

Super Power

Chapter 91

: Steel Armor Championship On the day of the final match between Dollar and Qin Xuan, the stands were packed with at least a dozen hundred thousand audience. Even many of those who didn't register came.

In addition to it being the final match, it was popular also thanks to the fame of Dollar and Qin Xuan.

Qin Xuan was undoubtedly the legend of Steel Armor Shelter. As a woman, she had been the champion of the martial arts contest for several years now, although she was never among the Chosen. There was no doubt that she was the NO.1 in Steel Armor Shelter. In addition, she was also beautiful. All of these made her the goddess of Steel Armor Shelter. People loved, feared and respected her.

Dollar's recent rise was even more legendary. He came from nowhere, but there had been so many headlines and controversies about him.

"There are two reasons," Han Sen smiled and said. "First, you cannot beat me."

The answer left many slightly shocked, while Qin Xuan asked, "What is the second reason?"

"I will go to Second God's Sanctuary earlier than you, so although I appreciate your kindness, I can't take your offer," Han Sen calmly said.

His reply was arrogant. With her gang, Qin Xuan could gain geno points a lot more easily than most people. While Dollar was on his own, he said he could evolve earlier than her.

But no one felt that Dollar was mistaken. It seemed that everything was likely with Dollar and he shouldn't be questioned.

Qin Xuan smiled. "Well, then I would like to propose something else. If you lose, tell me who you really are."

Qin Xuan's words had led to a burst of cheers on the stands. All the audience were dying to know who Dollar was. Qin Xuan's proposal was embraced by all.

"And if you lose?" Han Sen grinned and asked.

"You can propose something as well." Smiling, Qin Xuan looked full of confidence. It was as if she would never lose.

"An S-Class license at Saint hall." Han Sen was obsessed with the hyper geno arts in Saint Hall, he had neither the money nor the license.

"Deal." Qin Xuan did not even lift her eyes before she agreed, as if an S-Class license was nothing to her.

"Then let's begin." Han Sen drew the Shura katana. He didn't dare to slack when fighting Qin Xuan, who had the most geno points among all in the shelter. She was probably ten sacred geno points away from maxing out on everything.

Han Sen had never seen Qin Xuan using her full strength, but he still thought he stood a chance.

Han Sen's biggest advantage was his understanding of Qin Xuan. She would never thought that Dollar was in fact Han Sen, whom she had fought a million times. Although she was always kicking his ass, he had learned a lot of her fighting habits.

Qin Xuan on the other hand knew nothing about Dollar.

Qin Xuan stretched her hand and a beautiful purple butterfly started to dance in her palm, which turned into a purple dagger. Elegant and demure, she stood there like a goddess.

Han Sen had seen her using this sacred-blood poisonous butterfly dagger once, but it was on the purple-winged dragon. The dagger wasn't really effective as the dragon was gigantic. However, it would be different for a person. Han Sen didn't know if he could stand the toxin if stabbed with the dagger.

So, Han Sen wasn't going to give Qin Xuan any opportunity to attack. He wielded the katana using Bladestorm and the strike was so fast as if it could break the wind. It was a similar strike as this one that had ended Luo Tianyang's life.

Qin Xuan smiled, and moved away like a butterfly, dodging the fierce strike and stab her dagger at Han Sen's throat.

Han Sen stepped forward and ignored the dagger. The katana was wielded at Qin Xuan again.

That was a move that put both their lives at stake. If Qin Xuan did not dodge again, she would be cut in half; since Han Sen was in sacred-blood armor, he had a bigger chance at survival even cut by her sacred-blood dagger.

"Scoundrel," Qin Xuan scowled, gracefully moved sideways and avoided Han Sen's attack.

Chapter 92

Atomic Fission

Han Sen was thrilled to see Qin Xuan moving away. A storm of katana strikes poured on the lady as Bladestorm was fully brought into play. Each strike was faster than the last. Qin Xuan was forced to defend herself and had no chance to attack.

Han Sen knew well that Qin Xuan was nimble. He had been practicing Ghosthaunt for a long time now and had improved a lot on his footwork. However, he had never been able to get close to her in any combat except for the first time when she had underestimated him.

Sure enough, Qin calmly dodged all the strikes Han Sen made calmly as if she were dancing. Meanwhile she fought back from time to time with grace.

None of it mattered to Han Sen. He hacked the katana at her regardless and worked both Bladestorm and Jadeskin to the maximum. A coolness gushed in his veins like a spring and activated every cell in his body.

Qin Xuan quietly warded off all attacks from Han Sen. She was very confident in herself. It took her a few years to finally get to the first stage of "Atomic Fission." With her current geno points and beast souls,

Qin Xuan believed that she could become the Chosen this year and even the first place was not impossible.

“Atomic Fission” was an advanced hyper geno art, which could fortify all body parts. As suggested by its name, it was close to the root of all hyper geno arts and could produce long-lasting power that improved one’s physique significantly.

It would be the perfect hyper geno art if it wasn’t so difficult to get started. Qin Xuan had started to practice Atomic Fission under her family members’ guidance since she was a toddler, but her progress had been slow. Now she had practiced it for two decades and she just got to the first stage a few months ago.

Yes, just the first stage. But she had made a leap in her strength already with the first stage.

Even Son of Heaven who was on the same level as she was easily defeated by her this year. It wasn’t that Son of Heaven was weak, but that she had become too strong after getting to the first stage of “Atomic Fission.”

Qin Xuan believed that she could definitely reach the top this year and Dollar wouldn’t be an issue.

Qin Xuan wasn’t even thinking about winning or losing, but how to win Dollar to better impress him.

Qin Xuan did not care about the storm of blades. As fierce as it looked, it couldn’t hurt her. She only felt it was a bit troublesome as she didn’t want to kill Dollar.

“If you like driving, I’ll let you drive. I will wait until you are so completely exhausted that you can’t even move your arm. By then I will still be calm and appreciate your despair.” Qin Xuan smiled and dodged another strike, thinking, “As long as you lose to me this way, you will think I am invincible and never dare to fight me again.”

Qin Xuan intended to burn Han Sen out. The way Han Sen wielded his katana would consume his strength fast. Each strike brought all his potentials out at the cost of his stamina.

For Qin Xuan's Atomic Fission, stamina was one of its key strengths. A metaphor would be that a nuclear power plant was much more efficient than a coal-fired power plant.

As Qin Xuan kept avoiding Han Sen's attacks, she was patiently waiting for him to be worn down.

The blood of the audience were set afire. Han Sen's katana was swift and fierce, and Qin Xuan's dancing was ethereal and elegant. Their movements were so fast that they became a blur. It was indeed a great match.

And in the eyes of ordinary people, Han Sen was chasing Qin Xuan and seemed to have the upper hand. Cheers of "Dollar" could be heard from time to time.

"It seems that the champion in Steel Armor Shelter would be someone else this year."

"Of course, Dollar is absolutely invincible."

"Ha-ha, men are the master of this world. Tremble, women!"

Yang Manli curled her lips with disdain, looking like a goddess who didn't deign to argue with the mortals.

Son of Heaven was even more scornful. He had experienced how strong Qin Xuan was. He had always known about Atomic Fission. If he had wanted to learn it, he could have. But as it took at least two decades for someone talented to get to the first stage. He chose not to. Indeed, everyone knew that this was a great hyper geno art, but few dared to practice it. No one wanted to put two decades into a hyper geno art that they didn't know would work or not. If one failed, one would not even have a chance to start over with a different hyper geno art.

Son of Heaven hadn't had the courage to practice Atomic Fission, and regretted it now that he saw how well Qin Xuan was doing.

"Son of Heaven, it looks like Qin Xuan was in trouble. She was continuously under attack," A young man in Son of Heaven's gang said nervously.

Son of Heaven twitched his mouth and replied, "What do you know? Qin Xuan has got to the first stage of Atomic Fission and she is basically impossible to beat. Although Dollar was attacking, he will soon lose his strength to even lift the katana. His loss would be miserable."

"So that's what it is. How experienced and knowledgeable you are!" The young man quickly kissed up to him.

But next to them, another young man commented abruptly, "Keep silent if you don't understand it. Don't you have any common sense? Men are simply stronger than women, and it will be Qin Xuan who is worn down first."

Son of Heaven was provoked to wrath, but he paused when he saw the young man's face. It was the young master named Qing who had once hired Han Sen as his bodyguard. Yuan and the rest of the group were also there.

"Qing," Son of Heaven gave a hollow laugh and explained, "there are differences between men and women. But those differences were negligible. Dollar's stamina is far worse than that of Qin Xuan who had reached the first stage in Atomic Fission. I believe in half an hour, Dollar wouldn't even be able to wield his katana."

"How come I can't see that?" Qing was not convinced and said. "My father told me that women are inferior to men. I know that Dollar will win and that woman will definitely lose."

Son of Heaven smiled with confidence. "Qing, no need to debate. We will see what happens in half an hour. You will find out who is right at that time."

Chapter 93

: Better Stamina

But half an hour later, Son of Heaven's face became a bit stiff as Han Sen was still fiercely brandishing the katana at the same speed.

"Son of Heaven, didn't you say that Dollar would be worn out in half an hour? I'm telling you my Dad was right. Men are better than women," Qing said proudly.

Looking at Son of Heaven's grim face, Yuan smiled and did not speak.

Son of Heaven was really upset. According to common sense, Dollar would not last half an hour. With that kind of strikes, few in First God's Sanctuary could.

"Ahem. It seems that Dollar has practiced some special hyper geno art that improves his stamina. Even so, he couldn't possibly last an hour. In another half an hour, he would be worn down." Son of Heaven wanted to restore some authority of his.

"Son of Heaven, you are a guy. Why do you keep cheering for a woman? My Dad says that men are the best. I think Dollar must be better than that woman. You have no vision." Qing obviously did not agree with Son of Heaven's argument.

Son of Heaven almost choked. Pretending to be calm, he said, "Qing, if you don't believe me, keep on watching. In half an hour, you will know who is right. I'm just stating the fact here."

"Is there any need to watch? Dollar will certainly have no problem. He killed a golden-horned Shura. Why will he lose to a woman?" Qing said with open worship in his eyes.

Son of Heaven did not say anything, considering argument with such a kid unnecessary. In a while the kid will see what is good judgment.

But another half an hour had passed, and Dollar's spirit was still high. There was no sign of him burning out at all, which made Son of Heaven uncomfortable as if he had just swallowed a fly.

Qing was very pleased and patted Son of Heaven on the shoulder, "Son of Heaven, what did I tell you? Men can't be weaker than women. A man that can't beat a woman is not a man. It's been an hour and Dollar is still fierce. I believe that woman will be beat in a while. You need to learn from me so that you can have better judgment. Remember to take men's side instead of women's."

Son of Heaven was seething with anger. He pretended not having heard Qing and kept silent.

"Right, Son of Heaven, why didn't you enter the final. Who did you lose to? Dollar?" Qing wasn't even aware of Son of Heaven's emotions and kept asking him.

"How could I lose to that guy?" Son of Heaven immediately said coldly.

"Who did you lose to then?" Qing asked.

Son of Heaven felt his own face was burning. He lost to the woman on the stage, but it wasn't time to tell Qing that.

Knowing that Son of Heaven had lost to Qin Xuang, Yuan almost laughed out loud. He pulled the sleeve of Qing and asked, "Are you here to talk or to watch the game?"

"It's only fun to discuss the game while we watch," Qing retorted.

"Fun for you. Son of Heaven was about to be set on fire," Yuan glanced at Son of Heaven's sullen face and thought.

Displeased, Son of Heaven felt strange. "Dollar has been wielding the weapon so fiercely that it's impossible for him to keep going for such a long time. Unless he has also practiced Atomic Fission."

Other than Son of Heaven, Qin Xuan felt something was off as well. Attacking at such a high speed, Dollar had sustained way longer than she had expected, making her alarmed and surprised.

In such a high-intensity duel, even she had begun to feel a little tired. Dollar, however, seemed to feel nothing and kept attacking with the katana swiftly, as if he could do this forever, giving birth to a trace of powerlessness in Qin Xuan's mind.

"No, I cannot go on like this. He must have also practiced some hyper geno art that enhances his stamina. Maybe I will be the one who is worn out first..." Qin Xuan gritted her teeth and dodged another strike. She took back her dagger and two beast souls appeared in the air.

One beast soul was the mutant golden lion that she had always used. She instantaneously shapeshifted into a magnificent golden lion.

And the other beast soul was a ball of blue liquid, which poured into the lion and turned its golden body blue. The lion also grew larger and looked fiercer.

"That is sacred-blood water spirit! Qin Xuan actually got its beast soul!" Son of Heaven was shocked to see that. He knew very well how scary a sacred-blood water spirit was. It could coexist with another creature and make that creature exceptionally strong.

Qin Xuan made the final attack to the water spirit when she was hunting it with Son of Heaven, who did not know she got the beast soul. It seemed that the beast soul had the same power as the creature it once belonged to.

With the help of water spirit beast soul, the mutant golden lion had become stronger than normal sacred-blood creatures. Qin Xuan could then fully display the power of Atomic Fission.

Son of Heaven was surprised. "Qin Xuan has become so strong. It seems that this year she could be among top 3 of the Chosen."

Han Sen knew Qin Xuan really well. He glanced at her expression and knew something was off. Just before she summoned the water spirit beast soul, he summoned his wings and flew up high.

Everyone was stunned, including Qin Xuan. Who could have thought Dollar who looked like he was going for mutual destruction had flown away the minute Qin Xuan shapeshifted.

Qin Xuan who had shapeshifted did not know what to do. These two beast souls were fierce enough for sure. Even Dollar used a sacred-blood shapeshifting beast soul she could beat him.

She chose the moment when Han Sen was making the most powerful strikes to shapeshift so that he wouldn't disengage himself. She didn't have sacred-blood wings, so she wanted to end the match as soon as possible.

What she did not think of was that Dollar who was chasing her just flew away faster than rabbits.

Qin Xuan suddenly felt very embarrassed. As fierce as she was right now, she could not fly and as a lion, she could no longer use weapons, so she couldn't even throw things at Han Sen.

: The Winner Takes It All

Flying in the air, Han Sen summoned the mutant sawfish spear and cast it down at Qin Xuan like how a fisherman would use a harpoon. The lion that Qin Xuan had turned into reached out a claw and hit the spear hard. The spear as thick as an arm bent and bounced off.

Fortunately, the spear was tough enough so that it wasn't broken under her claw.

Han Sen took back his mutant sawfish spear and watched her from above, not intending to attack again or to land.

Everyone suddenly came to understand that Dollar was trying to consume Qin Xuan's shapeshifting time. Shapeshifting beast souls required a lot of energy to use. Even Qin Xuan couldn't stay like this for very long, or it would hurt her body.

"So shameless!"

"Do you call yourself a man?"

"What do you know? It's tactics."

"If she could fly as well, then good for her."

There was suddenly a chaos on the stands. Some supported Dollar and some Qin Xuan.

Qin Xuan simply could not reach Han Sen. She quickly dismissed the shapeshifting beast soul. But the moment she did that, Han Sen flew down and slashed his katana at her.

Qin Xuan had met a lot of strong enemies, but she had never been as depressed as she was at this moment. Once she shapeshifted, Han Sen would immediately fly into the sky; when she turned into herself, Han Sen would then rush down. She became sullen as she couldn't make use of her own strength.

"Ha-ha, Dollar is just great. He is fighting like a guerrilla."

"He is bullying her. Qin Xuan is almost crying."

"Shameless scum. How can a man be so brazen?"

Unabashed, Han Sen believed it did not matter how he won as long as he won. If he could go to the contest among the champions of all the shelters and rank top 10, he would be rewarded a sacred-blood beast soul. He would definitely try his best for that sake.

Qin Xuan did not expect that Dollar would sink so low to make her unable to use her power. Now she was only happy that Dollar was not an archer, or she would be even more miserable.

"Dollar, you are a dignified man. Do you dare to fight me head-on?" Qin Xuan wanted to prod Dollar into action.

Unfortunately, Han Sen ignored her intention and replied, "You are a soldier. Don't you understand that victory is all that matters? Even if I let you win today, what if you encounter champions of other shelters who could fly? Do you expect to persuade them to give up their ability to fly as well?"

Qin Xuan paused and people who accused Han Sen of being shameless also lowered their voices.

In fact, they should have thought of this. There had been more than one person who could fly among the Chosen before. Not being able to fly was a weakness of Qin Xuan's and even if she won today, others might still choose to exploit that in the future.

Many people who supported Qin Xuan kept silent. Qin Xuan smiled wryly. "Well, I give up. We do not have to go on."

Qin Xuan knew that she had such a fatal weakness, but did not think Dollar would be so brazen to use that to his advantage. Now that she had no way of winning, she chose to throw in the towel instead of staying in this awkward match.

Qin Xuan now regretted that she did not work hard on archery. Or she could have used an advanced beast soul bow and arrow to beat Dollar.

"You can pick up the S-Class license of Saint Hall at Steel Armor Gang." Qin Xuan said and left the martial ring, which made Han Sen this year's champion of Steel Armor Shelter

Dollar's victory was very controversial. A lot of people thought it was not honorary. But Han Sen didn't mind his reputation as long as he could win the sacred-blood beast soul given to the Chosen.

Qin Xuan left in good grace, but she had also set Han Sen up. If he went to pick up the S-Class license at Steel Armor Gang, she might be ready to ambush him. Han Sen knew her so well that he didn't dare to pick up the license under her nose, as he knew she must be quite upset with him.

The contest in Steel Armor Shelter was officially over. The top 100 all had their names on the martial stele in the martial ring. The first name there was "Dollar." Han Sen hoped that no one would call him "Doll" again. However, many still did.

All the shelter champions would start to compete in ten days. By then everyone in First God's Sanctuary could see the match taking place in the Chosen Martial Ring. The top 10 participants would each gain a random sacred-blood beast soul and be named "the Chosen."

If one had been the Chosen for the second or more time, one would no longer be awarded more sacred-blood beast souls, but an upgrade to one's beast soul awarded the first time.

Many of the Chosen would just go into the entertainment industry and become a star. Countless agents and companies would try to sign the Chosen with a large chunk of money. Unfortunately, the ten Chosen were normally the same persons from last year. Fresh faces would only have an opportunity once they evolved and went to Second God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen didn't care for the entertainment industry, but he would spare no effort in gaining the reward of a sacred-blood beast soul.

Legend has it that as the Chosen's reward, someone had once gained a beast soul in the shape of a beauty woman. Some rich guy offered more than a billion dollars and even an interstellar warship for it. No one knew if the deal was made, but no one had seen that beast soul again. It must be collected by some rich beast soul lover.

Han Sen naturally wanted to be assigned a beast soul in the shape of a beauty and become rich overnight. But he would first have to become the Chosen.

Only ten days to go until he started competing with other champions. There was no time for him to hunt for more geno points. Han Sen decided to use the time to train himself in the teleport station.

The gravity trainer was indeed a wonderful training device which had helped Han Sen a lot. He could push himself really far in a short amount of time inside it and practice Jadeskin much more efficiently.

He would then complete the training tasks assigned by Yang Manli and use the rest of the time to play Hand of God.

Han Sen was not sure what Gambler meant by "pass." He thought he had to clear all levels, but in fact what Gambler meant was just to pass the beginner level.

That was why Han Sen felt terrible that he still hadn't been able to pass the beginner level in so long.

"This game is so demanding on my dexterity of the entire arm and my control of muscles and bones. If I use Jadeskin when I play, I should be able to improve my score greatly." Han Sen tried it, and his scores indeed boomed. On the sixth day, he was able to level up for the first time.

Han Sen was still vexed with the fact that it took him so long to pass the beginner level and he even had to use Jadeskin. However, if Gambler knew Han Sen had already passed beginner level, he would be so shocked that his chin should fall to the ground.

Chapter 95

: Evolver-3

Because of the misunderstanding, Han Sen continued to challenge the evolver level of Hand of God, but he was making little progress even when using Jadeskin.

Recently, Yang Manli was satisfied with Han Sen's performance. He had finished all the tasks she assigned him and the data of the gravity trainer became normal again. She thought it was because he had stopped exploiting the loophole, but little did she know that he was actually increasing the difficulty so that his result could look normal.

It was almost midnight and Han Sen was the only one left in the gym, playing Hand of God. He had discovered that the game was almost designed for him.

Since he started practicing Jadeskin, he had gained exceptional control of his bones and muscles, and he had also become much more flexible. This game could help improve his reflexes and agility, which was a great for his progress with Sleeveblade and other skills that required handwork.

Qin Xuan teleported out of God's Sanctuary to look for Yang Manli, who chanced not to be in the teleport station.

When passing by the gym, Qin Xuan saw the light in the gym was still on and knew someone was still in there. She curiously took a look and saw Han Sen was playing Hand of God.

Qin Xuan felt nostalgic as she played this game a lot when she was in military school, putting a lot effort in it as well.

Although autonomous vehicles had been the mainstream in the Alliance for a long time, manual control was still needed when one was operating a warframe. In an interstellar war, warframes were fundamental as it would be hardly profitable to destroy a planet with weapons of mass destruction.

Warframe, as an individual combat tool, played a vital role in wars these days.

All military schools were training their students to operate warframes, which was one of the basic skills of a soldier. Hand of God was one of the best ways to improve one's speed and control, which were relevant to warframe operation.

Qin Xuan felt that she should teach Han Sen some tricks of the game. As he was handpicked by her, she would like to make him better.

"Let's see how you are doing first." Qin Xuan approached Han Sen and watched carefully. She was a bit far from him just now so all she could see was that he kept failing, and that was why she wanted to teach him.

But when Qin Xuan got closer, she suddenly felt that the holographic spots were disappearing too fast, which was why he kept making mistakes.

"Which level did he choose?" Qin Xuan checked the data on the screen.

"Evolver-3?" Qin Xuan could not help but frown. She thought that Han Sen was too ambitious. The evolver level was designed for evolvers, as the name suggested. The unevolved could sometimes pass the evolver level, but the was very rare.

Even for Qin Xuan with her current abilities, she could only pass evolver-2 occasionally, which was already incredible for an unevolved. After all, the unevolved weren't the target players here.

But Han Sen was challenging evolver-3. And he was just aiming too high.

"Biting off more than you can chew will get you nowhere," she thought, while she did not interrupt Han Sen but watched him starting over again and again. She wanted to teach him a lesson when he chose to give up.

Having watched for a while, Qin Xuan became serious, then surprised, and eventually shocked.

Han Sen was failing again and again. But in this process, he was making less and less mistakes and improving at a shocking rate.

As someone who had worked hard on this game, Qin Xuan knew that once you had reached your limit in the game, you could hardly improve again even with months' effort.

A limit is a limit. And no practice could bring you over your limit. Unless your strength had improved significantly, no exercise could raise your score.

The purpose of playing Hand of God was to show one's potential. But one couldn't improve one's potential by playing the game over and over again.

Now Han Sen's improvement could only mean one thing—evolver-3 was not yet his limit. That was why he could still reduce his mistakes and get better.

"Evolver-3 is not his limit. Is his talent in this area so great?" Qin Xuan did see great things in him, but did not expect he would be so good at this game.

When she was in military school, the champion of the military academy league was just able to pass evolver-3. And that guy was top 10 in the warframe contest of the league. He was known for his swiftness and accuracy, and even had a nickname "Lighting Hand."

Han Sen reached the same level without any professional training, which was why she felt shocked.

"Can he pass evolver-3?" Qin Xuan stood aside, watching Han Sen with a complicated expression on her face.

Han Sen did not notice the arrival of Qin Xuan at all. Now, all his attention was focused on hitting the spots appearing everywhere. Jadeskin was fully employed.

"Faster, I can go faster!" Han Sen's arms kept making swift and odd moves, twisted like serpents from time to time. Using all the muscles in his fingers and arms, he kept hitting all the spots appearing from nowhere.

After the completion of evolver-2, Han Sen had experienced countless failures adapting himself to the difficulty of evolver-3. He felt easier and easier to keep going and started to feel that he could definitely pass this time.

Chapter 96

: Amazing Talent

Qin Xuan felt suffocated as she almost stopped breathing when she saw Han Sen's hands dancing madly.

Halfway through evolver-3, Han Sen had made no mistake yet. His hands were moving so fast that sometimes all she could see was the afterimage, which amazed her.

Although the test had not yet been completed, Qin Xuan was able to determine that Han Sen had the ability to pass evolver-3. Judging from what she saw, he was not just lucky, but making progress constantly.

"Evolver-3... This is evolver-3!" Qin Xuan was suddenly pleased with herself.

She was the one who discovered Han Sen and insisted that he join her squad. The potentials he was exhibiting proved her decision extremely wise.

An unevolved who could complete evolver-3 in Hand of God was very likely to be invincible among all the unevolved once he learned how to operate a warframe.

"This kind of ability seems wasted on a sniper or archer." Qin Xuan was swayed for a moment, as he would make a better warframe operator in an open battle than a sniper in the dark.

But thinking of Han Sen's cautious character, Qin Xuan soon gave up the idea as he was not cut out for close combat.

But this discovery still made Qin Xuan happy, because Han Sen was the best candidate to operate a warframe equipped with multiple long-range shooting weapons.

Ding!

A crisp sound interrupted the thoughts of Qin Xuan. It was the tone of Han Sen passing evolver-3. She was no longer surprised, because she had predicted that this was not his limit.

But she was now more convinced of Han Sen's amazing potentials and felt more determined about one thing.

"This person is mine," Qin Xuan thought eagerly, as Han Sen started to play evolver-3 again.

Even Qin Xuan herself could not have foreseen that she would have such high hopes for this guy who mistook her for a creature and stabbed her in her butt the first time they met.

"Evolver-3, if he got more geno points and became an evolver, how great could he be then?" Qin Xuan was slightly excited. She quietly watched Han Sen practice for a long time before she went out of the gym.

"Maybe I could raise the bar for him," Qin Xuan thought with a smile that would make Han Sen shudder.

Ten days had soon passed. Han Sen was stuck and couldn't pass evolver-4 in such short time. There were ten phases in each level and Han Sen's performance had been exceptional for an unevolved.

Practicing Hand of God not only benefited his Sleeveblade skills, but also helped his speed of Bladestorm, as his improvement was comprehensive.

"The contest of all champions has finally come. I have to be in the top 10." Han Sen had read a lot of information from previous years and felt that he stood a good chance.

It was not to say that he was invincible. This year, several powerful Chosen had gone to Second God's Sanctuary, which meant he had less competition.

Han Sen studied his potential competition for a long time and found that his biggest rivals were likely to be Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng.

Tang had been the Chosen several times. He was the fifth last year and three of the four that ranked higher than him had gone to Second God's Sanctuary this year. The only one who didn't go was named Lin Feng, similar to the name of Han Sen's friend Lin Beifeng. Lin Feng was the second place last year.

There was no doubt that this year the two men would be the ones to beat.

He looked through the description from a lot of people who had watched last year's contest and found the two strong indeed.

Great fighting skills, plenty of advanced beast souls plus the sacred-blood beast souls awarded to them last time, as well as their growth this year, all meant they shouldn't be taken lightly.

Han Sen has met Tang Zhenliu before. Although he kicked Tang's ass in the game, it was completely thanks to his reflexes and prejudice. In a real combat, he needed more to win and just Tang's beast souls alone were trouble enough.

“How come these two guys did not go to Second God’s Sanctuary?” Han Sen was ever more concerned after he read the description. No matter how well they could fight, the beast souls they had would be fearsome enough.

“I hope I won’t run into them too early, or I would probably be in bad shape even if I won, which would be a disadvantage in the following matches,” Han Sen thought.

He could gain a sacred-blood beast soul as long as he was top 10, and the beast soul was assigned randomly. Therefore, Han Sen did not think of the first place, but would be happy as long as he was one of the Chosen.

When Han Sen was considering all kinds of possibilities, he heard his comlink and saw a strange number on it.

Han Sen frowned. He was not sure who it would be and answered the call hesitantly.

Beyond Han Sen’s expectation, popped up in the holographic image was Tang Zhenliu.

“Surprise!” Tang laughed.

“It sure is. What’s up?” Han Sen asked.

“I need a favor from you,” Tang said.

“Let’s hear it. I am just a nobody and may not be able to help you,” Han Sen said with a smile.

“You sure can. It has to be you, too. But no worries, you could name your price,” Tang Zhenliu said.

“What favor exactly?” Han Sen cringed.

“Let’s talk about it in person. Are you home now? I’ll pick you up,” Tang said hurriedly.

“No need. Tell me the place and I’ll go to see you.” Han Sen felt strange. Tomorrow was when the contest would start. What was Tang doing looking for Han Sen rather than preparing himself?

“Is it about the contest?” Han Sen guessed and felt it necessary to figure out what Tang was up to.

Chapter 97

: Same Style

When Han Sen arrived at the place Tang Zhenliu told him, he saw Fang Jingqi was also there. Tang led Han Sen into the living room.

After entering the living room, Han Sen saw that on the sofa sat a young man, who was very quiet and did not speak when he saw Han Sen coming in.

“Tang, what do you need me for?” Han Sen asked directly.

“Brother, look at this first.” Instead of answering Han Sen’s question, Tang played a video.

The scene was shot in a martial ring. A man in combat suit was surrounded by a group of people wearing masks. The moment Han Sen saw the man he shuddered, although it was just through the holographic image.

Then the video began. Under the siege, the man started a gorgeous murder show.

It was a slaughter. In one minute and twenty-three seconds, the man in combat suit was holding nothing but a dagger. He had killed a total of 34 people, each in one strike. No one survived, and no one could stand up again after taking his strike.

The man was like death himself, harvesting lives casually.

“This person is a lot like you,” after the video was played, Tang looked at Han Sen and said.

“That’s not me,” Han Sen said quietly.

“Of course it’s not you, but you fight in the same style. Before you strike, there is no warning or signs. But the strike itself was fast and fierce, with perfect timing. You are both assassins,” Tang concluded.

Although Tang had not fought Han Sen, he was a great fighter and discovered many things when he was playing that drinking game with Han Sen.

“So?” Han Sen frowned.

“This person is called Yi Dongmu, grandson of Senator Yi who is demigod. This year he is the champion of Tsar Shelter. In other words, he is one of my competitors,” Tang explained.

“What do you want me to do? Disable him so that he cannot participate in the contest? I am sorry, but I do not have that kind of skills.” Han Sen spread out his hands.

“Of course not. He is the grandson of Senator Yi. Even we couldn’t approach him easily, let alone you. We could never assassinate him. In the Alliance, wherever he goes, he’s always closely guarded,” Tang said. “We have invited you here because we want you to imitate Yi Dongmu’s tactics and spar with us. Truth be told, I really have no confidence to block his weird strikes and you can help us get used to his style.”

“What’s in it for me?” Han Sen did not decline.

Tang pondered, moved his lips but didn’t speak.

They were basically asking Han Sen to teach them how to beat himself, so it was very hard to name the price. If Han Sen was someone important, they would not even have asked as it could be perceived as provocative.

“We can try our best to accommodate whatever you propose,” Fang Jingqi said.

“An S-Class license of Saint Hall,” Han Sen paused and said.

“Deal.” Tang replied so fast that Han Sen felt that he might have asked for too little, maybe he should have said two S-Class licenses.

But Han Sen had always been an optimist. One S-Class license was a great price already and what they asked him to do helped himself in turn as well, as Yi Dongmu might be his opponent as well.

“I have to say this before we start. My skills are inferior to Yi’s. Even if you could parry my attacks, you might still be stabbed by him,” said Han Sen.

"I know. Here are some videos of him fighting. Watch carefully and then we will start. We don't have much time left and we can only hope that our first opponent won't be him so that we'd have more time to practice." Tang Zhenliu sat on the couch and joined Lin Feng, leaving Han Sen to watch the videos himself.

Han Sen watched one video after another. None of the videos were shot officially. Han Sen felt this trip was worth it, because if he encountered Yi Dongmu without knowing his style, he might be killed in the match.

Indeed, they shared the same style. The difference was that Han Sen had formed the style himself, while Yi clearly had a great mentor. That was why Yi's skills were much better. He seemed to have a better fitness level than Han Sen as well.

As for beast souls, Han Sen was sure that Yi had better ones than his as well. As the grandson of a demigod and senator, his grandfather would manage to get him nice stuff no matter which shelter he was in.

Although time is limited, none of Tang Zhenliu, Fang Jingqi and Lin Feng asked Han Sen to hurry. They let Han Sen repeatedly watch the footages.

Han Sen sometimes would replay some details several times. Yi had taught him a lot through these videos, which meant more to Han Sen than an S-Class license.

In just less than four hours, Han Sen felt as if he had been through a revolutionary change.

However, after full understanding Yi's way of fighting, Han Sen was surprised to find that although Yi's strikes looked terrifying, there were subtle defects to his style. And only those who deeply understood this style would be aware of these defects.

Tang was getting impatient and wanted to interrupt Han Sen, but Lin Feng the quiet man stopped him. It was in the evening when Han Sen had finished with the videos.

"Let's get started," Han Sen got up and said.

"Well, let me see how well you can imitate Yi." Tang took Han Sen into a combat room in the villa.

Han Sen grabbed a dagger the same shape of Yi's dagger. Its edge was not sharpened and its blade was retractable, so that no one would get hurt.

The way Yi Dongmu and Han Sen fought required them to do their best with each strike. If real weapons were used, Tang was afraid that he would be injured by Han Sen.

"Let's begin." Tang tightly watched Han Sen, and did not step back. They wanted to practice how to parry Yi's strikes after being approached by him.

Chapter 98

: An Interesting Person

Han Sen approached Tang, holding a dagger backhandedly, a way he had learned from Yi.

Two feet away from Tang, Han Sen suddenly wielded the dagger and stabbed it at him from an unexpected angle.

Fang Jingqi was shocked, and the quiet man's eyes lit up. Tang was covered in cold sweat and it was too late to parry that attack with his broadsword. He abruptly turned sideways but was still stabbed in the waist.

"S*#! Your strike was not that different from his," Tang called out, staring at Han Sen.

Fang Jingqi looked at Han Sen with a strange look and the quiet man's eyes also fell on Han Sen's hands.

Han Sen was surprised himself as well. He was practicing Jadeskin madly these days. And practicing Hand of God had also enhanced his speed.

In addition, he just saw Yi's way of fighting and had some new insights. Now his strike was so powerful that he couldn't believe it himself.

"Ha-ha, God loves me. With you sparring with me, Yi will be no big deal." Tang laughed out loud.

For a whole night, none went to bed, but the only one who was practicing with Han Sen was Tang. Fang Jingqi didn't register in the contest and the quiet man was just watching and did not mean to join them.

Having practiced for a night, Tang could not avoid Han's dagger as long as Han Sen was within a foot from him. Tang didn't develop a way to defend himself, while Han Sen was getting better and better.

"S*#! I give up. There is no way to parry your attacks. Maybe I'm doomed," Tang said sullenly, as he saw it was about time to go to God's Sanctuary for the contest and there was no point in going on.

"Now you are able to deal with Yi," Lin Feng who had been watching in silence suddenly said.

"Lin, what do you mean?" asked Tang, sitting up straight and staring at Lin Feng.

"Yi Dongmu is not as good as him. You can't parry his strikes, but with Yi you would be able to avoid being stabbed in fatal parts. If your luck is not too bad and run into Yi in a few days instead of today, you could block Yi's strikes at a very small price." Hearing this remark from Lin Feng, Tang and Fang looked at Han Sen, appalled.

They knew Lin Feng well and were shocked that he would speak so highly of Han Sen by saying that Yi Dongmu was not as good.

Han Sen's background was much inferior to Yi and Yi was probably also older, yet Lin Feng said Yi Dongmu was not as good as Han Sen.

If the remark was from another person, they would certainly have scoffed, but they knew Lin Feng and he was never wrong. Last year, the only reasons he was not the first place were that he hadn't broken the bottleneck in his hyper geno art and that he entered God's Sanctuary two years later than his opponent.

"No need to look at him that way. I'm just saying his style is better than Yi Dongmu's, but his fitness was still inferior to Yi of course." Lin Feng smiled, and reached a hand out to Han Sen. "I am Lin Feng. Very pleased to know you. You are an interesting person."

“Han Sen. A pleasure,” Han Sen shook his hand, smiled and said.

“Well, it is late. Let’s shower and teleport.” Tang interrupted the eye contact between Han Sen and Lin Feng. He turned to ask Han Sen, “There is a teleport device here. You want to join us?”

“No, I did not register so I will not go,” Han Sen declined and left.

Watching Han Sen leaving the villa, Tang asked Lin Feng, “Is he really so good?”

“He’s better than you think. If he had the same background as Yi, he would be 100 times more impressive than the latter. He understands the essence of assassination, while Yi only has some skills. His growth was limited by his background but he will be well-known in a few years,” commented Lin Feng.

“Such high praise from Lin. He must really be something,” Fang Jingqi said.

“In a few years, will he surpass you?” Tang was interested.

“In First God’s Sanctuary, I am invincible,” said Lin Feng casually, exuding confidence.

This time Han Sen had gained a lot. Not only did he get an S-Class license from Tang, he also enhanced his advantages in sneak attacks. As pointed out by Lin Feng, his strikes were more threatening than Yi’s.

But no matter how powerful his strikes were, he had to first get close to his opponent, which was not easy.

In practice, he started from the proximity of Tang, who would never let him get so close in a real match. After all, the art of assassination was better used in the dark.

Yi had practiced a kind of footwork that allowed him to easily approach others even from the front, but Han Sen had never learned it so it was hard for him to get close.

That footwork was also a hyper geno art and involved special techniques. Han Sen was never good at footwork and could not imitate from watching the videos. Even if he tried, he couldn’t get the essence of it. Therefore, it was essential that he should learn his own footwork.

“Maybe I should consider using this on my footwork.” Han Sen squeezed the S-Class license in his pocket.

But now he had no time for that—practicing a new hyper geno art took time. Han Sen went to the teleport station, entered God’s Sanctuary, dressed himself as Dollar and entered the martial ring.

In the middle of the martial ring erected a giant sacred stele that was a hundred times more magnificent than the martial stele. Under the watch of people from Steel Armor Shelter, Han Sen marched into the sacred stele and was teleported to a huge martial ring—Chosen Martial Ring.

In all the shelters of God’s Sanctuary, there was a similar sacred stele from which the image of Chosen Martial Ring was projected. At this moment, champions from all the shelters were entering Chosen Martial Ring from the sacred stele.

: The Chosen Slayed in One Strike

Han Sen realized how large the population of the Alliance was and how large First God's Sanctuary was when he entered Chosen Martial Ring.

Every shelter had about 100,000 people like Steel Armor Shelter. And everyone in Chosen Martial Ring now was the champion of their own shelter. The stands were almost filled with at least 100,000 champions, which meant there were at least 100,000 shelters in First God's Sanctuary. It was a dizzying figure indeed.

After humans entered the interstellar era, they had conquered lots of habitable planets and had been thriving. Now the human kind was so huge that only Shuras could compete.

Among the champions of all shelters, Dollar was the most famous one, in addition to the Chosen from last year.

That video of Dollar fighting golden-horned Shura was so viral that all mainstream media had covered it, so Dollar had become a household name in the Alliance.

Many people were curiously looking at Han Sen, as they wondered how Dollar really was.

But it was mostly just curiosity. They had all watched the video starring Han Sen. Although the storyline was impressive, Dollar didn't really show much strength at that time.

His sacred-blood beast souls were great but he himself not so much. Han Sen at that time would be very far behind among the champions of all shelters.

After all, these people were one in a hundred thousand with great physiques and advanced beast souls. It hadn't been long since Han Sen fought the Shura, so no one believed he could have made much progress. People mostly just wondered about him and didn't treat him as a fierce rival.

When the channel into Chosen Martial Ring was closed, the match list finally appeared on the sacred stele.

The names on the list were the ones the champions left on the martial steles. Han Sen quickly searched the list for "Dollar" and he found it very soon. The word stood out to him for some reason and others had found their own names as well.

In this contest among the champions, a one-on-one model was adopted and the winner of the two would enter the next round, so the list was like a pyramid. Han Sen was relieved to see both Tang Zhenliu and Lin Feng were arranged far from him and there was no chance they would meet before top 10. Han Sen scanned the list again and another name caught his eye.

"Yi Dongmu, he used his real name?" Han Sen saw the name Yi Dongmu and followed his path. He was suddenly startled.

If Yi and he could both win all the way, they would fight for the chance to become the Chosen. So in order for Han Sen to gain the sacred-blood beast soul, he must beat Yi.

"Tang Zhenliu was afraid of Yi, while I was the one who met him. Yi Dongmu, your luck is no good. If Tang didn't come to me, I might lose to you. But now it's different. Maybe I am chosen," Han Sen

thought happily. Perhaps others would be afraid of Yi, but he was confident he could beat Yi after watching the videos.

Chosen Martial Ring was divided into a thousand stages stacked on top of one another. Each time a thousand pairs could fight at the same time. Han Sen was in a late match so he went to see other matches first, especially the one Yi was in. He had to know how much better Yi was getting compared to his performance in the videos.

Yi Dongmu's match in this round was also rather late. Han Sen watched a few matches and was surprised as no one was to be taken lightly in this contest.

He also watched Tang Zhenliu's first match. His opponent stood no chance under his fierce broadsword skills. After Tang shapeshifted, his opponent was barely fighting back. Tang's techniques and strength were both outstanding in the contest.

Lin Feng whom Han Sen was paying even more attention to also won his match, while Han Sen didn't really understand the way he won. His opponent was a nobody, but Lin Feng only won by a narrow margin.

Han Sen could even imagine that in the reports next day, Lin Feng's opponent would be described as "had a glorious failure."

But for some reason, Lin Feng made Han Sen feel more threatened than Tang did.

Finally, it was Yi Dongmu's turn. He was not well-known at the moment. Although he was the grandson of Senator Yi, only a few people knew he was in the contest. After all, this was his first contest.

However, his opponent was a celebrity who ranked number 10 last time, nicknamed "Dragon Swordsman." Dragon Swordsman was very handsome and had great sword skills. With lots of female fans in the Alliance, he enjoyed great popularity among all the Chosen.

Dragon Swordsman's match was naturally high-profile. A lot of people thought that he had a chance of being top 3 this year and all the girls were cheering for him. Few paid attention to Yi Dongmu, his opponent.

But ten seconds from the match started, everyone was shocked. Before Dragon Swordsman drew his sword, Yi Dongmu's knife had cut his throat.

Watching Dragon Swordsman clutching his own neck in pain and collapsing, the audience were silent. His female fans were covered in tears with hands on their mouths, not accepting what they saw.

One of the Chosen last year, Dragon Swordsman was killed in his first match. That would sure become the headline next morning. This was all it took for Yi to be known throughout the Alliance.

Han Sen was calm. Although Yi had made some progress, the well-born kid still did not understand the essence of assassination.

Chapter 100

: Contest Center

It was Han Sen's turn. His opponent was a guy called Lei Ban. The moment Han Sen got on the stage, Lei Ban summoned a beast soul bow and three beast soul arrows and shot all three arrows at him. The three arrows almost flew to Han Sen at the same time.

Han Sen was surprised. Lei Ban was at least as good at archery as him, and even had better techniques than him. Judging from the look of his bow, it was likely a sacred-blood beast soul bow and two of the three arrows were dark green, so they were probably poisonous like his mutant black stinger arrow. The third arrow was made from blue crystal and sounded as if it could tear air apart when it was in the air, which suggested it could be a sacred-blood beast soul arrow.

"Sure enough, there is no one weak here." Han Sen swiftly dodged the strongest blue crystal arrow and summoned his mutant sawfish spear to ward off the other two arrows.

Han Sen felt a bash as the arrows and his spear collided. The spear almost fell from his hand.

"Excellent archer and weapons," thought Han Sen in awe. He squeezed the spear and approached Lei Ban.

Lei Ban was not only fast, but was also able to shoot while running. The arrows were not affected by his movement at all. Unable to trap Lei Ban with his spear, Han Sen had to run after Lei Ban while dodging his arrows.

Han Sen had a lot of respect for this opponent, who had much better footwork than him and could shoot arrows in all positions when moving with both great strength and accuracy. Han Sen had also worked hard on archery but he was only able to shoot when standing still. His accuracy would suffer a lot if he tried to move.

Lei Ban was indeed much stronger than him in archery, so Han Sen was not in a hurry to end the match. Instead, he started to observe his opponent and learn from him.

Han Sen's match had also attracted a lot of people's attention. After all, Dollar was popular. But compared with Yi Dongmu, his performance was less than impressive. More than half an hour had passed and they were still running after each other, rendering the audience drowsy.

In First God's Sanctuary, people were quite disappointed in Dollar, except for his hardcore fans. Since a match with an unknown person had cost him so much effort, Dollar didn't seem to have what it took to become the Chosen.

When the match had been going on for more than an hour, Han Sen shapeshifted into the bloody slayer, approached Lei Ban and beat him in a close combat, which Lei was not good at.

The same day, all major media in the Alliance had covered the contest. Although there was no image, the reporters managed to depict the matches vividly with words.

Their main focus was on Yi Dongmu's match. Yi's background was also published—the grandson of Senator Yi who had graduated with stellar grades from the best posh school before entering God's Sanctuary.

His background and his seckill of Dragon Swordsman made him a major contender this year.

The victory of Tang had also made him a favorite.

Another top contestant was Lin Feng. His match, however, benefited his opponent, who was considered to have lost by a narrow margin by the media.

There were articles on Han Sen too, but they were rather short in general. The longer ones were all focused on the disappointment in Dollar.

Most of the reports were filled with phrases like “narrow win,” “work to be done,” “hard to live up to the reputation” and “to be improved.” There was not much description.

In fact, those who saw Han Sen’s match, including his fans, had to admit Dollar was just average.

The team of the TV program “Contest Center” was holding a meeting in their office building. In the conference room, the station director Xu Kangnian was tapping his finger on the table. He looked at Fang Mingquan sitting on his right side and suggested with a smile, “Fang, do you think we need to make some alterations to today’s show?”

“Which alterations do you have in mind?” Fang Ming frowned, as he could guess what Xu Kangnian wanted to say.

Since Dollar’s video became viral, Fang Mingquan was poached by Huaxing Station’s “Contest Center” team. Because he had taken the place of an old host in the station, he was not the most popular person here. He was targeted here and there, which made it difficult for him to realize his career goals.

“Fang, we journalists have to focus on the hot issues. Contest Center was designed for this contest and we ought to focus on the more outstanding matches.” Xu Kangnian paused and said, “Shall we put Dollar’s content on hold, and release it when he had a better match? Let’s focus on Yi Dongmu first. What do you think?”

“The director has a point. Yi is so popular right now, of course we should focus on him. Dollar was just lucky to have killed a badly injured Shura. His weakness was exposed in the contest and he couldn’t even be in the top 100, let alone the Chosen. There is little point covering his match. We need to focus on Yi who could be the first place.” Wang Changqing said with his face stern, giving Fang Mingquan a cold stare.

This program used to belong to Wang Changqing, and he was replaced by Fang Mingquan in the end, which explained why Fang was not his favorite person.

“Yes. It’s settled then. Fang, let’s roll with Yi Dongmu for this one,” said Xu Kangnian.

Fang Mingquan curled his lips and felt suffocated. He suppressed his anger and scanned each onlooker. Shooting Wang Changqing a cold stare, he looked at Xu Kangnian and said calmly, “Director Xu, if you still want me to host Contest Center, I will talk about Dollar, not just for this episode, but for all future episodes. I will also tell everyone that Dollar will be the winner of the contest.”

Everyone in the conference room paused and looked at Fang Mingquan as if he were crazy.