

Super Power

Chapter 101

: Infamy

Every year during the contest, there was a lot of special programs that covered different matches. Although Contest Center was just a new program, it was produced by Huaxing Station, which was a prominent TV station. With a celebrity host Fang Mingquan, the program had good ratings and was among top 100 in the Alliance.

Top 100 may sound less than impressive, but was in fact an amazing achievement. In the entire Alliance, each planet had tens of thousands of programs, many of which were from the authority. It was quite something to stand out and be among top 100.

And of course, during the contest, a program focusing on the contest itself would naturally have higher ratings.

On this day, the content of Contest Center caused an uproar in the Alliance. Fang Mingquan had introduced and analyzed Dollar's current situation and predicted that this year Dollar would become the final champion, which had led to widespread outrage.

"Fang Mingquan is a retard. Look at Dollar's performance, how can he win?"

"We know that you are famous because of Dollar's video. But there is no need to kiss Dollar's ass like this."

"Rubbish. If Dollar is the champion, I will live broadcast myself eating s*#t."

"What do you think of Yi Dongmu if you think Dollar could win?"

"Ha-ha, Fang Mingquan is so dumb. Dollar will meet Yi Dongmu before he gets to top 10. He'd be lucky to survive. To win? LMAO."

"My Tang Zhenliu would never let him!"

"My Lin Feng would never let him!"

"Stupid, stupid, stupid..."

"Although I also like Dollar, he didn't do that well in the contest so far."

"Fang Mingquan, you are too subjective about this. I can't even watch this stuff and I am a fan of Dollar's."

"You call yourself a fan? Go be other people's fan, please."

"Dollar is nothing compared to Yi."

"Yi must win."

"Dollar little angel, I will always support you."

...

Contest Center and Fang Mingquan had been made a hit by all the criticism. Many peers were satirical about Fang's grandstanding, too. Some even asked him to quit journalism.

Except for a few hardcore fans of Dollar, all comments on Fang was negative. Even many Dollar's fans thought Fang's report was over the top and didn't dare to support him.

"Fang, I'm sorry you are wronged." In the conference room of Huaxing Station, Xu Kangnian grinned from ear to ear.

Although Contest Center and Fang Mingquan were severely criticized, the ratings had risen a lot, sending the show in top 50.

A large number of other contestants' fans flooded into Contest Center, especially those who supported Yi Dongmu, this year's dark horse who would encounter Dollar before becoming the Chosen. The Skynet community of the show had almost burst.

Although it was only top 50, for Huaxing Station it was a great achievement. There had been less than a handful of shows that could accomplish this in the station's history.

Therefore, Xu Kangnian was quite pleased with what Fang Mingquan had done and Wang Changqing was naturally upset. He didn't know that Fang Mingquan would try to improve the ratings this way.

"This is just my job. I have Director Xu to thank for my achievement." Fang Mingquan said modestly, flattering Xu at the same time.

Xu Kangnian was even happier and patted Fang Mingquan on the shoulder. "Fang, keep talking about Dollar and the stronger you say he is the better. If everything goes well, we might have even higher ratings and could break our record."

"Please rest assured that I will do my best." Fang Mingquan did not think it was grandstanding as he sincerely believed Dollar would win. However, others didn't see it that way. Fortunately, the result was good anyway. For a journalist, criticism was not always a bad thing.

Xu Kangnian praised Fang Mingquan some more. After the meeting was over and Xu had left, Wang Changqing said coldly, "You are ignoring the facts for fame. You might be popular now but the reputation of the program would be ruined by you. Which station would hire you in the future? Xu's compliment means nothing. You think you can get away with it when he finds out the show was discredited?"

Of course, Fang Mingquan understood that as well. Someone had to take the fall when the fad passed. He himself would be that someone in this case. Xu was just trying to keep him onboard now to raise the ratings. Fang had been in this industry long enough to know that.

Smiling, Fang Mingquan looked at Wang Changqing and asked, "What if Dollar really wins?"

Wang Changqing paused. If Dollar really wins, then Contest Center would become famous for real and Fang Mingquan's name would become a household name. Xu Kangnian would treat Fang like the God of Wealth.

"Keep on dreaming," Wang Changqing scoffed. Anyone could see that Dollar did not have what it took to win. He was just average and far from top 10, let alone winning.

“Whether you believe it or not, I firmly believe that Dollar will be the champion.” Fang Mingquan got up and went away.

“Idiot,” Wang Changqing whispered. He was waiting to see how miserable Fang would be.

Han Sen did not go on the Skynet, so he was not aware of the debate about Contest Center. At the moment, he was practicing with Tang Zhenliu in Fang Jingqi’s villa.

Although Tang Zhenliu would not meet Yi Dongmu before top 10, he felt like they were going to meet when they were both top 10 eventually. So, he was still practicing with Han Sen when he had time.

Only Han Sen knew that Tang would not encounter Yi Dongmu because he would eliminate Yi himself before Yi rose to top 10.

But a sparring partner like Tang was so precious that Han Sen was happy to oblige.

Having practiced for two days, Tang finally let Han Sen go just before the next round of match began.

Han Sen knew who his opponent was and did not panic. He had made up his mind to practice in the match and gain some practical experience from his opponent.

After all, these were the champions of different shelters and it was such a rare opportunity to fight them one-on-one. Han Sen had not much experience in this kind of matches and was happy that he got a chance to gain some.

Chapter 102

: See you at the final

Han Sen had made up his mind to practice Bladestorm in the contest by using Bladestorm only when facing his opponents. If others dared to do this, they might have died a million deaths already. But Han Sen was in sacred-blood armor, so hardly any attack was fatal to him. That was why he could practice in the contest.

Han Sen had given up on using his mutant sawfish spear. Without good spear skills, this weapon was useless in front of these champions.

Fighting opponents of different styles, Han Sen had made great progress and his Bladestorm got better and better—as long as his opponent was not too fearsome, he could always cope with using just Bladestorm, but it was always the bloody slayer that got him the victory.

This way, Han Sen’s matches had become very hard to watch. He was always winning by a narrow margin and there were times it seemed that he was about to lose.

And there were two matches in which his opponents had already been seriously injured in their last rounds and were thus easily defeated by Han Sen. Everyone thought he got lucky.

The negative reports about Dollar were overwhelming. And in particular, the high praise Fang Mingquan sang in Contest Center fanned the flames.

Fang Mingquan was talking through his hat—as an evolver who could not even enter First God’s Sanctuary, he managed analyze so much from his reporters’ oral account alone. In general, he was saying Dollar was invincible, everything was in control and Dollar would be the final winner.

This of course had attracted much hatred toward Fang Mingquan and Contest Center. It chanced that although Dollar’s matches were never fun to watch, he had never lost either, which supported Fang’s claim.

The criticism got worse and worse. Especially those who were optimistic about Yi Dongmu were sniffy about everything Fang said and objected each day.

Yi Dongmu was still keeping a formidable record. In two consecutive rounds he was able to kill his opponents in one blow, causing many of his following opponents to quit the matches against him.

In three consecutive rounds, all his opponents threw in the towel, which made Yi’s fame peak. Many media were running lengthy features about him and many predicted he would be the final champion this year.

He had even stolen Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng’s thunder.

As for the Contest Center, Fang Mingquan and Dollar, they had become a big joke in the press.

“Dollar will win” had become a popular spoof this year, as an irony, of course.

Some people found that Yi Dongmu and Han Sen would meet before one became the Chosen and posted the finding on the Skynet, which caused a heated discussion.

“I sincerely pray every day that Dollar had to keep winning so that he could meet Yi Dongmu, who will teach him what a master looks like.”

“Ha-ha, funny! I agree, God bless Dollar!”

“Bless Dollar!”

“Bless Dollar!”

...

“Bless Dollar” had also become a buzzword, and was seen everywhere in the comments of all sorts of programs about the contest.

Especially in the online community of Contest Center, “bless Dollar” would flood the screen every day.

Han Sen knew about this, but did not react at all. He never thought of Yi as his equal.

In the Han Sen’s view, the likelihood of Yi Dongmu winning Tang was less than 30 percent, and if Yi met Lin Feng, he would stand no chance.

The opponent Han Sen really cared about was Lin Feng. These days he had seen many matches and had a general understanding of most contestants, among whom he felt Lin Feng was the most formidable.

This quiet and gentle man made him feel unpredictable. His every move seemed very natural but followed a strange rhythm. Han Sen's prejudgment was quite good, but he was unable to predict Lin's rhythm, which scared him.

Han Sen had seen every match of Lin Feng's and almost all the matches were closely-fought. Lin was always winning by a small margin. Almost all Lin's opponents performed outstandingly and they all lost nonetheless. It felt so strange that Han Sen cringed.

"Formidable guy," Han Sen commented. He knew his techniques and strength were both weaker than Lin. Luckily he would not meet Lin before top 10, or else he was not sure if he could become the Chosen.

Tang was still practicing how to avoid Han Sen's attacks in a close fight. He was not making much progress though.

But Lin Feng said if Tang met Yi Dongmu, Yi would not be much of a threat to Tang, which was close to Han Sen's judgment—Yi didn't get the essence of the art of assassination, so he could hardly beat Tang.

Perhaps the phrase "bless Dollar" played a role here. In the next rounds, Han Sen's opponents either were badly injured or lost important beast souls in the previous rounds and some even had accidents in the Alliance. It took Han Sen no effort to keep rising. Even Han Sen himself felt quite incredible.

Those fans of the Yi Dongmu gave Han Sen another nickname "Lucky D," taunting his lack of real skill.

One day, after the end of a match, Han Sen came down from the stage and saw Lin Feng finishing his match as well. Their stages were close, so Lin saw him and to his surprise, walked toward him.

Many around them had noticed this scene. After all, Lin Feng was the runner-up last year. Although his performance was not that brilliant this year, he was still a favorite. Also, Han Sen had been the center of attention for a while.

Lin Feng approached Han Sen. He smiled and reached out a hand, "Always wanted to say hello to you, but never had a chance."

"Same here." Han Sen shook his hand.

Lin seemed to be satisfied with this, and said, "See you at the final."

Lin turned away, but his words stunned everyone who was listening, as if they had seen a 12.0 magnitude earthquake.

Chapter 103

: The Fight between the King and the Imposter

It turned out to be a 12.0 magnitude earthquake in the press indeed.

Lin Feng had asked someone to meet him in the final, yet that someone was not Yi Dongmu, but Dollar, who was considered an imposter.

All major media had reported this, and Fang Mingquan from Contest Center was especially excited about it and had analyzed it from all angles. His conclusion was that "Dollar was simply great."

But obviously the major media and fans didn't share his enthusiasm. They thought Lin Feng wanted to gain popularity by participating in the grandstanding because he was no longer the center of attention.

"Rubbish. Lin was the runner-up last year but he had no vision. No wonder he was only the runner-up. Let him keep his ranking and be second to my Yi Dongmu this time."

"Keep his ranking? You think too much of him. He'd have to be lucky to make it in top 10."

"Lin and Dollar are just two weak guys feeling bad about themselves."

"Ha-ha, Yi Dongmu will get rid of Dollar in seconds before he beats Lin to show them who the real king is."

"What the heck? If Lin was going to see someone in the final, it should be Yi Dongmu."

"Even if it is not Yi, at least it should be Tang Zhenliu, right? How is Lucky D relevant?"

The Skynet had exploded for this matter. However, Lin Feng and Han Sen, the two who had caused it did not realize this at all. One was enjoying tea with Tang Zhenliu and Fang Jingqi, and the other was playing Hand of God in the gym of the teleport station.

Han Sen had spent all his time playing Hand of God when he was not practicing with Tang. But he had never been able to make another breakthrough. He always had one or two small mistakes with evolver-4.

Han Sen knew that he had reached his limit in both physique and reflexes. If he had no improvement in geno points, it was impossible for him to go any further.

Therefore he decided to take a break from Hand of God. Han Sen acquired two daggers and tried to practice Sleeveblade with both hands. Although he was not as good as Gambler, he could produce the daggers from his sleeves and put them back skillfully at the moment. Even someone very observant could hardly see his hands move, but it was just a start on Sleeveblade.

When Han Sen took the daggers back, his hands would shake slightly while Gambler was able to keep his hands perfectly still and retrieve the dirks using only his arm and palm muscles. Han Sen was not even close to that.

This misled Han Sen to think that he needed to pass all the levels of Hand of God before he could get somewhere with Sleeveblade.

"After I win tomorrow's match, I will fight Yi Dongmu. If I beat him, I will become the Chosen and enter the ranking round, where I will meet Lin Feng, which I actually look forward to." Han Sen recovered his dagger, slowly closed his eyes, and thought about all the matches he had experienced.

The next day, Han Sen had an easy victory once again. His opponent still had not recovered from a bad injury and failed to show up.

Han Sen walked down the stage and wanted to see Lin Feng's match, but someone stopped him.

"I hope tomorrow you will have the guts to stand in front of me, because I will kill you." Yi Dongmu said coldly and walked past Han Sen without so much as throwing him a glance.

Almost everyone who saw this went crazy. Yi Dongmu's words caused another storm on the Skynet.

Basically everyone was guessing if tomorrow Dollar would dare to show up. The majority predicted that Dollar would quit.

After all, the difference between the two was huge. Yi Dongmu's performance had been outstanding and he had even killed several celebrity rivals, including Dragon Swordsman, who had the tenth place last year.

Dollar, on the other hand, had a rough journey. And he was here more for his luck than for his actual strength.

Except for Fang Mingquan who predicted Dollar would get a total victory, almost all TV personnel believed Dollar would either quit or die.

On the day of the match, the martial rings in all shelters were packed with people who were waiting to watch the match through the sacred stele.

This was absolutely the most controversial fight in the entire contest this year, and people called it the fight between the king and the imposter. Almost everyone in First God's Sanctuary was watching and the number of viewers was even bigger than that of the final last year.

The popularity of this match was in part due to Contest Center and Fang Mingquan. Or else there wouldn't be so many people who were paying attention to Dollar and the media would not have cooked up such a hype.

The field reporters all wished to interview Yi Dongmu and Dollar before they started. Although there was no way to record it, it was enough that everyone in the First God's Sanctuary could see it at such a crucial moment.

Unfortunately, neither Yi nor Dollar had appeared, but they saw Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng. It was hours until their own matches so they must be here to watch the fight between Yi and Dollar.

The clever reporters quickly squeezed over and circled Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng. They loudly asked,

"Lin Feng, I'm from Contest Front. Who do you think will win this fight?"

"Lin Feng, I am from Contest Corner. You said you would see Dollar in the final. Do you still believe that?"

"I'm from Contest Center. Lin Feng, do you and Dollar know each other? Why did you ask him to see you in the final?"

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Lin Feng quietly smiled. "Haven't I already said that I will see him in the final?"

Lin then walked toward his seat and sat down.

Those journalists quickly circled Tang Zhenliu who was behind Lin and bombarded him with all sorts of questions.

Tang gracefully tossed his hair back and said with pride, "No matter who wins, it will be the same for me, as I will get the first place."

He paused, and before the reporters reacted to his comment, he continued, "If you are asking which of the two will win, then of course it's Dollar. Isn't that obvious?"

The reporters were shocked. Not only Lin Feng, but also Tang Zhenliu said Dollar would win, which was the opposite what they had thought.

But when they were trying to ask again, Tang Zhenliu had gone away as well.

Only the reporter from Contest Center was overjoyed, who quickly teleported out of God's Sanctuary and reported what Lin and Tang had said.

When Yi Dongmu and Han Sen both showed up, First God's Sanctuary went buzzing. The cheers for Yi overwhelmed those for Dollar.

In the martial ring of Steel Armor Shelter.

"Stationmaster, do you think Dollar will win?" Yang Manli asked Qin Xuan sitting next to her nervously.

"He robbed my quota to go so I will not forgive him if he's not even in top 10." Qin Xuan said fiercely, while knowing that it would be difficult to beat Yi Dongmu who had shown incredible skills in previous matches.

"He will lose for sure. He was simply not on the same level as Yi Dongmu." Son of Heaven said in a cold voice.

"I do not want to listen to these words. My Dollar is the best," displeased, Qing gave his mouth a downward twist and said. He and Yuan had been going to all Dollar's matches.

"Whether you like it or not, it is the fact," Son of Heaven said casually.

"Didn't you say the same thing last time? Well?" Qing grinned and asked, leaving Son of Heaven's face darkened.

Chapter 104

: Not Bad

On the stage, Yi Dongmu coldly stared at Han Sen and said in a flat voice, "Well, since you dare to come, then get ready to die."

Drawing the dagger from his waist, Yi had a murderous look on his face.

"Do you think this is some Kung Fu movie?" Han Sen scoffed inwardly. He didn't believe someone would actually say such dramatic words in real life.

Han Sen did not reply, but shapeshifted into the bloody slayer, grabbed the hilt of the Shura katana and ran toward Yi Dongmu.

The bloody slayer had a great speed, and was as fast as a fighter aircraft at its full speed. Instantaneously Dollar was in Yi's face.

The viewers all wondered whether Dollar had lost his mind to approach Yi, who was best at close combat. Almost no one could avoid his fatal blow after being approached by him.

“Wow... Dollar is nuts. He not only approached Yi, but was also using a katana. At least use your spear so that you can keep the distance.”

“A misstep by Dollar. He should have come with a bow and arrows. Even if he doesn’t know archery, shooting down from the above is a thousand times better than getting close to Yi.”

Yi’s fans were overjoyed. “This idiot wanders so willingly into Yi’s lap. It would be hard not to beat him.”

Yi Dongmu sneered and shapeshifted into a mutant monkey more than six feet tall with a thick tail, which greatly improved his strength and speed.

Yi Dongmu had a sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul as well, but it was not similar to the shape of a human body. If he could not use his skills and sacred-blood dagger, the sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul would do more harm than good.

There were few creatures that had the shape close to human, and even fewer that looked human. Except for that sacred-blood beast soul in the shape of a lady that was awarded to the Chosen, there was hardly any sacred-blood beast soul that takes human form.

Han Sen’s bloody slayer was a precious sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul because it had a pair of human hands that allowed him to use all sorts of techniques.

Yi Dongmu watched Han Sen bolting toward him and gave his dagger a harder grip. He held the sacred-blood dagger backhanded and launched his body at Han Sen. The distance between the two was shorter and shorter.

All the moves of Yi Dongmu fell in the eyes of Han Sen, who felt every stretch and twist of his opponent had followed his expectation. He could see through Yi as if Yi was no more than a puppet.

Between two assassins, if one was much better, something like this would happen.

Han Sen knew everything about Yi while Yi didn’t even know Han Sen was good at sneak attacks as well. And that had determined Yi’s loss.

It did not matter that his speed and strength were both greater than Han Sen.

When the two clashed, the katana painted golden by Han Sen moved and was suddenly returned to its sheath. The movements of the weapon were as smooth as floating clouds and flowing water.

They continued sliding nearly 30 feet in opposite directions before they stopped. Han Sen’s magnificent body was as steady as a mountain, while Yi Dongmu slowly turned around and stared at Han Sen’s back. He stressed each syllable, “What is that skill called?”

“Bladestorm.” Han Sen replied without looking back.

“I will fight you again. And next time I will not lose.” Yi said and walked down the stage. The moment he went down, he fell to the ground with a thump. Blood was welling from a cut in his chest so deep that his bones could be seen.

The entire First God's Sanctuary went quiet. Billions of viewers of the match opened their mouths but could not make a sound.

No one could believe that the result would be like this. They could accept it if it was the other way, but Yi Dongmu who was invincible like a king was defeated by Dollar in one blow, which was hard to swallow.

Not to mention Yi's fans, even Dollar's fans had never thought that Dollar could win like this. Even the optimistic ones believed it would at least take Dollar quite some effort to win.

But no one thought that Yi would lose in such a shameful way and in his strong suit, close combat.

Han Sen turned his head back and looked at Yi Dongmu who was struggling to get back on his feet. He said calmly, "Not bad. You survived a serious strike from me."

Han Sen turned away.

"Not bad... not bad..."

This sentence blew all the viewers' minds. In the eyes of the public, Dollar's figure suddenly became more and more grand and brilliant.

"Dollar..." Dollars' fans finally came to realization of what had happened and started shouting and jumping up and down.

The silence was broken and the entire First God's Sanctuary became festive. Everyone was talking about this incredible fight.

"That went down pretty fast!"

"Ha-ha, in your face, Yi's fans!"

"Not just the fans, but also the media in the entire Alliance, except for Fang Mingquan's Contest Center. Y'all thought Yi was gonna win. How about this? He is beat before even getting to top 10..."

"Now think about it, Fang Mingquan sure had some vision. His analysis actually made a lot of sense. We were just blinded by Yi Dongmu's performance and didn't listen."

"Lin Feng is the visionary one. No wonder he was the runner-up last year. He knew this long ago."

"Ha-ha, it seems this year it will be between Lin Feng and Dollar."

"We really owe Fang Mingquan and Dollar an apology."

"Fang Mingquan was wronged."

"Not bad... ha-ha... what a line..."

A match that took less than ten seconds had changed Dollar's image completely.

"What a line! Next time I have to try it—not bad, you survived a serious strike from me." Tang regretted that it was not him who came up with the line.

: From A Loner to the King

Snap!

Wang Changqing's comlink was smashed by him. Eyes bloodshot, he panted heavily like a hysterical beast.

Dollar had beat Yi Dongmu. The public opinion of the entire Alliance was suddenly turned over. Contest Center and Fang Mingquan that had suffered lots of criticism were sent to the altar. Lots of people were saying they owe the program and its host an apology.

More and more people poured into the Contest Center to watch Fang Mingquan's analysis. The show had made it into the eighth place in ratings, a record high.

Huaxing Station had never seen such achievement with any show. In the past, the best record they had was the 19th place.

Top 10! No one even dared to dream this big. The host would be proud enough if the show was in top 100, and be thrilled if it made top 50.

There was no doubt that Contest Center and Fang Ming had both made it. Although Contest Center was a show that would end after the contest, Fang Mingquan's outstanding performance had won him fame. No matter what show he host in the future, he would always have great ratings.

Now Huaxing Station considered Fang Mingquan a pillar of the station. Even Xu Kangnian was smiling at him all the time and showering him with compliments, making Wang Changqing so jealous that he

After Fang got off work and returned home, he sat in front of the French window and looked at the view of a busy night with a cigarette between his fingers, taking a puff from time to time. His body was still shaking.

Now that everything was over, Fang started to sense some fear. He didn't even believe his own analysis as he didn't even watch the matches. He simply believed in Dollar, the man who moved him by saving the girl and he thought a man like that must do well.

So Fang Mingquan was just betting on Dollar to become the Chosen. Whether he could get the first place or not, it was no longer important.

The fight against Yi Dongmu and Lin Feng's invite had made Dollar's reputation peak and Fang Mingquan had also succeeded.

"Dollar, you really are my lucky charm!" Fang Mingquan relaxed and celebrated the fact that he had made the right bet. If he had lost the bet, he did not even dare to think of the result.

He was not afraid to lose, but this time too much was at stake. If he had lost, he might have to leave his favorite industry.

The puff reached his lungs and an intoxicating feeling started to spread from there. Fang silently looked at the nightscape and his excitement gradually subsided.

When all the excitement was gone, Fang Mingquan got up to turn on his smart device. He wrote an article titled "A King Marches in Loneliness."

A king is always lonely.

When others are laughing with friends to show off their humor,

He is sweating in silence.

The king is always lonely,

When others are chasing fair maidens,

He is bleeding on the battlefield.

A king is always lonely.

When the whole world is against him,

He stared into the front.

A king is always lonely.

When he is abandoned by all,

He is still firmly marching forward,

Only to realize his dreams afar.

I just want to say,

Dollar, please accept my allegiance.

A loner like me wishes to follow you who are lonely too.

You win, I will be with you.

You lose, I will be with you.

Fang Mingquan finished the article and did not sign leave his own name under, instead he wrote "from a loner to the king."

When Fang Mingquan uploaded the article on the Skynet, it went viral at an incredible speed, triggering a huge response.

"Damn, I cried reading this. It reminded me of when I trained hard to be admitted to a military school. Others admired me for being admitted, while they had no idea about the effort I made. I had to train even when I had a fever. It was tough."

"Fang Mingquan wrote well. I was reminded of the days I struggled in God's Sanctuary."

"This is simply my true portrayal!"

"I am also a loner. Spending at least 28 days in God's Sanctuary each month, I just want to work harder so that my family can live better. But I am so tired and I need company."

“No matter what happens in the future. From this moment on, I am a fan of Dollar and Fang Mingquan’s. I will be with both of you, too.”

“Dollar, please accept my allegiance.”

“You win, I will be with you.”

“You lose, I will be with you.”

“Loner +1.”

“I like Fang Mingquan. You follow Dollar, I will follow you.”

“If God gave me another chance, I would never have said anything bad about Dollar.”

“+1.”

“+10086.”

“Dollar, you are my king.”

“A King Marches in Loneliness” had made Dollar and Fang a tremendous success. As Fang became a real celebrity, Dollar had gained many hardcore fans who would not sway easily.

Reading the piece himself, Han Sen felt touched, too. During the first three months when he had just entered God’s Sanctuary, the loneliness and helplessness he experienced were maddening. He had gone this far because of his dreams and the people he cared about.

If it weren’t for his mother and Han Yan, Han Sen might have given up on himself.

Han Sen wanted to reply to the article, but he eventually let that thought go.

“Let us keep marching forward for what we truly cherish. No words could express my feeling.” Han Sen silently logged out.

Hen Sen rested for a while, and decided to check if there was any hyper geno art on footwork that suited him in Saint Hall. Yi Dongmu’s footwork was paired perfectly with his sneak attacks, and the footwork was what Han Sen lacked. If he could practice some footwork to work with his Sleeveblade skills, he could reach an even higher level in the combat.

Chapter 106

: Someone Good

Articles about Dollar could be seen everywhere on the Skynet. But it was too late to write about him as Contest Center was the only program everyone talked about. The peer shows were much less popular.

A lot of businesses were looking for Dollar and wished to hire him to endorse their products. Some people wanted to dig out his true identity and there were all kinds of speculations, but no one was certain anyway.

Han Sen was now browsing the S-Class section in Saint Hall, dazzled by all the S-Class hyper geno arts on footwork.

From the description alone it was difficult to see whether the footwork would suit him, but Han Sen had no better choice than these S-Class hyper geno arts.

After reviewing all the descriptions, Han Sen locked down on a footwork named Sparticle.

Having purchased Sparticle, Han Sen watched the tutorial and started to learn.

Soon he found that Sparticle is somewhat different from the footwork he had in mind.

Han Sen was hoping to have a footwork that helped him speed up and pull him close to his opponent in an instant. Sparticle was fast enough and theoretically he could reach the highest speed that his body could take by practicing Sparticle.

But this hyper geno art was focused on the explosive force. Although he could reach a very high speed instantaneously, the speed could only last one or two steps.

Sudden burst of speed and one unparalleled step, that what Sparticle was all about.

Footwork like this was very powerful in a close combat and even more so when paired with sneak attacks that Han Sen was best at. But the previous problem was still not completely resolved—it was still hard for him to approach his opponent from afar.

“This is nice too. My abilities will be enhanced in close combat. And if my enemy is not too far away, this will work.” Han Sen was not too disappointed, Sparticle was also helpful to him. It was just different from what he had imagined.

Originally, Han Sen thought that he should learn a footwork like the one used by Yi Dongmu, which involved erratic and rapid steps, but this would do as well, just in a completely different style than Yi’s.

Han Sen drank a bottle of geno solution for Sparticle and hurried to start practicing. Hopefully it would make a difference in the ranking rounds that was to begin in ten days.

In the afternoon, Fang Jingqi suddenly sent him a message to ask him to meet about something important.

Han Sen went to Fang Jingqi’s villa and found out that Fang was asking him to join Fist Guy’s team to hunt a sacred-blood creature.

“Fist Guy could not deal with the creature with his own men, but he did not want to team up with Son of Heaven or Qin Xuan. He did find the weakness of the creature and has a plan that calls for a good assassin. He did not know someone like this but he did not want to share the meat of the creature with the other gangs either. I know you are also in Steel Armor Shelter, so I’ve recommended you to him. If you join them, you won’t get a share of the meat but will be paid with a mutant three-eyed beast mount. As for the beast soul of the sacred-blood creature, we will follow the tradition—whoever gets it could keep it.” Fang Jingqi paused and said, “The pay is very good. If Fist Guy does not insist on having the meat to himself, the share you get could not possibly be of the same value as a mutant beast soul mount.”

Han Sen nodded, Fang Jingqi’s words were reasonable. The share of meat he could potentially get was probably less than half of what a mutant mount was worth.

“When and where?” Han Sen was secretly calculating the time needed for this trip. It was ten days until the next round, and he wondered if he could make it back.

“I cannot tell you the specific location, and you will need about six or seven days in total,” Fang Jingqi said.

Han Sen certainly understood that no one would leak the information of a sacred-blood creature. With Fang Jingqi’s estimate, he felt reassured as even if there was a delay, he could still make it back in time.

In fact, Han Sen did not care for the ranking matches. It did not matter to him how he ranked among the Chosen as long as he could have the reward, which was the same for everyone in top 10. He was really looking forward to fight Lin Feng though, to see how good Lin actually was.

Han Sen promised he would join Fist Guy. He had always wanted a mount and here came his opportunity to get a mutant one. Plus, he had a chance at the sacred-blood beast soul as well. So why not?

Fang Jingqi gave Han Sen a coin and said with a smile, “I only said that I would recommend someone good, but didn’t name you. Take this to the agreed place and he will know.”

Han Sen nodded and took the coin. Fang Jingqi took him to dinner before letting him go.

The next day when Han Sen entered Steel Armor Shelter, almost all the people were talking about Dollar’s match against Yi Dongmu and “A King Marches in Loneliness,” but they preferred to call the piece “From A Loner to the King.”

After all, Dollar was from Steel Armor Shelter and everyone in the shelter felt honored about it, except for Son of Heaven’s gang.

“I am a celebrity now, but unfortunately I cannot tell anyone that is me,” Han Sen thought.

First, he went to find Yang Manli and took a leave, explaining that he wanted to hunt an important creature, hiding the fact that he was in fact joining Fist Guy’s team.

Hunting was crucial and Han Sen’s training results were fairly good. Yang Manli did not give him any trouble before she granted his leave.

Han Sen came to the agreed place and saw Fist Guy and his gang under a tree enjoying the cool, obviously waiting for someone.

“Ass Freak, what are you doing here instead of following Qin Xuan around?” A gang member saw Han Sen and ridiculed.

Han Sen did not speak, but fished out the coin from his pocket and flicked it with his finger. The coin drew an arc and fell in the palm of Fist Guy.

Holding the coin, Fist Guy looked at it and felt incredible. He asked Han Sen, “You are the person Fang mentioned?”

Chapter 107

: Show Us What You Got

“No way, Fist Guy. This is the guy you told us about?”

“Ass Freak is the master your friend recommended?”

“Brother, are you kidding us?”

“Brother, are you playing with us?”

Fist Guy’s men were talking at the same time as none of them believed Ass Freak was the man.

Fist Guy was also upset. Fang Jingqi said he would send him a master of assassination, but he did not expect it to be Han Sen.

Fist Guy knew Fang Jingqi well and knew that he would never mess around. Since Fang had recommended Han Sen, he must have his own reason.

Fist Guy regarded Han Sen and said, “Fang said that you are skilled in assassination?”

“Better than average,” Han Sen said.

“Better than average? We are going to kill a sacred-blood creature. Can you manage that?” Little Finger said with distrust and curled his lips.

This gang was different from the Qin Xuan’s gang and Son of Heaven’s gang. It had no military background and Fist Guy did not pay for the gang members. Fist Gang was formed by a group of friends and Fist Guy was their leader. The members all referred to each other with nicknames.

Thumb, Index Finger, Middle Finger, Ring Finger and Little Finger, plus Fist Guy were the backbone of Fist Gang. All six were here today, which showed the importance they attached to this sacred-blood creature.

Fist Guy had almost maxed out on his sacred geno points and all he needed was the meat from this one creature to get there. After that he could enter Second God’s Sanctuary with max sacred geno points.

That was why this time they were not sharing the meat but chose to pay with a mutant beast soul mount.

Fist Guy gave Little Finger a wave to stop him, gazed at Han Sen, and said, “I trust Fang, but this is very important for us and I have to be responsible for my brothers. Please show us what you got.”

Drawing a dagger from his waist, Fist Guy handed it to Han Sen.

Han Sen was not offended as he knew his reputation in Steel Armor Shelter was not great. He had thought this might happen and did not really blame these guys for it.

Han Sen reached out a hand and grabbed the dagger. When Fist Guy was about to withdraw his arm, Han Sen’s hand moved. Just when Fist Guy wanted to dodge, the dagger he just gave Han Sen was already on his neck. Suddenly Fist Guy froze and his hands were still in the air as he was not even able to put them up for defense.

The rest of the gang were all dumbfounded with their face stern.

They knew well Fist Guy's skills. Although it was a sneak attack from Han Sen, the guy was still able to catch Fist Guy off guard and put a blade to his neck. None of the finger brothers thought they could do the same.

Han Sen moved the dagger away, stepped back, and threw it back at Fist Guy. He asked with a smile, "Do I need to do another test?"

"No, let's hit the road." Fist Guy said simply. He contemplated Han Sen and tucked the dagger back at his waist.

Little Finger and other members were curious about Han Sen, not expecting the infamous Ass Freak to have such skills. But they did not say much either and summoned their mounts to go.

Not having a mount, Han Sen was invited to sit together with Fist Guy on his mutant mount, which was as strong as a rhinoceros. The gang marched toward the southern mountains.

Along the way, the gang had never stopped unless necessary. On the third day, they finally stopped at a grand canyon. Han Sen estimated that if it were not for the mounts, it would have taken them half a month to get here.

They could no longer ride in the canyon, so Han Sen followed the gang on foot. Along the side of the valley they walked down and saw a billowing river, which was still not their destination.

Having walked for more than two hours, they finally saw a large cave on the side. It was dark inside and they lit torches before going in. Once they were in the cave, columns of stalactites caught their eyes.

"Be careful. Although we have cleared them up last time we came, the cave has a complex structure so there is no guarantee that we've got them all. Also there could be some new creatures hidden somewhere. Everyone pay attention," said Fist Guy solemnly.

All answered aye and Thumb led the way holding a mutant beast soul shield in his hand. The rest followed him into the depths of the cave.

Little Finger was walking on the end with a pair of beast soul coutels in his hand, vigilantly looking around.

Inside the cave, water was dripping from above, the sound of which was particularly clear in the cave. The stones under their feet were slippery and held puddles of water more than an inch deep here and there.

People were very careful, not because it was difficult to walk, but for fear of dangerous creatures that might appear any time.

Along the way Han Sen saw a lot of old bloodstains, which must be left from when the gang was here last time.

Obviously their worries were unnecessary as they had encountered no danger on the way. The gang must have done a good job last time as there was not even a primitive creature.

"Pay attention, guys. We are about to see it. Do not make a noise," whispered Fist Guy who was directly behind Thumb after they had walked for four or five hours.

In fact, these words were meant for Han Sen, as everyone else had been here before and knew that they were approaching the creature. They were tiptoeing like cats, making absolutely no sound.

Han Sen nodded to Fist Guy, who then signaled Thumb to keep going. In a short while, they were at the end of the path and the space suddenly became huge. A stone hall appeared in front their eyes. The stalactites hanging from the ceiling were about 30 feet long, which were not even one tenth of the height of the cave. Unknown black vines were growing everywhere in the cave and the leaves on the vines were as black as ink. There were even black flowers dotted on the vines.

Where they came from was like a tunnel that was connected to the hall's wall and there were many entrances like this one. Fist Guy indicated silence to Han Sen with his finger and then pointed underneath them. Han Sen looked down and his eyes lit up.

Chapter 108

: Hunting A Sacred-blood Creature

Han Sen saw that at the bottom of the cave, a black pangolin-like creature more than six feet long with its whole body covered with in crystal scales was drinking water from a pool.

"That is the creature. Its hearing is no good but it has got excellent eyesight. Even a sacred-blood beast soul weapon could hardly hurt its scales. Its biggest weakness is its soft belly," explained Index Finger unhurriedly, who was a refined young man.

"Even if its stomach is its weakness, it is on all fours and I can't really flip it over and stab there," Han Sen said.

"Of course not. As long as there is a sign of trouble, this guy will roll itself into a ball. And then it would be like a snail hidden inside the shell and its belly would be protected. Its scales could also flip up and become circular saw blades. When it rolls, it's like a spiked wheel and even the thickest armor would be cut open by that. And no one's body could stand that either," Little Finger cut in.

"How is this a weakness then?" Han Sen could not help but frown.

"Certainly we cannot attack it head-on. Its strength is formidable and its speed is too high. No one could afford taking a hit from it." Fist Guy hesitated before he pointed at the pool at the bottom and said, "Our plan is that in a while, we will go out to drive it away and you can take the opportunity to hide under water in the pool. When it goes to drink again, you make the attack from below the water at its soft chin. It would be great if you could leave the weapon in its chin so that it could no longer curl up. At that time we could kill it however we like."

"Fist Guy, no wonder you are willing to pay me a mutant mount. I'd be risking my life." Han Sen said to Fist Guy.

"If it is easy, we will not pay such a big price. Can you do it or not?" Little Finger whispered.

Everyone awaited Han Sen's decision, looking at him.

"I can try. But since I am putting my life on the line here, I have to get paid first in case I die there." Han Sen pondered and said.

“OK,” Fist Guy agreed readily and transferred the mount to Han Sen.

Now that they were here already, as long as Han Sen got into the water, they did not worry he would run away. So, it was fine to pay him first.

Index Finger took a small oxygen cylinder and respirator from his bag and gave them to Han Sen, so that Han Sen could stay in the water longer.

After everything was ready, Fist Guy looked at Han Sen and said, “We’ll go out to lead it to one of the tunnels and you should quickly go hide under water. You don’t have much time—30 seconds at best. Is that fine?”

“No problem,” Han Sen checked the distance to the pool and then confirmed.

“Well, although its bare skin is relatively vulnerable, you would still need at least a mutant beast soul weapon to pierce that. Do you have one?” Fist Guy was a bit concerned.

Han Sen nodded again. His Shura katana was comparable with a mutant weapon, but he was not Dollar now so he did not bring it along.

But Han Sen still had a mutant black stinger arrow and that would do.

Everything was ready. Fist Guy and his gang members exchanged a look and everyone except for Little Finger climbed away using the vines. They carefully climbed to other entrances to the hall and then threw fist-sized iron balls at the drinking creature from each entrance.

Dang! Dang! Dang!

The balls hit the creature’s black crystal scales and made noises of metal, not even leaving a white mark on the scales.

But the sacred-blood creature was obviously angered. In just a moment, it curled up its body and suddenly looked like a snail—a spiked one. The black scales were turning up and sharp as blades.

The creature started rolling with a thudding and even the stone was cut deeply by its scales. It was fearsome indeed.

In just an instant, it rolled several dozen feet. Not only its speed was incredible, it could also roll itself onto a steep stone wall.

Like a spiked wheel, it rolled upward on the wall and was behind Fist Guy’s men in an instant.

They could not afford to relax and all hid in the respective tunnel next to themselves. The sacred-blood creature followed Thumb into the tunnel closest to it.

“Come on! Thumb can’t hold very long,” Little Finger urged Han Sen to go down.

Han Sen took a deep breath, grabbed the vines and quickly slid down to the bottom. He ran to the pool but did not jump in for fear of making too much noise.

Instead, Han Sen went to the waterside, slowly slid himself into the water and sank.

Seeing Han Sen diving in the water with the respirator in his mouth, Little Finger was relieved and wiped off the cold sweat on his forehead. When he was about to check on the sacred-blood creature, he saw a shadow rushing from the tunnel where it was and rolled to the bottom.

Its eyes on the side of its body twirled for a while and detected no danger. It then slowly spread its body and crawled around to chew on the black vines.

The reason why the creature had stayed here for a long time was to eat the black vines. Fist Guy's gang had discovered this and was thus certain that it would not leave before eating up the vines.

The creature was still gnawing the vines when Fist Guy's gang returned from the back of the tunnel. It chanced that all the tunnels were connected and they made a detour and found Little Finger.

Thumb's arm was hurt. His blood was dripping and his bone was bared.

"Thumb, you all right?" Fist Guy and others asked nervously.

"I'm okay, but my mutant shield was ruined when used to block the creature. If we could not kill it, it would not be worth it at all." Thumb said distressed.

"I wonder if Ass Freak could finish the task." Little Finger watched the quiet pool and the creature eating the vines with a worried look on his face.

Chapter 109

: Scaled Armadillo

"I hope he can." Looking down, Fist Guy was not sure either.

One could never be sure about the result when one was about to hunt a sacred-blood creature. The infamy of Ass Freak also added to their lack of confidence in Han Sen.

The gang watched the creature nervously, but it did not have any intention to drink. After chewing on the black vines for more than half an hour, it lay down on a stone and fell into sleep.

Fist Guy and others started to get anxious, as the oxygen cylinder they gave Han Sen was only the size of a palm and the oxygen was quite limited. If the sacred-blood creature spent a long time sleeping, the oxygen would run out.

When they were praying for the creature to get up, it eventually woke up and slowly climbed to the pool, as if their prayers had worked. It stretched its head above the pool and started to lap the water with its tongue. However, Fist Guy and the finger brothers were not too happy about this, as where the creature stayed was far from where Han Sen was hiding. If Han Sen started to swim now however, the waves he made would alarm the sacred-blood creature for sure.

"What now?" The gang members' hearts raced. Han Sen could not even touch the creature in such distance, let alone kill it.

Unfortunately, the water below was too dark, and they could not see what Han Sen was doing under the water.

Hearts in their mouths, the guys suddenly heard a screech from the bottom.

The sacred-blood creature lifted its head up and there was a black arrow deep in its white jaw, with only less than half the length exposed. Blood was flowing along the arrow shaft.

Not able to find its enemy, the creature wanted to curl up after being injured. However, since its jaw had an arrow in it, it could not curl itself into a perfect ball. Instead, it looked like a jagged tire in an accident, bearing much of its white belly.

Overjoyed, the gang summoned all kinds of weapons and rushed out. The sacred-blood creature was still fierce though badly injured. When it rolled, stones were still crushed under its scales. No one could block it like no one could stand in the way of a bulldozer.

The gang did not dare to fight it head-on and decided to carry on the fight while beating a retreat. Then they saw the creature rolling itself into a tunnel and ran away as fast as it could.

Only then did Han Sen appear from the pool holding Doomsday. The rest paid him no mind and rushed to the cave and chased after the creature.

Han Sen quickly followed them. The creature's injury did not affect its speed. It soon disappeared in the cave. Fortunately, it had shed a lot of blood, so the gang was able to follow it.

There were toxins on the mutant black stinger arrow and the creature would surely pressure the arrow deeper and deeper as it rolled. Hence its wound had not healed and blood could still be spotted from time to time.

Having chased for more than two hours in the tunnels, they finally saw the light as they had come out of the cave and entered a forest of hoodoos.

The ground was still stained with blood, so apparently the sacred-blood creature had fled among the hoodoos.

"Damn, the vitality of this creature is just incredible. We would have died a long time ago had we shed so much blood, and it was running fast as ever," Thumb cursed.

The terrain was rugged so they could not use their mounts. Everyone kept chasing on foot.

As they were running, Han Sen suddenly heard a voice in his mind, "Sacred-blood creature scaled armadillo killed. The beast soul of scaled armadillo gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten sacred geno points randomly."

Han Sen paused and could not believe the scaled armadillo had already died. What was more surprising was that he even gained its beast soul.

Seeing Han Sen suddenly stopped, the rest looked to him and asked, "What happened?"

"The scaled armadillo is dead," replied Han Sen.

"Scaled armadillo?" The rest suddenly realized that scaled armadillo was the name of the sacred-blood creature and all became thrilled.

"Your arrow is poisonous?" Fist Guy quickly asked.

“Yes, but the toxicity does not seem to be strong enough to kill a sacred-blood creature.” Han Sen had some doubts himself.

“The scaled armadillo must have rolled itself so hard that the arrow pierced its brain,” Ring Finger guessed.

“Yes, that is quite plausible. Let’s hurry,” Thumb said eagerly.

The gang followed the blood stain and turned around a corner before they saw the dead scaled armadillo.

However, they all paused. What they saw was different from what they had imagined. The scaled armadillo was dead indeed, but it did not seem to die because of Han Sen’s arrow.

A gorgeous bird more than nine feet tall with silver body and ruby eyes was using its silver hook-like claws to tear the scaled armadillo’s body and peck at its flesh. The scales that even a sacred-blood weapon could not break were torn apart like they were made of paper.

Han Sen now knew that it was indeed not his arrow, but this silver bird that had killed the scaled armadillo. For some reason, it was still counted as his doing.

“S*#! Another sacred-blood creature, with wings!” Thumb screamed out loud.

His voice turned all faces dark. The bird that was enjoying its meal suddenly cast its ruby-like eyes in their direction. The moment it spotted them, a murderous look appeared in its eyes and it spread its wings like clouds that blocked the sky and flew toward them.

“Scatter!” Fist Guy shouted, turned and bolted. This silver bird was so strong that they were by no means its match. Since even the scales of the scaled armadillo could not withstand its claws, they simply had nothing to fight it with.

Han Sen was also running as fast as his legs could carry him.

The gang had scattered, but as Han Sen looked back, he realized that the silver bird had chosen him to follow, its ferocious bird eyes red as blood gazing at him unblinkingly.

“S*#! Maybe God envies my newly-gained beast soul.” Han Sen secretly cursed and continued to run desperately.

Chapter 110

: Escape

Fortunately, it was a forest of pagoda-like weathered rock hoodoos. Han Sen was taking his cover behind the pagoda-like hoodoos and paid no mind which way he was going as long as he could get rid of the silver bird.

However, the horrendous silver bird was still following him. Under its claws, even a car-sized stone was crushed in an instant. Its strength was almost divine.

After running for a while, Han Sen was suddenly in the open and out of the hoodoo forest. He complained inwardly, “Now without the hoodoos as my cover, how could I outrun this damned bird.”

Without the cover of the hoodoos, the silver bird uttered a ferocious hoot and rushed toward him.

Without hesitation, Han Sen summoned the bloody slayer and black beetle and turned himself into a golden centaur, running with all four hooves.

Han Sen had always trusted the speed of the bloody slayer, but this time he failed to run away from the silver bird. Instead, the bird was catching up.

“Am I going to die here?” Han Sen complained inwardly. The shapeshifting time was limited and his current geno points would give him less than an hour. Once his time was up, how could he ever outrun the ferocious silver bird with his own feet.

But now Han Sen had no time to think. He had to focus on running as fast as he could.

As for the purple-winged dragon beast soul, Han Sen did not dare to summon it at all. Once he used wings to send himself in the air, his flying speed would be even lower and he would be turning himself into a meal for the bird.

Looking at the endless plain, Han Sen ran desperately while the silver bird was snapping at his heels. As time passed, Han Sen started to feel a severe soreness and knew that his shapeshifting time was almost up.

As Han Sen was considering whether to turn around and fight the bird head-on, he heard a rumbling of water ahead of him. It seemed that there was a wide river there. Suddenly, his eyes lit up.

Without thinking any further, he ran at his full speed toward the sound and used Jadeskin fully so that he could shapeshift a bit longer.

Han Sen soon saw a wide river with roaring waves more rapid than the Yellow River.

Seeing this river, Han Sen was overjoyed. Now he only wished that this silver bird did not know how to swim so that he could take refuge in the water.

Running desperately with four hooves, Han Sen felt his body muscles were being torn apart as he had exceeded his shapeshifting time limit.

But the only thing left to do was to hang on and keep running to the river. Giving up shapeshifting now was equal to giving up his life.

Six hundred feet away from the river, Han Sen’s eyes were bloodshot and the pain in his body almost made him scream. Yet he had to run.

Five hundred feet... Three hundred feet... One hundred feet... Ten feet...

As Han Sen thought his body was about to explode, he had finally made it to the river. With acute pain, he threw himself into the water.

Thump!

Han Sen heard a loud noise behind him, and then felt a burst of pain on his back that almost made him black out.

His heart froze, knowing the silver bird had followed him into the water. The desire to survive made him muster what was left of his energy and try to dive deep into the river.

At this point, Han Sen could no longer keep up shapeshifting, or else his body would break down. The moment he turned into himself, he felt he was pushed downstream at an incredible speed.

He tried not to faint, as he could drown in such torrents before he was eaten by the bird.

He summoned the mutant black barracuda, and a mutant mount more than four feet long appeared next to him. Holding tight on the mount, Han Sen controlled it to dive to the bottom.

When Han Sen could no longer hold his breath, he sent the mutant black barracuda to the surface.

Finally getting a little break, Han Sen was glad to find the silver bird was nowhere to be seen. It seemed that it did not know how to swim and just clawed his back when he jumped into the water.

His back was still in great pain, and his whole body felt like it was falling apart with spasms in his muscles. He felt like he was made into a plate of sashimi with his flesh being sliced off.

The consequence of shapeshifting overtime made Han Sen helpless. Fortunately, he had his black beetle armor for protection, or else the creatures in the river that had sniffed the smell of blood would have torn him apart.

Groups of strange fish more than two feet long hovered around him and tried to bite his body from time to time. The sacred-blood armor had thwarted all their attempts.

Withstanding the maddening pain, Han Sen grabbed the Z-steel dagger in his sleeve and stabbed it into a strange fish next to him. The fish was gutted as he pulled the dagger fiercely, and it died without struggling.

“Primitive creature black lantern fish killed. No beast soul gained. Eat its meat to gain zero to ten primitive geno points randomly.”

Seeing other black lantern fish hurrying over to the dead one, Han Sen quickly cut off a large chunk of fatty meat from its belly and threw the rest of the dead fish aside.

Watching groups of black lantern fish chasing the dead body away, Han Sen took a bite at the meat in his hand. It tasted fishy and bitter, but Han Sen could not afford to be picky. When he jumped into the water, his back was clawed by the silver bird and his backpack was lost. With no water or food left, he could only rely on this creature’s meat to gain some strength.

If he wanted to live, he must have enough strength.

But the fish meat was so unpalatable that Han Sen only ate half of it and threw the rest away. He would throw up otherwise.

With some physical strength recovered, Han Sen started to observe the surroundings. Although it was already at night, the starlight and moonlight were so bright that he could still see mountains and forests along the river. But he still had no idea where he was.

Gathering his strength, Han Sen commanded the mutant black barracuda to swim up to the shore.

His luck was not too bad. Next to the shore was a grove of trees. He looked around and found no trace of creatures nearby.

With a long sigh of relief, Han Sen climbed up into a tall tree's crown. When he was about to take a good rest and treat his wound, a beast roar rang in the mountain near him.

"How bad can my luck be?" With a wry smile, Han Sen vigilantly looked in the direction of the roar.