# 85 Seckill

But soon, Liu Hongtao's smile disappeared.  
  
The moment the martial stele lit up, Dollar summoned the bloody slayer and ran toward the ape called Luo like a hurricane, a golden spear in his hand.  
  
In the blink of an eye, Dollar was in Luo's face, his spear stabbing Luo's stomach.  
  
Luo Tianyang roared and hacked his mace madly at the mutant sawfish spear, making the spear fly out of Han Sen's hand.  
  
Liu Hongtao was ready to applaud, but then he saw that Dollar calmly reached for a golden katana at his waist and slashed it toward Luo Tianyang, who was only inches away.  
  
The ape did possess great strength, but it was also clumsy. When fighting from afar, this disadvantage wouldn't show. But at such a short distance, there was no time for the ape to dodge.  
  
Crack!  
  
The nine-foot-tall ape was cut in half. Luo only gave a whimper before he turned into his own body and died. Blood flowed like a river.  
  
Everyone was blankly watching Han Sen, who put the katana back into its sheath and took back the spear calmly. Dollar killed Luo who had shapeshifted into a sacred-blood creature in less than ten seconds.  
  
After the moment of silence, cheers broke out like a tsunami. Everyone was calling Dollar's name, bringing the whole martial hall to a boil.  
  
Su Xiaoqiao was the happiest person among all. Twerking on the stands, he shouted, "Dollar Dollar I love you, like a mouse loves rice..."  
  
Liu Hongtao was dumbfounded. He sat there like a deflated balloon, not accepting the fact that Luo had died.  
  
"Red-hoofed beast... My red-hoofed beast... how could this be..." Liu Hongtao almost spat out blood.  
  
Son of Heaven gritted his teeth very hard. He didn't care that Luo was killed. But his ape beast soul was one of the few sacred-blood beast souls he had. It, along with all the mutant beast souls, was ruined with the death of Luo. Son of Heaven's heart was bleeding.  
  
"Dollar, I'll make you regret you were born," Son of Heaven cursed inwardly. He very badly wanted to kill Dollar, but felt somewhat helpless about it.  
  
Before, there had been a chance to besiege Dollar with his gang; now that Dollar had wings, that plan would no longer work.  
  
Now Son of Heaven regretted very much that he had used his one-use sacred-blood wasp arrow. If he still had it, he would be able to kill Dollar, even if Dollar could fly.  
  
He thought more about it and realized that if he had never used that arrow, Dollar wouldn't have the bloody slayer beast soul. Without that shapeshifting beast soul, Dollar couldn't have killed Luo so easily.  
  
Thinking of this, Son of Heaven wanted to eat Dollar alive. There was something stuck in his chest which he could neither swallow nor spit out.  
  
"I must find out who Dollar is! If I couldn't kill him in God's Sanctuary, I will kill him in the Alliance." Son of Heaven was determined to have Dollar killed, or he could never let this go. His loss was indeed huge. Luo was dead, and he had lost many beast souls, including a sacred-blood one, while Dollar walked free.  
  
Han Sen did not dare to get stuck in the crowd and simply flew away with his wings, not giving the audience any chance to approach him.  
  
Dollar killing Luo Tianyang was the headline in Steel Armor Shelter. People had posted the story on the Skynet, but without a way to record images in God's Sanctuary, words alone didn't attract much attention. In addition, Luo Tianyang was a nobody, so no one cared.  
  
After all, this was only the martial arts contest within Steel Armor Shelter. If Dollar became the champion of Steel Armor Shelter and entered the contest among champions from all the shelters, then his match could be seen by the entire First God's Sanctuary. If he became the Chosen, it would truly be something amazing throughout the entire Alliance.  
  
But people in Steel Armor Shelter were clearly scared of Dollar. His opponents in the next few rounds all quit before they fought and simply didn't show up.  
  
Killing someone in seconds was a brutal thing to do. And that someone had even shapeshifted into a sacred-blood beast soul. No one had the courage to put their life on the line.  
  
Some people even accused Dollar of being a murderer and posted articles describing how cruel he was. Su Xiaoqiao and other Bullseye members were pissed off by those articles and wrote about the bet between Su and Liu, leading to compliments from Dollar's fans.  
  
But it had not changed the fact that Dollar had killed someone. Later, someone posted anonymously that Luo Tianyang had mutilated and raped many victims using Son of Heaven's gang when he was alive. Many people from Steel Armor Shelter echoed the post and said it was a great thing that Dollar had done.  
  
"Luo Tianyang was an animal. If I were Dollar, I would have killed him long before the martial arts contest."  
  
"Well done. Thirty-two likes."  
  
"An animal who deserved it."  
  
"Ignorant, all of you. Murder is murder, regardless of who was killed. Dollar is a murderer."  
  
"Dollar is a piece of s\*#t!"  
  
"Don't comment on something you don't understand. Everyone in Steel Armor Shelter knows it was justice well served."  
  
"Exactly. I hate those who follow the herd."  
  
There was quite a debate on the Skynet, but then the posts criticizing Dollar became overwhelming, and many posts that supported Dollar got deleted.  
  
People in Steel Armor Shelter knew that Son of Heaven was behind it. However, no one had the nerve to antagonize Son of Heaven. After all, there weren't many who dared to be the enemy of Starry group.  
  
No one was willing to do that for a stranger anyway.  
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# 86 Special Training

"Sen, check out my new mount!" Su Xiaoqiao was riding his newly-gained mutant red-hoofed beast in the yard of the Bullseye team, bragging.  
  
The mutant red-hoofed beast looked somewhat like an antelope with a pair of buffalo horns on its head. It had the size of a camel and was satin black all over, except for its four blood-red hooves.  
  
Han Sen was very depressed to see this gorgeous mount. He wasted so much effort in helping this brat win a mutant mount, while he himself ended up with nothing.  
  
Although he did have a mutant mount beast soul, it was aquatic and was useless on the land.  
  
"After the martial arts contest, I have to find a way to gain a beast soul mount. It was too much trouble going everywhere on foot and it was bad for my image as well," Han Sen thought to himself.  
  
Dark Swamp was out of the question. Even if he gained a mount beast soul there, it would be something ugly like a toad.  
  
"Han Sen, come to my office." Yang Manli called from the second floor.  
  
"Sen, you offended her again?" Su Xiaoqiao ran over and asked, grinning.  
  
"Why would I do that?" Han Sen said, touching his nose.  
  
"That was not a kind look she had. You have to be careful," Su Xiaoxiao laughed.  
  
"You know about looks? Why don't you say you are psychic as well." Han Sen laughed and went to the second floor.  
  
"Manli, you asked for me?" Han Sen asked.  
  
"I do not know what Qin Xuan saw in you. But since she asked me to help you prepare for the entrance exam, I'll do my best. Starting from today, you will report to me at the teleport station every day and I will train you, hard. You better be prepared as you will suffer. Blackhawk isn't just any school."  
  
Yang Manli paused and said casually, "If you cannot bear it, you better ask Qin Xuan to allow you to quit. I will not stop you."  
  
"When do I start?" Han Sen asked.  
  
"Now," said Yang Manli before she got up and teleported to Planet Roca with Han Sen.  
  
Yang Manli took Han Sen to the test hall at the teleport station, which was a military-standard test hall that provided more accurate tests.  
  
"You will do a detailed test first and let me see what's the difference between your fitness level and the lowest standard for Blackhawk," Yang Manli said with no expression.  
  
"No need for that. I think I could definitely pass that bar." Han Sen did not dare to do the test, afraid he might scare Yang with his data.  
  
The last time he took the test, he had approached 10 in all his numbers. Having gained lots of mutant and sacred geno points after that, his fitness index should be well beyond 10 now.  
  
"Do the test." Yang Manli commanded coldly.  
  
"If you insist." Han Sen muttered and slowly walked toward the entrance of the test hall.  
  
Han Sen had made up his mind not to use his full strength, in case Yang could tell something was wrong.  
  
Fortunately, Han Sen was very confident in his control of his own body. The more he practiced Jadeskin, the more he was amazed by this hyper geno art. He hadn't practiced it for long, but he already felt that he could adjust each bone and each muscle in his body.  
  
With Jadeskin, he could even change his heart rate, blood pressure and body temperature to a certain extent.  
  
The more he understood Jadeskin, the more scared he felt. Fortunately, Xue Longyan had already been seriously injured when they met, or else it would have been Han Sen who got killed.  
  
It was precisely because of this that Han Sen wouldn't let anyone know that he was practicing Jadeskin, for fear that people might know Xue Longyan was killed by him.  
  
The test items here were similar to those in the test center, but were more sophisticated in general. Hence Han Sen knew what each item was for.  
  
Soon, Han Sen completed all the test items and came out of the test hall covered with sweat.  
  
Yang Manli had no idea that Han Sen looked so tired mainly because he was trying to control the test result. To control one's reflexes and heartbeat was extremely difficult in such sophisticated test items. If Han Sen hadn't practiced Jadeskin, he wouldn't have been able to hide his real physical condition at all.  
  
Yang Manli looked through Han Sen's test results and said, "Less than 10 in all items, but close. Ten is just the standard of ordinary military schools. For Blackhawk, even for specially recruited students, 10 was just a narrow pass."  
  
After reading something on a smart machine, she said, "During the time we have left which is little more than a month, I will make all your fitness index pass 10. Meanwhile, I will train you in archery. Only with proper archery skills will you be specially recruited."  
  
"Manli, may I ask, without special enrollment, what kind of score is Blackhawk looking for?" Han Sen asked curiously.  
  
"When you are able to beat me, you could be admitted to Blackhawk on your own." Yang Manli went to the gym, not even glancing at Han Sen.  
  
Han Sen followed her to the gym and looked at all sorts of training equipment in the gym curiously. Many of the equipment he had never seen before. Many soldiers were training in the gym.  
  
The teleport station was part of the military, so everything here followed military standard. The only difference was that most soldiers here were new to the army and had never been to the battlefield.  
  
Those who could be assigned here typically had certain connections, or else they would have been sent to the front.  
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# 87 Cheating

Yang Manli led Han Sen in front of a sealed device the size of a train compartment. The device was around 150 feet long. She turned it on and entered some data before she took off her jacket, revealing a black professional training suit underneath.  
  
The suit was made of a material unknown to Han Sen, which had a formfitting effect. Han Sen noticed that Yang Manli had a great body. Her legs were especially long and straight, seducing one to touch them.  
  
"Look carefully. I will only show you once. For today, you need to finish this training every day before you go anywhere else." Yang Manli said and went into the device.  
  
The moment Yang Manli entered the device, all soldiers who were exercising came around and drooled over the holographic image displayed.  
  
"Yang's body is getting more and more perfect. I could play with those legs for three years."  
  
"Three years? I can play with them for thirty years."  
  
"Check out her ass."  
  
These animals stared at the holographic image almost with their eyeballs popped out.  
  
Inside the device, Yang Manli had started. There are many exercise items in the device and she finished them one by one effortlessly. The items didn't look very difficult either.  
  
"Brother, what is this device? Looks like it is not that difficult." Han Sen asked a soldier curiously.  
  
"Not difficult? Kiddo, you are too naïve. Yang seems effortless because she's got great fitness index. If you were to do it, you would be too tired to finish three items."  
  
"This is called gravity trainer. There are such devices on all interstellar aircrafts and warships and they are used to adjust the internal gravity. With the parameters set by Yang, one would need at least 10 in fitness index to train. Or else walking in the device alone would be a torture, even worse than screwing seven times in one night."  
  
"Son, all you could do is pray."  
  
These soldiers knew Han Sen. They were all aware that Qin Xuan had often called him into the combat room.  
  
Yang Manli stepped out of the gravity trainer in a little while, and the soldiers quickly scattered back to do their training as if nothing had happened.  
  
Yang Manli had some sweat on her forehead. She put on her jacket and said, "Now you complete the exercise and then come to find me."  
  
She left with no intention of watching Han Sen do the exercise.  
  
Yang Manli knew very well that Han Sen's physical fitness index was only close to ten and it was impossible for him to finish such intense training. She just wanted to humble him so that he would follow her orders better.  
  
A soldier ran toward Han Sen when the latter was about to enter the gravity trainer to start training. Putting his hand over Han Sen's shoulder, the soldier smiled and said, "Buddy, if you can bring us some R-rated holographic resources when you come here in the future, I'll let you in on a secret and make the gravity trainer a piece of cake for you."  
  
"Deal. What's the secret?" Han Sen agreed, knowing he was asking for porns.  
  
"Great." The soldier patted Han Sen's shoulder and whispered to his ear, "Once the parameters were set up, Yang could tell if you have modified them after. However, the device has a protective mechanism, which is designed mainly to prevent dangers to your body. My method allows you to change the parameters through this mechanism so that the result doesn't show the modification. So, you can easily complete the test without being found out by Yang."  
  
"Fantastic. What should I do?" Han Sen asked.  
  
"I can tell you the secret, but a deal is a deal. You need to get me those R-rated holographic resources or you will regret it," said the soldier.  
  
"Brother, rest assured. I'll get you those," Han Sen patted his own chest and guaranteed.  
  
The soldier nodded with satisfaction and told Han Sen the method to change the parameters. He repeatedly told Han Sen to bring him the porns and designated a few actresses.  
  
"Parameters set up, please confirm..." Han Sen went into the gravity trainer and heard the AI.  
  
"OK," Han Sen replied.  
  
"Confirmation completed. Start testing in ten seconds. Countdown starts. Ten, nine, eight..."  
  
When the countdown was over, Han Sen felt his body sank, as if he had suddenly gained a few hundred pounds.  
  
Han Sen did not use the soldier's method. He wanted to see if he could finish the exercise like Yang Manli did.  
  
Han Sen was not used to the added gravity and warmed up a little before he started.  
  
When Yang Manli was back from her office, it was already in the afternoon. She thought Han Sen should be worn out like a dead dog by now and would probably be more obedient in the future.  
  
When Yang Manli returned to the gym, she was surprised to see Han Sen chatting with the soldiers there. The soldiers were even showing him how to play with all sorts of devices. He looked rather lively and not tired at all.  
  
"Han Sen, I asked you to train. What are you doing?" annoyed, Yang Manli asked coldly.  
  
The soldiers were scared away like mice met a cat, leaving Han Sen standing there alone in front of Yang Manli.  
  
"Captain, I've completed the training." Han Sen saluted the way the soldiers had just taught him.  
  
"Completed?" Yang Manli frowned and walked quickly toward the gravity trainer. She pulled out the data and as she checked each item, her face became darker and darker.  
  
There was no doubt that Yang Manli did not think the data was real. Only those who with more than 12 in fitness index could achieve this. She had just tested Han Sen's fitness and he wasn't even a 10. So, this could not be his real performance.  
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# 88 Perseverance Matters

"Who told you about the protection mechanism?" Yang Manli stared at Han Sen madly. Of course, she knew about this trick.  
  
"What protection mechanism? I do not understand what you are talking about?" Han Sen looked innocent.  
  
"You won’t tell? Go get a 7.0 practice bow and some arrows," Yang Manli calmed down and said coldly.  
  
Han Sen did not know what she wanted to do, and did what she asked.  
  
"You know the standard stance to draw the string?" Yang Manli looked at Han Sen and asked.  
  
"Yes." Han Sen nodded.  
  
"Very good, pull the string to the fullest on standard stance," Yang Manli said quietly.  
  
Han Sen had worked hard on archery so his stance was perfect and he easily pulled the string to the fullest.  
  
"Good stance." Han Sen was surprised to hear Yang Manli’s compliment.  
  
"Thank you, Captain." Still, Han Sen knew he was in trouble.  
  
"Hold this position until midnight. If you move during this period and I do not get the answer I want, you do not need to show up here again. Even if the stationmaster came here herself, one of us must go." Yang Manli turned to leave.  
  
Seeing Yang going away, the soldiers ran back and the one who told Han Sen about the protection mechanism felt guilty and said, "Sorry buddy, I did not expect Yang to be onto you. I did you harm instead of good."  
  
"It’s just a few hours. I’ll be fine." Han Sen said casually.  
  
"Do not underestimate the standard stance. Twenty minutes was all right, but two hours is just torture. A 7.0 bow is not a joke, usually we can’t even last two hours with a 6.0 bow. It’s four hours until midnight. Yang is really brutal this time."  
  
"I say let’s go apologize. Just tell her we all told him about the loophole. Or else he would probably not be able to use his arms ever again."  
  
"If we have to. Judging from her look, we would suffer as well."  
  
The soldiers complained and sighed.  
  
"No need. I’ll give it a shot. My endurance has always been good. Four hours, I think there should be no problem." Han Sen called the soldiers who were going to apologize back.  
  
"It doesn’t matter how good your endurance is. It’s torture."  
  
Han Sen smiled, "I’ve seen worse. Don’t go yet. If I can’t do it, you could go then. Maybe by then Yang Manli will see how miserable I am and lessen the punishment."  
  
"That is also true. Buddy, you hang in there first. Let us know when it gets bad. We will go and confess." The soldiers were loyal.  
  
Hen Sen nodded and did not speak. Remaining motionless was sometimes even worse than violent movement, especially when he was also drawing a 7.0 bow.  
  
In the beginning he didn’t feel much, but after half an hour, his arm muscles began to feel numb, and with the passage of time, this numb feeling was more and more intense.  
  
In just an hour, Han Sen was sweating like rain, his arms burning and whole body trembling.  
  
Han Sen gritted his teeth and started to practice Jadeskin. A spring-like coolness flowed through all his veins, where the numb feeling was gradually relieved.  
  
Through the monitor, Yang Manli would glance at Han Sen from time to time. She saw him keeping the stance but started to tremble when it was approaching an hour. His endurance was already beyond her expectation. Even the soldiers can only last this long.  
  
Yang Manli predicted he could last about at most one and a half hours, certainly less than two hours.  
  
"Cheating in your first training session. I have to put you through hell." Yang Manli did not really want a name from Han Sen. His silence was a quality she could appreciate and if he had confessed about the person who had told him, she would have looked down on him.  
  
After working for a while, Yang Manli checked on him again when it was an hour and a half, and found he was still standing there.  
  
Yang Manli could not help but frown, as Han Sen looked better now than half an hour ago. He had stopped trembling and was sweating less. In general, he looked more relaxed.  
  
"He moved?" Yang Manli was not sure and played the footage backward, noticing Han Sen had not moved in the last 30 minutes.  
  
"Odd!" Yang Manli did not go back to work, but paid full attention to Han Sen's image.  
  
Han Sen had been standing for two hours.  
  
"Buddy, you're awesome. Can you keep going?"  
  
"Your endurance is out of this world. If you are this good in every aspect, you could definitely go to the Alliance Central Military Academy."  
  
"Brother, you a real man!" A soldier gave him a thumbs-up.  
  
"Let us know if you can’t keep going. Don’t risk hurting your own body. It’s not worth it."  
  
Keeping his body motionless, Han Sen smiled and said, "I feel okay. I can definitely hold until midnight. No need to check on me."  
  
"Brother, if you can really hold until midnight, you will be under my protection in the future."  
  
"Your protection? Do you dare to fight Yang or Qin Xuan?"  
  
"Ahem, I was just saying. Do not be so serious."  
  
The soldiers took a shower and went to the cafeteria, leaving Han Sen alone in the gym. He was practicing Jadeskin secretly and felt its power welling from every body cell, eliminating his fatigue.  
  
When Han Sen had insisted for three hours, even Yang Manli was shocked. She even doubted if the soldiers had hacked the monitor and all she saw was a loop.  
  
Soon she ruled out that possibility and left the office for the gym.  
  
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# 89 I’m the Stronges

"Now, do you have something to say to me?" Yang Manli approached Han Sen who was standing like a statue.  
  
Han Sen hadn't reached a certain level in Jadeskin, so his fatigue wasn't cleared away completely. Having stood there for over three hours, he was drenched in sweat.  
  
Even so, his stance was still firm as ever and his hands holding the bow didn't even tremble.  
  
Yang Manli for the first time felt that maybe Han Sen was somewhat talented. He had been standing like that for more than three hours and his hands were still steady, which was a great quality for an archer.  
  
"Captain, I really have nothing to say," Han Sen said.  
  
"Well, since you are so tough, you could keep standing here." Yang Manli went away without looking back. She was a little angry, but also respected Han Sen for what he did. That was a difficult task for a sixteen-year-old. She herself could only last two hours with a 6.0 bow at his age.  
  
After Yang Manli had closely observed Han Sen's situation and made sure he was fine, she was surprised to see that he did have the energy to continue.  
  
Although this was a test of endurance, and didn't have much to do with his other qualities. It still showed that Han Sen was outstanding in something, as someone with a fitness index less than 10 wasn't likely to last this long.  
  
"How can he have such strong endurance?" Yang Manli thought she probably couldn't even accomplish this herself, while Han Sen, someone with much worse fitness than she, could pull through.  
  
After Yang Manli went back to the office, she continued to monitor Han Sen. On one hand, she wanted to find out how long Han Sen could last in the end; on the other hand, she was afraid his arms would be damaged.  
  
She did not want Han Sen on her team, but she did not mean to harm him either. That was why she couldn't let anything happen to him. Not to mention she had started to appreciate his endurance and perseverance.  
  
As for Han Sen's answer, in fact, Yang Manli did not really want to hear it. If Han Sen had really confessed, Yang Manli would have thought he was a snitch.  
  
Before long, the soldiers took some water and food and sneaked back into the gym.  
  
"Brother, great job. Come and drink some nutrition solution to get some strength." A soldier opened a bottle of nutrient solution and lifted it to Han Sen's lips.  
  
"Eat something. Although this meat is as good as the meat from God's Sanctuary, it was cooked by a chef here and the taste is good." Another soldier held a large piece of barbecue on a fork and put it up to Han Sen's mouth.  
  
"It's fine. I only have one hour left and must satisfy Yang's demand. I am afraid she would say it doesn't count if you help me," Han Sen said.  
  
"Brother, you are really a tough guy. I don't admire anyone but you."  
  
"Right, what is your name?"  
  
"Han Sen."  
  
"You are just over 16 right?"  
  
"Haven't had my 17th birthday."  
  
"Are all kids so tough these days?"  
  
"I do not know about others, but I'm definitely the toughest."  
  
"Do not talk to him anymore. It consumes his energy."  
  
The soldiers saw Han Sen was fine and set up a table next to him to play cards. Han Sen was upset and thought, "You animals. Are you trying to help or piss me off?"  
  
Han Sen had been standing there for more than four hours. The soldiers watched the clock turning to one second past midnight, put the cards down, took the bow over and raised Han Sen up, ready to throw him into the hydro massage machine.  
  
"Don't! I do not need the massage. It's too late now. I have to go home." Han Sen quickly waved his hands. He had seen this kind of machine before, and it would take at least an hour before he could get out. He did not want to waste his time here.  
  
"That is not okay. You have been stretching your muscles for too long, which could severely harm your body. You must fully relax through the massage so that your veins and muscles could be revitalized. You have to stay in it for at least three hours with the strongest mode on," said a soldier seriously.  
  
"I'm alright." Han Sen couldn't really wait three hours. As the soldiers insisted, he used a technique from Ghosthaunt and grabbed a soldier's neck. With a twist, he wiggled free like a snake.  
  
"Brothers, I'm really okay. I have to go home now. If you don't believe me, I will show you that I still have the energy to perform military boxing," Han Sen said and performed the complete set of military boxing.  
  
Military boxing was something taught at the integrated compulsory education, and was something as simple as gymnastics. But all the soldiers were dumbfounded by it. They watched Han Sen as if they had seen a ghost.  
  
"S\*#t! Kid you must be a monster under the human skin," the soldiers suddenly shouted when Han Sen finished the military boxing.  
  
"A Shura under the human skin!"  
  
"A perpetual motion machine under the human skin!"  
  
When Han Sen left the teleport station, it was one o'clock in the morning. His mother and sister weren't home so he cooked himself something to fill his stomach and went to bed.  
  
Although Han Sen's body was fine, he did feel rather tired and almost fell asleep immediately.  
  
He didn't get up until it was noon.  
  
Han Sen stretched and felt very good all over. It was as if all his cells and pores were revitalized. He discovered that he had made great progress in Jadeskin. Although it was still just a little, it was about the effect of ten days' practice.  
  
"So Jadeskin is practiced more efficiently under extreme conditions?" Han Sen was surprised.  
  
It was worth a shot anyway. If it was true, it would be great for his practice of Jadeskin.  
  
Han Sen was not in a hurry. He had lots of time to train in the gravity trainer in the future. If he didn't do it, Yang Manli would make him anyway.  
  
Han Sen had carefully thought about his current situation. It would still be a while until he could become an aristocrat and it was not a bad thing to join Qin Xuan's squad to gain protection for his family.  
  
As Qin Xuan had said, if Son of Heaven wanted to harm his family. There wasn't really much he could do even if he was home. The military's protection was more reliable.  
  
Son of Heaven was careful with Qin Xuan in God's Sanctuary, so Han Sen believed that Qin Xuan's background would deter Son of Heaven. As long as Son of Heaven didn't know he was Dollar, Han Sen didn't think the guy would risk offending the military force for some small conflict.  
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# 90 Hand of God

On the next day, Han Sen brought porns to the soldier who had asked him for them. The soldier was so happy that he wanted to become sworn brothers with Han Sen and said Han Sen would be responsible for his happiness from now on.  
  
Han Sen was covered in sweat. Fortunately, Yang Manli came fast enough so that Han Sen got rid of the soldier successfully.  
  
Yang Manli spent half an hour to explain some archery knowledge and gave Han Sen a few tasks to finish on his own.  
  
Han Sen had learned basic archery knowledge at school and what Yang taught him was more practical, which benefited him a lot. Yang was indeed an expert.  
  
There were a lot of tasks for him to complete, which included the gravity trainer. Han Sen wanted to use the gravity trainer himself. This time he used the protection mechanism to adjust the parameters, not to reduce the gravity, but to increase the gravity a notch so that it suited his real fitness level better.  
  
The gym did not seem to be the place where ordinary soldiers trained. Han Sen had never seen other soldiers here than the ones he talked to.  
  
During lunch break, Han Sen was chatting with the soldiers he knew. The soldier who asked Han Sen for porns regarded Han Sen and asked, "Sen, in addition to bow and arrows, what other weapons do you use?"  
  
"Dagger." Han Sen showed him the Z-steel dagger.  
  
Han Sen only knew the nicknames of these soldiers. This guy’s name was "Gambler." Han Sen learned from others that he was greedy and lewd.  
  
Gambler took over Han Sen’s dagger and played with it. The dagger seemed like a living thing in his hand, making dazzling moves like a snake.  
  
"Watch this." Gambler held the dagger an inch away from Han Sen’s eyes. With a simple wave of his hand, the dagger disappeared in front of Han Sen and Gambler’s hand was empty.  
  
"S\*#t! Your nickname should be Magician!" Han Sen looked everywhere and didn’t see the dagger.  
  
Gambler laughed and shook his hands in front of Han Sen. He curled his fingers and the dagger returned to his hands magically.  
  
"How did you do that?" Han Sen widened his eyes.  
  
"Pretty cool, huh?" Gambler asked proudly.  
  
"Yep." Han Sen quickly nodded.  
  
"Dazzling, no?" Gambler played with the dagger.  
  
"For sure." Han Sen nodded again.  
  
"Want to learn?" Gambler looked at Han Sen with a faint smile.  
  
"I do. Do you want to teach me?" Han Sen asked.  
  
"If you can bring me all my girls’ new movies, I will teach you." Gambler said with a smile.  
  
"No problem." Han Sen agreed, knowing the girls Gambler referred to were certain porn stars.  
  
Although it cost some money to buy new movies, Han Sen really wanted to learn these tricks.  
  
"Come, we will find a place so that I can show you." Gambler took Han Sen aside and told him the key to it.  
  
Han Sen then found out that it was not really magic but finger tricks. Although it was taking advantage of the blind spots, the most important part was one’s control of the muscles on the arm.  
  
Yes, it was the entire arm instead of just the hand.  
  
Gambler told him that this trick was called "heaven in sleeves," also known as "Sleeveblade." It was passed down in his family as the foundation of their family business. The dirk Gambler used was specially made. Thin and sharp, it had a crescent-like double-edged blade but no hilt.  
  
Gambler was playing with one dirk in each hand, and it looked like there were two butterflies dancing around his hands, which was amazing to watch.  
  
"How long will it take for me to become a master like you?" Han Sen looked at Gambler enviously.  
  
Gambler smiled, "I started at the age of three, and became better at seven. I’m now intermediate and still far from being a master."  
  
He gave the dagger back to Han Sen and said, "Do not underestimate this trick. Although it is just lays the foundation, but it is fundamental and will benefit you for the rest of your life."  
  
"Gambler, what does your family do?" Han Sen could not help but ask.  
  
"Aha, you will never be in our business and I do not intend to let you. I’m just showing you a trick. You could practice it if you think it is fun. Never mind other issues." Gambler walked away and turned back to ask Han Sen, "Have you ever played games on the Skynet?"  
  
"Rarely." Han Sen had spent all his time trying to survive, and had no time for games.  
  
"Go play ‘Hand of God.’ It will help you learn this trick. If you can level up in that game, you will be getting somewhere with this trick." Gambler pointed to the holographic training machine.  
  
Han Sen was very interested in Sleeveblade, so he went to check out Hand of God on the holographic training machine. Soon he understood why Gambler asked him to play this game.  
  
This was a holographic game. Its idea was like Whack-a-Mole, but instead of using fingers alone, the spots to touch could appear everywhere around one’s arms. One must use all muscles rationally to hit all the spots to pass a level. It was highly demanding for one’s dexterity and accuracy.  
  
In addition to the beginner level, the game was divided into three levels: evolver, surpass and demigod.  
  
The intention of the classification was obviously to correspond with the three phases of God’s Sanctuary, and to guide players to choose the right level.  
  
Han Sen first chose the beginner level. Actually, when Gambler said "level up," he meant to clear the beginner level. As for which level Gambler himself was in, Han Sen had no way of knowing.  
  
Soon, Han Sen was hooked. He was not that smooth in the beginning, but was soon addicted to the satisfaction gained from hitting rapidly as he got familiar with the game.  
  
"Faster, faster, faster..." Once started, the game would push one to pursue the exhilaration in speeding up.  
  
But Han Sen did not have much time to play this game. After a few rounds in the martial arts contest, Han Sen reached the final match as expected.  
  
Not sure it was good luck or bad luck, Han Sen didn’t encounter either Fist Guy or Son of Heaven. Son of Heaven had eliminated Fist Guy, and Qin Xuan had eliminated Son of Heaven. The final match was between Qin Xuan and Han Sen.  
  
In fact, Han Sen wanted to fight Son of Heaven more, so that he would have the opportunity to kill Son of Heaven on the stage. Usually the young master was surrounded by many strong men and there was almost no chance for Han Sen to approach him.  
  
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# 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.  
  
Both seizing Son of Heaven's sacred-blood beast soul and killing Luo Tianyang made Dollar a somewhat negative figure. But smashing through the robot channel and fighting golden-horned Shura made him an idol.  
  
When one legend met the other, everyone wanted to know about the outcome. Will Qin Xuan continue to be the invincible goddess? Or will Dollar become the new champion? Everyone was looking forward to this match.  
  
When Qin Xuan and Dollar almost arrived at the same time, all expectations peaked and the cheers were deafening.  
  
"Dollar, a bet?" Qin Xuan didn't move, but looked at Han Sen with a smile.  
  
The audience heard Qin Xuan's words and quieted down, wanting to know what bet she was proposing.  
  
"What bet?" Though looking calm, Han Sen was puzzled. Did she want to buy the victory from him?  
  
"If you lose this one, join my Steel Armor Gang and be my deputy. When I evolve and go to Second God's Sanctuary, you will be the head of the gang." Qin Xuan had a sweet smile on.  
  
There was an uproar among the audience. No one thought Qin Xuan would say something like this. Steel Armor Gang was far more than just a gang. It also represented the presence of military and the Alliance in God's Sanctuary.  
  
Qin Xuan was asking Dollar to become the official spokesman of the Alliance at Steel Armor Shelter. It was a great honor.  
  
"Sorry, I cannot accept this condition." But unexpectedly, Dollar refused Qin Xuan's offer.  
  
"Why?" Qin Xuan looked at Han Sen, stunned. The head of Steel Armor Gang was a position pursued by many. It was a ladder toward the power center of the Alliance, but Dollar turned it down without considering.  
  
The audience also thought Dollar was crazy. How can he turn down such a great offer?  
  
"There are two reasons," Han Sen smiled and said. "First, you cannot beat me."  
  
The answer left many slightly shocked, while Qin Xuan asked, "What is the second reason?"  
  
"I will go to Second God's Sanctuary earlier than you, so although I appreciate your kindness, I can't take your offer," Han Sen calmly said.  
  
His reply was arrogant. With her gang, Qin Xuan could gain geno points a lot more easily than most people. While Dollar was on his own, he said he could evolve earlier than her.  
  
But no one felt that Dollar was mistaken. It seemed that everything was likely with Dollar and he shouldn't be questioned.  
  
Qin Xuan smiled. "Well, then I would like to propose something else. If you lose, tell me who you really are."  
  
Qin Xuan's words had led to a burst of cheers on the stands. All the audience were dying to know who Dollar was. Qin Xuan's proposal was embraced by all.  
  
"And if you lose?" Han Sen grinned and asked.  
  
"You can propose something as well." Smiling, Qin Xuan looked full of confidence. It was as if she would never lose.  
  
"An S-Class license at Saint hall." Han Sen was obsessed with the hyper geno arts in Saint Hall, he had neither the money nor the license.  
  
"Deal." Qin Xuan did not even lift her eyes before she agreed, as if an S-Class license was nothing to her.  
  
"Then let's begin." Han Sen drew the Shura katana. He didn't dare to slack when fighting Qin Xuan, who had the most geno points among all in the shelter. She was probably ten sacred geno points away from maxing out on everything.  
  
Han Sen had never seen Qin Xuan using her full strength, but he still thought he stood a chance.  
  
Han Sen's biggest advantage was his understanding of Qin Xuan. She would never thought that Dollar was in fact Han Sen, whom she had fought a million times. Although she was always kicking his ass, he had learned a lot of her fighting habits.  
  
Qin Xuan on the other hand knew nothing about Dollar.  
  
Qin Xuan stretched her hand and a beautiful purple butterfly started to dance in her palm, which turned into a purple dagger. Elegant and demure, she stood there like a goddess.  
  
Han Sen had seen her using this sacred-blood poisonous butterfly dagger once, but it was on the purple-winged dragon. The dagger wasn't really effective as the dragon was gigantic. However, it would be different for a person. Han Sen didn't know if he could stand the toxin if stabbed with the dagger.  
  
So, Han Sen wasn't going to give Qin Xuan any opportunity to attack. He wielded the katana using Bladestorm and the strike was so fast as if it could break the wind. It was a similar strike as this one that had ended Luo Tianyang's life.  
  
Qin Xuan smiled, and moved away like a butterfly, dodging the fierce strike and stab her dagger at Han Sen's throat.  
  
Han Sen stepped forward and ignored the dagger. The katana was wielded at Qin Xuan again.  
  
That was a move that put both their lives at stake. If Qin Xuan did not dodge again, she would be cut in half; since Han Sen was in sacred-blood armor, he had a bigger chance at survival even cut by her sacred-blood dagger.  
  
"Scoundrel," Qin Xuan scowled, gracefully moved sideways and avoided Han Sen's attack.  
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# 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.  
  
Twenty years of practice did not go wasted. Once she got somewhere, her improvement was skyrocketing.  
  
Even Son of Heaven who was on the same level as she was easily defeated by her this year. It wasn’t that Son of Heaven was weak, but that she had become too strong after getting to the first stage of "Atomic Fission."  
  
Qin Xuan believed that she could definitely reach the top this year and Dollar wouldn’t be an issue.  
  
Qin Xuan wasn’t even thinking about winning or losing, but how to win Dollar to better impress him.  
  
Qin Xuan did not care about the storm of blades. As fierce as it looked, it couldn’t hurt her. She only felt it was a bit troublesome as she didn’t want to kill Dollar.  
  
"If you like driving, I’ll let you drive. I will wait until you are so completely exhausted that you can’t even move your arm. By then I will still be calm and appreciate your despair." Qin Xuan smiled and dodged another strike, thinking, "As long as you lose to me this way, you will think I am invincible and never dare to fight me again."  
  
Qin Xuan intended to burn Han Sen out. The way Han Sen wielded his katana would consume his strength fast. Each strike brought all his potentials out at the cost of his stamina.  
  
For Qin Xuan's Atomic Fission, stamina was one of its key strengths. A metaphor would be that a nuclear power plant was much more efficient than a coal-fired power plant.  
  
As Qin Xuan kept avoiding Han Sen’s attacks, she was patiently waiting for him to be worn down.  
  
The blood of the audience were set afire. Han Sen’s katana was swift and fierce, and Qin Xuan’s dancing was ethereal and elegant. Their movements were so fast that they became a blur. It was indeed a great match.  
  
And in the eyes of ordinary people, Han Sen was chasing Qin Xuan and seemed to have the upper hand. Cheers of "Dollar" could be heard from time to time.  
  
"It seems that the champion in Steel Armor Shelter would be someone else this year."  
  
"Of course, Dollar is absolutely invincible."  
  
"Ha-ha, men are the master of this world. Tremble, women!"  
  
Yang Manli curled her lips with disdain, looking like a goddess who didn’t deign to argue with the mortals.  
  
Son of Heaven was even more scornful. He had experienced how strong Qin Xuan was. He had always known about Atomic Fission. If he had wanted to learn it, he could have. But as it took at least two decades for someone talented to get to the first stage. He chose not to. Indeed, everyone knew that this was a great hyper geno art, but few dared to practice it. No one wanted to put two decades into a hyer 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."  
  
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# 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.  
  
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# 94 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.  
  
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# 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.  
  
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# 96 Amazing Talen

Qin Xuan felt suffocated as she almost stopped breathing when she saw Han Sen’s hands dancing madly.  
  
Halfway through evoler-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 prejudgment. 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.  
  
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# 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.  
  
Hen Sen grabbed a dagger the same shape of Yi’s dagger. Its edge was not sharpened and its blade was retractable, so that no one would get hurt.  
  
The way Yi Dongmu and Han Sen fought required them to do their best with each strike. If real weapons were used, Tang was afraid that he would be injured by Han Sen.  
  
"Let’s begin." Tang tightly watched Han Sen, and did not step back. They wanted to practice how to parry Yi’s strikes after being approached by him.  
  
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# 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\*#t! Your strike was not that different from his," Tang called out, staring at Han Sen.  
  
Fang Jingqi looked at Han Sen with a strange look and the quiet man's eyes also fell on Han Sen's hands.  
  
Hen Sen was surprised himself as well. He was practicing Jadeskin madly these days. And practicing Hand of God had also enhanced his speed.  
  
In addition, he just saw Yi's way of fighting and had some new insights. Now his strike was so powerful that he couldn't believe it himself.  
  
"Ha-ha, God loves me. With you sparring with me, Yi will be no big deal." Tang laughed out loud.  
  
For a whole night, none went to bed, but the only one who was practicing with Han Sen was Tang. Fang Jingqi didn't register in the contest and the quiet man was just watching and did not meant to join them.  
  
Having practiced for a night, Tang could not avoid Han's dagger as long as Han Sen was within a foot from him. Tang didn't develop a way to defend himself, while Han Sen was getting better and better.  
  
"S\*#t! I give up. There is no way to parry your attacks. Maybe I'm doomed," Tang said sullenly, as he saw it was about time to go to God's Sanctuary for the contest and there was no point in going on.  
  
"Now you are able to deal with Yi," Lin Feng who had been watching in silence suddenly said.  
  
"Lin, what do you mean?" asked Tang, sitting up straight and staring at Lin Feng.  
  
"Yi Dongmu is not as good as him. You can't parry his strikes, but with Yi you would be able to avoid being stabbed in fatal parts. If your luck is not too bad and run into Yi in a few days instead of today, you could block Yi's strikes at a very small price." Hearing this remark from Lin Feng, Tang and Fang 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.  
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# 99 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.  
  
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# 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.  
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# 101 Infamy

Every year during the contest, there was a lot of special programs that covered different matches. Although Contest Center was just a new program, it was produced by Huaxing Station, which was a prominent TV station. With a celebrity host Fang Mingquan, the program had good ratings and was among top 100 in the Alliance.  
  
Top 100 may sound less than impressive, but was in fact an amazing achievement. In the entire Alliance, each planet had tens of thousands of programs, many of which were from the authority. It was quite something to stand out and be among top 100.  
  
And of course, during the contest, a program focusing on the contest itself would naturally have higher ratings.  
  
On this day, the content of Contest Center caused an uproar in the Alliance. Fang Mingquan had introduced and analyzed Dollar’s current situation and predicted that this year Dollar would become the final champion, which had lead to outspread outrage.  
  
"Fang Mingquan is a retard. Look at Dollar’s performance, how can he win?"  
  
"We know that you are famous because of Dollar’s video. But there is no need to kiss Dollar’s ass like this."  
  
"Rubbish. If Dollar is the champion, I will live broadcast myself eating s\*#t."  
  
"What do you think of Yi Dongmu if you think Dollar could win?"  
  
"Ha-ha, Fang Mingquan is so dumb. Dollar will meet Yi Dongmu before he gets to top 10. He’d be lucky to survive. To win? LMAO."  
  
"My Tang Zhenliu would never let him!"  
  
"My Lin Feng would never let him!"  
  
"Stupid, stupid, stupid..."  
  
"Although I also like Dollar, he didn’t do that well in the contest so far."  
  
"Fang Mingquan, you are too subjective about this. I can’t even watch this stuff and I am a fan of Dollar’s."  
  
"You call yourself a fan? Go be other people’s fan, please."  
  
"Dollar is nothing compared to Yi."  
  
"Yi must win."  
  
"Dollar little angel, I will always support you."  
  
…  
  
Contest Center and Fang Mingquan had been made a hit by all the criticism. Many peers were satirical about Fang’s grandstanding, too. Some even asked him to quit journalism.  
  
Except for a few hardcore fans of Dollar, all comments on Fang was negative. Even many Dollar’s fans thought Fang’s report was over the top and didn’t dare to support him.  
  
"Fang, I’m sorry you are wronged." In the conference room of Huaxing Station, Xu Kangnian grinned from ear to ear.  
  
Although Contest Center and Fang Mingquan were severely criticized, the ratings had risen a lot, sending the show in top 50.  
  
A large number of other contestants’ fans flooded into Contest Center, especially those who supported Yi Dongmu, this year’s dark horse who would encounter Dollar before becoming the Chosen. The Skynet community of the show had almost burst.  
  
Although it was only top 50, for Huaxing Station it was a great achievement. There had been less than a handful of shows that could accomplish this in the station’s history.  
  
Therefore, Xu Kangnian was quite pleased with what Fang Mingquan had done and Wang Changqing was naturally upset. He didn’t know that Fang Mingquan would try to improve the ratings this way.  
  
"This is just my job. I have Director Xu to thank for my achievement." Fang Mingquan said modestly, flattering Xu at the same time.  
  
Xu Kangnian was even happier and patted Fang Mingquan on the shoulder. "Fang, keep talking about Dollar and the stronger you say he is the better. If everything goes well, we might have even higher ratings and could break our record."  
  
"Please rest assured that I will do my best." Fang Mingquan did not think it was grandstanding as he sincerely believed Dollar would win. However, others didn’t see it that way. Fortunately, the result was good anyway. For a journalist, criticism was not always a bad thing.  
  
Xu Kangnian praised Fang Mingquan some more. After the meeting was over and Xu had left, Wang Changqing said coldly, "You are ignoring the facts for fame. You might be popular now but the reputation of the program would be ruined by you. Which station would hire you in the future? Xu’s compliment means nothing. You think you can get away with it when he finds out the show was discredited?"  
  
Of course, Fang Mingquan understood that as well. Someone had to take the fall when the fad passed. He himself would be that someone in this case. Xu was just trying to keep him onboard now to raise the ratings. Fang had been in this industry long enough to know that.  
  
Smiling, Fang Mingquan looked at Wang Changqing and asked, "What if Dollar really wins?"  
  
Wang Changqing paused. If Dollar really wins, then Contest Center would become famous for real and Fang Mingquan’s name would become a household name. Xu Kangnian would treat Fang like the God of Wealth.  
  
"Keep on dreaming," Wang Changqing scoffed. Anyone could see that Dollar did not have what it took to win. He was just average and far from top 10, let alone winning.  
  
"Whether you believe it or not, I firmly believe that Dollar will be the champion." Fang Mingquan got up and went away.  
  
"Idiot," Wang Changqing whispered. He was waiting to see how miserable Fang would be.  
  
Han Sen did not go on the Skynet, so he was not aware of the debate about Contest Center. At the moment, he was practicing with Tang Zhenliu in Fang Jingqi’s villa.  
  
Although Tang Zhenliu would not meet Yi Dongmu before top 10, he felt like they were going to meet when they were both top 10 eventually. So, he was still practicing with Han Sen when he had time.  
  
Only Han Sen knew that Tang would not ecounter Yi Dongmu because he would eliminate Yi himself before Yi rose to top 10.  
  
But a sparring partner like Tang was so precious that Han Sen was happy to oblige.  
  
Having practiced for two days, Tang finally let Han Sen go just before the next round of match began.  
  
Han Sen knew who his opponent was and did not panic. He had made up his mind to practice in the match and gain some practical experience from his opponent.  
  
After all, these were the champions of different shelters and it was such a rare opportunity to fight them one-on-one. Han Sen had not much experience in this kind of matches and was happy that he got a chance to gain some.  
  
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