

Super Power Chapter 12

: Who Is Scum?

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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.

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"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.

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

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“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.

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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.