

Super Power

Chapter 61

### **: Why Not Dodge**

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 to cut it at Han Sen.

Han Sen gritted his teeth and spun 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 have 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.

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### **: Golden Meteor**

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.

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### **: Angel Dollar**

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**

"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 humans. 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**

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.

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**: Ghost-toothed Snake King**

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**

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**

"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.

Han 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 Sen 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 shuddered.

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 flew 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**

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

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.

Han 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.