed and said, "Jingqi, you are indeed a genius in playing red hands. I will now focus and use up to 30 percent of my skills to deal with you."

Seeing Han Sen putting on airs, Xue Xi laughed out loud.

Fang Jingqi was still staring at Han Sen's wrists.

"Attention, I will use the secret skill of red hands king..." Han Sen suddenly roared.

"Well, I'll keep still and see what tricks you have," Fang Jingqi sneered and thought.

Snap!

Fang Jingqi couldn't escape when Han Sen made the move although he was paying full attention this time.

"Again..." Fang Jingqi refused to concede defeat and wondered why he didn't dodge the slap. It must be some tricks used by Han Sen.

"Let's call it a day. As the king of red hands, I don't want to bully you," Han Sen looked up and sighed.

"You think I cannot afford to pay? Next round." Fang Jingqi wanted to slap Han Sen in the face so bad, but he wasn't a sore loser.

"Don't blame me then." Han Sen stretched out his hands.

Snap!

"Again!"

Snap!

"Again!"

Snap! Snap! Snap!

Fang Jingqi went berserk, not accepting the truth that he simply couldn't move his hands away fast enough. Han Sen was nothing but cunning. How could he lose when he was paying attention?

However, Fang Jingqi could not avoid the slap no matter how hard he tried.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

Crisp sounds kept ringing in the living room. Xue Xi was shocked. She didn't expect Fang Jingqi to lose, let alone to lose in such a miserable manner. She had been worried about Han Sen but found that she really should be worried about her brother.

When Fang Jingqi left Han Sen's home, his hands were swollen like trotters and his face was pale from anger and shame.

"Jingqi, come to play red hands when you have time." Han Sen waved goodbye to Fang Jingqi with a stack of cash in hand.

Fang Jingqi almost fell from the aircraft when he heard Han Sen. "I'll be damned if I ever play red hands with you again."

Han Sen had more comments but the aircraft made a loud noise and went away at full speed.

"A million easily earned. Should've agreed with him and made the bet a hundred thousand each round." Han Sen licked his lips and took the money back to his room.

Chapter 57: Dark Swamp

Chapter 57: Dark Swamp

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen returned to his room and continued to read the article he had found on the Skynet.

It was a post written by a Steel Armor Shelter member from a long time ago. He was once chased by a creature and had to run into Dark Swamp.

Han Sen knew about Dark Swamp. It was more than two hundred miles in the southwest of Steel Armor Shelter and had lots of poisonous creatures in it. Almost no one would choose to go there. Even the big gangs did not dare to set foot in Dark Swamp.

According to the poster, he was in a critical situation and had to escape into Dark Swamp. Fortunately, he eventually passed through Dark Swamp and got out.

It had taken him nearly six months to go through the swamp as one could easily sink into the mud. He also had to constantly change his route to avoid all sorts of dangerous creatures. It was indeed a miracle that he could come out.

The poster shared a lot of his experience in the Dark Swamp.

Once he had walked into a forest where the trees were sparse but very tall and thick, whose trunks would take several people to wrap their arms around. The soil under the trees was covered with a variety of beautiful flowers. As the poster thought he had walked out of the swamp, he found that it was only a strange area in the swamp. Hanging from the trees were a lot of huge hornet's nests, and even the smallest among them were the size of a queen size bed. Each hornet flying from the nests were the size of a bat.

He had killed a hornet so he learned from the voice in his mind that the name of the hornet was black stinger, a type of primitive creature. And he was lucky to get its beast soul, which was in the shape of a sharp and poisonous arrow. The beast soul arrow was later purchased by someone with a high price.

Although he didn't dare to go into the forest but chose to walk around it, he saw from afar a hornet's nest as big as a house hanging on an especially tall tree. The black stinger flying from that nest was in a red color. He guessed that those red hornets should be mutant black stingers.

He had also posted the pictures of the black stinger beast soul that he had taken before he sold it. Indeed, it was a black arrow with an arrow head the size of a mouse, glowing with a dark luster. You'd know it was poisonous from the look of it.

"That would be great to have," thought Han Sen. If it was before, he wouldn't dare to think about going to Dark Swamp, but now he had beast soul wings so he could fly into the swamp.

In case of any danger, he also had his armor and bloody slayer, so this trip shouldn't be too risky.

According to the poster, the poisonous creatures lurking in the mud were the most dangerous ones and there were not many flying creatures there. He himself had only seen a few primitive carrion birds.

"I still don't know where the forest is in the swamp. It would take too much time to search for it after I got in the swamp," thought Han Sen, who then put the trip on hold and dialed the blacksmith's number and asked him to meet.

When they were both at the agreed place, Han Sen showed the blacksmith the broken arrow and asked him if he could repair it. The blacksmith said indifferently, "Nope. You could weld the parts together with any welding machine, but the toughness and stability wouldn't be the same. The arrow is wasted."

"Do you recycle the material? It has 1.2 percent Z-steel, which is worth something, right?" asked Han Sen.

"Five thousand dollars," the blacksmith said.

"I bought the arrow for three hundred thousand, and the Z-steel is only worth five thousand?" asked Han Sen with his eyes wide.

"Or you can keep it," the blacksmith simply said.

"Fine, five thousand it is." Han Sen secretly vowed to gain himself a beast soul arrow, as Z-steel was not economical at all.

He had already known from Su Xiaoqiao that the manufacturing cost of Z steel was in fact not high and it was only expensive because of the monopoly.

Han Sen gave the arrow parts to the blacksmith, who gave him a five-thousand bill in return.

Han Sen put away the money and asked, "Do you have better Z-steel arrows?"

When he shot the arrow at the purple-winged dragon, the arrow only went three or four inches deep and the dragon still died from falling. If they were on the flat ground, he could by no means kill the dragon, so Han Sen was not satisfied with this arrow.

"No. I have a dagger with 5 percent Z-steel though. You want it?" replied the blacksmith.

"How much?" Han Sen knew that 5 percent Z-steel was the limit of the contemporary technology. Alpha alloy would become as brittle as glass if the percentage of Z-steel was higher than that.

"Three hundred thousand," said the blacksmith.

"Three hundred thousand for an arrow with 1.2 percent Z-steel and the same price for a dagger with 5 percent Z-steel?" Han Sen looked at the blacksmith, puzzled.

"It was much more difficult to make the arrow than the dagger," the blacksmith explained.

"Deal." Han Sen handed over the money after inquiring about the size of the dagger.

The blacksmith's price was high, but much more reasonable than the prices in regular stores, where a dagger with 5 percent Z-steel would easily cost a few millions. Also, blacksmith's craft was excellent, as this arrow was a lot better than Starlight arrows.

"I don't have it on me. Come with me," the blacksmith said and went into the alley.

Han Sen followed him through a few blocks and then into a dilapidated underground warehouse, where Han Sen saw a lot of manufacturing machinery and equipment, including a large punching machine, which could crush a small aircraft.

Through the warehouse, the blacksmith showed Han Sen into a room. This room looked like an armory and Han Sen was dazzled.

A variety of weapons were neatly arranged inside, their shining blades exuding a thirst for blood.

The blacksmith grabbed an eight-inch dagger and threw it to Han Sen, "This is the one. Take it and leave."

Han Sen's eyes were attracted to the knife on the north wall of the room. The style of the knife was ordinary, but it was the only weapon on the north wall, while the other three walls were fully covered with different weapons.

Chapter 58: Great Gift for Great Man

Chapter 58: Great Gift for Great Man

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"How much is that knife?" asked Han Sen curiously.

"A hundred million," the blacksmith said coldly, pushing Hen Sen out.

"A hundred million? What material did you use to make that?" Han Sen could not help but asked.

"75 percent Z-steel," the blacksmith said. "Next time you need to buy something, come here directly."

"75 percent Z-steel? He must be exaggerating. With the current technology, we can't even produce alloy with more than 5 percent Z-steel." Han Sen whispered to himself. He didn't say anything though since he wouldn't buy it anyway.

Back home, Han Sen carefully reviewed the dagger. Pulling it out from the wooden sheath, Han Sen suddenly felt a cold breeze. The dagger was eight inches long, its blade green with ripple patterns.

The angle of the blade was very small, about just 20 degrees; the edge of the blade was as thin as onion skin with double blood grooves. The handle was made of high-tech materials with ergonomic design, so it had a comfortable grip.

Han Sen drew the alpha alloy broadsword out and slashed the dagger at the the broadsword to test the hardness and toughness of the dagger. Alloy with 5 percent Z-steel should be much stronger than this broadsword so it shouldn't chip.

Crack!

The broadsword was chopped into halves by the dagger and half of the blade fell to the ground.

"My god!" Han Sen was taken aback. He then remembered that the blacksmith had said, this dagger was made from the cutting blade of a manufacturing machine so it was meant to cut alloy.

Checking the blade of the dagger, Han Sen found absolutely no damage.

"S*#t! My broadsword..." Han Sen suddenly realized that he had destroyed a weapon that could be sold for a million in the store and let out a scream.

He had thought that the dagger might leave a mark on the broadsword but didn't expect the dagger to be so sharp that it could cut off the broadsword.

While banging his head with his hands in frustration, he heard the ringtone from his comlink and saw Zhang Danfeng's number on the screen. He answered the call.

"Sen, come to Twilight. I have a gift for you," said Zhang Danfeng excitedly.

"What gift?" asked Han Sen.

"You'll know when you get here. See ya," replied Zhang Danfeng, keeping Han Sen in suspense.

Han Sen changed his outfit and went to Twilight Tavern, which was a restaurant Zhang Danfeng often took him to. The dishes served here were delicious and the decoration was outstanding.

When he arrived at the reserved private room, Han Sen was surprised to see Han Hao there as well. Han Hao saw him and looked very uncomfortable. Han Hao forced a smile and said hello.

Han Sen smiled back at him, and was then pulled aside by Zhang Danfeng.

Being a private person, Han Sen thought it was quite alright if Han Hao didn't want to have any contact with him, and he had no hard feeling about it.

Zhang Danfeng did not pay attention to any of these and asked Han Sen to sit on the sofa. Zhang summoned a white sabre-toothed tiger beast soul, which turned into a sharp knife in his hands. Showing a few tricks with the knife, he asked proudly, "Sen, what do you think of my newly gained mutant beast soul?"

"One word, awesome." Han Sen gave him a thumbs-up. Han Sen had wanted a mutant beast soul weapon for a while, but he had no luck with beast souls recently.

"Old friend, now I have a new knife, so I want to give my old weapon to you, if you don't mind." Zhang Danfeng slipped Han Sen an alpha alloy broadsword.

Han Sen was a bit surprised to see the broadsword, which was of the same style as the one he just cut off.

"This broadsword..." Han Xin was touched. Zhang Danfeng was such a dear friend that he would just give away a weapon worth a million dollars to him.

Before Han Sen had time to say something, the door of the private room was pushed open and a fat woman draped in jewels squeezed herself in.

"Son, I saw you when you came up here. You said you had important things to do when I asked you to go Mr. Hu's banquet. So, this is what you call important? What do you expect to gain from hanging out with these lads? Mr. Hu has invited his son's friends, who are all young leaders on Planet Roca. You should make friends with them to succeed in the future..." Han Yumei threw a rampage at Han Hao, taking him out.

"Mom, I..." By the time Han Hao wanted to explain, he had been pulled out the room.

"Stop it. The young master of Sunwood Mining, Lin Beifeng is also here at the banquet, I heard that he is also in Steel Armor Shelter now. If you two can bond, you would do so great in the shelter..." said Han Yumei.

Han Hao was a little depressed. He had come here to make things right with Han Sen and use his connections to enter Qin Xuan's Steel Armor Gang.

Han Yumei's words had rendered that impossible.

Han Hao thought that Han Sen was definitely sleeping with Qin Xuan to get where he was. Or else how could he confront Luo Tianyang and be recruited into Bullseye?

Although Han Hao was disgusted by a gigolo like his cousin, he wanted to use Han Sen's connections to enter Steel Armor Gang himself. That was why he didn't show up at the banquet and came to Zhang Danfeng's gathering instead.

Surprisingly, Mr. Hu's banquet was also held in this building, and Han Yumei happened to see him. Hence he had no time to mend his relationship with Han Sen.

"Nevermind, the young master of Sunwood Mining, Lin Beifeng happens to be in my shelter and now he has come to Planet Roca for the banquet. This is indeed a great opportunity. I heard he is an upstart and spends money like water. It would be great if I could cozy up to him," thought Han Hao, as he straightened his clothing and followed Han Yumei to the banquet hall.

Chapter 59: Lucky Dude

Chapter 59: Lucky Dude

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Your aunt is outrageous," Zhang Danfeng was upset.

"It does not matter. They are strangers to me," said Han Sen casually. He then asked curiously, "Who is this Lin Beifeng she was talking about?"

Han Sen also knew a guy named Lin Beifeng who had traveled through the mountains and ended up in Steel Armor Shelter. Han Sen had even saved his life.

"Just one lucky dude."

Zhang Danfeng started to tell Han Sen about Sunwood Mining. Sunwood Mining used to be a small company with several mines, and later they bought a garbage planet to deposit their waste, where they ended up finding a lot of precious minerals.

Within 20 years, by selling the rare minerals they discovered on that planet, Sunwood Mining had become a prominent interplanetary mining group, the boss of which was Lin Beifeng's father.

Lin Beifeng had just entered God's Sanctuary and was already known for his generosity. Many were trying to make friends with him for that.

"Such good luck," Han Sen sighed.

"Such is life. He must have outperformed billions of other sperms to be who he is," Zhang Danfeng smiled and said. "But Sunwood Mining has no facility here on Planet Roca. What is he doing here?"

In the banquet hall of the same building, the social elite were chatting and drinking, many of whom had already entered Second God's Sanctuary in their 30s. However, the focus of the banquet was a sixteen-year-old teenager.

If Han Sen were here, he would recognize the teenager was Lin Beifeng who he had saved.

Lin Beifeng was entertaining all guests gracefully. From his good manners, no one would think he was nouveau riche and several socialites were attracted by him.

Han Yumei and Han Hao had wanted to speak with Lin Beifeng, but they found no chance as there were too many people who were more powerful than them at the banquet and everyone wanted to talk to Lin Beifeng. Naturally they didn't dare to offend these people by cutting in.

The banquet was over, when Lin Beifeng was stepping outside the building, they finally found an opportunity and wanted to approach him.

At the time, Han Sen and Zhang Danfeng also happened to come over. When they saw Han Hao, Zhang Danfeng wanted to greet him so Han Sen had to follow.

Before Zhang Danfeng could finish his sentence, Han Yumei pushed him and Han Sen aside and said harshly, "You two stay away from my son. Especially you, Han Sen, you are already notorious in Steel Armor Shelter, so do not implicate your cousin. Don't even say you know him. Or I will come after your family."

Han Yumei then walked toward Lin Beifeng with Han Hao.

Zhang Danfeng was stunned and asked Han Sen, "What? You and Han Hao are in the same shelter?"

Hansen nodded, "Let's go to a quiet place and I'll explain to you."

Having heard Han Yumei's words, Han Sen knew that Han Hao had told her about what had happened in Steel Armor Shelter.

Han Yumei and Han Hao finally managed to approach Lin Beifeng. As Lin Beifeng happened to be looking in their direction, Han Yumei said hurriedly, "Mr. Lin, this is my son Han Hao. He's in the same shelter as you..."

Lin Beifeng acted as if he hadn't heard her and directly went past her and her son. Han Yumei was dumbfounded and watched Lin Beifeng leaving.

Lin Beifeng walked faster and faster toward Han Sen and Zhang Danfeng who were just leaving. He grabbed Han Sen's arm and cried, "Sen, I have finally found you. Brother, I've missed you."

Lin Beifeng then gave Han Sen a big hug.

Both Han Yumei and Han Hao were shocked. They had no idea how Lin Beifeng would know Han Sen and call him brother.

Han Sen pushed Lin Beifeng away and frowned, "Why are you here?"

Lin Beifeng wasn't offended at all and quickly offered cigarettes to Han Sen and Zhang Danfeng. He said excitedly, "I came to look for you. I heard you live on Planet Roca so I came here. But I don't have your address and it took me days to ask about it. Now I've met you, you must look out for me in the future. "

Han Sen saw everyone was looking this way and said to Lin Beifeng, "Let's not talk here. We can catch up later."

Han Sen and Zhang Danfeng went out, and Lin Beifeng quickly followed them. "Sen, my aircraft was parked outside. Let me give you a ride."

Han Yumei and Han Hao watched Lin Beifeng cheerfully following Han Sen around and couldn't believe him to be the elegant young master they saw at the banquet.

"Han Hao, it was indeed Han Sen who was talking to Mr. Lin?" Han Yumei still couldn't believe her eyes and asked Han Hao after they were out of the building.

Han Hao clenched his teeth and said, "Yes, it's him."

"Why on earth did Mr. Lin know him and respect him like that?" asked Han Yumei.

"Well, there is nothing remarkable about him. He's just a gigolo, using a woman's connections," Putting his cousin down, Han Hao was green with envy.

"What? Didn't you say that he offended a powerful lady in Steel Armor Shelter and was having a hard time?" asked Han Yumei.

"If he weren't Qin Xuan's boy toy, how would Mr. Lin know someone like him?" Han Hao then bitterly recounted Han Sen's experience, adding his imagination here and there.

"No wonder he could come up with two million dollars. A gigolo! I've always known he was a scourge, a disgrace to our name. Our ancestors would be so mad had they known..." said Han Yumei viciously.

Filled with jealousy and hatred, the mother and son left the building. Seeing Lin Beifeng opening the door of the aircraft for Han Sen and Zhang Danfeng, their faces darkened further.

Chapter 60: Golden-horned Shura

Chapter 60: Golden-horned Shura

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen made some brief explanation to Zhang Danfeng after he parted with Lin Beifeng.

Han Sen understated everything and didn't say much about Han Hao, as he knew Zhang Danfeng wouldn't let Han Hao off easily had he told Zhang Danfeng what had really happened.

Zhang Danfeng thought they were always good brothers and friends because they grew up together and certainly would not accept what Han Hao had done.

Walking on the way to the maglev train station, Han Sen was wondering what he should take with him to Dark Swamp.

There were almost no human activities there, so he would definitely return with lots of prey. Even if it weren't for the beast soul arrow, Han Sen would still want to go there—he now had sacred-blood beast soul wings and the swamp that might be dangerous to others was easy for him.

Han Sen suddenly heard a glitch sound and all the lights started flashing. Surprised, he looked up and saw a meteor-like fireball quickly falling from the sky toward his direction.

"Warning... Warning... Unidentified flying object detected..."

Bang!

After the alarm of the planet's defense system sounded for a few times, the fireball hit a tall building followed by an explosion. It turned dark as the electricity was out.

Even the earth seemed to have shaken a bit. Han Sen looked up to the collapsed building and saw a strange spherical aircraft crashed into the building with half of its body sticking out, surrounded by burning flames and thick smoke.

People were screaming, crying, and running around. This area was a school district and the building hit was a school's main building. Those running from the building were mostly students about ten years old.

Because it was a public school in the integrated compulsory education system, it was not equipped with a good security system. After the explosion, there was no immediate response.

The electricity had been cut off for some reason and the automatic fire protection system was also paralyzed. In the dark, people could only see the fire at the impact site.

Hen Sen saw the appearance of the aircraft and suddenly clenched his fists. He had seen aircrafts like this one before. A spherical aircraft was beyond current human technologies and could only be produced by the only enemy of mankind in the interstellar era—Shuras.

Shura was the name given to them by mankind, and their true name could only be described in their own language.

Shuras looked like men except that their males had one horn on their head and their females had two.

Both Shura males and females wore masks from childhood. Their masks and horns symbolized their identity.

Human beings had fought them for centuries in the space. In the beginning, because both Shuras' physique and technology were superior, men kept losing in the battles against them.

About two hundred years ago, mankind discovered God's Sanctuary and started to gain geno points in this other world, so humans' physique had been greatly improved. Gradually, humans were able to hold the line and face off Shuras.

Planet Roca was a commercial planet and was nowhere near the warzone. Han Sen felt incredible to see a Shura aircraft here.

He grew up on Planet Roca and had only seen Shuras and Shura aircrafts on the news and Skynet.

When Han Sen was staring at the aircraft, he saw a seven-year-old girl who was hung on the collapsed building with her clothes caught on a steel bar sticking out from the building. She tried to climb back into the building by grabbing the steel bar but she was not strong enough. Struggling, her clothes caught on the steel bar were about to tear.

Face covered in tears and hands covered with dust and blood, she was almost desperate. Even if she could get inside the building, there was fire anywhere and there was no way she could survive.

The little girl gradually lost her strength and her clothes was slowly tearing. From such a height, even an adult who had max mutant geno points would fall to death, not to mention a kid.

Bam!

Next to the little girl, the door of the Shura aircraft suddenly opened and out came a Shura with a single golden horn on his head and a white mask that covered all his face but his eyes.

The Shura was in a broken suit of alloy armor and bleeding dark green blood all over.

The blood of Shura was different from that of human and was as green as bile, which was another way to tell if someone was Shura.

Han Sen was shocked by the look of this Shura. The decors and materials of the Shura masks had a lot of meanings behind them, but Han Sen didn't really know much about that. However, just by the look of his golden horn, Han Sen knew this Shura was not ordinary.

Shura's horns were their most prominent symbol of identity. Their horns were in four colors: black, white, gold, and purple. The black-horned were civilians, the white-horned were elites, the golden-horned were aristocrats, and the purple-horned were royalties.

From this random aircraft had walked out a Shura aristocrat, which surprised Han Sen.

The Shura held in his hands a black katana. The Shuras all had great physiques. Any adult Shura could match a human evolver in a hand-to-hand fight. Stronger Shuras could even reach the level of surpassers.

The Shura came out from the aircraft and saw little girl crying. With a cruel gleam in his eyes, he raised his katana and slash it toward the little girl's head.

Han Sen summoned the black beetle, bloody slayer and purple-winged dragon all at once and turned himself into a giant winged centaur covered in golden armor, and even his wings were covered in golden armor.

Boom!

The huge wings brought him to the middle of the building almost instantaneously. Taking the girl with one hand, Han Sen grabbed the blade of the Shura's katana with his other hand.

Blood suddenly flowed out along the blade.

Chapter 61: Why Not Dodge

Chapter 61: Why Not Dodge

Translator: Nyoi-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoi-Bo Studio

Fang Mingquan had been very depressed recently. As a reporter, he had been in charge of a program about God's Sanctuary on Skynet. Although it was not super popular, the program was gaining momentum and he was considered a minor celebrity.

Because of a decision made by the management, he was transferred to a remote planet, Roca. His job was so-called new market development, which actually meant that he was pushed out because he was in the way of others.

As Fang Mingquan understood, now his program belonged to a recent graduate who was related to a board member. Knowing nothing, the kid had screwed the show up and many loyal audience were asking to transfer Fang Mingquan back, which didn't change anything. Fang Mingquan knew clearly that he could never go back.

Planet Roca had very few resources and was far away from the economic center, so there was really no breaking news to be covered. For the few months he had been here, Fang Mingquan were wasting his time doing interviews of minor celebrities who thought too highly of themselves, which completely disgusted him.

"How can I leave this s*#t hole?" Fang Mingquan was wandering aimlessly in the street, holding a small metal jug and sipping liquor from it from time to time.

Although he was upset, Fang Mingquan still kept looking around out of professional habits.

Suddenly, darkness fell and there was a huge explosion and fires. As a good journalist, Fang Mingquan turned on his recording device.

"A Shura aircraft!" Fang Mingquan saw the aircraft and his heart started pounding. He hurried off to the nearest high-rise as he kept shooting with the recording device.

Soon, Fang Mingquan noticed the little girl as well. When he saw the golden-horned Shura coming out the aircraft, he was thrilled and worried at the same time.

He was thrilled because this was a great opportunity for him. A Shura aircraft falling on Planet Roca was such a rare incident. Plus the Shura in it was an aristocrat. This was the golden ticket for him to become a more famous reporter.

But at the same time, Fang Mingquan was also worried about the fate of the little girl.

As a professional journalist, regardless of his urge to yell "help," Fang Mingquan stayed quiet and just recorded and uploaded everything faithfully.

However, when seeing the Shura slashing his katana at her, Fang Mingquan saw her frightened little face and could not help but cried, "Someone save her!"

But no one could respond to that. The rescue team had not arrived, and even if someone had an aircraft it would be hard to park it on such height.

Boom!

A pair of golden wings cut into the frame and a majestic figure took the little girl into his arm, his other hand catching the blade of the Shura.

Blood dropped down from the katana, and Fang Mingquan felt as if his heart had stopped.

"Someone rescued the child..." Fang Mingquan burst out a cry.

Han Sen was shocked when he caught the blade of the katana. His sacred-blood armor couldn't even block the sharp katana and his palm was still cut. Although the cut wasn't deep, he realized this Shura was a tough opponent.

Han Sen flew back several yards flapping his wings, holding the little girl in one arm. He suddenly felt a chill from behind and quickly turned around. The Shura was raising his katana and was about cut it at Han Sen.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and span around in the air, barely escaping the Shura's attack. The Shura jumped up and stepped on the wall, throwing himself at Han Sen.

"Does he has some genes from a flea?" Han Sen thought and flew to a building nearby, broke a window and put the little girl inside.

Han Sen took a look inside the room and found it to be a classroom with dozens of children inside, shivering in the corner.

"Damn." Before Han Sen could figure out a solution, the Shura was already in his face with the katana in hand, hatching it down at Han Sen.

Han Sen could dodge this attack, but when he was ready to move, he suddenly froze. Behind him was the classroom full of children. If he dodged, the Shura would enter the classroom. The Shura was on a human planet and there was no way he could survive here with so many enemies around him. He would choose to kill as many as he could before he were to die.

By no means would Han Sen let him enter the classroom. Facing the katana, Han Sen only leaned to his side to protect his vital organs, while throwing a punch toward the Shura's face.

The Shura was slightly surprised, as he did not expect Han Sen to stay where he was. Although the Shura didn't put all his strength into this attack, his katana still cut through the sacred-blood armor into Han Sen's shoulder, making a squeaking sound when its blade met the bone.

At the same time, Han Sen's fist also hit the Shura in the face, forcing him to bend his body backwards. The material of the Shura's mask was made of extreme tough material and did not crack at Han Sen's punch.

The Shura caught the alloy framework in the wall with his toes and swung back to reach for the katana stuck in Han Sen's shoulder.

Not wanting to give his katana back, Han Sen blocked his palm with one hand and punched at the Shura's throat with the other hand.

The Shura returned a punch at Han Sen's chest. And soon it became a fist fight. In a short while, Han Sen started spitting up blood.

"Why didn't he dodge? Since he could fly, he could have dodged the attacks," wondered Fang Mingquan.

Sharing his thought were the audience watching Fang Mingquan's webcasting.

Chapter 62: Golden Meteor

Chapter 62: Golden Meteor

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Fang Mingquan's new program didn't have much popularity yet but there were still some old fans who had followed him here. Seeing the webcasting was on, many of them had chosen to watch.

When they saw the Shura was to kill the little girl, they were all praying that someone could save her. And when Han Sen showed up, they were all thrilled. However, what they didn't understand was why Han Sen didn't choose to dodge the katana and thus lost his advantage. He could have dodged as he could fly.

Fang Mingquan suddenly realized something and focused the lens behind Han Sen. Everyone suddenly saw that the room was a classroom with dozens of shivering children in it.

Fang Mingquan and the audience had thus realized why Han Sen didn't dodge. If he had dodged, the Shura would have entered the classroom and caused unimaginable damage.

Although the Shura was stopped outside the classroom, Han Sen had been severely injured in the shoulder and were still bleeding, which rendered him the losing side.

But this was an adult Shura with a golden horn. Even if he hadn't practiced any skills yet, his physique would be as strong as an evolver, if not stronger.

"Dollar...it's Dollar..." the audience recognized him and left many comments under, reminding more people that it was Dollar.

Fang Mingquan had long recognized Dollar. After all, he was working in journalism. The video of Han Sen passing the robot channel was such a hit that he had watched it as well.

Because he had watched the video, he knew that Han Sen was still unevolved while his opponent could at least reach the level of an evolver, so this was not a fair fight.

So were the audience aware of this.

"This is not good. Dollar has not become an evolver yet. Could he stop the golden-horned Shura?"

"Dollar, hold on!"

"Damn, why am I not there? I would love to help him kill the Shura!"

"..."

Bang!

Han Sen took another hit in the face. Although he was armored, his head was still ringing and his eyes even went blind for a second. Feeling a churning in the chest, he spilled up another mouthful of blood.

Han Sen was very clear that he was far weaker than the Shura even after he had shapeshifted into the blood slayer. If the Shura hadn't already been hurt badly, Han Sen probably couldn't last this long at all.

Fortunately, he had been practicing Jadeskin for a long time and had gained lots of geno points, which allowed him to fight until now.

Bang bang!

Each time Han Sen's punched at the Shura, he could only force the Shura to bend backward, while when the Shura punched at him, he would definitely bleed.

But Han Sen knew that he could not step back. Seeing the malice in the Shura's eyes, Han Sen knew he had been eyeing the children in the classroom.

Using his majestic body to block the window, Han Sen was hit in the head several times. He suddenly lost control of his body and leaned his shoulder toward the Shura, which allowed the Shura to pull out his katana from Han Sen's shoulder. Blood was splashing as the black blade was pulled out.

"Die!" the Shura scowled as he hacked at Han Sen, both hands on the katana and eyes bloodshot.

It was a gut-wrenching scene for Fang Mingquan and the audience to watch. The tenderhearted ones could not even bear to watch.

"Step back... You have tried... No one will blame you..." some even said, as they could not bear to see Han Sen killed by the Shura.

But with a gleam in his eye, Han Sen moved forward instead of backward when the katana fell, and threw himself at the Shura.

Although the katana had hit Han Sen on the head, as the distance was shortened and the Shura's body had bounced off in the middle of his hacking, the speed of the katana was not high, and it only broke Han Sen's helmet and left a shallow wound on Han Sen's scalp.

Without a pause, Han Sen flapped his wings and moved behind the Shura. He locked the Shura with his own body in the air so that the Shura could make no moves.

Ghosthaunt had worked wonders—Han Sen was able to lock down the Shura who had much greater strength than himself.

As he knew his shapeshifting time was almost up and his body would probably suffer permanent damage if he went over the time limit, Han Sen tumbled upside down with the Shura locked between his arms and jumped, speeding up toward the ground with his wings moving.

"You are crazy..." cried the Shura, with horror in his voice.

At this moment, everyone seeing this was stunned and the comments online had stopped.

Fang Mingquan's lens followed the golden meteor falling rapidly toward the ground.

Because other buildings had blocked the view, the golden meteor disappeared at the sixth floor of the building. All that could be heard was a bang, followed by silence.

After a long time, a new comment appeared, "Dollar???"

Then there was a burst of comments, which were posted so fast that the words became a blur.

Not in the mood to check the comments, Fang Mingquan desperately ran to the spot that Han Sen was falling to. He could vow that this was the fastest he had ever run in his life.

When Fang Mingquan got there, there was already a crowd. The Shura was on the floor with his limbs twisted and there were even spider cracking on the pavement made of high-tech materials.

But he did not find the majestic golden figure here.

"Dollar?"

"Dollar did not die!"

"Where did he go?"

As the comments were posted under the webcasting, Fang Mingquan looked around and asked people nearby and no one had seen dollar.

The spot was in an alley and no one was here before they fell.

Chapter 63: Angel Dollar

Chapter 63: Angel Dollar

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Fang Mingquan didn't find Dollar and stopped looking. He returned to his studio in excitement and started to edit the footage he took.

"My future's on this video!" Fang Mingquan stayed up all night editing the footage.

This was definitely an exclusive headliner. With the webcasting last night, word would get out and the edited video was sure to go viral.

It was the desire for success and the admiration for Dollar that drove him to edit the video so fast. Fang Mingquan thought that this must be his best work since he first became a journalist many years ago.

On the Skynet, Fang Mingquan saw a lot of messages asking him about the webcasting yesterday.

At that time, power was out and no monitoring camera was working. There were some individuals who tried to film the incident, but their work was either from a bad angle or too blurred, and could not be compared to his professional work.

Fang Mingquan took a deep breath, named the video "The One and Only, Dollar Our Angel," and then clicked "upload."

After uploading it, Fang Mingquan didn't look at the screen any more but sat down and lit a cigarette. He kept smoking and remained silent.

Fang Mingquan did not even dare to look at his watch, as he was afraid to know the time, which was the most important thing in journalism.

He knew very well that when the video was uploaded, his comlink would ring, but how successful his video was would depend on how long it took for the comlink to ring.

"If it takes half an hour, then it means it's phenomenal; if it takes one hour, then it's probably just so-so; if it takes more than one and a half hours..." Fang Mingquan heard a ringtone when he was still counting.

Fang Mingquan suddenly rose to his feet and stared at his comlink on the desk. A familiar number was flashing on its screen.

"Eight minutes and forty-three seconds..." Fang Mingquan clenched his fists and teeth excitedly, crumpling the cigarette case in his hand.

Fang Mingquan only started to relax after three minutes. Ignoring the ringing comlink, he lay on the couch and watched it ring as he smoked. He enjoyed this feeling, for only at times like this did he feel alive.

"The One and Only, Dollar Our Angel" didn't have voiceover and was less than three minutes long.

It started with the little girl when she was about to fall. Her frightened face with tears, her widened eyes, and her blood-stained little hands grabbed people's attention from the beginning.

The next moment, when people were still worried about the danger facing the little girl, out from the aircraft walked not her savior but death itself.

When the Shura wielded his katana at the little girl, no one could sustain their anger and despair.

Suddenly, a golden figure appeared in the scene. The huge golden wings looked like they belonged to an angel. When the little girl was taken into his strong arm covered in golden armor and the katana was stopped by him, everyone was overjoyed, their eyes welling up with tears.

The following scenes were carefully edited—the Shura and Han Sen exchanged some blows and Han Sen broke a window so he could carry the girl into a room. The Shura was attacking Han Sen frantically but the latter did not dodge or run back. Fang Mingquan inserted the scene of dozens of students shivering in the classroom here so that everyone would understand why Han Sen had chosen to stay there.

Fang Mingquan refined the fighting scenes and highlighted Han Sen's selflessness and bravery. He also edited out the less impressive scenes.

While in fact Han Sen was miserable and much weaker than the Shura, in the video it looked like it was just a tough-luck loss.

The final scene was the suicidal fall.

The entire video was very smooth. With the passionate background music added by Fang Mingquan, all the viewers wanted to fight the Shura themselves, even if it meant risking their lives.

And the female viewers were covered in tears after watching the video.

This video really went viral. In just a few hours, the entire Alliance knew about it. And the hits had climbed up to a few hundred million.

A strong and cruel Shura aristocrat, a golden angel, and the little faces that were full of fear all formed a story that moved every viewer in less than three minutes.

Dollar's name was famous now in the entire Alliance, as this video was far more popular than the video of robot channel, which did have its limitations.

Men and women, young and old, everyone was spell-bound by this video, and Dollar had become a bigger hit than the ten Chosen this year.

"This kid has some guts, just like me when I was his age."

"F*#k Shuras!"

"Poor children, they are lucky, because there's an angel guarding them."

"Dollar, you are my one and only."

"Dollar, you are my angel."

More people were concerned about Dollar's life and death, because the video did not include the result and ended with a bang from the fall.

Everyone was concerned whether Dollar and the Shura had both died, but Fang Mingquan did not plan to publish that, as other reporters must have written about it already and it would not make a difference whether he wrote about it.

In the meantime, the hero was also watching this video edited by Fang Mingquan.

Chapter 64: Shura's Martial Art

Chapter 64: Shura's Martial Art

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"That's really me?" Han Sen couldn't believe he looked so good. The way the video was edited made him blush a little.

At that time, he was only doing what he could to help the children out. Although the fall in the end looked tragic, he was in fact able to kick the Shura off him and fly away when they were about to hit the ground. It was not quite as risky as it looked.

The Shura was already badly injured and had died from the fall.

Han Sen knew that he just got lucky. If the Shura hadn't already suffered severe injuries, Han Sen would probably have fled or died.

Moving his body around, it still hurt so much that Han Sen had a hard time breathing. He didn't dare to go to the hospital, but luckily it wasn't too bad, for none of his vital organ was hurt. Having taken some medicine, he was recovering slowly but steadily.

Hen Sen had gained something from it as well. The katana belonging to the Shura was taken home by Han Sen, which was so much better than the weapons made by human.

Shuras were much more advanced in making alloy weapons than human. Han Sen had heard since a long time ago that Shuras' katanas were awesome. Even the black-horned Shuras used better katanas than Z-steel weapons. Now what Han Sen had was a katana from a golden-horned Shura, which should be the best of the best. There was simply no product of the same level as this katana.

Han Sen wielded the katana and felt that it was frighteningly sharp as it felt as if it could break the air.

Han Sen no longer dared to try the katana out with any weapon for he knew the katana was probably even sharper than his Z-steel dagger.

The video was so widespread that Han Sen was also worried that people might recognize the katana and thus himself to be Dollar. So he had decided to make some changes to the katana, which were mainly to change its color. He spray painted the katana in a golden color so it looked as if it were made of brass. He also ordered a cheap but flamboyant sheath on the Skynet so no one could tell it was a Shura katana when it was in the sheath.

In fact, Han Sen did not intend to use it in front of others. These were just precautions he took.

Han Sen had also wanted to replace the hilt of the katana to make it even less recognizable, but was unable to remove the hilt. However, he found a bead embedded in the hilt and took it out. To his surprise, the bead was hollow.

Inside the bead, there turned out to be a small memory chip. Han Sen inserted the chip into his device, trying to figure out what was stored there.

What he didn't expect was that there was a Shura's martial art recorded in the chip, which was called Bladestorm. The description said it was the top secret of a Shura aristocratic family.

"Can a human learn Shura's martial arts?" wondered Han Sen. After reviewing Bladestorm, he was convinced that he could learn it as long as his physical fitness level was high enough.

Han Sen started to try and practice Bladestorm and didn't encounter too much obstruction, which meant his physique had reached the prerequisite of Bladestorm.

Bladestorm sounded like weapon skills, but it could also be used without any weapon. The key was to fully explore the potentials of one's body in order to launch swift and powerful strikes. If one became skilled in Bladestorm, one could launch those strikes with any part of one's body.

Han Sen hadn't recovered at the moment anyway, so he didn't go back to God's Sanctuary and stayed home practicing Bladestorm. Lin Beifeng was the only one who called daily to check when he would go back to Steel Armor Shelter and start to hunt. Qin Xuan thought he was just hiding from Son of Heaven, so she didn't call.

Han Sen checked his ringing comlink and it was Lin Beifeng again. He hesitated before picking up.

"Sen, how come you are still not in God's Sanctuary? I've been waiting for you," lamented Lin Beifeng. Han Sen didn't even turn the video chat on because he was depressed enough just by listening to Lin's voice.

"I will not hide from you. The truth is that I am recently preparing for a big campaign," Han Sen said mysteriously.

"What kind of campaign do you have in mind? Count me in!" said Lin Beifeng eagerly.

"I won't disclose the details now, but at least we'll be able to hunt mutant creatures." Han Sen was telling the truth. He was planning to go into Dark Swamp as soon as he recovered. He couldn't guarantee sacred-blood creatures but there would surely be mutant creatures.

"Sen, you must count me in..." said Lin Beifeng hurriedly.

"I'm working with others on this, so the team members are fixed and I cannot add anyone in," Han Sen kept Lin Beifeng in suspense before he continued. "But I'm short of money recently, and if you can provide me with some Z-steel arrows with 5 percent Z-steel, I will send you part of my share of the preys, and it won't be less than an entire mutant creature."

"Excellent. I'll send you those arrows right now," replied Lin Beifeng without demur.

"Hang on. I'm busy at the moment. Just have the arrows ready and I'll contact you when I'm ready," said Han Sen.

"It's a deal then. Don't eat your own words," Lin Beifeng still felt insecure.

"You can rest assured that you will get your share." Han Sen had been concerned where he could get some nice arrows. Now that Lin Beifeng was willing to sponsor him, he was all set. It was mutually beneficial as well. He would give Lin some mutant creature meat when he came back.

In the worst-case scenario, if he couldn't hunt anything, he could still evolve any creature into a mutant one using the black crystal in a few days and pay Lin with that.

Han Sen rested at home for a dozen days before he fully recovered. While he was resting, he did nothing other than practicing Jadeskin and Bladestorm. Eventually he could start to use Bladestorm.

Chapter 65: Blackhawk Military Academy

Chapter 65: Blackhawk Military Academy

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Before Han Sen teleported to God's Sanctuary, Qin Xuan called to ask him to go to the teleport station.

When Han Sen came to station, Yang Manli gave him a cold stare and brought him to the office of Qin Xuan.

Qin Xuan was taking care of some business when he came in, so Han Sen had to sit aside and wait.

After dealing with everything on hand, Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen and said, "I plan to recommend you to Blackhawk Military Academy."

"Recommend me to Blackhawk Military Academy?" Han Sen wasn't sure what she meant, as one could apply to military schools oneself and take the exam, no recommendation needed.

Qin Xuan knew what he was thinking and went on, "Blackhawk Military Academy has special quotas every year for those specialized in archery. But even the specially recruited students must pass the entrance exam and fulfill certain requirements. You are good at archery so it's alright if you are lacking in fitness. That's why I plan to recommend you. Entering military school at an early stage and going through formal training will do you good."

Han Sen was wondering what to say to decline Qin Xuan. On the one hand, he wasn't really interested in going to military schools. On the other hand, he had to leave Planet Roca if he was admitted to Blackhawk. And he couldn't leave his mother and sister behind.

But Han Sen found Qin Xuan was very enthusiastic to get him into a military school. If he didn't give her a reasonable explanation, she probably wouldn't let go of the matter. Also she meant well, so Han Sen also felt obliged to give her an explanation.

"Stationmaster, you are too kind, but I already have an ideal military school in mind and I'm afraid I have to let you down," Han Sen frowned.

"Oh? Which military school do you have in mind?" asked Qin Xuan curiously, surprised by his sudden motivation.

"I want to apply to Roca Military School," replied Han Sen, sticking out his chest.

Qin Xuan and Yang Manli both looked at him as if he were an idiot.

Yang Manli said grimly, "Blackhawk is in top 50 in the Alliance and you are comparing it to Roca Military School, which is not even among top 1000?"

Qin Xuan advised, "Han Sen, you should really think about it. Roca Military School is no match to Blackhawk whether in faculty or facilities. You can't even practice operating warframes and warships in Roca Military School and you won't have good coaches in martial arts. If you graduate from Roca Military School, you won't have a bright future in the army. Why would you want to do that?"

Han Sen smiled wryly—he could not tell Qin Xuan that he would like to enter Roca Military School just because it was close to home.

Yang Manli said, "You were not qualified to be recommended by the stationmaster, but she broke the rules for you because she saw something in you. You need to think carefully."

Ready to reply her, Han Sen heard a knock on the door.

"Stationmaster, your data analysis is ready."

"Great, send it over." Qin Xuan turned on a smart device and a video was displayed.

Han Sen took a look and was slightly surprised, as the video was his fight with the golden-horned Shura.

It was not, however, the edited version, but Fang Mingquan's original footage.

A comprehensive data analysis was made and each movement of Dollar and the Shura was accompanied with detailed real-time combat stats including the agility, punching speed, critical strike and damage. There was also the scene of the dead Shura in the end. When the display was over, Qin Xuan asked Yang Manli, "What do you think of Dollar?"

"Stupid!" was Yang Manli's reply.

Han Sen who was secretly proud and ready for Yang Manli's compliments almost choked on his own saliva.

"Please explain," Qin Xuan did not seem to be surprised.

Yang Manli said, "Dollar's strength and speed are very good. Although we do not know his exact fitness rating, he is definitely among the top in First God's Sanctuary when he shapeshifts. However, his strength and speed are still much weaker than the Shura. We could even estimate that he would have died a million times if the Shura weren't badly injured already."

Qin Xuan nodded, agreeing with Yang Manli.

Yang Manli continued, "Dollar's wings look like advanced flying beast soul. Judging from his speed, it's very likely a sacred-blood beast soul. With such a flying beast soul, a fleet-footed shapeshifting beast soul, and great speed, he is the ideal archer. He should shoot arrows from afar instead of engaging himself in a stupid fist fight."

Qin Xuan smiled, "You are right. But it was an emergency and it looked like Dollar wasn't good at archery. He has never used bow and arrows before and has always been fighting head on—the complete opposite of this one."

Yang Manli knew Qin Xuan was referring to Han Sen and said, "If Dollar can become an archer, he will be the best archer in First God's Sanctuary. His moving and flying speed will help him maintain his distance from the enemy, and his strength will allow him to shoot fast and powerful arrows. That's why he would be perfect."

Yang Manli did not mention Han Sen at all. Apparently, she doesn't think Han Sen could even be compared to Dollar.

Moreover, Yang Manli might think Dollar's way of fighting was somewhat stupid, but it didn't change the fact that he was a respectable man, unlike Han Sen, who was a coward with some talent.

Qin Xuan sighed, "Unfortunately, there was a blackout in the area because of the damage caused by the Shura aircraft, so we didn't get anything that can reveal the identity of Dollar. Although we have Dollar's blood sample, everyone's genes are changing rapidly these days as they gain geno points. So, by comparing the DNA in the sample and in our database, it's almost impossible to find out who he is."

"He has appeared on Planet Roca twice. Maybe it's not a coincidence," Yang Manli thought about it and suggested.

"I have checked the population on Planet Roca, and there isn't anyone that fits the profile. Roca is just a fifth-tier commercial planet. It's highly unlikely that someone like Dollar lives there, even less likely than winning the lottery," Qin Xuan shook her head.

Han Sen was secretly relieved that the two did not associate the unambitious Han Sen with Dollar at all. He was afraid that the wings might remind them of the purple-winged dragon, but his caution proved to be unnecessary. The beast soul wings didn't look the same as the dragon's wings, and they were also covered in the black beetle armor, so it was difficult to associate the two together.

Chapter 66: Ghost-toothed Snake King

Chapter 66: Ghost-toothed Snake King

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Qin Xuan asked Han Sen to give Blackhawk more thoughts, as he would benefit a lot from such experience.

Han Sen left Qin Xuan's office thinking to himself, "Qin Xuan is really kind, but how can I leave mother and Yan now? Before I turn 20 when I have to serve, I need to constantly go home and take care of them. In the meantime, I must earn enough money so that when I'm off to the army, they could live a good life without care."

After he got home, Han Sen contacted Lin Beifeng and asked him to send the Z-steel arrows over. He wanted to go to Dark Swamp as soon as tomorrow. After all, improving his own physique was his priority.

Yang Manli was right about the fact that the beast souls he owned now would make him a great archer. And right now, what he lacked most was a good beast soul arrow.

"Sen, I have ten sniper arrows with 5 percent Z-steel. Please take them." Lin Beifeng put a box of ten sniper arrows in front of Han Sen.

"I'll take two and I'll give them back to you if I'm able to retrieve them," Han Sen said.

"Take them all. You can give me a bigger share of mutant creature meat in return; it would be even better if there is sacred-blood meat," Lin Beifeng smiled and said.

"Don't be greedy. All I can spare is probably one mutant creature. You can take the rest of the arrows back." Han Sen took out two arrows and pushed the rest back in front of Lin Beifeng.

"Sen, just take them all. You can give them back after. These arrows are nothing to me. Don't you know what business my family does?" Lin Beifeng insisted, offering Han Sen the arrows again.

"Your family owns Z-steel mines?" Han Sen looked at Lin Beifeng, surprised.

Lin Beifeng shook his head, "We do not have Z-steel mines, but we do have some collaboration with groups that produce Z-steel alloy. We have a mine of a rare mineral, which is a must to increase the percentage of Z-steel to 7 or above. This mineral is very expensive and those groups are always in demand of it, so they sell me Z-steel weapons at production cost. These didn't cost me much, and feel free to let me know if you need anything in the future."

"You rock!" Han Sen gave Lin a thumbs-up.

Lin Beifeng shook his head and said, "In fact, Z-steel alloy is great for large-scale military use, but too heavy for individuals. For example, Z-steel armor has great defence but its weight affects one's speed and endurance. Compared with beast souls, it's not that practical. If future technology can raise the Z-steel content to more than 50 percent, the weight can be reduced a lot."

"Sen, would you talk to your friends and let me join you? I could provide them with Z-steel supplies," Lin Beifeng asked.

"Unfortunately, there's nothing I can do," Han Sen smiled at Lin Beifeng. "In fact, you are so rich that you can set up your own team and march into the mountains. Mutant creatures would be easy to come by then."

Lin Beifeng smiled wryly, "I have tried, but it is not as easy in Steel Armor Shelter as in my previous shelter. Qin Xuan's military force is stable and no one could challenge that. Those who can be bought with money are in Son of Heaven's gang already. Although I am rich, I don't dare to provoke a monster like Starry Group. The rest of talents are all controlled by

Fist Guy. So, there is no talented freelancer at all. I basically have nowhere to spend my money."

Han Sen nodded, he also felt deeply about this. When he was isolated by both Son of Heaven and Qin Xuan, he almost had no way to survive in Steel Armor Shelter.

Han Sen teleported into Steel Armor Shelter and sneaked out in the middle of the night, so that Son of Heaven's gang wouldn't notice him.

Carrying his supplies, Han Sen picked up the paths less trodden and marched toward Dark Swamp. Others saw the swamp as hell, but it was paradise to Han Sen who had the beast soul of purple-winged dragon.

Without any surprise or risk on the way, Han Sen successfully entered Dark Swamp. He saw no one near the swamp, let alone in the swamp.

Han Sen took no risk and found a spot with absolutely nobody there before he summoned the black beetle and purple-winged dragon beast soul. Wearing his purple wings and golden armor, Han Sen checked his equipment again and flew toward Dark Swamp.

The environment of Dark Swamp was similar to the poster's description. There were indeed very few flying creatures. Occasionally he saw a few carrion birds, for which he didn't even use arrows. If any bird dared to get close, he would cut them into two halves with the Shura katana.

There were many poisonous beasts and insects in the swamp. Having flown less than a day, Han Sen saw a mutant creature. It was a scary-looking three-footed toad the size of a truck crouching in the mud, covered in lumps and exuding green gas.

Han Sen was not interested in it at all. Even if he killed this thing, it was too huge for him to carry its meat out. And it would take him months to finish eating the meat, which was not worth it for a few mutant geno points.

"This is indeed a paradise." After flying for more than two hours, Han Sen saw another mutant creature.

Surrounded by a group of black and white snakes, a blood-red snake king was swimming in the reeds.

Han Sen did not approach it but hovered in the air, flapping his enormous wings. The snakes did not notice his presence at all.

Pulling out a sniper arrow from the quiver, Han Sen put a thread into the hole on the nock, nocked the arrow and aimed at the foot-long snake king.

Suddenly, Han Sen narrowed his eyes and the sniper arrow flew across like a lightning bolt.

The blood-red snake king was just opening its mouth, about to swallow a mouse-like creature. Just when it opened its mouth, a black shadow disappeared there and went into its stomach, piercing its belly.

The snake king suddenly twisted its body in agony, hissing desperately. The black and white snakes surrounding it all went crazy, but could not find where the enemy was.

The snake king bled heavily through its pierced belly and stopped struggling after a while.

"Mutant ghost-toothed snake king killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

The wonderful voice sounded in Han Sen's mind. He excitedly pulled the thread and dragged the body of the ghost-toothed snake king up in the air.

That thread was not much thicker than a hair, but as a high-tech product, it was very strong and could bear more than a ton. This ghost-toothed snake king weighed just dozens of pounds and he easily pulled it up.

Chapter 67: Mutant Sawfish

Chapter 67: Mutant Sawfish

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen found a safe spot, picked up some branches and made a fire. Boiling a pot of water, he threw some pieces of snake king meat into the water and cooked slowly.

The snake was not too big. After thoroughly boiled, there were only about two bowls of soup left. Han Sen poured them out from the pot and gobbled the meat up.

"Ghost-toothed snake king meat eaten. One mutant geno point gained."

After drinking the soup, Han Sen got another mutant geno point.

Han Sen dried the rest of the snake meat and made it into meat jerkies to bring along with him. Although the snake wasn't too large, he couldn't finish it at once, so it became his field rations.

"Meow..." Meowth was gnawing at a piece of snake meat jerkies, which wasn't quite enough for the cat, as the cat meowed at Han Sen again after finishing it, rubbing its fluffy body against him.

Han Sen took Meowth back. Its insatiable appetite would make it gorge on an entire snake.

Continuing to fly inside the swamp, looking at the various poisonous beasts and insects below, Han Sen felt more and more excited. The place was full of treasures— it was usually easy to find mutant creatures where human could not reach.

Han Sen had seen three mutant creatures in two days. Aside from the snake king, the other two creatures were both too large so he didn't hunt them.

Except for the necessary rest time, Han Sen kept traveling. His destination was the forest where mutant black stingers lived.

Another two days had passed and Han Sen didn't have good luck. All he saw was a mutant creature that looked like a crocodile, but that guy was more than ten yards long and very strong. Han Sen didn't bother and flew past it.

On the fifth day since Han Sen entered Dark Swamp, he finally got lucky. In a not-so-large lake, the water was so clear that the bottom of the lake can be seen in the sun. The lake was only about three to six feet deep. In the lake, Han Sen saw groups of big silver fish, each about a foot long, with a jagged dorsal fin stretching from head to tail.

And among the groups of silver fish, there were occasionally one or two golden fish of the same size, flashing their golden scales in the sun.

Han Sen was so excited that he almost jumped up. There were seven or eight golden fish in the lake and they were all mutant creatures.

"Ha-ha, Dark Swamp is truly my paradise." Han Sen took Doomsday off his back, nocked a sniper arrow, and shot it at a golden fish in the water.

The sniper arrow was shot into the water on the back of the golden fish. With a clank, the arrow slipped aside, leaving only a white mark on the golden scale, which wasn't even pierced.

Han Sen quickly pulled the sniper arrow back with the thread he attached to it. The golden fish that was under attack madly scurried in the lake. Failing to find the enemy, it knocked several silver fish dead. The jagged dorsal fin on its back was so sharp that it could probably cut steel.

Han Sen frowned as he didn't expect that even arrows with 5 percent Z-steel couldn't pierce the scales of the golden fish.

Considering the size of the golden fish, Han Sen could certainly eat an entire fish per day. With so many fish here, it was the perfect opportunity to increase his mutant geno points.

"I need a good arrow—a beast soul arrow," Han Sen was upset. If he had a beast soul arrow now, he could shoot all these golden fish dead in a short while.

Han Sen hovered above the lake and carefully observed these golden fish. After a while, his eyes lit up. He flew away to cut off a long branch and stirred it in the water.

The alarmed silver and golden fish started to swim in all directions swiftly. Han Sen was thrilled.

Because their dorsal fin was too stiff, these fish could hardly bend their bodies. Therefore, although their speed was high, they could hardly change their directions or jump. Han Sen was thrilled as he could now approach the lake and didn't need to worry about being attacked by the fish.

Z-steel arrows could not hurt the fish, but he had a katana that was sharper than Z-steel arrows. If he was close enough to a fish, he could probably kill it with the katana.

The katana was, after all, four-feet-long and considered a short weapon. Hence Han Sen cut off a six-foot-long branch as thick as his arm and fixed the Shura katana to one end of the branch, making a long spear.

Han Sen hovered closely to the surface of the lake and observed for a long time. When a golden fish swam up to the surface, Han Sen swiftly poked the katana down like how a fisherman would spear a fish. The katana cut through the scales of the golden fish into its body. Han Sen was overjoyed. He pulled the katana back and flew back up in the sky.

After all, the katana was fixed on a branch, if he continued to fight with the golden fish, the brittle branch might break and he didn't want the katana to fall into the lake.

The injured golden fish scurried madly in the water, hurting numerous silver fish in its way. Soon, it lost its strength and floated to the surface upside down.

"Mutant sawfish killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Han Sen took out the dead fish and was so happy that he almost moaned out loud.

He decided to strike while the iron is hot and used the same method to hunt three more mutant sawfish before the sun went down.

"Ha-ha, four mutant creatures in one day. This is my blessed land." Han Sen found a safe place by the lake and cut off all the meat from the mutant sawfish. He cooked some and used salt to preserve the rest.

"Mutant sawfish meat eaten. One mutant geno point gained..."

"Mutant sawfish meat eaten. One mutant geno point gained..."

Delicious fish in his mouth and wonderful news in his ear, Han Sen felt over the moon.

Chapter 68: Mutant Sawfish Spear

Chapter 68: Mutant Sawfish Spear

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Meow..." Meowth was circling around the fire rapidly. In the fire, there were pieces of jelly-like sawfish meat. When heated up, the oil oozed from the fish, sizzling with a strong and fresh fragrance, making one's mouth water even from afar.

Han Sen threw a large piece of cooked sawfish to Meowth and took one for himself. The fatty fish almost melted in his mouth, making him want to swallow his tongue.

Sawfish, as a mutant creature, had way more tasty meat than ordinary fish. Even fish like groupers were a far cry from it. Even just barbecued plainly with just some salt and pepper, the sawfish didn't have a fishy smell at all, it was purely sweet and delicious.

"If this could be brought outside God's Sanctuary, it would probably become the king of all fish. The ordinary dish wouldn't even have any market. One mutant sawfish could probably be sold at tens of million. Such a shame..." Han Sen threw another piece of sawfish at Meowth.

Mutant creatures could not be brought away from God's Sanctuary. Also, he didn't have the energy to take all the sawfish he had hunted out of Dark Swamp. There were more sawfish in the lake than he had imagined. He had killed 15 these days. After eating several, his mutant geno points could no longer increase from eating sawfish. Since he couldn't bring it all out, he decided to feed it to Meowth.

"My mutant geno points are 31 now. Such a fruitful trip! Dark Swamp is too dangerous for ordinary people, so there live so many mutant creatures. Probably I could even max out on my mutant geno points on this trip." Han Sen was in a great mood and rewarded Meowth another piece of fish.

The rest of the sawfish meat was made into jerkies by Han Sen. Before he left, he took another look inside the lake, to check if there was any fish that he had missed.

Seeing another mutant golden sawfish, Han Sen killed it in the same way.

"Mutant sawfish killed. Beast soul of mutant sawfish gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

It took Han Sen several seconds before he realized what had happened. He almost jumped up. It had been a long time since he had gained any beast soul and he suddenly gained one now. A mutant one!

Han Sen could not wait to see which type the sawfish beast soul was. If it was an arrow, he would be so satisfied.

Type of mutant sawfish beast soul: Spear.

Hen Sen was slightly disappointed, but overall excited. Although it was not a beast soul arrow, spear was still a popular type of weapon, especially a mutant beast soul spear.

Summoning the mutant sawfish beast soul, Han San suddenly had a gold spear in his hands. The spearhead was an inch long with sharpened cutting edge on both sides. The spear was frightening even by its look.

Han Sen wielded the spear and felt that it was heavy but easy to use. The sharp spearhead had cut down a thick tree with just a casual slash, as if he were cutting tofu.

"Whoever pisses me off in the future will have to deal with this spear!" Han Sen tried the spear for a while, and didn't put it away until he had sweat on his forehead.

A mutant beast soul weapon had already made his trip to Dark Swamp a success. This spear was enough to make an ordinary household rich.

After all, beast soul weapons did not need to be repaired and was easy to carry. Unless it was destroyed completely, it would recover on its own, unlike Z-steel weapons that needed fixing if chipped.

Although he had gained a lot, Han Sen still hadn't reached his main goal, which was to gain a much-needed mutant beast soul arrow. So, he carried the rest of the jerkies and flew into the Dark Swamp again.

The poster was only trying to escape and couldn't tell the directions. Hence it was difficult to find the forest he mentioned.

Fortunately, Han Sen had the ability to fly, so he could see far from the sky.

In the next two days, Han Sen was not so lucky. He did not encounter mutant creatures, but ran into swarms of poisonous insects several times. Watching countless insects moving under him like flood and leaving nothing alive behind them, Han Sen could not help but shudder.

If he couldn't fly and were attacked by these insects, it wouldn't even matter if he was fit or not. Swarms of ants could kill an elephant, let alone these poisonous insects. Even someone with max sacred geno points could hardly survive.

Finally, Han Sen found some clean water. After replenishing his water supply, he made a pot of fish soup and added some snake king meat in it.

It didn't take long before the fragrance spread everywhere. Han Sen wasn't afraid of attracting poisonous beasts as he had been wearing the black beetle armor since he entered Dark Swamp.

When the soup was almost ready, Han Sen was preparing to enjoy it with Meowth. Suddenly he heard a bird call followed by a whistle. A huge black bird flied down from the sky, its wings a few dozen feet long and claws sharp as metal hooks.

Hansen was shocked, "Damn, didn't the poster say there were no advanced flying creatures in Dark Swamp? Judging from its look, this bird is at least a mutant creature."

Hansen stepped back and saw the huge bird landing by the fire. When it stood on the ground, it was taller than an elephant head. Its gleaming dark bird eyes gave it a regal look.

After the bird landed, a black-clad young man jumped down from the back of the bird and looked at the meat in the pot, "Boy, I'll buy your meat."

He walked swaggeringly over and threw a piece of raw meat that looked like a cow leg on the ground and said, "It's your lucky day kid. This is the thigh of a mutant poisonous-clawed beast."

Finishing the sentence, the black-clad young man reached for the fragrant fish and snake meat in the pot.

"I won't trade with you," Han Sen frowned.

The black-clad young man was fast and had already gobbled up a piece of fish. When he was about to ridicule Han Sen by pointing out the fact that he was offering Han Sen some mutant creature meat, he heard the voice telling him that he had gained one mutant geno point. His eyes suddenly widened, "How could this be? It was just one piece of meat, and it added one mutant geno point. So... there must be an entire mutant creature in the pot?"

Chapter 69: White Underwear Flag

Chapter 69: White Underwear Flag

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Lu Weinan was sick of eating the meat of poisonous-clawed beast these days. Relying on his mutant iron-feathered bird beast soul, he flew into Dark Swamp to hunt mutant creatures and only killed this one poisonous-clawed beast in days.

This beast was larger than a cow, and he had been eating its meat for more than half a month and still had a thigh left. He had only gained five mutant geno points from it so far.

Just now, he had gained one mutant geno point already by eating just a piece of meat from the pot. He suddenly understood why Han Sen didn't want to trade—although both were mutant creatures, the thigh he had was worth much less than what was in Han Sen's pot.

Lu Weinan looked at the pot of meat eagerly and then his eye fell on Han Sen. A knife in hand, he blew a whistle. The iron-feathered bird beat its wings and hovered over his head.

"Do you want to trade, or let me beat you up before I eat your stuff?" Lu Weinan was ready to dine and dash. There was no one in Dark Swamp and no one would even know if he killed Han Sen. Since he had the iron-feathered bird mount, no one would be his match here.

"F*#k off," Han Sen said quietly.

"You asked for this," Humiliated, Lu Weinan yelled and hacked his knife at Han Sen. Although he had gained the beast soul of mutant iron-feathered bird, he apparently didn't have the same luck in beast soul weapons—his knife was one with 5 percent Z-steel.

Han Sen was wearing sacred-blood armor so he was not afraid of such weapon. He didn't even shapeshift into the bloody slayer, but just summoned his mutant sawfish spear and wielded it at Lu's knife.

Crack!

The sawfish spear cut the knife off as if it were made of tofu and continued to stab at Lu.

"S*#t!" thought Lu Weinan. He twisted his feet like a snake and barely escaped Han Sen's attack.

Without a pause, Lu Weinan quickly ran back with strange but smooth body positions. Han Sen missed several stabs in a row and Lu swiftly jumped on the back of his bird mount and rose in the air.

"How dare you challenge me? I'll just kill you," said Lu Weinan triumphantly, taking his bow and arrow to shoot at Han Sen who was on the ground.

Wings suddenly grew from Han Sen's back and he rose in the air higher and faster than the iron-feathered bird.

"Damn..." Lu Weinan was dumbfounded. How could he know this guy could also fly and even had wings instead of a mount?

Subconsciously, Lu Weinan ordered the iron-feathered bird to go higher.

Even if what Han Sen had were mutant beast soul wings, he wouldn't be able to fly too fast or too high. The iron-feathered bird should be able to get rid of him.

But soon Lu Weinan found himself completely wrong, his enemy could fly not only very high, but also very fast, catching up with him in the blink of an eye.

"Who is this monster? His wings couldn't be sacred-blood, right?" Lu Weinan almost burst into tears.

He didn't expect his enemy to be so strong. With his wings and his golden armor and spear, Han Sen looked more like an angel than a human.

Having caught up with Lu Weinan, Han Sen poked the spear at him. All Lu wanted do was to knock his own head on a wall. Why on earth did he try to escape on the back of the iron-feathered bird? Now he couldn't even use his body positions. Sitting on the bird, he had nowhere to hide. If he moved around, he would fall.

Whoosh!

The spear was poked into Lu Weinan's butt, leaving a long wound—Lu's soft armor didn't stop the spearhead at all.

"Brother...Brother...Calm down...This is just a misunderstanding!" Lu Weinan shouted hurriedly.

Han Sen ignored him and stabbed at him again, making a symmetrical wound on the other side of his butt. Blood started to ooze from the wounds.

"Big brother, uncle, I was wrong. Stop poking or I will die. I surrender," Lu Weinan screamed while begging for mercy.

Han Sen ignored him and kept poking. Lu Weinan saw the horrifying and shining gold spear and cried, "Big brother, please slow down. We are both men. It will do you no good if you kill me. You see I have a flying mount, which will be of some use to you if you need me to run some errands for you...Ouch..."

Lu Weinan was stabbed again and his face had turned pale. He was bleeding too much and he would die before long. He looked down at himself and saw he was wearing black all over. Lu reached into his clothes and ripped off his white underwear stained with blood. Waving his underwear in one hand, he cried, "Big brother, don't poke! I surrender. We can have a discussion. Isn't it true that we have a policy in the Alliance to offer good treatment to the captives?"

Han Sen was silent all the time. Lu Weinan thought Han Sen couldn't hear him because the wind was too loud in flying. That's why he thought of the universal way of surrender, to wave a white flag.

Han Sen saw Lu Weinan waving his ripped underwear and almost laughed out loud. "Fly back," He held his laughter back and ordered.

Lu Weinan was suddenly overjoyed, and quickly ordered the mutant iron-feathered bird to go back where he met Han Sen.

When they were back to the place where the fire was made, the pot of meat was still there. Lu Weinan fell to the ground and screamed as he pulled the wounds on his buttocks.

"So, tell me, how are you going to compensate me for my loss?" Han Sen smiled and looked at Lu Weinan who was covering his ass with both hands.

Lu Weinan's face suddenly went stiff, "Big brother, I'll give you whatever you want, except for this iron-feathered bird. You can take your pick." He summoned several beast souls and said bitterly, "These are all I have. Please forgive me."

Han Sen checked the seven or eight beast souls summoned by Lu Weinan and there was even a mutant beast soul. He knew Lu was definitely holding back. But since Lu had summoned a mutant beast soul, it meant that he would like to give away the mutant beast soul for his life. At the same time, he was using this beast soul to decline Han Sen's asking for the iron-feathered bird before Han Sen even asked. He was depending on the bird to survive here and wouldn't give it up for the world.

"That mutant beast soul. And you, before I leave Dark Swamp, you have to follow my command." Han Sen thought this kid could be of some use, also Han Sen didn't want him to wander alone. If Lu found the forest first and killed the mutant black stingers, Han Sen's ultimate purpose of this trip would be defeated.

Chapter 70: Inferior to A Cat

Chapter 70: Inferior to A Cat

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Lu Weinan agreed, but remained alert when he transferred the mutant beast soul to Han Sen, worried that Han Sen would kill him once having the beast soul.

Fortunately, Han Sen did not attempt to kill him after receiving the mutant beast soul. He returned to the fire and used a cup to take out some soup. To Lu's surprise, Han Sen only took some soup and none of the meat.

Although there would be some geno points in the soup, most geno points would remain in the meat. Why would Han Sen only drink the soup?

While Lu Weinan was puzzled, he saw Han Sen had summoned a black cat, and put all the meat in the pot into a bowl in front of the cat.

The black cat meowed and rushed to the bowl, starting to gobble.

Lu Weinan's mouth twitched. He just realized that the meat he just tried to snatch and paid a huge price for turned out to be cat food.

"Where did this guy come from? Feeding mutant creature meat to a cat—what kind of people would do that?" Lu Weinan now really wanted to bang his own head on the wall. He just risked his life fighting for cat food.

Thinking of the cat, he was shocked. Among all the beast souls known to men, only a beast soul pet needed to be fed, while mounts and other types didn't. Han Sen's cat was of course not an ordinary animal. It must be a beast soul pet.

Now not many could keep a beast soul pet. A beast soul pet didn't have any ability to fight in the beginning and had to be fed the meat of different creatures to grow. When it had grown to a certain stage, it would transform once, and after the transformation it would have fighting ability.

But it took too much creature meat for a beast soul pet to grow until its transformation. There were people who tried to feed ordinary and primitive beast soul pets, but their fighting ability wasn't strong after the transformation. As for mutant beast soul pets, almost no one would try to feed them, as they would need a lot of mutant creature meat to transform, the amount of which was enough to make several individuals reach max mutant geno points. Who would feed that to a pet?

Thinking of this, Lu Weinan thought Han Sen was an impressive person indeed. He thought to himself, "This is someone who could afford feeding a mutant beast soul pet. He must be the successor to some powerful family to have received such attention and training."

"Big brother, what's your name?" Lu Weinan asked with a smile, wanting to find out about Han Sen's background.

"You do not know me?" Han Sen was somewhat surprised to hear the question. He felt odd as Lu Weinan didn't find out from his armor that he was Dollar. Even after seeing his wings, Lu still didn't recognize him, which meant Lu really didn't know about Dollar.

"We have seen each other before?" Lu Weinan looked at Han Sen puzzled, misunderstanding Han Sen's reply.

"No." Han Sen continued to drink his soup.

Lu Weinan suddenly understood that Han Sen was saying that he should have recognized Han Sen, which meant Han Sen was someone famous, which convinced Lu that Han Sen was from a prominent family, or else he wouldn't have made such an arrogant remark. Lu suddenly looked at Han Sen more eagerly.

Han Sen just thought that Dollar was so viral on the Skynet so most people should have heard of him.

"When did you come to Dark Swamp?" Han Sen looked at Lu Weinan and asked.

Lu Weinan became very enthusiastic and told Han Sen everything he knew.

Han Sen finally knew why Lu Weinan had not heard about Dollar. This young man had never teleported back since he entered God's Sanctuary a year ago. It looked like he had done pretty well for himself too.

Han Sen looked at Lu, surprised. He could not believe that Lu Weinan would be so capable.

Lu Weinan knew what Han Sen was thinking from his looks. He blushed and quickly said, "We the Lus specialize in practicing body positions. There is no one that could compare with us in this field. Although I my humble self have no special capabilities, I would love to carry the torch. Since I entered God's Sanctuary, I've been pushing my limits until I reach the threshold transcendence... "

"Be concise." Han Sen gave him a cold stare.

"Ahem, the truth is, we the Lus have great skills of escaping that were handed down in the family and we knew how to run from danger..." Lu Weinan cleared his throat and said.

Hen Sen now remembered that Lu Weinan's body positions were strange indeed. If Lu Weinan hadn't fled into the sky using his bird mount and lost his advantages, Han Sen wasn't sure whether he was able to hurt Lu.

"For the month you have stayed in Dark Swamp, have you seen a forest where the trees are very tall but sparse, and under the trees there were flowers?" asked Han Sen.

Lu Weinan thought about it and then shook his head, "I have not seen such a place. I don't think there are tall trees in Dark Swamp."

Not knowing if Lu Weinan had told the truth, Han Sen did not ask again. He rested for a while, and hit the road again with Lu after dawn.

Lu Weinan's wounds on the butts had not recovered yet. Luckily, he had a flying mount, so he was fine.

Every time when it was time to eat, Lu Weinan would stare at Han Sen feeding Meowth with dried fish piece after piece and sigh secretly, feeling himself inferior to a cat.

Maybe luck had finally come. At the end of the day, when Lu was complaining that they hadn't seen a single mutant creature the whole day, Han Sen spotted a black hornet the size of a fist in the grass.

"Black stinger!" Han Sen was surprised and quickly made a gesture to Lu Weinan to remain silent and watch the hornet from here.

"Watch the poisonous hornet. Do not disturb it, and do not let it leave your sight." Han Sen said and flew into the sky to look around, as it was often foggy in Dark Swamp. He saw no tall trees or hornet nests in twenty miles.

"It seems that the black stinger's nest is not near. Follow it and we may be able to find its nest," thought Han Sen as he flew to Lu Weinan's side and gestured him to quietly follow the black stinger.

Lu Weinan guessed what Han Sen wanted to do, and the two silently followed the black stinger. Fortunately, they could both fly, so it wasn't so hard to keep up with the black stinger.

Following the black stinger, they flew dozens of miles, and started to see more and more black stingers.

Before long, Han Sen suddenly saw a huge tree standing in the swamp. Under its canopy hung a huge black hornet nest the size of a hot air balloon.

Chapter 71: Destroy the Nest

Chapter 71: Destroy the Nest

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Swarms of black stingers flew in and out the nest and there were at least tens of thousands of them, filling Han Sen and Lu Weinan with dread.

"Big brother, you do not mean to kill all these hornets, do you? Looks like they are all primitive creatures. There are so many of them and they can fly. It'd be hard for us to get out safely," Lu Weinan swallowed and said.

Han Sen was happy to see the towering old trees and the flowers on the ground. He thought, "The poster did not lie. There is indeed such a place."

After watching for a while, Han Sen said to Lu Weinan, "Let's go farther."

Lu Weinan had to follow Han Sen. They didn't dare to approach the nests, so they flew high in the sky. The flower field was dozens of miles long and there were tall trees everywhere. There was a huge hornet nest on almost every tree. No one knew how many black stingers there were in this area. It was scary just to think about it.

Soon after, Han Sen saw a giant tree that was more than twice as tall as the others. The hornet nest on this giant tree was the size of a castle, and there were scarlet black stingers the size of a pigeon flying in and out from time to time.

Lu Weinan looked at the nest eagerly and said, "Are those scarlet hornets all mutant creatures? How many of them must there be?"

Han Sen was also a bit dumbfounded. The poster said he had seen one. Although Han Sen had guessed there should be more than one, he didn't predict that there would be a whole nest of them.

"There must be a beast soul among so many mutant black stingers." Han Sen was excited, realizing it was difficult to handle so many mutant black stingers at the same time.

The needle of the mutant black stinger was blood-red and at least two inches long. It looked very sharp as well. No one could resist the poison on it if stinged.

After all, they were mutant creatures. Han Sen didn't want to depend on his sacred-blood armor completely. Once the armor was pierced, he would be risking his life.

The only fortunate fact was that the closest primitive hornet nest was a mile away, so the primitive black stingers didn't dare to get too close to this area.

"Comrade Lu, it's time to test your loyalty." Han Sen patted Lu Weinan on the shoulder.

Lu Weinan suddenly changed his expression, "Big brother, you do not want me to lure the mutant black stingers away, right? I will die."

"Do not be so pessimistic. Well, you do not really need to go there yourself. Just use your iron-feathered bird to attract their attention and I'll use that opportunity to ruin their nest. When the mutant hornets run wild and scatter around, we could just kill some of the single ones." Han Sen said with a smile.

Han Sen said before Lu Weinan could say anything, "Do a good job, and I will give you two mutant hornets when the plan goes through. Think about it, boy."

In order to keep Lu Weinan in line, Han Sen promised him the reward first.

Lu Weinan suddenly swallowed the reply he had, patted his chest and said, "It's my honor to risk everything for you. Tell me what to do, big brother."

Two mutant hornets could gain him quite a few mutant geno points.

"Very good, I am seeing great things in you. You are responsible for directing your iron-feathered bird to poke at the nest and attract most hornets away. But don't let the bird fly

too high. If the hornets couldn't follow, they would return to the nest. Try to keep them away as long as possible, and I'll take care of the rest," Han Sen said.

Lu Weinan looked surprisedly at Han Sen, "Even if I can get most of the hornets away from the nest, there are certainly some remaining inside. Are you gonna be fine walking over like this?"

Lu Weinan did not expect that Han Sen would risk approaching the nest himself, which was far more dangerous than his part. He wasn't in direct danger by using the iron-feathered bird to lure hornets away. If things got bad, he could also take the beast soul bird back.

The fortress-like hornet nest was connected to the tree trunk, and it wouldn't be easy to take down.

"I have a plan. Just buy me some time and do not let those hornets come back too fast," Han Sen said calmly.

As long as the majority of mutant black stingers were lured away, he wasn't afraid of a dozen that might still be in the nest.

"Will do!" Lu Weinan hid behind a boulder with Han Sen and commanded his iron-feathered bird to seize a large stone with its claws and flew above the nest.

Bang!

The iron-feathered bird dropped the stone at the nest and the three-foot-long stone made a big hole in the nest.

With a buzzing sound, mutant black stingers rushed out from the nest madly toward the iron-feathered bird like a scarlet cloud.

Lu Weinan quickly commanded the iron-feathered bird to lead the mutant black stingers away.

Han Sen was watching the nest closely all the time and saw almost no mutant black stingers around the nest.

When the mutant black stingers were led dozens of yards away. Han Sen suddenly summoned the beast souls of the purple-winged dragon and bloody slayer, with the mutant sawfish spear in hand, he flew toward the nest, looking like a winged centaur warrior from the myth.

Almost just in the blink of an eye, Han Sen threw himself at the nest, breaking the nest badly. Swinging the spear into a storm, he tore the nest apart as if it were made of paper. Some mutant black stingers were trying to attack him, but were all killed with the spear in a short while. None could stop him.

There was a mutant black stinger that approached him, and its sting didn't even pierce his armor, leaving only a small white mark on it.

Lu Weinan was shocked. He knew Han Sen was strong but didn't realize Han Sen had such great shapeshifting beast soul.

When the better half of the huge hornet nest had been destroyed by Han Sen, a hornet twice the size of a mutant one flew out, its whole body transparent as red crystal.

The moment this biggest hornet flew out, all the mutant hornets that were lured away by the bird all flew back to the nest, as if they could feel something.

"Be careful. The hornets are all back. That may be their queen!" Lu Weinan roared.

Chapter 72: Hunting Frenzy

Chapter 72: Hunting Frenzy

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Lu Weinan's heart was trembling. The swarm was only about 600 feet from Han Sen. With the speed of the hornets, they could make it back in seconds. In addition, the queen hornet, which could be sacred-blood, was eyeing Han Sen. His situation was critical.

Looking at the queen hornet flying over, Han Sen narrowed his eyes, stepped back and threw the mutant sawfish spear at it.

The queen was too fast and dodged the spear at a short distance.

When Lu Weinan was lamenting the loss, Han Sen's majestic golden figure had rushed to face the queen, hacking a gleaming katana at the queen hornet.

That katana was so swift that even the sacred-blood queen hornet couldn't dodge it and was cut into halves by Han Sen.

"Sacred-blood black stinger killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."

With that wonderful voice, Han Sen rocketed into the sky without any pause.

The swarm chased Han Sen into the sky, but could not to catch up with him or fly any higher than half a mile above the ground.

Han Sen turned beautifully and made a big circle before he returned to the side of Lu Weinan.

Lu Weinan was very impressed. From destroying the hornet nest to killing the queen to getting rid of the swarm, Han Sen's movements were so smooth and clean that he felt like he was watching an action movie.

"Awesome, really awesome." Lu Weinan gave Han Sen a thumbs-up. He was sincere.

"Just my routine." Han Sen laughed but kept his eyes on the swarm. He didn't have the time to get the body of the queen hornet out, but it was fine. The nest was destroyed and the queen was killed. These hornets would go through a chaotic phase, which would be Han Sen's best opportunity.

Sure enough, after suffering major blows, the swarm was a mess. Many mutant black stingers had left the swarm.

"You continue to harass the swarm with your iron-feathered bird, and I will go hunt the single black stingers." Han Sen flapped his wings and approached a mutant black stinger flying away from the swarm.

Although his shapeshifting time was up, Han Sen was still able to use Bladestorm with the Shura katana to kill the mutant black stinger.

Just now he was only able to kill the sacred-blood black stinger with one blow because he used the strength of Bladestorm to cut on its fragile waist.

"Mutant black stinger killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Although he hadn't gained a beast soul yet, Han Sen was not worried at all as there were at least thousands of mutant black stingers here and he would surely get a beast soul sooner or later.

Taking the dead black stingers back, Han Sen directly gave them to Lu Weinan. He didn't want to bother preparing the body. As the black stingers were poisonous, only parts of the

body were edible and the rest had to be removed. Although it was nothing difficult, it was quite troublesome.

Han Sen continued to fly out to kill more single black stingers. With the collaboration with Lu, Han Sen hunted more than 20 black stingers in a day. The only pity was that Han Sen still did not get a beast soul.

Han Sen was not in a hurry. The iron-feathered bird was constantly harassing the hornets, which made it difficult for them to rebuild their nest. The two men had enough time to hunt.

For several days, Han Sen had been hunting mutant black stingers. On the fourth day, he finally heard the voice saying, "Mutant black stinger killed. Beast soul of mutant black stinger gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

"Finally!" Han Sen thought in ecstasy, though not showing it on his face or summoning the black stinger beast soul.

He did not want others to see Dollar shooting arrows and thus connect Han Sen with Dollar.

"These mutant black stingers are quite enough. We could not carry more anyway." On the fifth day, Han Sen had hunted nearly 80 mutant black stingers.

Han Sen gave Lu Weinan the two mutant black stingers he had promised. Lu used the bird to lure the swarm away several times and had done a good job. Han Sen was quite satisfied.

"Great!" Lu Weinan nodded, regretting not having asked for more mutant black stingers. Han Sen had dozens of them and all he got was two.

But even so, it had been a great trip, much better than his own gain in Dark Swamp.

"Use the iron-feathered bird to drive the hornets away one more time and I will go get the body of the queen," said Han Sen.

Lu Weinan quickly nodded, and Han Sen retrieved the two parts of the queen hornet.

Lu enviously watched Han Sen putting the body away. Not knowing if the queen hornet was sacred-blood, he was still coveting it.

Hen Sen quickly prepared the queen hornet's meat, took out the poisonous and inedible parts and made a pot of broth. Eating it up, Han Sen heard the voice four times.

"Sacred-blood black stinger meat eaten. One sacred geno point gained..."

"Sacred-blood black stinger meat eaten. One sacred geno point gained..."

The queen black stinger had contributed four more sacred geno points.

"This is the end of our collaboration. You take care." Han Sen took his own mutant black stingers and got up to leave.

These days he ate a lot of mutant black stingers and now had 47 mutant geno points. With four more sacred geno points from the queen, his sacred geno points were now 29. It had been a fruitful trip and now he needed to prepare the dead mutant black stingers he had and trade them for cash.

"Brother, can we continue to collaborate? I'll follow your lead. No question asked." Lu Weinan quickly got up and said. He had tasted sweetness from this collaboration and trusted Han Sen as well. He would never suffer losses from working with such a person.

Looking at Lu Weinan, Han Sen pondered and said, "I do not have much time to hunt together. If I'm recruiting people to join me, I will tie a piece of cloth with my name on it to the crooked tree on the west side of Steel Armor Shelter. If you are interested in participating, just go to Zephyr Valley and wait for me."

"Brother, you have not told me what your name is?" Lu Weinan quickly asked.

"Go back and go on the Skynet. You will find out." Han Sen smiled, took his own package and flew away.

Chapter 73: Martial Ring

Chapter 73: Martial Ring

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen returned to Steel Armor Shelter, expecting trouble from Qin Xuan as he had disappeared for so many days. However, he did not see Qin Xuan at all.

Not just Qin Xuan, there was almost no one on the streets. The entire Steel Armor Shelter seemed empty.

Finally seeing a man hurrying through the street, Han Sen quickly stepped forward and asked, "Friend, what's happening? Where is everyone?"

"It's you, Ass Freak." The man recognized Han Sen at first glance.

Han Sen rubbed his own nose, "Friend, can you tell me where everyone went?"

The man was very easy-going. He smiled and said to Han Sen, "Where can they go? To the martial ring of course. This year's martial arts contest has already begun. People are talking about it in God's Sanctuary and on all the planets in the Alliance. You don't know about it?"

"Ahem, I have been sick recently and almost missed such a great event. Can I still register now?" Han Sen asked.

"Ha-ha, you must be hiding from Son of Heaven," The man smiled. "Hurry! You can still make it."

"Thanks so much for the information," Han Sen thanked the man and trotted back to his own room. Putting away the package full of mutant black stingers, he hurried to the martial ring in the shelter.

There was no doubt that the martial ring was the most magnificent building in the shelter. It looked like the Colosseum in Rome and could accommodate at least a hundred thousand audience. What was different from the Colosseum was that it was built with metal, which made it look like a steel monster.

Han Sen ran to a gate of the martial ring. There was a gate every 60 feet around the round martial ring and each one of them could be used to access the ring.

Now, almost everyone in Steel Armor Shelter was already in the martial ring. Han Sen picked a gate at random and placed his palm on the metal gate, where a string of numbers suddenly appeared.

"88888!" Han Sen was surprised and then realized this must be his code as he should be the 88888th person to enter the martial ring. The martial arts contest was also arranged according to these codes.

Only those entering the martial ring for the first time would be assigned this number. So the next time he came in, there wouldn't be a second number.

As the metal gate opened, Han Sen went through a path that felt like a tunnel. When he came out, he was in a venue larger than where the Olympics were hosted.

The stands were full of people. Above the ring floated a huge crystal stele full of groups of codes. There were 100 codes in each group, which meant these 100 people were arranged in the same match.

Han Sen had learned at school that the martial arts contest in each shelter operated automatically and humans couldn't interfere in it. The preliminary round was conducted in groups of 100 people, and only the last one who stayed on stage was qualified to go to the next round.

This was indeed a strict selection. Since so many people had registered, the match had only come to Group 50 something on the third day of the preliminary round, so Han Sen probably wouldn't have to do anything until tomorrow.

Han Sen looked around, searching for Qin Xuan and others. Before he could find Qin Xuan, he ran into Son of Heaven's gang.

"Don't let me see you in my group. Or you will be dead." Luo Tianyang stared at Han Sen coldly.

The last time they met, he was frightened by Han Sen, which was a disgrace to him.

Son of Heaven also looked at Han Sen gloomily. Although he did not say it, Han Sen knew from his look that he would try to kill Han Sen at all costs if they were in the same match.

"I'm afraid I have to let you down. I do not intend to participate in the martial arts contest," Han Sen shrugged and said.

Han Sen will certainly participate, but in Dollar's name, so that he could show his real strength.

"You are unworthy to be called a man. Shame on you!" Luo Tianyang said contemptuously, setting the whole gang in an uproar.

Son of Heaven ignored Han Sen and walked past him. While he was walking, he smiled and said, "Qin Xuan, you have improved again. It seems that this year you will still be the champion."

"You are flattering me. Don't forget that Dollar is also in Steel Armor Shelter," Qin Xuan said casually.

Han Sen turned and saw Qin Xuan, Yang Manli and other major members of the Steel Armor Gang. Yang Manli was frowning at him.

After talking to Qin Xuan, Son of Heaven led his gang away. Qin Xuan gave Han Sen a look, while Yang Manly said coldly, "Originally I thought you were just timid, but I did not expect you to be such a coward. You don't have a man's dignity and backbone."

After she finished, Yang Manli went away with Qin Xuan without looking back.

When Liu Hongtao passed by Han Sen, he patted Han Sen on the shoulder and smiled, "Han Sen, you did the right thing. A man can take temporary setbacks. 'Step back to enjoy a better view,' right? There is no need risking your life."

But anyone could see Liu Hongtao's disdain and contempt. It was all written in his face.

Other members of Steel Armor Gang were also somewhat disgusted by Han Sen. Those who were able to enter the core of Steel Armor Gang were either military school students or recently enlisted soldiers. They certainly despised such cowardice.

Han Sen did not explain anything. Everyone thought he didn't want to participate because he was afraid of Luo Tianyang, which worked in his favor. No one would then question why he did not participate or why he wasn't there when Dollar appeared.

"I do not care how others see me. The most important thing is that my family and I can have a stable life," Han Sen thought to himself.

Starry Group was so powerful that he didn't have the resources to counter them at the moment. If Son of Heaven knew he was Dollar now and tried to harm him in the Alliance, even he wasn't afraid, what would happen to his mother and sister?

"I need to be more powerful." Han Sen came out of the martial ring, looking down. There was no point of staying as it wouldn't be his turn today anyway.

After he teleported to the teleport station on Planet Roca, Qin Xuan stopped him there and called him to her office.

"You are afraid of Son of Heaven?" Qin Xuan stared at him, her eyes were like daggers that could pierce his thoughts.

"Yes." Han Sen nodded—he had to be afraid.

Hearing Han Sen's answer, Qin Xuan didn't show disappointment but continued to ask, "Because of your family?"

Chapter 74: S-Class Saint Hall License

Chapter 74: S-Class Saint Hall License

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Surprised, Han Sen looked to Qin Xuan. She smiled and said, "Listen to me, go apply to Blackhawk. If you could be admitted, I guarantee that Son of Heaven would not dare to touch your family."

"How can you guarantee that?" Han Sen stared at her.

"Every time we fought, I recorded and observed your combat data. I could tell you for sure that you have the talent to be a great sniper or archer. Your timing and prediction of your opponent are outstanding," Qin Xuan said.

Han Sen did not speak. These words of praise were not what he wanted to hear.

"In the army, in addition to being the stationmaster, I am also responsible for organizing a special squad. I think you are someone I need. As long as you join the squad, your family can get protection from the military. I can tell you for certain that if you become a member of the squad, Son of Heaven cannot use any unlawful means to hurt your family," said Qin Xuan. "However, the prerequisite is that you have to be admitted to Blackhawk. Only then would I be able to nominate you to join the squad."

Han Sen did not answer Qin Xuan immediately, but pondered for a moment. He looked at her and asked, "Is it possible for you to tell me the nature of this squad?"

"No." Qin Xuan answered without the slightest hesitation.

"Give me a little time. I need to think about it," Han Sen said.

"Sure, I still have time. Think about it." Qin Xuan smiled and seemed very confident.

Han Sen left the teleport station, returned home and rested for a day. He went back to God's Sanctuary the next afternoon.

Han Sen deliberately circled around Steel Armor Shelter before he put on his sacred-blood armor and went in the shelter, attracting a lot of people's attention.

"Wow, that's Dollar himself..."

"Ha-ha, Dollar made his appearance..."

"Dollar my angel is here..."

"Among all the people in First God's Sanctuary, only Dollar is my idol."

The whole Steel Armor Shelter became a hit. Although everyone knew Dollar was there, they were still pleasantly surprised to see Dollar making his appearance.

Han Sen did not speak, but walked toward the martial hall. Soon, behind him gathered a lot of people. Some that had already participated in the contest returned to the martial hall following Han Sen. They all wanted to see Dollar fighting in person.

The preliminary round was almost finished and there were just a few people on the stands. However, the martial hall became full again soon after Han Sen had arrived.

Han Sen checked the martial stele and there were two more groups before him. He then found a front seat to sit down.

It didn't take long for Son of Heaven, Fist Guy and Qin Xuan to arrive. Watching Han Sen closely, Son of Heaven would have killed him if they were alone.

"Dollar, can we talk?" Qin Xuan approached Han Sen and asked.

"What is it?" Han Sen replied in a hoarse voice.

"I want to invite you to join Steel Armor Gang and you can put forward any condition." Qin Xuan said.

Yang Manli said on the side, "If you are willing to join Bullseye, I'll concede the position of team leader to you. You would make such a perfect archer."

"Sorry, I am not interested in joining Steel Armor Gang or being an archer," replied Han Sen.

"Dollar, I think we should be talking about nothing but business. If you had beast souls or meat of mutant or sacre-blood creatures, I would gladly pay for them. For example, the beast soul of the bloody slayer," Fist Guy also approached Han Sen.

"I do have some mutant creature meat to sell," Han Sen said to Fist Guy.

Fist Guy's eyes lit up, "What creatures? How much?"

"Some mutant hornet. The meat was all cleaned up. There are 20 to 30 hornets." Han Sen said casually, but people surrounding him were shocked.

"Twenty to thirty? You did not destroy an entire mutant hornet nest, did you? Where did you find them?" Fist Guy asked hurriedly.

"Don't you mind where I got them. Just tell me if you are interested," said Han Sen.

"Yes, of course I'm interested. If you really have them, give me a quote and I'll take them all." Fist Guy quickly said.

"Fist Guy, what do you mean by taking them all? You think Qin Xuan and I are dead?" Son of Heaven scowled and said to Han Sen, "A million each. I'll buy however many you have."

"One million? Son of Heaven, don't look down on others. I'll bid 1.2 million each," cried Fist Guy.

Son of Heaven gave Fist Guy a stare, "1.5 million. Do you think you could keep up with me?"

"Being rich does not mean you'd be willing to bid--1.6 million," replied Fist Guy, not to be outdone.

"Don't bid yet. I don't intend to sell these separately, nor will I trade them for money," Han Sen said.

"Name your price." Although Son of Heaven wanted to kill Han Sen right now, seeing a large amount of mutant creature meat of rare hornets, he would not let others beat him to it.

"I want to exchange these mutant creatures for an S-Class license for Saint Hall," Han Sen said quietly.

Hearing Han Sen's words, both Son of Heaven and Fist Guy looked reluctant.

Saint Hall was a research institution of martial arts. Most of the popular hyper geno arts were developed by Saint Hall.

Saint Hall also sold some advanced hyper geno arts, but there were restrictions on the purchase, especially for the most advanced S-Class hyper geno arts. Ordinary people were not eligible to purchase even if they had money. Han Sen wanted to buy an advanced hyper geno art for his mother and sister to practice, as he didn't dare to show Jadeskin to anyone before he knew where this hyper geno art came from.

"Your price is too high. I'll buy all your mutant creatures at two million each. Plus I will let go of our previous grievances," said Son of Heaven, staring at Han Sen.

"Sorry, I want nothing but the S-Class license for Saint Hall. You can think about it." Han Sen rose and walked onto the stage. It was his group's turn.

Watching Han Sen coming, others in the group felt bitter, as they knew it was impossible for them to pass the preliminary round now that Dollar was here.

Chapter 75: One in A Hundred

Chapter 75: One in A Hundred

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"Do not be afraid, Dollar is on his own and we can join forces to get rid of him first," a young man geared up and said.

"Exactly, let's get rid of the little angel first." Someone looked at Han Sen greedily, as if he were looking at a naked woman.

"Ha-ha, Dollar. I am a big fan, so I'll try to be gentle with you."

"Dollar, do not run, take my punch..."

Suddenly nearly a hundred people on the stage all threw themselves at Han Sen while yelling frantically.

"S*#!t! What the heck? Shouldn't my fans be protecting me rather than beating me up..." thought Han Sen bitterly.

Although these people looked menacing, they weren't using any weapon. No one was trying to get involved in a desperate fight with Han Sen.

Basically, the stronger persons had all registered relatively early. Those who had waited until this time to register were most likely relatively weak or new to God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen did not use any weapon either. Seeing the first person's fist almost in his face, Han Sen moved slightly and dodged the blow. Using his hand as a knife, Han Sen attacked back with Bladestorm.

The man did not have time to react before he was cut on the back of his neck and fell directly to the ground.

Han Sen moved like the wind, flashing his hand knife. He could almost always get rid of an opponent with just one blow. Wherever he went people were thrown off their feet and it was like the scene after a tornado.

The best thing about learning Ghosthaunt was that Han Sen now knew the various aspects of the human body very well. Although he didn't use Ghosthaunt, he was still able to use Bladestorm appropriately so that no one got seriously hurt when they were defeated.

Watching nearly a hundred opponents knocked out by Han Sen, many smiled and chose to quit after they got back on their feet.

"Dollar is out of this world."

"Dollar my angel, you are so handsome."

"I want to bear your children, Dollar!"

On the stands, the audience was roaring in excitement.

When the last opponent got off the stage, Han Sen was pleased with himself while waving at the audience. He thought, "It seems I also have the potential of being a star. Should I say 'give me ten more' now? Never mind, what's ten to me? I've already defeated a hundred."

Han Sen automatically got into the next round. Just when he walked out of the martial hall, he saw a few young girls running to him, offering him a pen. They asked in slightly trembling voices, "Dollar, can we have your signature?"

Han Sen paused as he didn't expect this.

Fortunately, it took him only a second before he took the pen and said yes.

But the next second, Han Sen was embarrassed. These little girls only gave him a pen, but did not give him any kind of paper. Where should he sign?

"Where do I sign?" Hansson asked in a hoarse voice.

"Dollar, can you please sign here?" A plump girl stuck out her breasts, stretching out her blouse.

Han Sen was just a young man, and his nose almost bled from the view. Practicing Jadeskin secretly, he calmed himself down and signed "Dollar" on the girl's tight outfit.

"Dollar... Dollar... Sign here..." More and more girls squeezed over, scrambling. Some even stuck out their butts for him to sign.

After signing for a few, Han Sen turned around and saw himself surrounded by a crowd.

A man nearly six feet tall raised an arm and flexed his muscles at Han Sen, crying in a muffled voice, "Dollar, sign here please..."

Han Sen finally got out of the martial hall, and was surprised to see Son of Heaven, Fist Guy and Qin Xuan waiting for him there.

"Dollar, other than the license to purchase at S-Class section, would you consider other options? I can trade mutant beast souls and some money with you," Fist Guy said.

"Sorry, I won't consider anything else." Han Sen said.

Son of Heaven stood aside and did not speak. Although he had what Han Sen wanted, he was not willing to trade it for mutant creature meat. If it was sacred-blood creature, it might be different.

"Dollar, if you have 30 mutant creatures, I will make the deal with you. How do you like to proceed?" asked Qin Xuan.

"If you trust me, you can first transfer to me the license and I will send the goods to you later. If not, we could schedule a time privately to trade in person," replied Han Sen.

"OK. Let's schedule a time then. I need some time to get you the S-Class purchase license," Qin Xuan said.

"Great," Han sen nodded.

"Then let's talk about it on our way back." Qin Xuan was thoughtful to ask her gang clear the path for Han Sen.

After making the appointment with Qin Xuan, Han Sen was already outside Steel Armor Shelter. He thanked Qin Xuan, summoned the wings to fly into the mountains and soon disappeared.

Han Sen did not doubt Qin Xuan's ability to come up with an S-Class license. After all, Saint Hall was semi-military. With her profound military background, it should be easy for her to get a license.

After walking around in the mountains for a while, Han Sen used his own identity to go back in the shelter. He went back to his room and repackaged the meat of 30 mutant black stingers in a bag, ready to trade with Qin Xuan tomorrow.

The rest of the black stinger meat was dried by Han Sen. He did not plan to sell it as he will keep it for Meowth.

The transaction was very smooth. Han Sen got the S-Class license and teleported out of God's Sanctuary. He wanted to buy an advanced hyper geno art for his mother and sister to practice.

Back home, Han Sen logged in on the Skynet and entered the site of Saint Hall. Using the S-Class license, Han Sen entered the official online community of Saint Hall, which was inaccessible to most. He then entered the most advanced section, S-Class section.

There were many hyper geno arts in the S-Class section. Although their content couldn't be browsed, there was a detailed description of each. Han Sen carefully read the descriptions. Each license could only be used to purchase one hyper geno art, so he had to think carefully.

Mutant black stingers could only be sold this once, as the value would decrease if there were too many on the market. Even if Han Sen hunted more mutant black stingers, no one would be willing to use an S-Class license to trade for them again.

Chapter 76: Holy Angel

Chapter 76: Holy Angel

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Just by reading the descriptions, Han Sen was already feeling excited. Except for the ones that had high prerequisites and could only be practiced by those with evolver or higher status, Han Sen wanted every hyper geno art listed in there.

Unfortunately, one license could only be used to purchase one hyper geno art. Han Sen wanted to choose one that laid the foundation for better fitness for his sister. With such a hyper geno art, Han Yan wouldn't be inferior to those posh school students. She would even be better than them, because even posh schools didn't offer such advanced hyper geno arts to students.

Finally, Han Sen carefully selected and bought a hyper geno art named "Holy Angel." According to its description, this hyper geno art would help improve all types of genes and had been tested for a long time. Its practice was smooth and didn't involve much risk, so it's excellent for laying the foundation. Many who had practiced it had seen great effects.

This hyper geno art fulfilled all the requirements of Han Sen. It was easy to practice and had low risk. There were many who had practiced it too. So even if people noticed that his mother and sister were practicing Holy Angel, they wouldn't be surprised.

Han Sen downloaded the tutorial of Holy Angel and checked it out. He was surprised to see that this S-Class hyper geno art was still not as good as his Jadeskin.

"Who was that Xue Longyan? How come he had such an outstanding hyper geno art?" Han Sen felt glad that he didn't let anyone see Jadeskin.

Holy Angel and Jadeskin were similar, so that there was no need for Han Sen to practice Holy Angel as well. If someone asked him which hyper geno art he was practicing, he could just answer Holy Angel, which was another reason why he had bought it--it would very hard for one to tell Jadeskin from Holy Angel indeed.

Han Sen put away the tutorial of Holy Angel and went to Saint Paul to pick Han Yan up. He wanted her to come home to practice Holy Angel, so she would have to stop living on campus for a while.

Han Yan's teacher was a twenty-seven-year-old woman in a professional suit. Under her knee-length skirt the flesh-colored stockings really showed off her long legs.

She had her hair pulled back and was wearing a pair of wire-rimmed glasses. Although she looked demure and full of mature women's charm, Han Sen knew well that she was definitely already in Second God's Sanctuary, which was the minimum standard for teachers at Saint Paul.

"You are Han Yan's brother?" Qu Wange slightly frowned at Han Sen.

"Yes, Ms. Qu, I want you to give Yan a few days off," Han Sen said.

Qu Wange was displeased and said with some disgust, "Where are your parents? Why haven't they come?"

"They are very busy. I have come of age and can be considered one of Yan's guardians. You could tell me if you have something to say," Han Sen said.

Qu Wange said bluntly, "What do your parents take education for? Do they think everything will simply work out if they spend the money and send their daughter to an expensive school? The school has started for quite a while now, yet your parents haven't been here or asked about her study once. Do they know what Han Yan needs?"

"I'm so sorry, Ms. Qu. We have a lot going on in the family. It's our fault. Did anything happen to Yan?" Han Sen asked worriedly.

Shaking her head, Qu Wange said with some bitterness, "Han Yan is fine. She is a talented girl and would do so much better if she could use advanced nutrient solutions and care. Now, she's only using an ordinary nutrient solution package and does not have a physician assigned to her, which has affected her grades. Since your parents have sent her to Saint Paul, are they going to allow this to happen just to save some money?"

The families that could afford tuition of Saint Paul must have tens or hundreds of millions in their accounts. Qu Wange didn't realize that Han Sen's family might be short of money.

Han Sen knew what she was saying. Nutrient solutions couldn't improve one's genes like the meat of creatures in God's Sanctuary did, but it could offer all the nutrients needed by the human body. In this sense, it could also improve one's fitness, though not as greatly as the meat would.

The more advanced the nutrient solution was, the more benefits it could bring to one's study and body. Han Sen had used some when he was a kid, but as his family went down, he had to stop.

A physician was someone responsible for conditioning a student's body. If there was any accident in the process of studying, the physician would timely condition the student's body and use scientific methods to keep the student always at his or her best.

Both purchasing nutrient solutions and hiring a physician would cost a lot of money. The several million Han Sen gave to Luo Sulan were just enough to send Han Yan to Saint Paul, so the nutrient solution package they bought for her was the cheapest type, which only cost a hundred thousand per month. Hence the result was not ideal. The physician and conditioning equipment Han Yan had been using were shared ones at school.

"Ms. Qu, you are right. We will buy Han Yan the premium nutrient solution package next months and please assign a good physician to her as well," Han Sen said.

Fairly satisfied with Han Sen's reply, she nodded and said, "That's more like it. Although it costs more, Yan is an outstanding girl, so it would be a waste if you don't cultivate her

well. Now what she uses is worse than all her classmates, but she still has good grades, which goes to prove her talent."

Qu Wange paused and said, "If possible, think of a way to buy her an advanced hyper geno art. The one provided here is too basic, so the result might not be limited."

"OK, Ms. Qu, I will think of a way." Han Sen now started to believe that Qu Wange did think Han Yan was special.

Encouraging Yan to practice advanced hyper geno art wouldn't do the teacher any good, while she could probably earn a referral fee from recommending nutrient solutions and physicians.

The most expensive nutrient solution package cost a million per month; a senior physician plus professional equipment would cost a few hundred thousand per month.

Han Sen had no money before, but now he could earn a lot. Of course he would want the best for his sister.

Qu Wange put away her things and rose to feet, "Let's go. Yan should be out of class soon. Let's pick her up and I'll give you a ride home."

Han Sen said no need, but Qu Wange clearly saw him as a teenager.

Han Yan was ecstatic to see Han Sen, but she remembered to greet her teacher politely before she ran into her brother's arms.

Holding Han Yan in his arms, Han Sen followed Qu Wange out of the school. At the school gate, he saw two familiar persons waving at them.

Chapter 77: Tang Zhenliu

Chapter 77: Tang Zhenliu

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

One of the familiar faces was Fang Jingqi. Han Sen had never seen him again since playing red hands with him and was surprised to see him here today.

As for the other person, Han Sen felt like having seen him somewhere, but the guy was in a high collar windbreaker, a hat and a pair of oversized sunglasses, which made it difficult for Han Sen to tell who he was.

The man wearing sunglasses was waving at them, but Han Sen soon found out that the man was not waving at him, but at Qu Wange.

As soon as Han Sen and Qu Wange were out of the school gate, Fang Jingqi and his friend came over. The man wearing sunglasses started to talk to Qu Wanger immediately. They seemed to know each other well.

Fang Jingxi was reluctant to smile at Han Sen. "Han Sen, I did not expect to meet you here. Who is this beautiful little girl?"

"This is my sister Han Yan, I came to pick her up. I'll let you guys talk," Han Sen said.

"You did not come in an aircraft? Let me give you a ride," said Qu Wange when she saw Han Sen leaving for maglev station with Han Yan in his arms.

The man in sunglasses said reluctantly, "Since you all know each other, let's go to dinner together.

"I will not bother you. I have some errands to do, so I'll go back first. Ms. Qu, we will just use the train," Han Sen said.

"No way... your parents are outrageous." Qu Wange did not see Han Sen as an adult. Indeed, he was just about seventeen and was young and comely, which made him look more like a teenager than a man.

"You and Yan can come with us to eat first, and I will give you a ride home after." As a teacher, Qu Wange was an authority figure, not taking no for an answer.

"Han Sen, since Ms. Qu has put it this way, just join us for dinner. We are all friends, right?" Fang Jingqi smiled and advised. It seemed that he suddenly had an idea.

In fact, Han Sen was not going to refuse as Qu Wange had already picked Yan up and walked toward her aircraft.

The man in sunglasses seemed a bit unhappy, but he did not dare to show it in front of Qu.

Han Sen and Han Yan were on Qu's aircraft, while the man in sunglasses was on Fang's aircraft. Just when he sat down, the man in sunglasses asked Fang Jingqi, "Jingqi, who is that kid? Why did Wange care about him so much?"

"That kid is a boy toy liked by many women. Probably Wange is into him as well," Fang Jingqi said with a straight face.

"Jingqi, Roca is basically your planet. You are just going to watch Wange falling into his lap?" said the man in sunglasses. Thinking about Han Sen's look, he agreed that he had nicer skin than many girls and believed what Fang Jingqi told him.

In fact, Han Sen just had nice skin because he was practicing Jadeskin.

"What can I do about it? They are both consensual adults, so I can't really beat the kid up for that. I am afraid that Wange wouldn't let me either," Fang Jingqi shrugged and said.

"You are so weak man! Just wait and see how I scare him off without really hurting him," the man in sunglasses curled his lip and said. He took his sunglasses off and it chanced that he was Tang Zhenliu, the fifth among the ten Chosen last year.

"Great, I'll see how you do it," Fang Jingqi said with suspicious sparkles in his eyes. He thought, "Brat, you've given me a lot of troubles these days. I'll let you suffer a bit to ease my anger. Han Sen is a formidable opponent and I'll see how you are scared off by him."

Since Fang Jingqi suffered in Han Sen's hand last time, he had been afraid of Han Sen. This time, however, he could use Han Sen to make Tang Zhenliu suffer.

Tang Zhenliu was quite something, but Fang Jingqi could still make correct predictions about him. However, he really lost his confidence when playing red hands with Han Sen.

If Tang Zhenliu and Han Sen were in a fight, Fang Jingqi did not think that Han Sen would win. But if it was just games played at dinner table, Fang Jingqi believed Tang Zhenliu would be miserable.

Fang Jingqi also wanted to see Tang Zhenliu completely defeated by Han Sen, so that Tang wouldn't brag about himself all day, as if everyone should worship him because he was the Chosen.

The place they were heading to was a club exclusive to the distinguished and aristocrats. Han Sen and Yan weren't qualified to enter, but since the rest of the party were all VIPs there, they could be the plus ones.

Inside the private room, Tang Zhenliu took off his sunglasses and hat, smiled and reached out a hand to Han Sen. "Haven't introduced myself. My name is Tang Zhenliu."

Tang thought to himself while smiling, "Tang Zhenliu the star is here! You must be stunned by my name. It would be great if you and your sister happen to be my fans and ask for my signature."

"My name is Han Sen." Han Sen shook his hand and said, unimpressed.

He did recognize Tang Zhenliu, but he wasn't really interested in stars. He was always busy making a living, and had no time to gather information about the stars. That was why he wasn't star-struck at all.

Tang Zhenliu felt at loss. Even if Han Sen wasn't a fan, he should still have a bigger reaction than that. But he acted as if he had just seen a passer-by!

"Is he an alien? He does not know me. Me, Tang Zhenliu!" Tang wanted to grab Han Sen and tell the kid his name again. The only reason he wasn't doing it was Qu Wange who was sitting at the table.

Fang Jingqi almost laughed out loud—he naturally knew what Tang was thinking.

Soon the waiter brought them a variety of food and drinks that looked expensive. Han Sen and Han Yan had never had any of these before.

Since it was someone else's treat, Han Sen ate without manners and was putting nice food into Yan's plate from time to time. Yan did not engorge like her brother did, but also enjoyed the food quite a lot.

Qu Wange was displeased with Han Sen's rudeness, but liked Han Yan more and more.

"Fortunately, Han Yan was sent to Saint Paul and made my student. Or such a good girl as her would be ruined by her family." Qu Wange was secretly determined to teach Yan well and keep her away from her brother.

Chapter 78: Rock-paper-scissors

Chapter 78: Rock-paper-scissors

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Drinking without a drinking game is always a little boring. How about we play a little game?" It only took a short while before Tang Zhenliu suggested a game.

"Drinking game? We have a kid here." Qu wange rolled her eyes at Tang.

Tang winked at Fang Jingqi and the latter smiled and said, "Wange, no worries. Nothing over the line. We are kid-friendly here."

Fang Jingqi turned to ask Tang, "How about red hands?"

When Fang Jingqi said these words, Han Sen was slightly startled. He thought that Fang was trying to set him up, but in fact, it seemed that he was setting Tang Zhenliu up.

Tang frowned. "Red hands is too easy to play and not good for drinking. Let's play 'pouring the wine.'"

"Pouring the wine" suggested by Tang Zhenliu, was a game where two players sat across a table with a cup of wine and a plate on it. The two would play rock-paper-scissors first and the winner should grab the wine and pour it at the loser's face. The loser needed to grab the plate and block the wine with it.

"Is this game appropriate?" Fang Jingqi only knew Han Sen was good at red hands but wasn't sure if he'd be good at this game.

"Well, you three play. I'll take Yan to the gym." Qu Wange was afraid that this would be a bad influence on the little girl and led her away.

With the ladies gone, Tang felt more at ease and challenged Han Sen, "We are all men here so don't be afraid of losing face. Do you dare to play or not?"

"Of course, but a game's no fun without a bet," Han Sen said.

Hearing Han Sen's reply, Fang Jingqi was thrilled. He thought to himself, "It seems Han Sen is confident. Tang, you are going to make a fool of yourself. I will record how miserable you are and show it to you if you dare to brag about yourself again."

Tang rejoiced over Han Sen's reply as well. He thought, "Fortunately this kid does not know who I am, or he wouldn't even dare to play with me, let alone to suggest a bet."

"What's the stake?" Tang Zhenliu pretended to be reserved.

"A hundred thousand per round."

Han Sen was just concerned about the money to pay for Yan's nutrition solutions and physician—more than one million per month was simply beyond an average household's means.

He didn't even have the number for the first month in his account and had to sell mutant creature meat back in God's Sanctuary to come up with it.

But all he had left was mutant black stingers, and he didn't really want to sell more after the 30 he sold to Qin Xuan. If the same creature appeared too often, its value would drop and people might think it was easy to hunt that creature.

So, Han Sen did not intend to sell mutant black stingers any more unless he had to.

"Good, I really like playing with a straightforward guy like you. One hundred thousand per round it is." Tang was overjoyed inwardly. He was just thinking it wouldn't be satisfactory enough just to pour wine on Han Sen's face and it chanced that the kid had offered money as well.

"You will have to wait ten thousand years before you could win money from me. I am the king of rock-paper-scissors and I can win nine of ten rounds. I will wait to see you cry." Tang wanted to give Han Sen a banner for being a great citizen. He was just so nice to offer Tang both his face and wallet.

The three soon decided on the rules, to win rock-paper-scissors didn't count as winning the round; a winner must also successfully pour the wine on the opponent's face.

"You guys can start. I'm terrible at rock-paper-scissors, so I'll first observe." When they were deciding which two were to play first, Fang threw his hands up.

He had no intention to play and just wanted to record the game.

"Alright, you can play when we get tired." Tang was pleased by Fang Jingqi's quitting as it gave him more time to kick Han Sen's ass.

Tang laid the plate and a glass of wine on the table. The glass was an ordinary one and could hold about five ounces of wine.

"Shall we use water instead?" proposed Han Sen. He was afraid that Tang would be soaked in wine and it wouldn't be safe if Tang caught on fire.

"Water is boring. Wine it is." Tang wouldn't miss an opportunity to humiliate Han Sen more.

Han Sen did not speak. Tang Zhenliu said to Fang Jingqi: "Fang, you call it so that it is fair. I am afraid someone may challenge the result otherwise."

"OK." Fang Jingqi agreed, stood between the two, cleared his throat and called, "Rock... paper... scissors!"

When Fang Jingqi said "scissors," Han Sen and Tang Zhenliu almost reached out their hand at the same time. Han Sen used scissors, while Tang used rock.

Excited that he had won, Tang grabbed the glass of wine and poured it at Han Sen.

Unfortunately, Han Sen had put up the plate with some panic and blocked the wine.

"Could Han Sen actually be bad at this game?" Fang Jingqi hesitated as he did not expect Han Sen to lose. Looking at Han Sen's smiling eyes, Fang could not help but wince, "No, Han Sen is ruthless. He is just trying to get more from Tang."

Having understood what was going on, Fang Jingqi grinned and thought, "Tang, you are doomed tonight. I will try to record everything."

Han Sen was of course setting Tang up, since he had asked for it himself anyway.

And Tang was rich enough as well. Others might not be able to come up with the stake, but since Tang could earn more than ten million with one performance match, he probably would feel nothing from losing a few million.

The game itself was a test of reflexes and timing. Both rock-paper-scissors and fetching the object one should choose was highly demanding for one's reflexes. The one who could respond fast had a great advantage in the game.

However, what was more important was the ability to predict the opponent's next move, which was the essence of rock-paper-scissors.

Chapter 79: One Win

Chapter 79: One Win

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

Han Sen was no master at rock-paper-scissors, but he had made an effort to improve his ability to make more accurate predictions. It wasn't for games, but for knowing in advance a creature's habits and movements.

For an archer, it was undoubtedly a very important ability.

Almost anyone could shoot at a target. And there were numerous people who could hit the bullseye from 150 feet away. However, creatures wouldn't stand still all the time, so it was important to be able to predict their movements.

To grasp the fleeting opportunity, prejudge the enemy's action, and shoot to kill were Han Sen's specialties. Or he wouldn't have chosen archery to practice.

When he first entered God's Sanctuary, he didn't have a nice bow and arrows, so he practiced sneak attacks, which had even higher demands for one's pre-judgment and reflexes. A little mistake would leave him unable to kill a creature with one blow, which would result in the most terrible counterattack.

After his first month in God's Sanctuary, Han Sen never missed in a single attack, which proved his outstanding skills of pre-judgment and timing.

Now with so many geno points gained, Han Sen had improved greatly in his reflexes as well. It would be difficult for one to win against him in a game like this one.

"Rock-paper-scissors..."

The moment when Fang Jingqi said "scissors," Han Sen and Fang Jingqi reached their hands out again. Han Sen had struck with scissors, while Fang went with paper.

Tang didn't expect to lose, and when it hit him that he should grab the plate, his face was covered in wine and some even got into his nostrils, leaving a burning sensation.

"Tang lost a point." Fang Jingqi wrote it down on a notepad seriously.

Tang of course didn't take the loss well. After wiping his face with a towel, he stared at Han Sen and said, "Again."

Han Sen was certainly happy to oblige. The two were at it again. Claiming to be the king of rock-paper-scissors, Tang won less than 40 percent of the rounds, in which Han Sen was able to block the wine he poured every single time. In the rounds where Tang lost rock-paper-scissors, Han Sen was faster than him and got him every time, leaving Tang soaked in wine.

In the beginning, Tang would wipe it away, but later he was so focused on beating his opponent that he would just let it be.

"No! Let's play finger-guessing instead. It's easy to cheat in rock-paper-scissors," Tang Zhenliu could not help but yell after losing seven, and then eight, rounds in a row.

"OK, but please tell me the rules, as I've never played finger-guessing before," Han Sen said.

"The rules are simple..." Tang explained the rules.

Finger-guessing was the same type of game as rock-paper-scissors, but in finger-guessing, the two players' hands had to be placed in front of their body at all times, so the other party could see more clearly and there was less a chance of cheating and changing one's mind.

Han Sen had not played this one before, so he lost the first four rounds of finger-guessing, but Tang wasn't really cheered by this fact as he was still unable to get any wine on Han Sen's face.

After four rounds, Han Sen had mastered the essence of finger-guessing and his excellent skills in pre-judgment and quick reflexes gave him the upper hand again.

Wine constantly hit Tang's face, which made him even more eager to win. In a while, he was so wet that it was as if he had just climbed out of a wine bucket. Even his trousers were dripping with wine.

Tang thought to himself, "How could this be... I should be invincible... Something must be wrong."

Fang Jingqi saw that Tang was miserable and tried to stop him twice. But Tang was completely amuck, and all he wanted was to get his money back.

"I need revenge! I have to soak him in wine as well."

"No, I will definitely win the next rounds!"

"One win, I need one win at least."

"Let me have one win... Just one and then I'll stop..."

Tang's expectation shrunk lower and lower, but he didn't win a single round in the end.

In the last few rounds, Tang was a mess and couldn't even win finger-guessing anymore, so Han Sen was in complete control.

Qu Wange saw it was late and took Yan back to the private room. She thought Han Sen was probably miserable now, playing drinking games with Tang Zhenliu and Fang Jingqi.

When she approached the room, she couldn't hear anything, so she was wondering if Han Sen was already dead drunk by then.

Pushing the door open, she was surprised.

Han Sen and Fang Jingqi were sitting at the table, drinking tea while chatting. Han Sen looked sober and clean, as if nothing had happened.

However, Tang was sitting on the sofa alone, soaking wet and haggard.

Qu Wange thought Tang looked almost like an assault victim, with his eyes full of tears.

"Tang, what happened to you?" Qu Wange was shocked. By no means could she believe that Tang Zhenliu was the one getting bullied.

Tang just understood what had happened. Without answering her, he fiercely threw himself at Fang Jingqi, shouting, "Damn you Jingqi, how dare you set me up..."

Not quite sure what was going on, Qu Wange saw Han Sen smiling at her. He asked, "Ms. Qu, what's the price of the advanced nutrition solution packages?"

"Now Yan is on the package that's one hundred thousand dollars per month, the effect of which is very limited. The course intensity at Saint Paul would probably call for the package costing three hundred thousand dollars per month. Or her grades and fitness would both suffer," Qu Wange explained.

"If she were to use the top package, plus senior physician service, how much would that cost annually?" Han Sen asked again.

"If that's the case, you can choose the school's S-level package, which includes the best of everything and costs 15 million per year." Qu Wange regarded Han Sen curiously.

"Great, please get Yan the S-level package when you get a chance," said Han Sen after he saw the newly transferred 16.7 million dollars in his account.

Chapter 80: A Test

Chapter 80: A Test

Translator: Nyoibo Studio Editor: Nyoibo Studio

After returning home, Han Sen showed Yan the tutorial of Holy Angel and asked her to memorize it.

With the holographic demonstration, it was not difficult to learn. Being intelligent, Yan memorized Holy Angel after watching just a few times.

On the next day, the geno solution compatible with Holy Angel was delivered to their home by the staff of Saint Hall. Han Sen asked Yan to drink it in accordance with the instructions.

Because practicing hyper geno arts could generate a burden on one's body and each hyper geno art had different effects, most hyper geno arts would have to be practiced along with the using of its correspondent geno solution.

An S-Class hyper geno art usually came with three bottles of geno solution, so it could be practiced by up to three persons.

If the matching geno solution was not used, Saint Hall would be exempt from any obligations and medical bills if there was an accident during the practice.

Before this, Han Sen did not know how advanced hyper geno arts worked, so he felt lucky that he had successfully practiced Jadeskin.

"Yan, this hyper geno art is the secret of our family. Do not let others know about it, OK?" Han Sen did not even tell Yan the name "Holy Angel."

Han Yan nodded seriously, "Yan will not tell anyone that I practiced a hyper geno art my brother gave me."

"Good girl. If you encounter some danger and someone asks you which hyper geno art you are practicing, tell him you do not know and it's taught to you by your brother," Han Sen said.

"Yan understands," Han Yan said solemnly.

"Excellent." Han Sen patted Han Yan's head, feeling pity for his sister.

Children who grew up in poor families were better prepared to deal with problems. Han Sen had spent some care-free years when he was a child. When Han Yan was born, however, their family had been declining, so she had never lived a good life. For this, she was more mature than her peers.

Luo Sulan was in Second God's Sanctuary these days and just returned home on the fourth day since Han Sen came back.

Han Sen also showed Luo Sulan Holy Angel, which shocked her. Although she didn't know too much about hyper geno arts, she could tell that this was no ordinary stuff as the tutorial was very carefully arranged.

"Sen, where did this hyper geno art come from?" asked Luo Sulan, worried.

"Mom, don't worry. I bought this," Han Sen said.

"How is possible that you have this kind of money?" she asked again.

"Mom, I am much stronger than before and have joined a military gang in Steel Armor Shelter. This hyper geno art is just a start. We will live better in the future..." Han Sen explained how he joined Qin Xuan's Steel Armor Gang, reassuring his mother.

"Son, you have gone far." Luo Sulan's eyes were wet from happiness. She had endured so many hardships to see this day.

"Mom, don't get emotional. It's a good thing." Han Sen had more than a million left in his account after paying for the S-level package for Yan. He gave it to his mother and said, "This is what I earned in God's Sanctuary recently. Mom you can use it to pay for the daily expenses."

"You take it yourself. You need the money..." Luo Sulan refused to take it.

"It's fine. I am now with a military organization and my boss is generous. There will be more in the future." Hansen was trying to prepare Luo Sulan for more good news.

"Sen, keep in mind that you shall never be aggressive. Don't get involved in any trouble..." Luo Sulan said earnestly.

"Mom, I understand. You know your son. I have always been low-key," Han Sen quickly said.

"Good, good. As for the hyper geno art, you've got Yan started, right? Tell her never to show it off, in case people would be envious." Since father's accident, Han Sen's mother had changed a lot and was constantly afraid that her children would be in danger.

"Mom, do not worry. I have told Yan and she promised me she would never tell."

"No, I have to personally tell her again." Luo Sulan got up and went to find Yan.

Watching Luo Sulan leaving, Han Sen felt very upset. If it were not for Dad's accident, Luo Sulan wouldn't have become so cautious and live in panic all day along.

"What happened?" Han Sen regretted that he was so young and didn't understand anything. All he knew was that Dad had an accident.

He had asked Mom and Mr. Zhang, but they were both hesitant to say anything. Han Sen knew it was not just an accident.

In the stationmaster's office at the teleport station, Yang Manli placed a capsule in front of Qin Xuan.

"Stationmaster, you are sure you want to use this?" Yang Manli looked at Qin Xuan who had picked up the capsule.

"I have to know why he is not willing to go to Blackhawk, and whether he wants to join my squad," Qin Xuan said.

"There are so many guys like him: cowardly, greedy and lecherous. There is no need to win him over. I think we should make every effort to get Dollar on our side instead, who can become the best archer possible," Yang Manli said.

Qin Xuan just smiled. "Dollar is of course amazing, but a man like him would not give us any chance to control him. Han Sen is still very talented, and I think he can do well. But the person I need must have a clean slate and be willing to join my squad, which takes me some effort to confirm."

Yang Manli wanted to say more but Qin Xuan stopped her, "Unless you can get Dollar to join our squad, Han Sen is my choice."

Yang Manli did not reply, but was secretly determined to find Dollar and persuade him.

Han Sen did not know what Qin Xuan saw in him that she wanted him to join her squad so bad. Before he entered the teleport station, he made sure that he wasn't in Qin Xuan's sight.

Unfortunately, nothing could go unnoticed under her nose.

Looking at Qin Xuan standing in front of him with a faint smile on her face, Han Sen had to step forward.

"It's been a long time since we fought. Show me your progress." Noticing Qin Xuan did not mention other matters, Han Sen was secretly relieved.

Han Sen was now much better, but he did not dare to show her all he got. Even if he did, she would probably still beat him.

"Drink some water." Qin Xuan took off her helmet and fetched two bottles of water. She unscrewed a bottle for herself and handed another to Han Sen.

Han Sen had no suspicion and drank from the sealed bottle of water.

"Han Sen, do you think I'm pretty?" Qin Xuan suddenly asked.

"Pretty... of course you are..." Han Sen was surprised and looked up at her, not understanding why she was asking this question. It was not her style.

"Do you think my lips are prettier or my eyes?" Qin Xuan asked again.

Han Sen felt dizzy. He could not help but look to the mouth of Qin Xuan, and gradually his sight moved up and fell on her bright eyes.

Chapter 81: Well-behaved Soldier

Chapter 81: Well-behaved Soldier

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

The scripture of Jadeskin opened with these words, "Jade skin and flawless body, evils away and spells vain."

When he sipped the water, Han Sen knew something was wrong, but he still drank it without hesitation.

Hearing a humming, Han Sen felt like his mind and eyes were sucked into Qin Xuan's eyes and he almost lost his consciousness.

Almost at the same time, a coolness welled from his limbs. Jadeskin started to run in his body automatically and the coolness restored his senses.

"This woman wants to hypnotize me. What's she trying to do?" Han Sen sneered inwardly, but didn't show anything on his face. He maintained that confused look.

"Han Sen, are my eyes not pretty?" Qin Xuan asked.

"They are pretty," Han Sen answered in a low voice.

"Which part of my body do you like best?" Qin Xuan asked again.

"Your boobs," Han Sen did not hesitate to answer.

"Why?" Qin Xuan asked again.

"They are big, soft and bouncy," Han Sen replied.

"Nasty!" Qin Xuan whispered. When they were in the combat room, Han Sen must have touched her boobs when they fought.

"Come and touch them," Qin Xuan said, lifting her chest.

Han Sen did not hesitate to reach out his hands and Qin Xuan suddenly pushed his hands aside. Now she could confirm that Han Sen had been completely hypnotized by her, as any normal person would hesitate when hearing such an odd request, which Han Sen did not.

"Are you Dollar?" Qin Xuan's first question scared the hell out of him.

Han Sen didn't realize Qin Xuan had connected some dots. Without time to think any further, he answered, "No."

Qin Xuan nodded, apparently not believing the two were the same person herself. She continued to ask, "Why are you unwilling to go to Blackhawk?"

"Because it was too far away from home," Han Sen replied.

"How is that relevant?" Qin Xuan did not understand his logic.

"I wouldn't be able to take care of my mom and my sister if it is too far away from home," Han Sen replied slowly.

Qin Xuan was a bit surprised and then her look softened. She asked, "Have you ever considered to join my squad?"

"No."

"Why?" Qin Xuan was slightly angry.

"I'm afraid of danger. I cannot die," replied Han Sen.

"Why can't you die?" Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen, finding his reply curious.

"If I die, my mom and my sister will be bullied by my relatives, and I cannot let them be bullied," Han Sen continued to answer.

Qin Xuan's expression became more and more gentle, and she continued to ask, "Why did you agree to join Bullseye?"

"Because of you."

"Me?" Qin Xuan was confused.

"Because I like you." Han Sen still had a dull face on.

Qin Xuan blushed a little, "Why do you like me?"

"Because you are beautiful."

"Is there any other reason?"

"Yes."

"What reason?" Surprisingly, Qin Xuan was slightly excited to hear the answer.

"Because you are beautiful."

"Isn't this the same reason?" Qin Xuan frowned.

"No."

"Why not?" Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen, puzzled.

"Because the first time I saw you, I thought you are beautiful; the second time I saw you, you are more beautiful. I can't move away my eyes and want to look at you forever..."

Qin Xuan's cheeks turned crimson. She raised her arm and wanted to slap Han Sen out of it, but eventually didn't have the heart to do that and just gave him a pinch swiftly.

Han Sen fell to the ground suddenly with an "ouch," acting as if he had fallen under the bed in sleep.

Qin Xuan subconsciously reached out her hand, but took it back and let Han Sen fall to the ground as she blushed at certain thoughts.

"What did you do to me?" Han Sen suddenly climbed up from the ground and pretended to be frightened.

"You do not have to worry, I just wanted to know why you do not want to go to Blackhawk." Qin Xuan said softly.

"You hypnotized me?" Han Sen was raged.

"One must go through this process to join the squad. The people we serve are special, so we must guarantee that every member had a clean slate. I myself had to go through the same thing." Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen and said gently, "You can rest assured that your family will be protected by the military once you go to Blackhawk and join my squad. No one could hurt them."

Han Sen looked uncertain and remained silent.

"Also, I can tell you that each shelter has the same kind of squad, providing service for special clients. This job wouldn't put you in great danger. And that's everything I can tell you. You can think about it yourself."

Not hearing an answer, Qin Xuan had to ask, "What do you think? Do you want to join my squad?"

"Do I still have an option?" Han Sen said with a wry smile.

"Try to be admitted to the Blackhawk. After joining my squad, you will be glad about your decision today." Qin Xuan patted Han Sen's shoulder, pleased.

"Oh, if you need anything just let me know. I'll try to assist you so that you could prepare for the entrance exam of Blackhawk," Qin Xuan said.

"I just want to know one thing. When I was hypnotized, did you ask me any other question other than why I wasn't interested in Blackhawk?" Han Sen asked.

"No, I am a well-behaved soldier. And I am not interested in your private matters," Qin Xuan said categorically, with her heart pounding as if there were a cat scratching at it.

"Really?" Han Sen seemed to be worried still.

"Of course not. Let me know if you need anything. As long as it doesn't cost too much, I will help you prepare for the exam, which is in less than two months," Qin Xuan said and left, her face burning.

After Qin Xuan left, Han Sen let out a long sigh of relief. From now on, Qin Xuan probably wouldn't suspect him again.

"This is an excellent opportunity. Qin Xuan would completely trust me after this so she can become my cover. Others would think I got stronger and better because of her help and wouldn't suspect that I am Dollar. Then, I could gradually show my real ability using my own identity and abandon the guise of Dollar altogether," Han Sen thought to himself. This was why he had agreed to Qin Xuan's ask. Also, his family could indeed use the protection of the military.

Han Sen then teleported into God's Sanctuary as it was Dollar's time to participate in the second round of the martial arts contest.

Chapter 82: Fighting Luo Tianyang

Chapter 82: Fighting Luo Tianyang

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen: Not evolved.

Status: None

Life span: 200 years.

Requirements for evolution: 100 geno points.

Geno points gained: 100 ordinary geno points; 100 primitive geno points; 47 mutant geno points; 29 sacred geno points.

Beast souls gained: Sacred-blood black beetle; sacred-blood bloody slayer; sacred-blood purple-winged dragon; mutant three-eyed cat; mutant black barracuda; mutant black stinger; mutant sawfish.

Han Sen looked at his current data and felt satisfied. Now he had as many as three sacred-blood beast souls and several mutant beast souls.

Only two of the mutant beast souls were less than satisfactory and they were both from someone else. The mutant three-eyed cat was a pet that was useless at the moment and the mutant black barracuda Lu Weinan gave him was an aquatic mount, which was completely useless on the land.

At a grove near Steel Armor Shelter, Han Sen was meeting with Lin Beifeng. Han Sen was deliberately giving Lin the mutant creature meat he promised a few days later than when Dollar sold mutant black stingers.

"This is for you." Han Sen took two dried sawfish out of his bag and gave them to Lin. Black stingers were no longer an option, so he had to give the fish to Lin.

"Two!" Lin was overjoyed.

"Yes, it was a good trip." Han Sen gave him back the rest of the arrows, which were not really put into use.

"It's fine. Keep them. Sen, can I join you next time?" Lin Beifeng looked at Han Sen expectantly.

"I will if there is an opportunity. Please take the arrows back." Han Sen insisted.

Lin had to take the arrows back, and the two returned to the shelter as they were talking.

At the gate of Steel Armor Shelter, they ran into Son of Heaven's gang. Luo Tianyang stared at Han Sen as if he were to devour the guy.

"Son of Heaven, long time no see," Lin said.

"Lin, why are you with him?" Son of Heaven gave Han Sen an unkind glance.

"Sen is my friend and there seems to be nothing that can't be forgiven between you two. How about we let Han Sen buy us drinks and you can just let it go?" Lin asked Son of Heaven.

"Let it go? Who do you think you are?" Luo Tianyang looked at Lin contemptuously.

"Shut up!" Son of Heaven stopped Luo Tianyang, and said to Lin, "Lin, it's not that I don't respect you, but it is not that simple. If it is not settled properly, it will never be over."

"Settle how? I will pay however much you think he owes you," said Lin.

"It's not about money. You can ask him yourself," Son of Heaven said and entered the shelter with his gang.

"Sen, what was that about?" Lin looked at Han Sen puzzled. He thought their conflict was only the "Ass Freak" incident.

Han Sen told him about the purple-winged dragon and Lin smiled wryly, "It was indeed a big deal for Son of Heaven."

Lin paused and laughed. "But it does not matter, you did not get the beast soul anyway. I will try to mediate between you two. It's not a good idea to have Son of Heaven as an enemy. Just between us, you could offend a gentleman, but never a villain."

The two also entered Steel Armor Shelter. Everyone inside the shelter seemed to be talking about some news.

Han Sen listened carefully, and it turned out that Dollar was against Luo Tianyang in the second round.

"Dollar against Luo Tianyang! It must be an excellent fight. Son of Heaven must still be bitter from Dollar seizing his bloody slayer beast soul. Luo Tianyang would probably try to kill Dollar for him."

"Kill Dollar? I don't think he can even last longer than ten minutes."

"That's not fair. Dollar is strong but so is Luo Tianyang. With the support from Son of Heaven, Luo probably has as many beast souls as he wishes. I think the result is hard to tell."

"I say it's easy to tell! Dollar will win."

"Ha-ha, I agree. Does Luo Tianyang have wings? Can he fight a golden-horned Shura?"

"Exactly, how can Luo Tianyang even compare? I think it will take three minutes for Dollar to get rid of him."

...

Han Sen did not expect to meet Luo Tianyang in the second round. He sneered inwardly, "The mills of God grind slowly. This bastard is now in my hand."

Lin Beifeng's eyes lit up. "Last time I missed Dollar's fight. Let's go watch this one."

"I will not go. There is some family business I need to take care of." Of course Han Sen couldn't watch—if he went, then Dollar would be missing.

"You won't come? It's Dollar." Lin was shocked.

"What's so special about him? He is just a person." Han Sen shrugged.

"He is special. I never admired anyone, but Dollar is an exception, just because he fought that Shura," Lin said.

"OK, but I really need to go home, so maybe next time." Han Sen chuckled inwardly.

"Unfortunately, video cameras don't work in God's Sanctuary, or we can record it and post it on the Skynet. It will go viral for sure." Lin Beifeng bemoaned and left for the martial hall.

Han Sen took a detour and reappeared in the shelter after he put on the black beetle armor. This time he was prepared and wore a cape over the armor, covering almost everything. Although he looked strange, he wasn't recognized like last time.

Han Sen found a corner seat in the stands and sat down, watching others fight as he waited for his turn.

Before long, a group of people sat down close to him. Han Sen was shocked to see they were the Bullseye members, with Yang Manli leading the team.

They were a big group and Han Sen had picked a sparsely seated corner, so they all came here.

Su Xiaoqiao was seated next to Han Sen. Yang Manli and Liu Hongtao were only two seats away.

"I say buddy, why are you covered all over in such hot weather? Are you dressing as a witch?" Su Xiaoqiao always liked joking and threw a comment at Han Sen.

"Brat, I'll deal with you later," thought Han Sen, not saying anything.

"Manli, who do you think will win, Dollar or Luo Tianyang?" Several members of Bullseye started a heated discussion.

Chapter 83: One-minute Fight

Chapter 83: One-minute Fight

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Dollar of course. Right, Manli?" Su Xiaoqiao asked.

Yang Manli nodded, apparently agreeing with Su Xiaoqiao.

Liu Hongtao commented on the side, "Even Dollar is strong, he is just one person, without anyone behind his back, while Luo Tianyang was supported by Son of Heaven. It is still hard to tell who will win."

"One person is enough. Dollar fought a golden-horned Shura alone. Even with a gang behind him, I don't think Luo Tianyang could do that," Su Xiaoqiao said with disdain.

"Young man, you are too young to understand." Liu Hongtao acted as an elder.

"What don't I understand?" Su did not take that comment well.

"Think about it. If Son of Heaven and his whole gang all let Luo Tianyang use their beast souls, who do you think will win? Don't forget that Son of Heaven has a sacred-blood shapeshifting ape beast soul, and god knows how many mutant beast souls he has. If Luo Tianyang use them all, do you still think Dollar will win?" Liu Hongtao said confidently.

"It's just an ape beast soul. Dollar has a bloody slayer beast soul, wings and sacred-blood armor. It would be easy for him to win Luo Tianyang. I don't think Luo Tianyang could last a minute." Su Xiaoqiao said disapprovingly.

"This kid sure knows how to speak." Han Sen was pleased with Su Xiaoqiao's words.

"Well, you just said Luo Tianyang couldn't last a minute, so let's make a bet. If Luo lasts less than a minute, you can have my mutant beast soul of red-hoofed beast. If he lasts longer than that, your mutant nocturnal wolf beast soul will be mine. Do you dare to bet against me?" Liu Hongtao looked at Su Xiaoqiao and said.

Su Xiaoqiao suddenly got nervous. One minute was just a figure of speech. How was it possible for one to end the match in a minute after all?

Like Liu Hongtao had said, Son of Heaven had Luo's back. With some beast souls here and there, Luo Tianyang could definitely stay on the stage longer than a minute.

The nocturnal wolf beast soul was a lucky gain of Su Xiao's when he shot an arrow at the nocturnal wolf king in a recent campaign. He had been bragging to everyone about it. Yet Liu Hongtao had proposed to use this beast soul as the stake in a bet that was less than fair.

"Liu, we were just chatting. No need to get serious."

"Yes Liu, Xiaoqiao was just saying."

"Yeah, figure of speech."

Several Bullseye members tried to smooth things over, but being unreasonable, Liu Hongtao said with a mean tone, "I'm trying to teach him not to comment on things he doesn't understand. He could say whatever he wishes at home, but in the society, a wrong comment could get him killed."

"S*#t! You insist? A bet is a bet. I'm game. Don't be a deadbeat when you lose." Although Su Xiaoqiao was usually joking and messing around, he still had his pride as he was from a wealthy family. Even at the cost of a beast soul, he wouldn't be a doormat.

"Xiaoqiao, just suck it up." The teammates next to him all tried to stop Su Xiaoqiao from getting involved in this unfair bet. He would be basically giving the beast soul away.

Liu Hongtao didn't have the best personality and not many liked him except for a few henchmen of his. Almost everyone was on Su's side.

"Well, I appreciate a young man that can stick to what he believes in. If you don't trust me, we can both transfer our beast souls to Manli and let her be our witness. So that we could both be reassured," Liu Hongtao said and gave his beast soul of red-hoofed beast to Yang Manli.

"Liu, it's just a small difference. We all are in Bullseye, and there is no need to do this." Yang Manli frowned.

"Manli, I'm doing this for his own good. If he keeps being insolent like this, he might get into bigger troubles elsewhere in the future." Liu Hongtao gave Su a contemptuous glance and said to him, "If you apologize to me right now, I'll let this go. And remember to watch it in the future."

Everyone thought Liu Hongtao was just shameless. If these words came from another person, Su Xiaoqiao might apologize; but Liu saying this himself made an apology an impossible option for any guy with dignity.

Everyone knew there was no going back at this point. Su gritted his teeth and raged, "Liu Hongtao, cut the crap. I'm down."

Su Xiaoqiao then transferred his mutant nocturnal wolf beast soul to Yang Manli, "Manli, keep this for me. When I win, I'll treat everyone to barbecue."

"I like a young man who doesn't know any better." Liu Hongtao was overjoyed. A mutant beast soul was very rare and he had just gained one with a few words. Also, the mutant nocturnal wolf was a shapeshifting beast soul which was worth even more than his mount beast soul, red-hoofed beast.

Yang Manli frowned. She had wanted to mediate the dispute with a few words, but Liu Hongtao said those words first so that Su Xiaoqiao had to bet against him now.

"The young man is too impulsive, maybe a loss could be considered a lesson for him." Yang Manli sighed. Things had come so far that there was nothing she could say to turn it around.

Su Xiaoqiao felt upset after accepting the bet. Although he was confident in Dollar and believed he could win, one minute was simply too short. Even the exchange of pleasantries could last that long—not to mention Luo Tianyang did have many resources. If he had really borrowed the ape beast soul from Son of Heaven, the match could easily last longer than ten minutes

The match between Luo Tianyang soon began and Su Xiaoqiao murmured his prayers, "Dollar, it was me who spread your name. Please help me. I haven't had the nocturnal wolf beast for long and don't want to give it to Liu."

Sitting next to Su and hearing everything, Han Sen was mad, "Help you! In the beginning, everyone was calling me Doll, and it was all because of you!"

Chapter 84: Ape Beast Soul

Chapter 84: Ape Beast Soul

Translator:Nyoi-Bo Studio

Editor:Nyoi-Bo Studio

Finally, Dollar and Luo Tianyang's codes were displayed on the martial stele. Each digit in Han Sen's code was an eight, so everyone knew that was him.

Luo Tianyang went on the stage first. From his leisurely look, it seems that he was confident about the upcoming match, which made Su Xiaoqiao quite nervous.

"Where is Dollar? The match is about to begin but we don't see him yet. If he is not here in three minutes, he will automatically be considered the losing side."

The stands were filled with people eager to see Dollar's match, but the familiar golden figure was missing.

Su Xiaoqiao became even more tense. Liu Hongtao smiled unkindly, "Su Xiaoqiao, it seems that you are in a bad place. If Dollar doesn't show up at all, you wouldn't be convinced even if I won the bet, right?"

"What is this nonsense? It is still very early, and the boss always comes late. Don't you understand that?" Su Xiaoqiao retorted, but felt unsure as Dollar didn't show up. He thought, "Could Dollar be delayed by something? Then my mutant nocturnal wolf would be gone..."

"Great, I'll see how long you could keep that thought," Liu Hongtao ridiculed.

Suddenly, the guy in cape sitting next to Su Xiaoqiao who had been silent the whole time suddenly stood up and walked toward the stage, leaving Su Xiaoqiao and others dumbfounded.

The guy took off the cape while walking, revealing the golden armor underneath, leading to an uproar in the stands.

"Dollar... Dollar..."

"Ha-ha, the angel came."

"I know there's no way he would miss this."

Su Xiaoqiao was so happy that he jumped up, "My God, Dollar you are truly amazing. Kick Luo's ass for my sake please. And remember, keep it under a minute... one minute..."

Su Xiaoqiao was now certain that Dollar has heard the dialogue about the bet, that was to say Dollar knew he should defeat Luo within a minute, which was undoubtedly good news for Su.

Other Bullseye members were also very excited, "Dollar was just sitting here and we failed to recognize him!"

"Indeed, we should've asked for his autograph! I hear you could sell that for a good price now."

"Xiaoqiao, you didn't say what you said because you knew it was him, did you?"

Su Xiaoqiao laughed, "God helps those who help themselves. How could I know it was Dollar? He wrapped himself like a rice dumpling on such a hot day, and I was just wondering about that myself."

Liu Hongtao's face was grim. He sneered and said, "Don't be happy now. Even if he wants to help you, it is impossible to defeat Luo in a minute."

"Nothing is impossible with Dollar. As long as he wants to do it, it will be done." Su Xiaoqiao immediately retorted, with all his faith in Dollar.

Although Yang Manli was surprised that Dollar was sitting beside them, she was not as optimistic as Su Xiaoqiao. Rationally speaking, what Liu Hongtao said made sense.

Luo Tianyang might not be Dollar's match, but he had Son of Heaven behind him, so he must have plenty of beast souls on him. Despite that Luo's fitness wasn't the best in Son of Heaven's gang, his fitness index should still be over ten. With strong beast souls, it would be difficult to beat him.

"If Dollar is an archer with advanced beast soul bow and arrows, he might be able to get rid of Luo fast. Unfortunately, it seems that he never uses arrows," Yang Manli sighed inwardly.

Son of Heaven shot a harsh stare at Han Sen and eyed Luo Tianyang on the stage. Luo nodded knowingly.

Son of Heaven had prepared well for this match. Knowing Luo wouldn't be Dollar's match, he didn't count on Luo to defeat Dollar. Still, he lent Luo his sacred-blood ape beast soul and many powerful mutant beast souls. All he wanted to see was Dollar injured. Even if Dollar could not be injured, he must show his real skills in this match.

Son of Heaven saw Dollar as a fierce rival, which was why he was using Luo as a pawn to weaken Dollar before he ran into Dollar himself and to find out how strong Dollar was.

Luo Tianyang was both cunning and ruthless. He didn't take Dollar lightly and summoned the ape beast soul and a mutant suit of armor as soon as the stele lit up and the match started.

Suddenly, standing on stage was a giant ape more than nine feet tall in a suit of bone armor with a long mace in its hands. The look alone was terrifying.

A wisp of a smile crossed Son of Heaven's face. That was why he liked Luo. Luo's ability was less than impressive in his gang, but Luo had always been careful and decisive.

Son of Heaven had always believed that one must know one's limits, which Luo did.

Being meek towards the brutal and brutal towards the meek might be viewed as a bad thing. But the way Son of Heaven saw it, it was also a wise attitude. Luo Tianyang's decision now was much to Son of Heaven's satisfaction—playing it safe and trying to survive.

Of course, Luo Tianyang's life was not very important to him. But if Luo died, the ape beast soul would be ruined as well. So, Luo must not die.

"That's it. Just do whatever you can and try to force Dollar to show all he got. If anything went wrong, just go off the stage and throw in the towel." Son of Heaven looked at the two on the stage and thought with a smile, "Dollar, let me see what you've got."

Liu Hongtao was amused by what Luo Tianyang did. "I told you Son of Heaven would definitely give the ape beast soul to Luo. You see? With that mutant bone armor, it would take Dollar at least an hour to beat Luo."

"What are you talking about? Can someone like Luo Tianyang even shapeshift for an hour?" Su Xiaoqiao disagreed. His heart did freeze a little as he didn't think Luo would really have the ape beast soul on him.

"Anyway, it would be easy for him to last ten minutes, which means I could win ten times, so it's a pity that you don't have ten mutant beast souls," Liu Hongtao laughed.

Chapter 85: Seckill

Chapter 85: Seckill

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

But soon, Liu Hongtao's smile disappeared.

The moment the martial stele lit up, Dollar summoned the bloody slayer and ran toward the ape called Luo like a hurricane, a golden spear in his hand.

In the blink of an eye, Dollar was in Luo's face, his spear stabbing Luo's stomach.

Luo Tianyang roared and hacked his mace madly at the mutant sawfish spear, making the spear fly out of Han Sen's hand.

Liu Hongtao was ready to applaud, but then he saw that Dollar calmly reached for a golden katana at his waist and slashed it toward Luo Tianyang, who was only inches away.

The ape did possess great strength, but it was also clumsy. When fighting from afar, this disadvantage wouldn't show. But at such a short distance, there was no time for the ape to dodge.

Crack!

The nine-foot-tall ape was cut in half. Luo only gave a whimper before he turned into his own body and died. Blood flowed like a river.

Everyone was blankly watching Han Sen, who put the katana back into its sheath and took back the spear calmly. Dollar killed Luo who had shapeshifted into a sacred-blood creature in less than ten seconds.

After the moment of silence, cheers broke out like a tsunami. Everyone was calling Dollar's name, bringing the whole martial hall to a boil.

Su Xiaoqiao was the happiest person among all. Twerking on the stands, he shouted, "Dollar Dollar I love you, like a mouse loves rice..."

Liu Hongtao was dumbfounded. He sat there like a deflated balloon, not accepting the fact that Luo had died.

"Red-hoofed beast... My red-hoofed beast... how could this be..." Liu Hongtao almost spilled out blood.

Son of Heaven gritted his teeth very hard. He didn't care that Luo was killed. But his ape beast soul was one of the few sacred-blood beast souls he had. It, along with all the mutant beast souls, was ruined with the death of Luo. Son of Heaven's heart was bleeding.

"Dollar, I'll make you regret you were born," Son of Heaven cursed inwardly. He very badly wanted to kill Dollar, but felt somewhat helpless about it.

Before, there had been a chance to besiege Dollar with his gang; now that Dollar had wings, that plan would no longer work.

Now Son of Heaven regretted very much that he had used his one-use sacred-blood wasp arrow. If he still had it, he would be able to kill Dollar, even if Dollar could fly.

He thought more about it and realized that if he had never used that arrow, Dollar wouldn't have the bloody slayer beast soul. Without that shapeshifting beast soul, Dollar couldn't have killed Luo so easily.

Thinking of this, Son of Heaven wanted to eat Dollar alive. There was something stuck in his chest which he could neither swallow nor spit out.

"I must find out who Dollar is! If I couldn't kill him in God's Sanctuary, I will kill him in the Alliance." Son of Heaven was determined to have Dollar killed, or he could never let this

go. His loss was indeed huge. Luo was dead, and he had lost many beast souls, including a sacred-blood one, while Dollar walked free.

Han Sen did not dare to get stuck in the crowd and simply flew away with his wings, not giving the audience any chance to approach him.

Dollar killing Luo Tianyang was the headline in Steel Armor Shelter. People had posted the story on the Skynet, but without a way to record images in God's Sanctuary, words alone didn't attract much attention. In addition, Luo Tianyang was a nobody, so no one cared.

After all, this was only the martial arts contest within Steel Armor Shelter. If Dollar became the champion of Steel Armor Shelter and entered the contest among champions from all the shelters, then his match could be seen by the entire First God's Sanctuary. If he became the Chosen, it would truly be something amazing throughout the entire Alliance.

But people in Steel Armor Shelter were clearly scared of Dollar. His opponents in the next few rounds all quit before they fought and simply didn't show up.

Killing someone in seconds was a brutal thing to do. And that someone had even shapeshifted into a sacred-blood beast soul. No one had the courage to put their life on the line.

Some people even accused Dollar of being a murderer and posted articles describing how cruel he was. Su Xiaoqiao and other Bullseye members were pissed off by those articles and wrote about the bet between Su and Liu, leading to compliments from Dollar's fans.

But it had not changed the fact that Dollar had killed someone. Later, someone posted anonymously that Luo Tianyang had mutilated and raped many victims using Son of Heaven's gang when he was alive. Many people from Steel Armor Shelter echoed the post and said it was a great thing that Dollar had done.

"Luo Tianyang was an animal. If I were Dollar, I would have killed him long before the martial arts contest."

"Well done. Thirty-two likes."

"An animal who deserved it."

"Ignorant, all of you. Murder is murder, regardless of who was killed. Dollar is a murderer."

"Dollar is a piece of s*#t!"

"Don't comment on something you don't understand. Everyone in Steel Armor Shelter knows it was justice well served."

"Exactly. I hate those who follow the herd."

There was quite a debate on the Skynet, but then the posts criticizing Dollar became overwhelming, and many posts that supported Dollar got deleted.

People in Steel Armor Shelter knew that Son of Heaven was behind it. However, no one had the nerve to antagonize Son of Heaven. After all, there weren't many who dared to be the enemy of Starry group.

No one was willing to do that for a stranger anyway.

Chapter 86: Special Training

Chapter 86: Special Training

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

"Sen, check out my new mount!" Su Xiaoqiao was riding his newly-gained mutant red-hoofed beast in the yard of the Bullseye team, bragging.

The mutant red-hoofed beast looked somewhat like an antelope with a pair of buffalo horns on its head. It had the size of a camel and was satin black all over, except for its four blood-red hooves.

Han Sen was very depressed to see this gorgeous mount. He wasted so much effort in helping this brat win a mutant mount, while he himself ended up with nothing.

Although he did have a mutant mount beast soul, it was aquatic and was useless on the land.

"After the martial arts contest, I have to find a way to gain a beast soul mount. It was too much trouble going everywhere on foot and it was bad for my image as well," Han Sen thought to himself.

Dark Swamp was out of the question. Even if he gained a mount beast soul there, it would be something ugly like a toad.

"Han Sen, come to my office." Yang Manli called from on the second floor.

"Sen, you offended her again?" Su Xiaoqiao ran over and asked, grinning.

"Why would I do that?" Han Sen said, touching his nose.

"That was not a kind look she had. You have to be careful," Su Xiaoxiao laughed.

"You know about looks? Why don't you say you are psychic as well." Han Sen laughed and went to the second floor.

"Manli, you asked for me?" Han Sen asked.

"I do not know what Qin Xuan saw in you. But since she asked me to help you prepare for the entrance exam, I'll do my best. Starting from today, you will report to me at the teleport station every day and I will train you, hard. You better be prepared as you will suffer. Blackhawk isn't just any school."

Yang Manli paused and said casually, "If you cannot bear it, you better ask Qin Xuan to allow you to quit. I will not stop you."

"When do I start?" Han Sen asked.

"Now," said Yang Manli before she got up and teleported to Planet Roca with Han Sen.

Yang Manli took Han Sen to the test hall at the teleport station, which was a military-standard test hall that provided more accurate tests.

"You will do a detailed test first and let me see what's the difference between your fitness level and the lowest standard for Blackhawk," Yang Manli said with no expression.

"No need for that. I think I could definitely pass that bar." Han Sen did not dare to do the test, afraid he might scare Yang with his data.

The last time he took the test, he had approached 10 in all his numbers. Having gained lots of mutant and sacred geno points after that, his fitness index should be well beyond 10 now.

"Do the test." Yang Manli commanded coldly.

"If you insist." Han Sen muttered and slowly walked toward the entrance of the test hall.

Han Sen had made up his mind not to use his full strength, in case Yang could tell something was wrong.

Fortunately, Han Sen was very confident in his control of his own body. The more he practiced Jadeskin, the more he was amazed by this hyper geno art. He hadn't practiced it for long, but he already felt that he could adjust each bone and each muscle in his body.

With Jadeskin, he could even change his heart rate, blood pressure and body temperature to a certain extent.

The more he understood Jadeskin, the more scared he felt. Fortunately, Xue Longyan had already been seriously injured when they met, or else it would have been Han Sen who got killed.

It was precisely because of this that Han Sen wouldn't let anyone know that he was practicing Jadeskin, for fear that people might know Xue Longyan was killed by him.

The test items here were similar to those in the test center, but were more sophisticated in general. Hence Han Sen knew what each item was for.

Soon, Han Sen completed all the test items and came out of the test hall covered with sweat.

Yang Manli had no idea that Han Sen looked so tired mainly because he was trying to control the test result. To control one's reflexes and heartbeat was extremely difficult in such sophisticated test items. If Han Sen hadn't practiced Jadeskin, he wouldn't have been able to hide his real physical condition at all.

Yang Manli looked through Han Sen's test results and said, "Less than 10 in all items, but close. Ten is just the standard of ordinary military schools. For Blackhawk, even for specially recruited students, 10 was just a narrow pass."

After reading something on a smart machine, she said, "During the time we have left which is little more than a month, I will make all your fitness index pass 10. Meanwhile, I will train you in archery. Only with proper archery skills will you be specially recruited."

"Manli, may I ask, without special enrollment, what kind of score is Blackhawk looking for?" Han Sen asked curiously.

"When you are able to beat me, you could be admitted to Blackhawk on your own." Yang Manli went to the gym, not even glancing at Han Sen.

Han Sen followed her to the gym and looked at all sorts of training equipment in the gym curiously. Many of the equipment he had never seen before. Many soldiers were training in the gym.

The teleport station was part of the military, so everything here followed military standard. The only difference was that most soldiers here were new to the army and had never been to the battlefield.

Those who could be assigned here typically had certain connections, or else they would have been sent to the front.

Chapter 87: Cheating

Chapter 87: Cheating

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Yang Manli led Han Sen in front of a sealed device the size of a train compartment. The device was around 150 feet long. She turned it on and entered some data before she took off her jacket, revealing a black professional training suit underneath.

The suit was made of a material unknown to Han Sen, which had a formfitting effect. Han Sen noticed that Yang Manli had a great body. Her legs were especially long and straight, seducing one to touch them.

"Look carefully. I will only show you once. For today, you need to finish this training every day before you go anywhere else." Yang Manli said and went into the device.

The moment Yang Manli entered the device, all soldiers who were exercising came around and drooled over the holographic image displayed.

"Yang's body is getting more and more perfect. I could play with those legs for three years."

"Three years? I can play with them for thirty years."

"Check out her ass."

These animals stared at the holographic image almost with their eyeballs popped out.

Inside the device, Yang Manli had started. There are many exercise items in the device and she finished them one by one effortlessly. The items didn't look very difficult either.

"Brother, what is this device? Looks like it is not that difficult." Han Sen asked a soldier curiously.

"Not difficult? Kiddo, you are too naïve. Yang seems effortless because she's got great fitness index. If you were to do it, you would be too tired to finish three items."

"This is called gravity trainer. There are such devices on all interstellar aircrafts and warships and they are used to adjust the internal gravity. With the parameters set by Yang, one would need at least 10 in fitness index to train. Or else walking in the device alone would be a torture, even worse than screwing seven times in one night."

"Son, all you could do is pray."

These soldiers knew Han Sen. They were all aware that Qin Xuan had often called him into the combat room.

Yang Manli stepped out of the gravity trainer in a little while, and the soldiers quickly scattered back to do their training as if nothing had happened.

Yang Manli had some sweat on her forehead. She put on her jacket and said, "Now you complete the exercise and then come to find me."

She left with no intention of watching Han Sen do the exercise.

Yang Manli knew very well that Han Sen's physical fitness index was only close to ten and it was impossible for him to finish such intense training. She just wanted to humble him so that he would follow her orders better.

A soldier ran toward Han Sen when the latter was about to enter the gravity trainer to start training. Putting his hand over Han Sen's shoulder, the soldier smiled and said, "Buddy, if you can bring us some R-rated holographic resources when you come here in the future, I'll let you in on a secret and make the gravity trainer a piece of cake for you."

"Deal. What's the secret?" Han Sen agreed, knowing he was asking for porns.

"Great." The soldier patted Han Sen's shoulder and whispered to his ear, "Once the parameters were set up, Yang could tell if you have modified them after. However, the device has a protective mechanism, which is designed mainly to prevent dangers to your body. My method allows you to change the parameters through this mechanism so that the result doesn't show the modification. So, you can easily complete the test without being found out by Yang."

"Fantastic. What should I do?" Han Sen asked.

"I can tell you the secret, but a deal is a deal. You need to get me those R-rated holographic resources or you will regret it," said the soldier.

"Brother, rest assured. I'll get you those," Han Sen patted his own chest and guaranteed.

The soldier nodded with satisfaction and told Han Sen the method to change the parameters. He repeatedly told Han Sen to bring him the porns and designated a few actresses.

"Parameters set up, please confirm..." Han Sen went into the gravity trainer and heard the AI.

"OK," Han Sen replied.

"Confirmation completed. Start testing in ten seconds. Countdown starts. Ten, nine, eight..."

When the countdown was over, Han Sen feel his body sank, as if he had suddenly gained a few hundred pounds.

Han Sen did not use the soldier's method. He wanted to see if he could finish the exercise like Yang Manli did.

Han Sen was not used to the added gravity and warmed up a little before he started.

When Yang Manli was back from her office, it was already in the afternoon. She thought Han Sen should be worn out like a dead dog by now and would probably be more obedient in the future.

When Yang Manli returned to the gym, she was surprised to see Han Sen chatting with the soldiers there. The soldiers were even showing him how to play with all sorts of devices. He looked rather lively and not tired at all.

"Han Sen, I asked you to train. What are you doing?" annoyed, Yang Manli asked coldly.

The soldiers were scared away like mice met a cat, leaving Han Sen standing there alone in front of Yang Manli.

"Captain, I've completed the training." Han Sen saluted the way the soldiers had just taught him.

"Completed?" Yang Manli frowned and walked quickly toward the gravity trainer. She pulled out the data and as she checked each item, her face became darker and darker.

There was no doubt that Yang Manli did not think the data was real. Only those who with more than 12 in fitness index could achieve this. She had just tested Han Sen's fitness and he wasn't even a 10. So, this could not be his real performance.

Chapter 88: Perseverance Matters

Chapter 88: Perseverance Matters

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

"Who told you about the protection mechanism?" Yang Manli stared at Han Sen madly. Of course, she knew about this trick.

"What protection mechanism? I do not understand what you are talking about?" Han Sen looked innocent.

"You won't tell? Go get a 7.0 practice bow and some arrows," Yang Manli calmed down and said coldly.

Han Sen did not know what she wanted to do, and did what she asked.

"You know the standard stance to draw the string?" Yang Manli looked at Han Sen and asked.

"Yes." Han Sen nodded.

"Very good, pull the string to the fullest on standard stance," Yang Manli said quietly.

Han Sen had worked hard on archery so his stance was perfect and he easily pulled the string to the fullest.

"Good stance." Han Sen was surprised to hear Yang Manli's compliment.

"Thank you, Captain." Still, Han Sen knew he was in trouble.

"Hold this position until midnight. If you move during this period and I do not get the answer I want, you do not need to show up here again. Even if the stationmaster came here herself, one of us must go." Yang Manli turned to leave.

Seeing Yang going away, the soldiers ran back and the one who told Han Sen about the protection mechanism felt guilty and said, "Sorry buddy, I did not expect Yang to be onto you. I did you harm instead of good."

"It's just a few hours. I'll be fine." Han Sen said casually.

"Do not underestimate the standard stance. Twenty minutes was all right, but two hours is just torture. A 7.0 bow is not a joke, usually we can't even last two hours with a 6.0 bow. It's four hours until midnight. Yang is really brutal this time."

"I say let's go apologize. Just tell her we all told him about the loophole. Or else he would probably not be able to use his arms ever again."

"If we have to. Judging from her look, we would suffer as well."

The soldiers complained and sighed.

"No need. I'll give it a shot. My endurance has always been good. Four hours, I think there should be no problem." Han Sen called the soldiers who were going to apologize back.

"It doesn't matter how good your endurance is. It's torture."

Han Sen smiled, "I've seen worse. Don't go yet. If I can't do it, you could go then. Maybe by then Yang Manli will see how miserable I am and lessen the punishment."

"That is also true. Buddy, you hang in there first. Let us know when it gets bad. We will go and confess." The soldiers were loyal.

Hen Sen nodded and did not speak. Remaining motionless was sometimes even worse than violent movement, especially when he was also drawing a 7.0 bow.

In the beginning he didn't feel much, but after half an hour, his arm muscles began to feel numb, and with the passage of time, this numb feeling was more and more intense.

In just an hour, Han Sen was sweating like rain, his arms burning and whole body trembling.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and started to practice Jadeskin. A spring-like coolness flowed through all his veins, where the numb feeling was gradually relieved.

Through the monitor, Yang Manli would glance at Han Sen from time to time. She saw him keeping the stance but started to tremble when it was approaching an hour. His endurance was already beyond her expectation. Even the soldiers can only last this long.

Yang Manli predicted he could last about at most one and a half hours, certainly less than two hours.

"Cheating in your first training session. I have to put you through hell." Yang Manli did not really want a name from Han Sen. His silence was a quality she could appreciate and if he had confessed about the person who had told him, she would have looked down on him.

After working for a while, Yang Manli checked on him again when it was an hour and a half, and found he was still standing there.

Yang Manli could not help but frown, as Han Sen looked better now than half an hour ago. He had stopped trembling and was sweating less. In general, he looked more relaxed.

"He moved?" Yang Manli was not sure and played the footage backward, noticing Han Sen had not moved in the last 30 minutes.

"Odd!" Yang Manli did not go back to work, but paid full attention to Han Sen's image.

Han Sen had been standing for two hours.

"Buddy, you're awesome. Can you keep going?"

"Your endurance is out of this world. If you are this good in every aspect, you could definitely go to the Alliance Central Military Academy."

"Brother, you a real man!" A soldier gave him a thumbs-up.

"Let us know if you can't keep going. Don't risk hurting your own body. It's not worth it."

Keeping his body motionless, Han Sen smiled and said, "I feel okay. I can definitely hold until midnight. No need to check on me."

"Brother, if you can really hold until midnight, you will be under my protection in the future."

"Your protection? Do you dare to fight Yang or Qin Xuan?"

"Ahem, I was just saying. Do not be so serious."

The soldiers took a shower and went to the cafeteria, leaving Han Sen alone in the gym. He was practicing Jadeskin secretly and felt its power welling from every body cell, eliminating his fatigue.

When Han Sen had insisted for three hours, even Yang Manli was shocked. She even doubted if the soldiers had hacked the monitor and all she saw was a loop.

Soon she ruled out that possibility and left the office for the gym.

Chapter 89: I'm the Strongest

Chapter 89: I'm the Strongest

Translator: Nyoui-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoui-Bo Studio

"Now, do you have something to say to me?" Yang Manli approached Han Sen who was standing like a statute.

Han Sen hadn't reached a certain level in Jadeskin, so his fatigue wasn't cleared away completely. Having stood there for over three hours, he was drenched in sweat.

Even so, his stance was still firm as ever and his hands holding the bow didn't even tremble.

Yang Manli for the first time felt that maybe Han Sen was somewhat talented. He had been standing like that for more than three hours and his hands were still steady, which was a great quality for an archer.

"Captain, I really have nothing to say," Han Sen said.

"Well, since you are so tough, you could keep standing here." Yang Manli went away without looking back. She was a little angry, but also respected Han Sen for what he did. That was a difficult task for a sixteen-year-old. She herself could only last two hours with a 6.0 bow at his age.

After Yang Manli had closely observed Han Sen's situation and made sure he was fine, she was surprised to see that he did have the energy to continue.

Although this was a test of endurance, and didn't have much to do with his other qualities. It still showed that Han Sen was outstanding in something, as someone with a fitness index less than 10 wasn't likely to last this long.

"How can he have such strong endurance?" Yang Manli thought she probably couldn't even accomplish this herself, while Han Sen, someone with much worse fitness than she, could pull through.

After Yang Manli went back to the office, she continued to monitor Han Sen. On one hand, she wanted to find out how long Han Sen could last in the end; on the other hand, she was afraid his arms would be damaged.

She did not want Han Sen on her team, but she did not mean to harm him either. That was why she couldn't let anything happen to him. Not to mention she had started to appreciate his endurance and perseverance.

As for Han Sen's answer, in fact, Yang Manli did not really want to hear it. If Han Sen had really confessed, Yang Manli would have thought he was a snitch.

Before long, the soldiers took some water and food and sneaked back into the gym.

"Brother, great job. Come and drink some nutrition solution to get some strength." A soldier opened a bottle of nutrient solution and lifted it to Han Sen's lips.

"Eat something. Although this meat is as good as the meat from God's Sanctuary, it was cooked by a chef here and the taste is good." Another soldier held a large piece of barbecue on a fork and put it up to Han Sen's mouth.

"It's fine. I only have one hour left and must satisfy Yang's demand. I am afraid she would say it doesn't count if you help me," Han Sen said.

"Brother, you are really a tough guy. I don't admire anyone but you."

"Right, what is your name?"

"Han Sen."

"You are just over 16 right?"

"Haven't had my 17th birthday."

"Are all kids so tough these days?"

"I do not know about others, but I'm definitely the toughest."

"Do not talk to him anymore. It consumes his energy."

The soldiers saw Han Sen was fine and set up a table next to him to play cards. Han Sen was upset and thought, "You animals. Are you trying to help or piss me off?"

Han Sen had been standing there for more than four hours. The soldiers watched the clock turning to one second past midnight, put the cards down, took the bow over and raised Han Sen up, ready to throw him into the hydro massage machine.

"Don't! I do not need the massage. It's too late now. I have to go home." Han Sen quickly waved his hands. He had seen this kind of machine before, and it would take at least an hour before he could get out. He did not want to waste his time here.

"That is not okay. You have been stretching your muscles for too long, which could severely harm your body. You must fully relax through the massage so that your veins and muscles could be revitalized. You have to stay in it for at least three hours with the strongest mode on," said a soldier seriously.

"I'm alright." Han Sen couldn't really wait three hours. As the soldiers insisted, he used a technique from Ghosthaunt and grabbed a soldier's neck. With a twist, he wiggled free like a snake.

"Brothers, I'm really okay. I have to go home now. If you don't believe me, I will show you that I still have the energy to perform military boxing," Han Sen said and performed the complete set of military boxing.

Military boxing was something taught at the integrated compulsory education, and was something as simple as gymnastics. But all the soldiers were dumbfounded by it. They watched Han Sen as if they had seen a ghost.

"S*#t! Kid you must be a monster under the human skin," the soldiers suddenly shouted when Han Sen finished the military boxing.

"A Shura under the human skin!"

"A perpetual motion machine under the human skin!"

When Han Sen left the teleport station, it was one o'clock in the morning. His mother and sister weren't home so he cooked himself something to fill his stomach and went to bed.

Although Han Sen's body was fine, he did feel rather tired and almost fell asleep immediately.

He didn't get up until it was noon.

Han Sen stretched and felt very good all over. It was as if all his cells and pores were revitalized. He discovered that he had made great progress in Jadeskin. Although it was still just a little, it was about the effect of ten days' practice.

"So Jadeskin is practiced more efficiently under extreme conditions?" Han Sen was surprised.

It was worth a shot anyway. If it was true, it would be great for his practice of Jadeskin.

Han Sen was not in a hurry. He had lots of time to train in the gravity trainer in the future. If he didn't do it, Yang Manli would make him anyway.

Han Sen had carefully thought about his current situation. It would still be a while until he could become an aristocrat and it was not a bad thing to join Qin Xuan's squad to gain protection for his family.

As Qin Xuan had said, if Son of Heaven wanted to harm his family. There wasn't really much he could do even if he was home. The military's protection was more reliable.

Son of Heaven was careful with Qin Xuan in God's Sanctuary, so Han Sen believed that Qin Xuan's background would deter Son of Heaven. As long as Son of Heaven didn't know he was Dollar, Han Sen didn't think the guy would risk offending the military force for some small conflict.

Chapter 90: Hand of God

Chapter 90: Hand of God

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

On the next day, Han Sen brought porns to the soldier who had asked him for them. The soldier was so happy that he wanted to become sworn brothers with Han Sen and said Han Sen would be responsible for his happiness from now on.

Han Sen was covered in sweat. Fortunately, Yang Manli came fast enough so that Han Sen got rid of the soldier successfully.

Yang Manli spent half an hour to explain some archery knowledge and gave Han Sen a few tasks to finish on his own.

Han Sen had learned basic archery knowledge at school and what Yang taught him was more practical, which benefited him a lot. Yang was indeed an expert.

There were a lot of tasks for him to complete, which included the gravity trainer. Han Sen wanted to use the gravity trainer himself. This time he used the protection mechanism to adjust the parameters, not to reduce the gravity, but to increase the gravity a notch so that it suited his real fitness level better.

The gym did not seem to be the place where ordinary soldiers trained. Han Sen had never seen other soldiers here than the ones he talked to.

During lunch break, Han Sen was chatting with the soldiers he knew. The soldier who asked Han Sen for porns regarded Han Sen and asked, "Sen, in addition to bow and arrows, what other weapons do you use?"

"Dagger." Han Sen showed him the Z-steel dagger.

Han Sen only knew the nicknames of these soldiers. This guy's name was "Gambler." Han Sen learned from others that he was greedy and lewd.

Gambler took over Han Sen's dagger and played with it. The dagger seemed like a living thing in his hand, making dazzling moves like a snake.

"Watch this." Gambler held the dagger an inch away from Han Sen's eyes. With a simple wave of his hand, the dagger disappeared in front of Han Sen and Gambler's hand was empty.

"S*#t! Your nickname should be Magician!" Han Sen looked everywhere and didn't see the dagger.

Gambler laughed and shook his hands in front of Han Sen. He curled his fingers and the dagger returned to his hands magically.

"How did you do that?" Han Sen widened his eyes.

"Pretty cool, huh?" Gambler asked proudly.

"Yep." Han Sen quickly nodded.

"Dazzling, no?" Gambler played with the dagger.

"For sure." Han Sen nodded again.

"Want to learn?" Gambler looked at Han Sen with a faint smile.

"I do. Do you want to teach me?" Han Sen asked.

"If you can bring me all my girls' new movies, I will teach you." Gambler said with a smile.

"No problem." Han Sen agreed, knowing the girls Gambler referred to were certain porn stars.

Although it cost some money to buy new movies, Han Sen really wanted to learn these tricks.

"Come, we will find a place so that I can show you." Gambler took Han Sen aside and told him the key to it.

Han Sen then found out that it was not really magic but finger tricks. Although it was taking advantage of the blind spots, the most important part was one's control of the muscles on the arm.

Yes, it was the entire arm instead of just the hand.

Gambler told him that this trick was called "heaven in sleeves," also known as "Sleeveblade." It was passed down in his family as the foundation of their family business. The dirk Gambler used was specially made. Thin and sharp, it had a crescent-like double-edged blade but no hilt.

Gambler was playing with one dirk in each hand, and it looked like there were two butterflies dancing around his hands, which was amazing to watch.

"How long will it take for me to become a master like you?" Han Sen looked at Gambler enviously.

Gambler smiled, "I started at the age of three, and became better at seven. I'm now intermediate and still far from being a master."

He gave the dagger back to Han Sen and said, "Do not underestimate this trick. Although it is just lays the foundation, but it is fundamental and will benefit you for the rest of your life."

"Gambler, what does your family do?" Han Sen could not help but ask.

"Aha, you will never be in our business and I do not intend to let you. I'm just showing you a trick. You could practice it if you think it is fun. Never mind other issues." Gambler walked away and turned back to ask Han Sen, "Have you ever played games on the Skynet?"

"Rarely." Han Sen had spent all his time trying to survive, and had no time for games.

"Go play 'Hand of God.' It will help you learn this trick. If you can level up in that game, you will be getting somewhere with this trick." Gambler pointed to the holographic training machine.

Han Sen was very interested in Sleeveblade, so he went to check out Hand of God on the holographic training machine. Soon he understood why Gambler asked him to play this game.

This was a holographic game. Its idea was like Whack-a-Mole, but instead of using fingers alone, the spots to touch could appear everywhere around one's arms. One must use all muscles rationally to hit all the spots to pass a level. It was highly demanding for one's dexterity and accuracy.

In addition to the beginner level, the game was divided into three levels: evolver, surpass and demigod.

The intention of the classification was obviously to correspond with the three phases of God's Sanctuary, and to guide players to choose the right level.

Han Sen first chose the beginner level. Actually, when Gambler said "level up," he meant to clear the beginner level. As for which level Gambler himself was in, Han Sen had no way of knowing.

Soon, Han Sen was hooked. He was not that smooth in the beginning, but was soon addicted to the satisfaction gained from hitting rapidly as he got familiar with the game.

"Faster, faster, faster..." Once started, the game would push one to pursue the exhilaration in speeding up.

But Han Sen did not have much time to play this game. After a few rounds in the martial arts contest, Han Sen reached the final match as expected.

Not sure it was good luck or bad luck, Han Sen didn't encounter either Fist Guy or Son of Heaven. Son of Heaven had eliminated Fist Guy, and Qin Xuan had eliminated Son of Heaven. The final match was between Qin Xuan and Han Sen.

In fact, Han Sen wanted to fight Son of Heaven more, so that he would have the opportunity to kill Son of Heaven on the stage. Usually the young master was surrounded by many strong men and there was almost no chance for Han Sen to approach him.

Chapter 91: Steel Armor Championship

Chapter 91: Steel Armor Championship

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

On the day of the final match between Dollar and Qin Xuan, the stands were packed with at least a dozen hundred thousand audience. Even many of those who didn't register came.

In addition to it being the final match, it was popular also thanks to the fame of Dollar and Qin Xuan.

Qin Xuan was undoubtedly the legend of Steel Armor Shelter. As a woman, she had been the champion of the martial arts contest for several years now, although she was never among the Chosen. There was no doubt that she was the NO.1 in Steel Armor Shelter. In addition, she was also beautiful. All of these made her the goddess of Steel Armor Shelter. People loved, feared and respected her.

Dollar's recent rise was even more legendary. He came from nowhere, but there had been so many headlines and controversies about him.

Both seizing Son of Heaven's sacred-blood beast soul and killing Luo Tianyang made Dollar a somewhat negative figure. But smashing through the robot channel and fighting golden-horned Shura made him an idol.

When one legend met the other, everyone wanted to know about the outcome. Will Qin Xuan continue to be the invincible goddess? Or will Dollar become the new champion? Everyone was looking forward to this match.

When Qin Xuan and Dollar almost arrived at the same time, all expectations peaked and the cheers were deafening.

"Dollar, a bet?" Qin Xuan didn't move, but looked at Han Sen with a smile.

The audience heard Qin Xuan's words and quieted down, wanting to know what bet she was proposing.

"What bet?" Though looking calm, Han Sen was puzzled. Did she want to buy the victory from him?

"If you lose this one, join my Steel Armor Gang and be my deputy. When I evolve and go to Second God's Sanctuary, you will be the head of the gang." Qin Xuan had a sweet smile on.

There was an uproar among the audience. No one thought Qin Xuan would say something like this. Steel Armor Gang was far more than just a gang. It also represented the presence of military and the Alliance in God's Sanctuary.

Qin Xuan's was asking Dollar to become the official spokesman of the Alliance at Steel Armor Shelter. It was a great honor.

"Sorry, I cannot accept this condition." But unexpectedly, Dollar refused Qin Xuan's offer.

"Why?" Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen, stunned. The head of Steel Armor Gang was a position pursued by many. It was a ladder toward the power center of the Alliance, but Dollar turned it down without considering.

The audience also thought Dollar was crazy. How can he turn down such a great offer?

"There are two reasons," Han Sen smiled and said. "First, you cannot beat me."

The answer left many slightly shocked, while Qin Xuan asked, "What is the second reason?"

"I will go to Second God's Sanctuary earlier than you, so although I appreciate your kindness, I can't take your offer," Han Sen calmly said.

His reply was arrogant. With her gang, Qin Xuan could gain geno points a lot more easily than most people. While Dollar was on his own, he said he could evolve earlier than her.

But no one felt that Dollar was mistaken. It seemed that everything was likely with Dollar and he shouldn't be questioned.

Qin Xuan smiled. "Well, then I would like to propose something else. If you lose, tell me who you really are."

Qin Xuan's words had led to a burst of cheers on the stands. All the audience were dying to know who Dollar was. Qin Xuan's proposal was embraced by all.

"And if you lose?" Han Sen grinned and asked.

"You can propose something as well." Smiling, Qin Xuan looked full of confidence. It was as if she would never lose.

"An S-Class license at Saint hall." Han Sen was obsessed with the hyper geno arts in Saint Hall, he had neither the money nor the license.

"Deal." Qin Xuan did not even lift her eyes before she agreed, as if an S-Class license was nothing to her.

"Then let's begin." Han Sen drew the Shura katana. He didn't dare to slack when fighting Qin Xuan, who had the most geno points among all in the shelter. She was probably ten sacred geno points away from maxing out on everything.

Han Sen had never seen Qin Xuan using her full strength, but he still thought he stood a chance.

Han Sen's biggest advantage was his understanding of Qin Xuan. She would never thought that Dollar was in fact Han Sen, whom she had fought a million times. Although she was always kicking his ass, he had learned a lot of her fighting habits.

Qin Xuan on the other hand knew nothing about Dollar.

Qin Xuan stretched her hand and a beautiful purple butterfly started to dance in her palm, which turned into a purple dagger. Elegant and demure, she stood there like a goddess.

Han Sen had seen her using this sacred-blood poisonous butterfly dagger once, but it was on the purple-winged dragon. The dagger wasn't really effective as the dragon was gigantic. However, it would be different for a person. Han Sen didn't know if he could stand the toxin if stabbed with the dagger.

So, Han Sen wasn't going to give Qin Xuan any opportunity to attack. He wielded the katana using Bladestorm and the strike was so fast as if it could break the wind. It was a similar strike as this one that had ended Luo Tianyang's life.

Qin Xuan smiled, and moved away like a butterfly, dodging the fierce strike and stab her dagger at Han Sen's throat.

Han Sen stepped forward and ignored the dagger. The katana was wielded at Qin Xuan again.

That was a move that put both their lives at stake. If Qin Xuan did not dodge again, she would be cut in half; since Han Sen was in sacred-blood armor, he had a bigger chance at survival even cut by her sacred-blood dagger.

"Scoundrel," Qin Xuan scowled, gracefully moved sideways and avoided Han Sen's attack.

Chapter 92: Atomic Fission

Chapter 92: Atomic Fission

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen was thrilled to see Qin Xuan moving away. A storm of katana strikes poured on the lady as Bladestorm was fully brought into play. Each strike was faster than the last. Qin Xuan was forced to defend herself and had no chance to attack.

Han Sen knew well that Qin Xuan was nimble. He had been practicing Ghosthaunt for a long time now and had improved a lot on his footwork. However, he had never been able to get close to her in any combat except for the first time when she had underestimated him.

Sure enough, Qin calmly dodged all the strikes Han Sen made calmly as if she were dancing. Meanwhile she fought back from time to time with grace.

None of it mattered to Han Sen. He hacked the katana at her regardless and worked both Bladestorm and Jadeskin to the maximum. A coolness gushed in his veins like a spring and activated every cell in his body.

Qin Xuan quietly warded off all attacks from Han Sen. She was very confident in herself. It took her a few years to finally get to the first stage of "Atomic Fission." With her current geno points and beast souls, Qin Xuan believed that she could become the Chosen this year and even the first place was not impossible.

"Atomic Fission" was an advanced hyper geno art, which could fortify all body parts. As suggested by its name, it was close to the root of all hyper geno arts and could produce long-lasting power that improved one's physique significantly.

It would be the perfect hyper geno art if it wasn't so difficult to get started. Qin Xuan had started to practice Atomic Fission under her family members' guidance since she was a

toddler, but her progress had been slow. Now she had practiced it for two decades and she just got to the first stage a few months ago.

Yes, just the first stage. But she had made a leap in her strength already with the first stage.

Twenty years of practice did not go wasted. Once she got somewhere, her improvement was skyrocketing.

Even Son of Heaven who was on the same level as she was easily defeated by her this year. It wasn't that Son of Heaven was weak, but that she had become too strong after getting to the first stage of "Atomic Fission."

Qin Xuan believed that she could definitely reach the top this year and Dollar wouldn't be an issue.

Qin Xuan wasn't even thinking about winning or losing, but how to win Dollar to better impress him.

Qin Xuan did not care about the storm of blades. As fierce as it looked, it couldn't hurt her. She only felt it was a bit troublesome as she didn't want to kill Dollar.

"If you like driving, I'll let you drive. I will wait until you are so completely exhausted that you can't even move your arm. By then I will still be calm and appreciate your despair." Qin Xuan smiled and dodged another strike, thinking, "As long as you lose to me this way, you will think I am invincible and never dare to fight me again."

Qin Xuan intended to burn Han Sen out. The way Han Sen wielded his katana would consume his strength fast. Each strike brought all his potentials out at the cost of his stamina.

For Qin Xuan's Atomic Fission, stamina was one of its key strengths. A metaphor would be that a nuclear power plant was much more efficient than a coal-fired power plant.

As Qin Xuan kept avoiding Han Sen's attacks, she was patiently waiting for him to be worn down.

The blood of the audience were set afire. Han Sen's katana was swift and fierce, and Qin Xuan's dancing was ethereal and elegant. Their movements were so fast that they became a blur. It was indeed a great match.

And in the eyes of ordinary people, Han Sen was chasing Qin Xuan and seemed to have the upper hand. Cheers of "Dollar" could be heard from time to time.

"It seems that the champion in Steel Armor Shelter would be someone else this year."

"Of course, Dollar is absolutely invincible."

"Ha-ha, men are the master of this world. Tremble, women!"

Yang Manli curled her lips with disdain, looking like a goddess who didn't deign to argue with the mortals.

Son of Heaven was even more scornful. He had experienced how strong Qin Xuan was. He had always known about Atomic Fission. If he had wanted to learn it, he could have. But as it took at least two decades for someone talented to get to the first stage. He chose not to. Indeed, everyone knew that this was a great hyper geno art, but few dared to practice it. No one wanted to put two decades into a hyper geno art that they didn't know would work or not. If one failed, one would not even have a chance to start over with a different hyper geno art.

Son of Heaven hadn't had the courage to practice Atomic Fission, and regretted it now that he saw how well Qin Xuan was doing.

"Son of Heaven, it looks like Qin Xuan was in trouble. She was continuously under attack," A young man in Son of Heaven's gang said nervously.

Son of Heaven twitched his mouth and replied, "What do you know? Qin Xuan has got to the first stage of Atomic Fission and she is basically impossible to beat. Although Dollar was attacking, he will soon lose his strength to even lift the katana. His loss would be miserable."

"So that's what it is. How experienced and knowledgeable you are!" The young man quickly kissed up to him.

But next to them, another young man commented abruptly, "Keep silent if you don't understand it. Don't you have any common sense? Men are simply stronger than women, and it will be Qin Xuan who is worn down first."

Son of Heaven was provoked to wrath, but he paused when he saw the young man's face. It was the young master named Qing who had once hired Han Sen as his bodyguard. Yuan and the rest of the group were also there.

"Qing," Son of Heaven gave a hollow laugh and explained, "there are differences between men and women. But those differences were negligible. Dollar's stamina is far worse than that of Qin Xuan who had reached the first stage in Atomic Fission. I believe in half an hour, Dollar wouldn't even be able to wield his katana."

"How come I can't see that?" Qing was not convinced and said. "My father told me that women are inferior to men. I know that Dollar will win and that woman will definitely lose."

Son of Heaven smiled with confidence. "Qing, no need to debate. We will see what happens in half an hour. You will find out who is right at that time."

Chapter 93: Better Stamina

Chapter 93: Better Stamina

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

But half an hour later, Son of Heaven's face became a bit stiff as Han Sen was still fiercely brandishing the katana at the same speed.

"Son of Heaven, didn't you say that Dollar would be worn out in half an hour? I'm telling you my Dad was right. Men are better than women," Qing said proudly.

Looking at Son of Heaven's grim face, Yuan smiled and did not speak.

Son of Heaven was really upset. According to common sense, Dollar would not last half an hour. With that kind of strikes, few in First God's Sanctuary could.

"Ahem. It seems that Dollar has practiced some special hyper geno art that improves his stamina. Even so, he couldn't possibly last an hour. In another half an hour, he would be worn down." Son of Heaven wanted to restore some authority of his.

"Son of Heaven, you are a guy. Why do you keep cheering for a woman? My Dad says that men are the best. I think Dollar must be better than that woman. You have no vision." Qing obviously did not agree with Son of Heaven's argument.

Son of Heaven almost choked. Pretending to be calm, he said, "Qing, if you don't believe me, keep on watching. In half an hour, you will know who is right. I'm just stating the fact here."

"Is there any need to watch? Dollar will certainly have no problem. He killed a golden-horned Shura. Why will he lose to a woman?" Qing said with open worship in his eyes.

Son of Heaven did not say anything, considering argument with such a kid unnecessary. In a while the kid will see what is good judgment.

But another half an hour had passed, and Dollar's spirit was still high. There was no sign of him burning out at all, which made Son of Heaven uncomfortable as if he had just swallowed a fly.

Qing was very pleased and patted Son of Heaven on the shoulder, "Son of Heaven, what did I tell you? Men can't be weaker than women. A man that can't beat a woman is not a man. It's been an hour and Dollar is still fierce. I believe that woman will be beat in a while. You need to learn from me so that you can have better judgment. Remember to take men's side instead of women's."

Son of Heaven was seething with anger. He pretended not having heard Qing and kept silent.

"Right, Son of Heaven, why didn't you enter the final. Who did you lose to? Dollar?" Qing wasn't even aware of Son of Heaven's emotions and kept asking him.

"How could I lose to that guy?" Son of Heaven immediately said coldly.

"Who did you lose to then?" Qing asked.

Son of Heaven felt his own face was burning. He lost to the woman on the stage, but it wasn't time to tell Qing that.

Knowing that Son of Heaven had lost to Qin Xuang, Yuan almost laughed out loud. He pulled the sleeve of Qing and asked, "Are you here to talk or to watch the game?"

"It's only fun to discuss the game while we watch," Qing retorted.

"Fun for you. Son of Heaven was about to be set on fire," Yuan glanced at Son of Heaven's sullen face and thought.

Displeased, Son of Heaven felt strange. "Dollar has been wielding the weapon so fiercely that it's impossible for him to keep going for such a long time. Unless he has also practiced Atomic Fission."

Other than Son of Heaven, Qin Xuan felt something was off as well. Attacking at such a high speed, Dollar had sustained way longer than she had expected, making her alarmed and surprised.

In such a high-intensity duel, even she had begun to feel a little tired. Dollar, however, seemed to feel nothing and kept attacking with the katana swiftly, as if he could do this forever, giving birth to a trace of powerlessness in Qin Xuan's mind.

"No, I cannot go on like this. He must have also practiced some hyper geno art that enhances his stamina. Maybe I will be the one who is worn out first..." Qin Xuan gritted her teeth and dodged another strike. She took back her dagger and two beast souls appeared in the air.

One beast soul was the mutant golden lion that she had always used. She instantaneously shapeshifted into a magnificent golden lion.

And the other beast soul was a ball of blue liquid, which poured into the lion and turned its golden body blue. The lion also grew larger and looked fiercer.

"That is sacred-blood water spirit! Qin Xuan actually got its beast soul!" Son of Heaven was shocked to see that. He knew very well how scary a sacred-blood water spirit was. It could coexist with another creature and make that creature exceptionally strong.

Qin Xuan made the final attack to the water spirit when she was hunting it with Son of Heaven, who did not know she got the beast soul. It seemed that the beast soul had the same power as the creature it once belonged to.

With the help of water spirit beast soul, the mutant golden lion had become stronger than normal sacred-blood creatures. Qin Xuan could then fully display the power of Atomic Fission.

Son of Heaven was surprised. "Qin Xuan has become so strong. It seems that this year she could be among top 3 of the Chosen."

Han Sen knew Qin Xuan really well. He glanced at her expression and knew something was off. Just before she summoned the water spirit beast soul, he summoned his wings and flew up high.

Everyone was stunned, including Qin Xuan. Who could have thought Dollar who looked like he was going for mutual destruction had flown away the minute Qin Xuan shapeshifted.

Qin Xuan who had shapeshifted did not know what to do. These two beast souls were fierce enough for sure. Even Dollar used a sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul she could beat him.

She chose the moment when Han Sen was making the most powerful strikes to shapeshift so that he wouldn't disengage himself. She didn't have sacred-blood wings, so she wanted to end the match as soon as possible.

What she did not think of was that Dollar who was chasing her just flew away faster than rabbits.

Qin Xuan suddenly felt very embarrassed. As fierce as she was right now, she could not fly and as a lion, she could no longer use weapons, so she couldn't even throw things at Han Sen.

Chapter 94: The Winner Takes It All

Chapter 94: The Winner Takes It All

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Flying in the air, Han Sen summoned the mutant sawfish spear and cast it down at Qin Xuan like how a fisherman would use a harpoon. The lion that Qin Xuan had turned into reached out a claw and hit the spear hard. The spear as thick as an arm bent and bounced off.

Fortunately, the spear was tough enough so that it wasn't broken under her claw.

Han Sen took back his mutant sawfish spear and watched her from above, not intending to attack again or to land.

Everyone suddenly came to understand that Dollar was trying to consume Qin Xuan's shapeshifting time. Shapeshifting beast souls required a lot of energy to use. Even Qin Xuan couldn't stay like this for very long, or it would hurt her body.

"So shameless!"

"Do you call yourself a man?"

"What do you know? It's tactics."

"If she could fly as well, then good for her."

There was suddenly a chaos on the stands. Some supported Dollar and some Qin Xuan.

Qin Xuan simply could not reach Han Sen. She quickly dismissed the shapeshifting beast soul. But the moment she did that, Han Sen flew down and slashed his katana at her.

Qin Xuan had met a lot of strong enemies, but she had never been as depressed as she was at this moment. Once she shapeshifted, Han Sen would immediately fly into the sky; when she turned into herself, Han Sen would then rush down. She became sullen as she couldn't make use of her own strength.

"Ha-ha, Dollar is just great. He is fighting like a guerrilla."

"He is bullying her. Qin Xuan is almost crying."

"Shameless scum. How can a man be so brazen?"

Unabashed, Han Sen believed it did not matter how he won as long as he won. If he could go to the contest among the champions of all the shelters and rank top 10, he would be rewarded a sacred-blood beast soul. He would definitely try his best for that sake.

Qin Xuan did not expect that Dollar would sink so low to make her unable to use her power. Now she was only happy that Dollar was not an archer, or she would be even more miserable.

"Dollar, you are a dignified man. Do you dare to fight me head-on?" Qin Xuan wanted to prod Dollar into action.

Unfortunately, Han Sen ignored her intention and replied, "You are a soldier. Don't you understand that victory is all that matters? Even if I let you win today, what if you encounter champions of other shelters who could fly? Do you expect to persuade them to give up their ability to fly as well?"

Qin Xuan paused and people who accused Han Sen of being shameless also lowered their voices.

In fact, they should have thought of this. There had been more than one person who could fly among the Chosen before. Not being able to fly was a weakness of Qin Xuan's and even if she won today, others might still choose to exploit that in the future.

Many people who supported Qin Xuan kept silent. Qin Xuan smiled wryly. "Well, I give up. We do not have to go on."

Qin Xuan knew that she had such a fatal weakness, but did not think Dollar would be so brazen to use that to his advantage. Now that she had no way of winning, she chose to throw in the towel instead of staying in this awkward match.

Qin Xuan now regretted that she did not work hard on archery. Or she could have used an advanced beast soul bow and arrow to beat Dollar.

"You can pick up the S-Class license of Saint Hall at Steel Armor Gang." Qin Xuan said and left the martial ring, which made Han Sen this year's champion of Steel Armor Shelter

Dollar's victory was very controversial. A lot of people thought it was not honorary. But Han Sen didn't mind his reputation as long as he could win the sacred-blood beast soul given to the Chosen.

Qin Xuan left in good grace, but she had also set Han Sen up. If he went to pick up the S-Class license at Steel Armor Gang, she might be ready to ambush him. Han Sen knew her so well that he didn't dare to pick up the license under her nose, as he knew she must be quite upset with him.

The contest in Steel Armor Shelter was officially over. The top 100 all had their names on the martial stele in the martial ring. The first name there was "Dollar." Han Sen hoped that no one would call him "Doll" again. However, many still did.

All the shelter champions would start to compete in ten days. By then everyone in First God's Sanctuary could see the match taking place in the Chosen Martial Ring. The top 10 participants would each gain a random sacred-blood beast soul and be named "the Chosen."

If one had been the Chosen for the second or more time, one would no longer be awarded more sacred-blood beast souls, but an upgrade to one's beast soul awarded the first time.

Many of the Chosen would just go into the entertainment industry and become a star. Countless agents and companies would try to sign the Chosen with a large chunk of money. Unfortunately, the ten Chosen were normally the same persons from last year. Fresh faces would only have an opportunity once they evolved and went to Second God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen didn't care for the entertainment industry, but he would spare no effort in gaining the reward of a sacred-blood beast soul.

Legend has it that as the Chosen's reward, someone had once gained a beast soul in the shape of a beauty woman. Some rich guy offered more than a billion dollars and even an interstellar warship for it. No one knew if the deal was made, but no one had seen that beast soul again. It must be collected by some rich beast soul lover.

Han Sen naturally wanted to be assigned a beast soul in the shape of a beauty and become rich overnight. But he would first have to become the Chosen.

Only ten days to go until he started competing with other champions. There was no time for him to hunt for more geno points. Han Sen decided to use the time to train himself in the teleport station.

The gravity trainer was indeed a wonderful training device which had helped Han Sen a lot. He could push himself really far in a short amount of time inside it and practice Jadeskin much more efficiently.

He would then complete the training tasks assigned by Yang Manli and use the rest of the time to play Hand of God.

Han Sen was not sure what Gambler meant by "pass." He thought he had to clear all levels, but in fact what Gambler meant was just to pass the beginner level.

That was why Han Sen felt terrible that he still hadn't been able to pass the beginner level in so long.

"This game is so demanding on my dexterity of the entire arm and my control of muscles and bones. If I use Jadeskin when I play, I should be able to improve my score greatly." Han Sen tried it, and his scores indeed boomed. On the sixth day, he was able to level up for the first time.

Han Sen was still vexed with the fact that it took him so long to pass the beginner level and he even had to use Jadeskin. However, if Gambler knew Han Sen had already passed beginner level, he would be so shocked that his chin should fall to the ground.

Chapter 95: Evolver-3

Chapter 95: Evolver-3

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Because of the misunderstanding, Han Sen continued to challenge the evolver level of Hand of God, but he was making little progress even when using Jadeskin.

Recently, Yang Manli was satisfied with Han Sen's performance. He had finished all the tasks she assigned him and the data of the gravity trainer became normal again. She thought it was because he had stopped exploiting the loophole, but little did she know that he was actually increasing the difficulty so that his result could look normal.

It was almost midnight and Han Sen was the only one left in the gym, playing Hand of God. He had discovered that the game was almost designed for him.

Since he started practicing Jadeskin, he had gained exceptional control of his bones and muscles, and he had also become much more flexible. This game could help improve his reflexes and agility, which was a great for his progress with Sleeveblade and other skills that required handwork.

Qin Xuan teleported out of God's Sanctuary to look for Yang Manli, who chanced not to be in the teleport station.

When passing by the gym, Qin Xuan saw the light in the gym was still on and knew someone was still in there. She curiously took a look and saw Han Sen was playing Hand of God.

Qin Xuan felt nostalgic as she played this game a lot when she was in military school, putting a lot effort in it as well.

Although autonomous vehicles had been the mainstream in the Alliance for a long time, manual control was still needed when one was operating a warframe. In an interstellar war, warframes were fundamental as it would be hardly profitable to destroy a planet with weapons of mass destruction.

Warframe, as an individual combat tool, played a vital role in wars these days.

All military schools were training their students to operate warframes, which was one of the basic skills of a soldier. Hand of God was one of the best ways to improve one's speed and control, which were relevant to warframe operation.

Qin Xuan felt that she should teach Han Sen some tricks of the game. As he was handpicked by her, she would like to make him better.

"Let's see how you are doing first." Qin Xuan approached Han Sen and watched carefully. She was a bit far from him just now so all she could see was that he kept failing, and that was why she wanted to teach him.

But when Qin Xuan got closer, she suddenly felt that the holographic spots were disappearing too fast, which was why he kept making mistakes.

"Which level did he choose?" Qin Xuan checked the data on the screen.

"Evolver-3?" Qin Xuan could not help but frown. She thought that Han Sen was too ambitious. The evolver level was designed for evolvers, as the name suggested. The unevolved could sometimes pass the evolver level, but the was very rare.

Even for Qin Xuan with her current abilities, she could only pass evolver-2 occasionally, which was already incredible for an unevolved. After all, the unevolved weren't the target players here.

But Han Sen was challenging evolver-3. And he was just aiming too high.

"Biting off more than you can chew will get you nowhere," she thought, while she did not interrupt Han Sen but watched him starting over again and again. She wanted to teach him a lesson when he chose to give up.

Having watched for a while, Qin Xuan became serious, then surprised, and eventually shocked.

Han Sen was failing again and again. But in this process, he was making less and less mistakes and improving at a shocking rate.

As someone who had worked hard on this game, Qin Xuan knew that once you had reached your limit in the game, you could hardly improve again even with months' effort.

A limit is a limit. And no practice could bring you over your limit. Unless your strength had improved significantly, no exercise could raise your score.

The purpose of playing Hand of God was to show one's potential. But one couldn't improve one's potential by playing the game over and over again.

Now Han Sen's improvement could only mean one thing—evolver-3 was not yet his limit. That was why he could still reduce his mistakes and get better.

"Evolver-3 is not his limit. Is his talent in this area so great?" Qin Xuan did see great things in him, but did not expect he would be so good at this game.

When she was in military school, the champion of the military academy league was just able to pass evolver-3. And that guy was top 10 in the warframe contest of the league. He was known for his swiftness and accuracy, and even had a nickname "Lighting Hand."

Han Sen reached the same level without any professional training, which was why she felt shocked.

"Can he pass evolver-3?" Qin Xuan stood aside, watching Han Sen with a complicated expression on her face.

Han Sen did not notice the arrival of Qin Xuan at all. Now, all his attention was focused on hitting the spots appearing everywhere. Jadeskin was fully employed.

"Faster, I can go faster!" Han Sen's arms kept making swift and odd moves, twisted like serpents from time to time. Using all the muscles in his fingers and arms, he kept hitting all the spots appearing from nowhere.

After the completion of evolver-2, Han Sen had experienced countless failures adapting himself to the difficulty of evolver-3. He felt easier and easier to keep going and started to feel that he could definitely pass this time.

Chapter 96: Amazing Talent

Chapter 96: Amazing Talent

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Qin Xuan felt suffocated as she almost stopped breathing when she saw Han Sen's hands dancing madly.

Halfway through evolver-3, Han Sen had made no mistake yet. His hands were moving so fast that sometimes all she could see was the afterimage, which amazed her.

Although the test had not yet been completed, Qin Xuan was able to determine that Han Sen had the ability to pass evolver-3. Judging from what she saw, he was not just lucky, but making progress constantly.

"Evolver-3... This is evolver-3!" Qin Xuan was suddenly pleased with herself.

She was the one who discovered Han Sen and insisted that he join her squad. The potentials he was exhibiting proved her decision extremely wise.

An unevolved who could complete evolver-3 in Hand of God was very likely to be invincible among all the unevolved once he learned how to operate a warframe.

"This kind of ability seems wasted on a sniper or archer." Qin Xuan was swayed for a moment, as he would make a better warframe operator in an open battle than a sniper in the dark.

But thinking of Han Sen's cautious character, Qin Xuan soon gave up the idea as he was not cut out for close combat.

But this discovery still made Qin Xuan happy, because Han Sen was the best candidate to operate a warframe equipped with multiple long-range shooting weapons.

Ding!

A crisp sound interrupted the thoughts of Qin Xuan. It was the tone of Han Sen passing evolver-3. She was no longer surprised, because she had predicted that this was not his limit.

But she was now more convinced of Han Sen's amazing potentials and felt more determined about one thing.

"This person is mine," Qin Xuan thought eagerly, as Han Sen started to play evolver-3 again.

Even Qin Xuan herself could not have foreseen that she would have such high hopes for this guy who mistook her for a creature and stabbed her in her butt the first time they met.

"Evolver-3, if he got more geno points and became an evolver, how great could he be then?" Qin Xuan was slightly excited. She quietly watched Han Sen practice for a long time before she went out of the gym.

"Maybe I could raise the bar for him," Qin Xuan thought with a smile that would make Han Sen shudder.

Ten days had soon passed. Han Sen was stuck and couldn't pass evolver-4 in such short time. There were ten phases in each level and Han Sen's performance had been exceptional for an unevolved.

Practicing Hand of God not only benefited his Sleeveblade skills, but also helped his speed of Bladestorm, as his improvement was comprehensive.

"The contest of all champions has finally come. I have to be in the top 10." Han Sen had read a lot of information from previous years and felt that he stood a good chance.

It was not to say that he was invincible. This year, several powerful Chosen had gone to Second God's Sanctuary, which meant he had less competition.

Han Sen studied his potential competition for a long time and found that his biggest rivals were likely to be Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng.

Tang had been the Chosen several times. He was the fifth last year and three of the four that ranked higher than him had gone to Second God's Sanctuary this year. The only one who didn't go was named Lin Feng, similar to the name of Han Sen's friend Lin Beifeng. Lin Feng was the second place last year.

There was no doubt that this year the two men would be the ones to beat.

He looked through the description from a lot of people who had watched last year's contest and found the two strong indeed.

Great fighting skills, plenty of advanced beast souls plus the sacred-blood beast souls awarded to them last time, as well as their growth this year, all meant they shouldn't be taken lightly.

Han Sen has met Tang Zhenliu before. Although he kicked Tang's ass in the game, it was completely thanks to his reflexes and prejudice. In a real combat, he needed more to win and just Tang's beast souls alone were trouble enough.

"How come these two guys did not go to Second God's Sanctuary?" Han Sen was ever more concerned after he read the description. No matter how well they could fight, the beast souls they had would be fearsome enough.

"I hope I won't run into them too early, or I would probably be in bad shape even if I won, which would be a disadvantage in the following matches," Han Sen thought.

He could gain a sacred-blood beast soul as long as he was top 10, and the beast soul was assigned randomly. Therefore, Han Sen did not think of the first place, but would be happy as long as he was one of the Chosen.

When Han Sen was considering all kinds of possibilities, he heard his comlink and saw a strange number on it.

Han Sen frowned. He was not sure who it would be and answered the call hesitantly.

Beyond Han Sen's expectation, popped up in the holographic image was Tang Zhenliu.

"Surprise!" Tang laughed.

"It sure is. What's up?" Han Sen asked.

"I need a favor from you," Tang said.

"Let's hear it. I am just a nobody and may not be able to help you," Han Sen said with a smile.

"You sure can. It has to be you, too. But no worries, you could name your price," Tang Zhenliu said.

"What favor exactly?" Han Sen cringed.

"Let's talk about it in person. Are you home now? I'll pick you up," Tang said hurriedly.

"No need. Tell me the place and I'll go to see you." Han Sen felt strange. Tomorrow was when the contest would start. What was Tang doing looking for Han Sen rather than preparing himself?

"Is it about the contest?" Han Sen guessed and felt it necessary to figure out what Tang was up to.

Chapter 97: Same Style

Chapter 97: Same Style

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

When Han Sen arrived at the place Tang Zhenliu told him, he saw Fang Jingqi was also there. Tang led Han Sen into the living room.

After entering the living room, Han Sen saw that on the sofa sat a young man, who was very quiet and did not speak when he saw Han Sen coming in.

"Tang, what do you need me for?" Han Sen asked directly.

"Brother, look at this first." Instead of answering Han Sen's question, Tang played a video.

The scene was shot in a martial ring. A man in combat suit was surrounded by a group of people wearing masks. The moment Han Sen saw the man he shuddered, although it was just through the holographic image.

Then the video began. Under the siege, the man started a gorgeous murder show.

It was a slaughter. In one minute and twenty-three seconds, the man in combat suit was holding nothing but a dagger. He had killed a total of 34 people, each in one strike. No one survived, and no one could stand up again after taking his strike.

The man was like death himself, harvesting lives casually.

"This person is a lot like you," after the video was played, Tang looked at Han Sen and said.

"That's not me," Han Sen said quietly.

"Of course it's not you, but you fight in the same style. Before you strike, there is no warning or signs. But the strike itself was fast and fierce, with perfect timing. You are both assassins," Tang concluded.

Although Tang had not fought Han Sen, he was a great fighter and discovered many things when he was playing that drinking game with Han Sen.

"So?" Han Sen frowned.

"This person is called Yi Dongmu, grandson of Senator Yi who is demigod. This year he is the champion of Tsar Shelter. In other words, he is one of my competitors," Tang explained.

"What do you want me to do? Disable him so that he cannot participate in the contest? I am sorry, but I do not have that kind of skills." Han Sen spread out his hands.

"Of course not. He is the grandson of Senator Yi. Even we couldn't approach him easily, let alone you. We could never assassinate him. In the Alliance, wherever he goes, he's always closely guarded," Tang said. "We have invited you here because we want you to imitate Yi Dongmu's tactics and spar with us. Truth be told, I really have no confidence to block his weird strikes and you can help us get used to his style."

"What's in it for me?" Han Sen did not decline.

Tang pondered, moved his lips but didn't speak.

They were basically asking Han Sen to teach them how to beat himself, so it was very hard to name the price. If Han Sen was someone important, they would not even have asked as it could be perceived as provocative.

"We can try our best to accommodate whatever you propose," Fang Jingqi said.

"An S-Class license of Saint Hall," Han Sen paused and said.

"Deal." Tang replied so fast that Han Sen felt that he might have asked for too little, maybe he should have said two S-Class licenses.

But Han Sen had always been an optimist. One S-Class license was a great price already and what they asked him to do helped himself in turn as well, as Yi Dongmu might be his opponent as well.

"I have to say this before we start. My skills are inferior to Yi's. Even if you could parry my attacks, you might still be stabbed by him," said Han Sen.

"I know. Here are some videos of him fighting. Watch carefully and then we will start. We don't have much time left and we can only hope that our first opponent won't be him so that we'd have more time to practice." Tang Zhenliu sat on the couch and joined Lin Feng, leaving Han Sen to watch the videos himself.

Han Sen watched one video after another. None of the videos were shot officially. Han Sen felt this trip was worth it, because if he encountered Yi Dongmu without knowing his style, he might be killed in the match.

Indeed, they shared the same style. The difference was that Han Sen had formed the style himself, while Yi clearly had a great mentor. That was why Yi's skills were much better. He seemed to have a better fitness level than Han Sen as well.

As for beast souls, Han Sen was sure that Yi had better ones than his as well. As the grandson of a demigod and senator, his grandfather would manage to get him nice stuff no matter which shelter he was in.

Although time is limited, none of Tang Zhenliu, Fang Jingqi and Lin Feng asked Han Sen to hurry. They let Han Sen repeatedly watch the footages.

Han Sen sometimes would replay some details several times. Yi had taught him a lot through these videos, which meant more to Han Sen than an S-Class license.

In just less than four hours, Han Sen felt as if he had been through a revolutionary change.

However, after full understanding Yi's way of fighting, Han Sen was surprised to find that although Yi's strikes looked terrifying, there were subtle defects to his style. And only those who deeply understood this style would be aware of these defects.

Tang was getting impatient and wanted to interrupt Han Sen, but Lin Feng the quiet man stopped him. It was in the evening when Han Sen had finished with the videos.

"Let's get started," Han Sen got up and said.

"Well, let me see how well you can imitate Yi." Tang took Han Sen into a combat room in the villa.

Hen Sen grabbed a dagger the same shape of Yi's dagger. Its edge was not sharpened and its blade was retractable, so that no one would get hurt.

The way Yi Dongmu and Han Sen fought required them to do their best with each strike. If real weapons were used, Tang was afraid that he would be injured by Han Sen.

"Let's begin." Tang tightly watched Han Sen, and did not step back. They wanted to practice how to parry Yi's strikes after being approached by him.

Chapter 98: An Interesting Person

Chapter 98: An Interesting Person

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

Han Sen approached Tang, holding a dagger backhandedly, a way he had learned from Yi.

Two feet away from Tang, Han Sen suddenly wielded the dagger and stabbed it at him from an unexpected angle.

Fang Jingqi was shocked, and the quiet man's eyes lit up. Tang was covered in cold sweat and it was too late to parry that attack with his broadsword. He abruptly turned sideways but was still stabbed in the waist.

"S*#t! Your strike was not that different from his," Tang called out, staring at Han Sen.

Fang Jingqi looked at Han Sen with a strange look and the quiet man's eyes also fell on Han Sen's hands.

Hen Sen was surprised himself as well. He was practicing Jadeskin madly these days. And practicing Hand of God had also enhanced his speed.

In addition, he just saw Yi's way of fighting and had some new insights. Now his strike was so powerful that he couldn't believe it himself.

"Ha-ha, God loves me. With you sparring with me, Yi will be no big deal." Tang laughed out loud.

For a whole night, none went to bed, but the only one who was practicing with Han Sen was Tang. Fang Jingqi didn't register in the contest and the quiet man was just watching and did not meant to join them.

Having practiced for a night, Tang could not avoid Han's dagger as long as Han Sen was within a foot from him. Tang didn't develop a way to defend himself, while Han Sen was getting better and better.

"S*#t! I give up. There is no way to parry your attacks. Maybe I'm doomed," Tang said sullenly, as he saw it was about time to go to God's Sanctuary for the contest and there was no point in going on.

"Now you are able to deal with Yi," Lin Feng who had been watching in silence suddenly said.

"Lin, what do you mean?" asked Tang, sitting up straight and staring at Lin Feng.

"Yi Dongmu is not as good as him. You can't parry his strikes, but with Yi you would be able to avoid being stabbed in fatal parts. If your luck is not too bad and run into Yi in a few days instead of today, you could block Yi's strikes at a very small price." Hearing this remark from Lin Feng, Tang and Fang all looked Han Sen, appalled.

They knew Lin Feng well and was shocked that he would speak so highly of Han Sen by saying that Yi Dongmu was not as good.

Han Sen's background was much inferior to Yi and Yi was probably also older, yet Lin Feng said Yi Dongmu was not as good as Han Sen.

If the remark was from another person, they would certainly have scoffed, but they knew Lin Feng and he was never wrong. Last year, the only reasons he was not the first place were that he hadn't broken the bottleneck in his hyper geno art and that he entered God's Sanctuary two years later than his opponent.

"No need to look at him that way. I'm just saying his style is better than Yi Dongmu's, but his fitness was still inferior to Yi of course." Lin Feng smiled, and reached a hand out to Han Sen. "I am Lin Feng. Very pleased to know you. You are an interesting person."

"Han Sen. A pleasure," Han Sen shook his hand, smiled and said.

"Well, it is late. Let's shower and teleport." Tang interrupted the eye contact between Han Sen and Lin Feng. He turned to ask Han Sen, "There is a teleport device here. You want to join us?"

"No, I did not register so I will not go," Han Sen declined and left.

Watching Han Sen leaving the villa, Tang asked Lin Feng, "Is he really so good?"

"He's better than you think. If he had the same background as Yi, he would be 100 times more impressive than the latter. He understands the essence of assassination, while Yi only has some skills. His growth was limited by his background but he will be well-known in a few years," commented Lin Feng.

"Such high praise from Lin. He must really be something," Fang Jingqi said.

"In a few years, will he surpass you?" Tang was interested.

"In First God's Sanctuary, I am invincible," said Lin Feng casually, exuding confidence.

This time Han Sen had gained a lot. Not only did he get an S-Class license from Tang, he also enhanced his advantages in sneak attacks. As pointed out by Lin Feng, his strikes were more threatening than Yi's.

But no matter how powerful his strikes were, he had to first get close to his opponent, which was not easy.

In practice, he started from the proximity of Tang, who would never let him get so close in a real match. After all, the art of assassination was better used in the dark.

Yi had practiced a kind of footwork that allowed him to easily approach others even from the front, but Han Sen had never learned it so it was hard for him to get close.

That footwork was also a hyper geno art and involved special techniques. Han Sen was never good at footwork and could not imitate from watching the videos. Even if he tried, he

couldn't get the essence of it. Therefore, it was essential that he should learn his own footwork.

"Maybe I should consider using this on my footwork." Han Sen squeezed the S-Class license in his pocket.

But now he had no time for that--practicing a new hyper geno art took time. Han Sen went to the teleport station, entered God's Sanctuary, dressed himself as Dollar and entered the martial ring.

In the middle of the martial ring erected a giant sacred stele that was a hundred times more magnificent than the martial stele. Under the watch of people from Steel Armor Shelter, Han Sen marched into the sacred stele and was teleported to a huge martial ring--Chosen Martial Ring.

In all the shelters of God's Sanctuary, there was a similar sacred stele from which the image of Chosen Martial Ring was projected. At this moment, champions from all the shelters were entering Chosen Martial Ring from the sacred stele.

Chapter 99: The Chosen Slayed in One Strike

Chapter 99: The Chosen Slayed in One Strike

Translator: Nyo-i-Bo Studio Editor: Nyo-i-Bo Studio

Han Sen realized how large the population of the Alliance was and how large First God's Sanctuary was when he entered Chosen Martial Ring.

Every shelter had about 100,000 people like Steel Armor Shelter. And everyone in Chosen Martial Ring now was the champion of their own shelter. The stands were almost filled with at least 100,000 champions, which meant there were at least 100,000 shelters in First God's Sanctuary. It was a dizzying figure indeed.

After humans entered the interstellar era, they had conquered lots of habitable planets and had been thriving. Now the human kind was so huge that only Shuras could compete.

Among the champions of all shelters, Dollar was the most famous one, in addition to the Chosen from last year.

That video of Dollar fighting golden-horned Shura was so viral that all mainstream media had covered it, so Dollar had become a household name in the Alliance.

Many people were curiously looking at Han Sen, as they wondered how Dollar really was.

But it was mostly just curiosity. They had all watched the video starring Han Sen. Although the storyline was impressive, Dollar didn't really show much strength at that time.

His sacred-blood beast souls were great but he himself not so much. Han Sen at that time would be very far behind among the champions of all shelters.

After all, these people were one in a hundred thousand with great physiques and advanced beast souls. It hadn't been long since Han Sen fought the Shura, so no one believed he could

have made much progress. People mostly just wondered about him and didn't treat him as a fierce rival.

When the channel into Chosen Martial Ring was closed, the match list finally appeared on the sacred stele.

The names on the list were the ones the champions left on the martial steles. Han Sen quickly searched the list for "Dollar" and he found it very soon. The word stood out to him for some reason and others had found their own names as well.

In this contest among the champions, a one-on-one model was adopted and the winner of the two would enter the next round, so the list was like a pyramid. Han Sen was relieved to see both Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng were arranged far from him and there was no chance they would meet before top 10. Han Sen scanned the list again and another name caught his eye.

"Yi Dongmu, he used his real name?" Han Sen saw the name Yi Dongmu and followed his path. He was suddenly startled.

If Yi and he could both win all the way, they would fight for the chance to become the Chosen. So in order for Han Sen to gain the sacred-blood beast soul, he must beat Yi.

"Tang Zhenliu was afraid of Yi, while I was the one who met him. Yi Dongmu, your luck is no good. If Tang didn't come to me, I might lose to you. But now it's different. Maybe I am chosen," Han Sen thought happily. Perhaps others would be afraid of Yi, but he was confident he could beat Yi after watching the videos.

Chosen Martial Ring was divided into a thousand stages stacked on top of one another. Each time a thousand pairs could fight at the same time. Han Sen was in a late match so he went to see other matches first, especially the one Yi was in. He had to know how much better Yi was getting compared to his performance in the videos.

Yi Dongmu's match in this round was also rather late. Han Sen watched a few matches and was surprised as no one was to be taken lightly in this contest.

He also watched Tang Zhenliu's first match. His opponent stood no chance under his fierce broadsword skills. After Tang shapeshifted, his opponent was barely fighting back. Tang's techniques and strength were both outstanding in the contest.

Lin Feng whom Han Sen was paying even more attention to also won his match, while Han Sen didn't really understand the way he won. His opponent was a nobody, but Lin Feng only won by a narrow margin.

Han Sen could even imagine that in the reports next day, Lin Feng's opponent would be described as "had a glorious failure."

But for some reason, Lin Feng made Han Sen feel more threatened than Tang did.

Finally, it was Yi Dongmu's turn. He was not well-known at the moment. Although he was the grandson of Senator Yi, only a few people knew he was in the contest. After all, this was his first contest.

However, his opponent was a celebrity who ranked number 10 last time, nicknamed "Dragon Swordsman." Dragon Swordsman was very handsome and had great sword skills. With lots of female fans in the Alliance, he enjoyed great popularity among all the Chosen.

Dragon Swordsman's match was naturally high-profile. A lot of people thought that he had a chance of being top 3 this year and all the girls were cheering for him. Few paid attention to Yi Dongmu, his opponent.

But ten seconds from the match started, everyone was shocked. Before Dragon Swordsman drew his sword, Yi Dongmu's knife had cut his throat.

Watching Dragon Swordsman clutching his own neck in pain and collapsing, the audience were silent. His female fans were covered in tears with hands on their mouths, not accepting what they saw.

One of the Chosen last year, Dragon Swordsman was killed in his first match. That would sure become the headline next morning. This was all it took for Yi to be known throughout the Alliance.

Han Sen was calm. Although Yi had made some progress, the well-born kid still did not understand the essence of assassination.

Chapter 100: Contest Center

Chapter 100: Contest Center

Translator: Nyoï-Bo Studio Editor: Nyoï-Bo Studio

It was Han Sen's turn. His opponent was a guy called Lei Ban. The moment Han Sen got on the stage, Lei Ban summoned a beast soul bow and three beast soul arrows and shot all three arrows at him. The three arrows almost flew to Han Sen at the same time.

Han Sen was surprised. Lei Ban was at least as good at archery as him, and even had better techniques than him. Judging from the look of his bow, it was likely a sacred-blood beast soul bow and two of the three arrows were dark green, so they were probably poisonous like his mutant black stinger arrow. The third arrow was made from blue crystal and sounded as if it could tear air apart when it was in the air, which suggested it could be a sacred-blood beast soul arrow.

"Sure enough, there is no one weak here." Han Sen swiftly dodged the strongest blue crystal arrow and summoned his mutant sawfish spear to ward off the other two arrows.

Han Sen felt a bash as the arrows and his spear collided. The spear almost fell from his hand.

"Excellent archer and weapons," thought Han Sen in awe. He squeezed the spear and approached Lei Ban.

Lei Ban was not only fast, but was also able to shoot while running. The arrows were not affected by his movement at all. Unable to trap Lei Ban with his spear, Han Sen had to run after Lei Ban while dodging his arrows.

Han Sen had a lot of respect for this opponent, who had much better footwork than him and could shoot arrows in all positions when moving with both great strength and accuracy.

Han Sen had also worked hard on archery but he was only able to shoot when standing still. His accuracy would suffer a lot if he tried to move.

Lei Ban was indeed much stronger than him in archery, so Han Sen was not in a hurry to end the match. Instead, he started to observe his opponent and learn from him.

Han Sen's match had also attracted a lot of people's attention. After all, Dollar was popular. But compared with Yi Dongmu, his performance was less than impressive. More than half an hour had passed and they were still running after each other, rendering the audience drowsy.

In First God's Sanctuary, people were quite disappointed in Dollar, except for his hardcore fans. Since a match with an unknown person had cost him so much effort, Dollar didn't seem to have what it took to become the Chosen.

When the match had been going on for more than an hour, Han Sen shapeshifted into the bloody slayer, approached Lei Ban and beat him in a close combat, which Lei was not good at.

The same day, all major media in the Alliance had covered the contest. Although there was no image, the reporters managed to depict the matches vividly with words.

Their main focus was on Yi Dongmu's match. Yi's background was also published—the grandson of Senator Yi who had graduated with stellar grades from the best posh school before entering God's Sanctuary.

His background and his seckill of Dragon Swordsman made him a major contender this year.

The victory of Tang had also made him a favorite.

Another top contestant was Lin Feng. His match, however, benefited his opponent, who was considered to have lost by a narrow margin by the media.

There were articles on Han Sen too, but they were rather short in general. The longer ones were all focused on the disappointment in Dollar.

Most of the reports were filled with phrases like "narrow win," "work to be done," "hard to live up to the reputation" and "to be improved." There was not much description.

In fact, those who saw Han Sen's match, including his fans, had to admit Dollar was just average.

The team of the TV program "Contest Center" was holding a meeting in their office building. In the conference room, the station director Xu Kangnian was tapping his finger on the table. He looked at Fang Mingquan sitting on his right side and suggested with a smile, "Fang, do you think we need to make some alterations to today's show?"

"Which alterations do you have in mind?" Fang Ming frowned, as he could guess what Xu Kangnian wanted to say.

Since Dollar's video became viral, Fang Mingquan was poached by Huaxing Station's "Contest Center" team. Because he had taken the place of an old host in the station, he was not the most popular person here. He was targeted here and there, which made it difficult for him to realize his career goals.

"Fang, we journalists have to focus on the hot issues. Contest Center was designed for this contest and we ought to focus on the more outstanding matches." Xu Kangnian paused and said, "Shall we put Dollar's content on hold, and release it when he had a better match? Let's focus on Yi Dongmu first. What do you think?"

"The director has a point. Yi is so popular right now, of course we should focus on him. Dollar was just lucky to have killed a badly injured Shura. His weakness was exposed in the contest and he couldn't even be in the top 100, let alone the Chosen. There is little point covering his match. We need to focus on Yi who could be the first place." Wang Changqing said with his face stern, giving Fang Mingquan a cold stare.

This program used to belong to Wang Changqing, and he was replaced by Fang Mingquan in the end, which explained why Fang was not his favorite person.

"Yes. It's settled then. Fang, let's roll with Yi Dongmu for this one," said Xu Kangnian.

Fang Mingquan curled his lips and felt suffocated. He suppressed his anger and scanned each onlooker. Shooting Wang Changqing a cold stare, he looked at Xu Kangnian and said calmly, "Director Xu, if you still want me to host Contest Center, I will talk about Dollar, not just for this episode, but for all future episodes. I will also tell everyone that Dollar will be the winner of the contest."

Everyone in the conference room paused and looked like Fang Mingquan as if he were crazy.