

Chapter 1391:

The Power to Kill Death Demon Dragon

Han Sen was at his wit's end, and this was a moment that required his all. He had a friend on the precipice of death, and if he wanted to save her, he couldn't hold back. He summoned every geno core he possessed and activated super king spirit mode.

Before Han Sen could finish his transformation, though, he heard a scream. Then, a surge of power erupted from a nearby mountaintop.

That power was like a shockwave or a tsunami that washed across the land, toppling trees and hewing rocks as it went. It seemed to have a target, too: Death Demon Dragon.

The ferocious mantis swung its cutters through the air, acknowledging the force that was coming for it. It tried to swing and strike the ripple of power in an attempt to break it.

Roar!

Then, the Death Demon Dragon was done. It had been obliterated. Nothing but fleshy chunks of its being lay scattered around, in the ruined landscape that had now been painted with its blood.

After it died, its geno core shattered and faded away like a data purge.

A mist composed of its blood choked the air for a while, limiting visibility, and giving Han Sen and Dragon Lady chills. It was a surreal moment, and it was as if they had been taken to a realm of the dead. A solemn, isolated place that was broken, with its topography dyed a number of senseless, freakish colors.

A sacred-blood creature had just been one-shotted. The power to accomplish something like that had to be extremely horrid.

"Run! I think I've heard this before, back when the snowstorm hit. Two powerful forces collided that day." Han Sen pulled on Dragon Lady to move while they still had the liberty to.

The lady chef was able to retrieve her egg before departure, too. Whether or not the venture was deemed successful, she couldn't be sure, but she was at least happy to keep what she had struggled for.

The pair ran all the way back to Shadow Shelter without stopping. Fortunately, along the way, nothing else transpired. The elite that had destroyed the mantis was nowhere to be seen.

"Did we luck out? Did that thing try to help us out with the Death Demon Dragon?" Han Sen wondered to himself. It had seemed like a very convenient save.

Back in the shelter, Han Sen saw Starsea Beast and Red Pony grazing about. The fact they had returned as they were told, and were now safe and sound, brought much relief to his mind.

Dragon Lady was in a jovial mood, upon her return. With the egg safe and sound, she found a place to hide it.

Han Sen had enjoyed her company thus far, but what had just occurred had made him wary. He thought Dragon Lady might be a walking timebomb, if she was indeed able to summon creatures that not even she herself could control. If she wasn't careful, and perhaps ended up summoning a super creature someday, it'd all be over for the lot of them.

"I need to talk to her, and... advise that she doesn't summon her ingredients in the proximity of Shadow Shelter," Han Sen said to himself.

Han Sen was hungry after the ordeal, so he chowed down on some primitive meat. He gorged on enough of the stuff that his tally finally reached a hundred primitive geno points. This had netted him an additional four-thousand fitness levels.

Still, actively going out to kill mutant creatures wasn't going to be easy. That was next on the agenda, but mutant creatures frequently lived together, and more often than not, they had a boss.

Han Sen had been in the Fourth God's Sanctuary for some time, and he was both surprised and disappointed he had yet to earn any mutant geno points from plants he might be able to consume.

Han Sen always thought eating geno plants was the best way to collect genes. And even if it wasn't always the fastest, it was most certainly the easiest. If he was able to grow many such plants himself, things would be peachy.

Unfortunately, Han Sen did not know how to grow such plants. And what's more, those plants took a very long time to grow. He'd still need a way of shortening their growth time.

Although the Black Crystal was effective at doing this in the Third God's Sanctuary, his shelter wasn't an isolated stronghold where he could make use of such techniques in secret. Others were sure to find out, if he tried such a practice in Shadow Shelter.

As Han Sen mulled these matters over, Green Cow informed him there was another human who wanted to see him. His name was Su Mianhua. Han Sen did not know there was another human in his shelter, but it was nice to know. So, he informed Green Cow to lead him forward.

The fellow seemed a little old, and Han Sen guessed he might have been old when he first came to the Fourth God's Sanctuary.

Han Sen thought Su Mianhua was going to ask for his help, as most humans might look to do, but he was surprised to learn that this wasn't the case.

After Su Mianhua explained his purpose and what he had been up to during his time in the shelter, and Han Sen wasn't sure whether he should have been plain shocked or absolutely mortified.

Han Sen unsealed the teleporter after he claimed the shelter for himself, so Su Mianhua was able to return to the Alliance and conduct tests there. Unfortunately, the Alliance didn't have the materials he sought, and the breakthroughs he sought to achieve weren't possible outside the sanctuary.

Su Mianhua had just come to Han Sen to ask if there was a way he might collect ingredients for his less-than-savory deeds.

To earn Han Sen's trust, though, he had to provide full disclosure regarding the purpose and intent of his research. Any findings were shared and would continue to be, too, once he was able to continue.

"Let me get this straight: all these years, Nan Litian has kept you in this place for the sole purpose of researching the corpses of creatures, all for geno fluid?" Han Sen asked.

Su Mianhua answered, "I've made some decent progress. It involves the use of creature blood, in which we can gain the powers of the original creature for a temporary amount of time," Su Mianhua said.

"Will it permanently affect or maybe damage our bodies?" Han Sen asked.

"I don't know. There weren't any other humans around, so I was unable to conduct tests. I have been testing this on monkeys, however. Their bodies do change following injection; and after a while, those changes fade away." Su Mianhua, to his credit, thought honesty was the best policy. He wasn't going to lie about his findings and progress.

"Does that mean Angel Gene Fluid contains shura blood?" Han Sen said.

Su Mianhua said, "I've heard that theory before, but my research is standalone. I lack sufficient tools and electronics to work on this properly, though. Results still seem to be a ways off."

Han Sen then thought to himself, "I'm still not sure about Zero getting that geno fluid, but I know the geno fluid was taken from a shura grave. Now, with a professional here, maybe there is something more I can learn."

Chapter 1392: Becoming a Dad

Han Sen agreed to provide Su Mianhua some materials so he could continue his research. But aside from the man sharing the results of his efforts, Han Sen wanted lessons on genes, as well.

Those lessons started right away, and Han Sen was able to grasp the basics fairly quickly. But anything beyond that threw his mind for a loop.

Fortunately, a good memory was one of Han Sen's strongest assets. Most of the information he learned was in text, and that helped a good deal.

Han Sen wasn't planning on being a scientist or anything, he just thought such knowledge might benefit him in the future. And as such, he didn't have to study the really complex stuff. He just wanted a rundown of the basics.

So, while Han Sen occasionally went out to hunt, most of his time was divided between that and these studies. Su Mianhua was very helpful and understanding, too, so much so that he provided Han Sen many notes and informative studies to read and remember. His teachings were invaluable.

But it was a broad subject, and Han Sen understood that getting to grips with this stuff would be a long-term affair. And right now, he was invested in learning about the methods of research.

After a while, while Han Sen was observing the shura geno fluid, he noticed something.

The purple juice that was called shura geno fluid could be combined with human geno fluid. And this mixture would provide users with elements of shura genes.

"Isn't that the same as Angel Gene Fluid?" Han Sen frowned.

There was a difference, though. Angel Gene Fluid was created with the blood of shura, but Han Sen was actually observing the base shura juice. It didn't list the effects, however.

"Might Zero be a human who has used it?" Han Sen wondered.

Finding out would not help Han Sen in any way, but knowing this information was still quite important. Her nature had always perplexed him.

Angel Gene had researched this stuff for years, but they had not yet found this out. The information was precious. Han Sen could use this information to learn a lot of money, too. Not wanting to do that, though, he hid it and kept it to himself for the time being.

Zhao Seven created Angel Gene, but it was a big gig. It took all his time, and as such, he had yet to become a demi-god. Whether he wanted to was another question entirely.

Becoming a demi-god was a serious thing. It was a greater commitment than it was for any other sanctuary. Most people who became demi-gods perished, and for those that didn't, it could take them a long time to return to the Alliance.

If Zhao Seven was absent for a long time, by becoming a demi-god, the entire company could stumble and fall.

It was like that all across the Alliance, however. The CEOs of pretty much every top company were weak, and even the president Ji Ruozen was.

Han Sen didn't want to be in the sanctuaries forever. He wanted to max out and accomplish everything that could be accomplished, so he could move on and do something different with his life.

Right now, he was taking some time off. He was at home, and he was planning on making supper for Ji Yanran and his mother.

Han Yan was still in the military school, so he could only see her on Skynet.

Now that she was the leader of the Hand of God tourneys, and she was the prettiest woman in the Blackhark Military Academy, Han Sen was becoming even more worried over the number of men that might try and court her.

Fortunately, Han Yan had the Falsified-Sky powers. If someone did try and hurt her, perhaps from rejection, she'd be able to take care of herself.

As Han Sen made food in the kitchen, he heard Ji Yanran return home.

"Ah, you're home early! I'm making dinner, but I've only just started," Han Sen said, while wearing an apron.

"I was only going to the hospital," Ji Yanran said.

"Hospital? Why? Is something wrong?" Han Sen looked at her with much worry. He feared something might have happened to her during his time away, and he hadn't yet been informed.

"The doctors said I'm pregnant," Ji Yanran said, followed by a heavy blush.

"I'm sorry... what? Um, what?" Han Sen paused and stared at Ji Yanran for the longest time. When he snapped from his daze, he did so with joy. He asked her, "Are you saying I'm going to become a Dad?"

Han Sen was delighted with this news. He was so happy hearing he was about to become a parent and have kids of his own.

"Let me see if he has any movement," Han Sen said with giddy excitement, placing his ear to her belly.

Ji Yanran pushed him away and said, "It's a peanut right now, don't be silly! You won't hear or feel anything. In fact, I've only been pregnant for two months. And besides, what do you mean by 'he'? How do you know it's a son?"

"Well, we already have Bao'er for a daughter. I'd quite like a son I could spoil rotten." Han Sen smiled from ear-to-ear and went on to say, "Sit down. I'm going to make you the greatest meal I have ever cooked."

"You are? What are you making?" Ji Yanran asked.

"Grilled pork; it's something I learned from Dragon Lady," Han Sen said.

Han Sen eventually returned to the sanctuary. There, he saw a spirit sitting on a chair in the spirit hall.

Han Sen had never seen this person before, and upon seeing him, he could immediately tell how powerful he was. There was one thing he knew for sure, and it was that this spirit was not an occupant of the shelter.

Metal Demon, Six-Ear, Cheap Sheep, and Green Cow were all sitting beside the spirit.

"I leave for two days. In that time, somebody has already come and claimed this place?" Han Sen thought to himself.

"You are Han Sen, yes?" The grey-eyed spirit stood up and slowly approached Han Sen.

"Yes, what's your name?" Han Sen was on alert, but he wasn't quite ready to flip and sound the sirens.

"My name is Qing Le, and I hail from Outer Sky Shelter. There is something I must discuss with you," the grey-eyed spirit said, with a look of serious concern.

Chapter 1393: A Shelter That Is Exclusive To Humans

Han Sen had heard about Outer Sky Shelter from Metal Demon. It was a super shelter, one that had greater notoriety and fame than even Sacred Shelter.

The King Bell geno core, which was in second place on the bronze geno core leaderboard, came from Outer Sky Shelter, as a matter of fact.

Qing Le did not want to take over this shelter, and he hadn't come here with any hostile intentions. Shadow Shelter was already a part of their territory, and there wasn't anything particularly special about it.

Qing Le had come here in search of Nan Litian, and he was dismayed to learn he had died.

While this news came as a disappointment, he also heard the latest leader was a human, too. As such, Han Sen was now the person he wanted to meet with.

"It is no wonder why Metal Demon and Six-Ear look so uncomfortable," Han Sen thought to himself. Then, thinking it was best to respond, Han Sen cleared his throat and said, "Do you need something?"

"We have found a shelter that is, as of yet, unclaimed. It is a strange place. Many creatures have tried to venture inside, only to be brutally hurt upon entry and forced to retreat. It is as if the place was warded against spirits and creatures. What is most peculiar about this shelter is the fact that only humans can enter without harm. Now that Nan Litian has passed away, the possible task of claiming this place falls to you. You can come along to check the place out, if you so wish," Qing Le explained the weird dilemma.

"Outer Sky Shelter cannot be completely devoid of humans. Why are you looking for the assistance of another human you don't even know?" Han Sen asked.

Qing Le said, "The shelter is controlled by a geno core, so we want to succeed in one swift venture. There are twenty-four candidates, all of which will go. The more humans that go there, the more chance of success we have. If you join, we can provide you with free geno fruits."

"The fruits that increase super geno points?" Han Sen asked.

Qing Le smiled and admitted, "We have those, yes. And while we are generous, there are certain limits. Your reward will depend on your strength and the valor you demonstrate. If you go above and beyond what is expected, however, we can offer you something extra that is sure to satisfy you, and make this a venture well-worth... venturing."

"That's nice to hear, but really, if I join... What kind of geno fruit can I expect?" Han Sen was not too interested in any extra goodies. He wanted fruit, first and foremost.

Outer Sky Shelter was packed to the gills with elites of the strongest variety. If they truly only needed humans for this task, the place they were going was more than creepy.

Han Sen was planning to reject whatever was offered by the spirit, thinking the endeavor was too risky. He didn't know what he was being told was the truth, either.

It was good to have geno fruits, but dying before he could taste them was just pointless. Han Sen was willing to go if he had maxed out his geno points, but alas, that was not the case.

"We were planning to offer Nan Litian twenty sacred-blood geno fruit. They were even set aside for him. If you come along, you can have those. As a matter of fact, you can enjoy them now before you accompany the task force. Think of it as a sign of good faith, and a gesture for future prosperity between our shelters," Qing Le said. He spoke with grace.

Han Sen knew it was difficult to kill sacred-blood creatures, and he had only just recovered from his ordeal with the mantis. To receive a free twenty sacred-blood geno fruits was rather incredible.

But still, he didn't think it was worth risking his life for. So, Han Sen told Qing Le, "Thank you, but no thank you. This price is far too low."

"Well, how many would you accept? Like I said, we are generous... but there are limits. Don't give me a ridiculous sum, that is all I ask," Qing Le said.

"I only have a bronze geno core; are you sure you need me along?" Han Sen really did not want to go, but rejecting the spirit outright was rude. This was one of the many excuses he had prepared.

"I know a thing or two about negotiations and diplomacy. You speak as if you really were weak, but you and I both know a simple hick with a measly bronze geno core is not the sort of fellow who could claim a shelter such as this. And these followers; well, from their diversity and strength, they don't seem like the sort to obey a leader who, again, has only one measly bronze geno core. This is a gold shelter, after all. Now, we aren't ready to move just yet. We are still in the process of assembling the group that will go, but if you insist, I can provide you with an additional ten sacred-blood fruits. That brings the sum to thirty."

Han Sen said, "To be honest with you, sacred-blood fruits aren't what I'm after. If I could have but one super geno fruit, I'll do it."

Han Sen believed only a madman would agree to such a bargain. The spirit before him would probably balk and claim the request to be preposterous. Super fruits were extremely rare, after all.

But Qing Le smiled and said, "We won't force you to come along, but Sacred Shelter knows this place exists. And if they try to claim that shelter first, they will come here just as we have done. Except they won't be as nice as I am, and they most certainly won't offer you fruit and provide you the choice."

Then, Qing Le tossed something to Han Sen. "If you change your mind, take this to Qiluo Shelter. I'm going around to ask other humans, in the meantime. If you wish to find me, once I am done, I'll be there."

Han Sen accepted it, and before he knew it, Qing Le was already gone.

Han Sen opened the parchment, and it was a scroll. On it, there was a drawing of the shelter they were supposed to go to. There were a few other drawings on it, too, each showcasing the shelter from a different perspective.

They weren't the only ones who had found the shelter, so it most certainly wasn't a secret if they were handing maps like this out.

However, when Han Sen's eyes glanced across one drawing in particular, his pupils beaded.

Chapter 1394: Creepy Shelter

In the drawing, a building resided beyond the gates and ramparts; one that looked like a tower.

It was very wide on the bottom, but became gradually thinner, all the way up. The entire thing looked to be approximately fifty meters tall. What stood out most to Han Sen was the mural that had been wrought into the stone of the construct.

It depicted an entity that very much looked like a human. It could have been a spirit or a humanoid creature, but to Han Sen, there was a distinct human-like quality to it that he could not shake.

Since humans were the only beings that would not get hurt when entering that place, Han Sen thought that the massive stone drawing most likely really was depicting the human body.

That made no sense, though. It was common knowledge that humans had only been in the sanctuaries for two hundred years. If that was so, how could there be an aged shelter with a massive mural depicting a human there?

What was most important and what was most striking about the construct, though, were the words written upon that mural. They were written in an ancient human language.

“God has returned...”

This was the opening line of the Life Door text. As to why text from a Blood Legion technique would adorn the mural of a demi-god shelter’s wall, Han Sen could not even hazard a guess.

“Another mystery for the pile,” he thought.

Han Sen glossed over the rest of the scroll he had received, hoping there were more diagrams and drawings that might elucidate and depict other angles of that mural, but there were none.

“Weird. This building looks to have been constructed a long time ago, but why would Life Door be there, I wonder? This doesn’t make any sense. I suppose there is the chance the leader of Blood Legion is a creature or spirit; especially given what the Vice-President was. Assuming Baby Ghost wasn’t lying about his position in Blood Legion, this could very likely be true. Baby Ghost himself was a spirit, after all.” Han Sen wracked his mind for any possible answers or theories he could come up with to explain the deepening mystery, which he was now starting to liken to quicksand.

Due to there being only that one line of text to be seen, Han Sen didn’t need to examine the drawing for long. So, his eyes moved on.

He noticed there were drawings of what appeared to be humans, all in the practice of Life Door. He could tell this by the different positions the humans had assumed, each one being a pose necessary for training Life Door. In total, there were ten people. The fourth human he could see seemed to have been depicted with his Life Door opening.

“The fourth has opened his Life Door, but what about the other six? Was Uncle Bug truly able to open his Life Door?” Han Sen frowned.

Han Sen was not intrigued and interested in the proposition of claiming another shelter. Instead, he wanted to learn more about Blood Legion and Life Door, and that expedition could reveal the answers he sought.

Han Sen now knew he was going to be a father, though. So, he decided on not following up with Qing Li, despite his lingering curiosity.

“Perhaps I’ll go there once they’ve done the heavy lifting and managed to secure the shelter. Going now is too much of a risk,” Han Sen thought to himself. The matter was settled.

Han Sen spent time with Ji Yanran every day after that and practiced his skills vigorously.

His fitness level had reached the point where his geno cores could become silver, but he still needed to obtain the bronze geno cores of the Blood-Pulse Sutra and Super King Spirit.

The Blood-Pulse Sutra's bronze geno core, through Han Sen's constant practice, was finally generating.

It was simple enough to get one for the Blood-Pulse Sutra, but as for getting one with his super king spirit mode, Han Sen had no clue how it could come about. That was a power that operated differently, and it was a part of his being. He couldn't truly practice with it.

"Bossman Bub, we've located a mutant creature," Cheap Sheep chirped, hopping its way over to Han Sen like a grounded cloud.

Han Sen flinched, still exhibiting fear whenever he was referred to as a boss by the sheep. He had repeatedly told the fluffy thing not to, but it had trouble abiding.

"What is it?" Han Sen had asked his companions to keep their eyes out for any mutant creatures they came across.

"It's on Wind Mountain, bub. The sickly thing lives alone, and only comes out during the nighttime," Cheap Sheep explained.

"Hmm, good job. We'll check it out tonight, then." Han Sen was grateful. He ardently wanted to kill as many mutant creatures as he could, but their rarity in the surrounding areas was rather dismaying.

Cheap Sheep led Han Sen and Bao'er to the location where the creature was said to reside.

Red Pony and Starsea Beast were too young and underdeveloped to come, so Han Sen left them behind in the shelter.

Wind Mountain had a valley or over-sized gulch, sundering the mountain into two parts. It was referred to as the Hellmouth, and the winds that gusted through there were enough to lift a man completely and send him to Oz.

Cheap Sheep brought Han Sen and Bao'er dangerously close to the Hellmouth, which was a craggy, near 90-degree dropped from the top of Wind Mountain, and said, "The mutant creature is down there, in a cave. It must enjoy the breeze. But don't worry, it'll come out when it's night, bub."

"Okay, you go on back." Han Sen told the sheep, as he eyed the strange mountain they had scaled.

"I can't leave you here all alone, bub. Let me stay and help," Cheap Sheep pleaded.

Han Sen knew the sheep was a scaredy-cat, and this had to be an act to earn himself some brownie points.

"No, you've done enough. Good job finding it; I'll handle the rest." Han Sen, more than anything, did not want the sheepish character to bring him bad luck. His presence almost reminded him of his escapades with the terribly unfortunate Wang Yuhang.

Cheap Sheep did as he was told, but he kept on looking back at Han Sen during his departure. He was almost returning down the mountain backwards.

Han Sen found a place he could get comfy for a while, and there, he inflated an airbed for himself and Bao'er to rest on. They spent the rest of the day admiring the sky.

Chapter 1395: Black Wind

“Dad, is Mom having a baby?” Bao’er asked, with a surprisingly serious tone.

“Yes, you will become a big sister,” Han Sen said, with a reassuring smile.

“Dad, when you have another baby... will you still want me?” Bao’er looked visibly upset when she spoke, as if she was on the brink of letting tears flow.

Han Sen stroked her head, suspecting such a question might arise. He assured her, “Of course I will want you. You’re my baby daughter, and nothing will ever replace you.”

Bao’er responded by asking, “Mom can love the new baby, and Dad can love me?”

“Okay, if that’s how you want it.” Han Sen paused to think of how he might best explain such a situation to her, and when he decided, he told her, “But there’s enough room in all of our hearts to love each other equally. And what’s more, you’ll be a big sister. That means you’ll have the responsibility of looking out for the new baby, as they grow up.”

“I’ll jam my gourd up the *ss of anyone who tries to mess with my future sibling!” Bao’er proclaimed, clenching her fist and making an upward motion.

Han Sen smiled hearing this. But then, he suddenly caught the sight of a big white lizard climbing up the rock wall.

It was a three-meter-long, scaled creature. It really was just like an oversized, albino lizard, save for the strange adornment on its head.

It looked like a cauldron of sorts, and Han Sen thought it was the most peculiar thing to see atop the head of a creature that was now scaling a cliff-face, in the adversity of the winds that rushed through the Hellmouth.

When it reached the top, it faced the moonlight. It seemed extra bright on this night, and it obviously enamored the creature. The lizard stood up, soaking and bathing in its silver glow. Then, after a while of this, the creature released a mist. Soon after, an orb emerged out of the lizard, and that too hovered in its proximity, admiring the moonlight. Strangely, however, it looked as if the orb was actually absorbing the celestial light.

“It’s absorbing the moonlight?” Han Sen questioned if that was indeed what he was seeing. It looked likely, but regardless of that, he wagered that regardless of what that orb did, it was the lizard’s geno core.

The geno core’s power was likely associated with the element of moonlight, and if that was truly so, then it explained the lizard’s nocturnal outings.

Han Sen wished to approach the creature, but all of a sudden, he heard a noise.

He then saw the wild wind of the mountain, literally. The wind was black, like the assault of demonic wisps.

Fortunately, Han Sen was in a sheltered area that protected him from the wind that now gusted all about. Problematically, however, the black wind carried a dreadful sound that deafened all else in the surrounding area. Nothing could be heard atop its howling.

“What sort of wind is this?” Han Sen frowned, watching the lizard and its orb remain motionless, despite the black wind that seemed to ravage it and pass up and over the mountain.

“Can the orb inhibit and repel wind elemental attacks?” Han Sen wondered, gauging the threat this foe could pose. He needed such intel to know what he could and could not do, once he stepped forward to hunt it, if he tried to at all.

Pang! Pang!

From within this black wind, Han Sen heard a number of loud footsteps. Something was hidden inside, beyond the dark streaks Han Sen’s vision could not pierce.

Han Sen ultimately decided he should not try to kill the lizard. He thought to himself, “There’s no rush. I definitely need to learn more about it and where I am, too. All of this is too strange.”

The lizard continued to remain where it was, still as stone. The footsteps, however, were getting closer and closer. Before long, Han Sen’s eyes were able to make out the faint outline of a shadow, lurking in the black wind.

He initially believed it to be a horse, and with the strangeness of the current events, it looked like a horse of the apocalypse. But as it came closer and became easier to distinguish, Han Sen was able to see that it was actually a camel.

It was a white camel, and fairly large. It stood at ten meters tall, with two humps on its back. Saddled between them was a spirit.

The spirit had a beaked mouth, and Han Sen could immediately tell it was a royal-class spirit. The camel it rode upon was also mutant-class, he wagered.

After cresting a hill, they stopped where they were. They too watched the lizard, that had yet to move.

Han Sen frowned, seeing this sight, and he thought to himself, "This has to be a joke. Am I going to have to compete against that spirit for the lizard? A competition over something as measly as a mutant class creature? Oh, please..."

The spirit's forehead began to glow softly, and after a while, this light traveled in a beam towards the lizard's orb.

Han Sen used his Dongxuan Aura to see that the light was a Black Iron Wind Bell.

The light-birthed bell tried to land on top of the orb, but in one swift movement, the orb pulled away and evaded the attempted cupping.

The spirit seemed visibly angry after this one little failure, and so he chimed the bell and brought a stop to the fierce winds that had blanketed the mountain. Clearly, the black wind had been manufactured by him.

And while the wind calmed, the simple chiming of that bell seemed to have an effect. The lizard's orb was now moving much slower than it had been.

The lizard spat out a thick, mucus-like cloud of juices to repel the bell which now approached it. Then, the cauldron on its head recalled the orb in a retreat.

While the bell was knocked back by the spit, the orb was given the opportunity to return. This just angered the spirit even further, prompting it to ring the bell with a greater craze.

The black wind then restarted. It assaulted the lizard with a greater ferocity than before, and so thick and fast were the streaks of black, the moonlight was completely lost to sight. They might as well have been fighting in an alternate realm, one devoid of light.

And as the wind battered the mountain, it showed no sign of maintaining the status quo. It kept on accelerating, until its ferocity gave birth to a black tornado that ravaged the mountainside and sent rocks and trees spiraling off into the dark.

Han Sen and Bao'er had previously been hidden quite well, and given a good view of the battle to boot. But now, the rocks that shielded them had been blasted away, exposing them. There was nowhere for them to hide now.

Han Sen, with Bao'er in his arms, thought of only one place he could retreat to for shelter, lest the two be blown away: the lizard's cave.

While the lizard was up-top, dealing with the crazed wind, the cave should have been empty. Or at least that was the hope, for Han Sen was fast approaching it.

Chapter 1396: Attacking a Spirit

The tornado up-top was soon accompanied by many more, as the searing wind laid waste to the mountain. But then, as Han Sen raced for the sanctuary of the cave, two of the tornados came after him. The spirit had seen him.

Han Sen frowned, unable to escape the blistering speed of the vortexes. As soon as they came for him, they pulled him into the slipstream.

“An unlucky day for mountaineering, don’t you think? Mwahaha! Go to hell, little boy.” Han Sen wasn’t sure if the spirit was genuinely angry or just psychotic enough to think the ravaging winds were humorous, but he seemed to be delighted to watch the bystander human and his baby get swept up into the tornado.

Inside the tornado, Han Sen soon discovered the reason why the wind was black. The wind itself was not colored, but there were streaks and streams of black sand twirling within them. The streams of sand were incredibly sharp, and coming into contact with them was brutal.

The tornado that had trapped Han Sen began to grow in size, and it continued to twirl faster and faster. Steel could have easily been ground to dust inside it.

The spirit no longer paid attention to Han Sen inside there, though, most likely believing the human to have been killed. The spirit thought that if the human had not had his bones twisted by the winds, then he would have been shredded by the black sand. It was a fair belief, too, for no mutant creature should have been able to withstand a single moment inside such a tornado.

Fortunately, Han Sen was a touch more adept than the usual creature. He could fly and move in tandem with the twirling vortex to remain alive, but there was not enough leeway to allow an escape, which was what he desperately wanted to do.

Then, genius struck. He opened up his Bulwark Umbrella, and a bubble-like shield protected him from the body-shredding winds.

The umbrella was able to withstand any environmental disaster it seemed, and not a single stiff breeze or grain of sand was able to get to Han Sen within its comforting embrace.

But Han Sen still had to hold on to it by the grip, and it was a grip that could escape at any moment’s notice. The wind was truly brutal, and trying to keep the umbrella in his hands was no easy task.

“Luckily, the tornado’s radius is wide. If it was smaller and more concentrated, I doubt I could hold on for as long as I have,” Han Sen thought. There was at least one thing to be grateful for, as sour as the ordeal still was.

The power of a gold geno core was truly incredible. The strongest and most dangerous thing about the tornado was the black sand that twirled around like a black wind. If the sand was eliminated, the tornado wouldn’t be much of a threat.

Han Sen maintained his clutch on the umbrella, but he knew he had to do something. So, inside that violent vortex, he inched his way in the direction of the spirit.

The spirit himself, despite the works of wind being his own machination, was unable to see much. He believed Han Sen would have been killed moments after being swept into the winds, so he moved his focus back to the target he had come to kill: the lizard.

Two primary tornados now ravaged the mountainside, and the spirit focused his concentration on those.

The lizard was atop the mountain, with its claws dug into the stone. Its cauldron still sat upon its head, shining. It was defying the wind fairly well, but it didn't seem to do all that much in retaliation. But perhaps that was because it had reached the end of its tether, and it had no space or strength to do anything else as the wind battered it. And soon after, the black wind and sand began to almost wholly encompass the creature. The wind streams that carried the sand were like whips, and each pass they made over the lizard was like a cruel lashing.

It eventually began to settle on the lizard's body, as well, as if the grains of sand were magnetized to its body. It seemed as if they wanted to suffocate the creature.

More and more sand came down then, to bury the lizard. And before long, it could hardly be seen, and it could no longer move.

"Haha! Another mutant creature notch for my belt." The spirit, seeing the lizard buried beneath the sand, cackled and ceased his chiming of the bell.

Shortly after, the black wind and tornados all whirled out of existence. The sand of those streams dropped to the ground, blanketing the mountain in black. The spirit was going to ride his camel over to the lizard so he could claim his prize, but something occurred. All of a sudden, the camel squealed in agony.

The spirit saw something appear before him. One of the being's hands clutched a horn, while the other clutched an umbrella. The horn had been driven through the camel, slicing its belly horizontally, from back to front. Then, all of its guts fell out in a sticky red downpour.

The spirit was bucked off, thrown into the sand that had now been dyed red.

The camel was a mighty thing, but Han Sen had killed it with the greatest of ease.

Assassination was one of Han Sen's fortes. What he had done was take refuge in the sand that had cloaked the ground. He hid beneath it, and when the camel trotted past, he leaped up and struck.

Han Sen killed the camel first because he was aware of what the spirit could do, and he had more than a few ideas in regards to how he could counter the spirit's moves. He didn't know anything about the camel, so it was best to remove the foe from the board he was most uncertain about first.

That was why he took out the camel so quickly.

"Mutant Creature Wind Camel killed. No beast soul gained. Geno Core destroyed. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Han Sen didn't care about the dismal results of the camel's killing, though. Right now, he had more important things to concern himself with, like the spirit he had just made an enemy out of. Without relenting, he went for the spirit with his umbrella and horn in hand.

The spirit was incredibly angry, and so he rang his bell to summon more tornados to prevent Han Sen's approach.

"How dare you kill my camel! Do you not know who you've picked a fight with? I am the Sandman!" The spirit was hissing and seething as he spoke, and his hands flailed like mad in a frantic ringing of the bell.

The tornados that spawned were wicked and wild, destroying all that they came into contact with. The spirit could not wait to see Han Sen reduced to dust, but he was quickly delivered a fright when he saw the effects the tornados had on the human.

Nothing. There was no effect. Han Sen cut through the tornado, not having been licked by a single grain of sand.

"Impossible!" Han Sen's horn had come right before his face.

The spirit used his bell to shield his pretty face and deflect the horn.

"You can't kill me!" the spirit said.

Han Sen lifted his umbrella and threw it up into the sky. Then, he used his newly free hand to punch the spirit, right before catching the umbrella once more.

"I don't like sand. It's coarse and rough and irritating, and it gets everywhere." Han Sen, umbrella back in hand, ran towards Wind Mountain.

The spirit's face twitched and warped, but he was unable to move his body.

"Aargh!" After one brief scream, the spirit's body crumbled into dust.

Chapter 1397: An Unexpected Journey

The spirit returned to his spirit stone, but Han Sen expected this. Regardless, Han Sen ventured up to the top of the mountain and began removing the black sand. There was a large mound of the stuff, and after much digging, Han Sen was able to find the lizard that had been buried.

The lizard was not dead yet, but it was in poor shape. The black sand had suffocated it and crept its way into the lizard's body. The lungs and organs were stuffed with sand, and its death was inevitable.

The lizard's mouth and nose were wet, caked in sand. It was a bad way to go out.

Han Sen, wanting to put it out of its misery swiftly, took out his horn and plunged it through the creature's heart.

"Mutant Creature Cauldron Beast killed. Beast soul gained. Gold Geno Core acquired. Consume its flesh to gain zero to ten mutant geno points randomly."

Han Sen was delighted at the result. Things had gotten a little heated, but aside from ending up a little windswept, he'd be walking away from the venture with two mutant carcasses, a new gold geno core, and an extra beast soul to top it all off.

Han Sen summoned his black unicorn and bundled everything together with his Gold Lock.

This was a fine haul of meat, and it'd keep Han Sen full for some time to come. In the meantime, Cheap Sheep was still off in search of more mutant creatures for him. This would tide Han Sen over until then, for sure.

A month later, Han Sen had almost finished consuming all the flesh. He had thus far received an additional sixteen mutant geno points, which brought his tally up to twenty-five.

Currently, Han Sen was in the midst of his daily training regime with Red Pony and Starsea Beast. Over the past month, they had shown great diligence and development, and they took their training times with Han Sen very seriously. It made Han Sen glad to see them behave that way.

"A, B, C." Han Sen's training wasn't purely physical, and now he was holding up a board with the alphabet.

"A, A, A." Starsea Beast had been trying his hardest to learn, but it had been a struggle. He wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed, unfortunately.

Han Sen looked dismayed. Finding out that many demi-god creatures couldn't speak was disheartening, and he expected a far better literacy rate in the Fourth God's Sanctuary.

"Come on, this stuff is basic. You guys are going to have to learn eventually. Now come on, follow after me. A, B, C." Han Sen was determined to make his followers speak.

Red Pony did not seem very focused on the lesson. It didn't speak, and neither did it follow along with Han Sen's instructions. It seemed very disinterested. Starsea Beast, however, was trying its best. It was incredibly focused, despite being rather dumb. Still, all it could say in response to Han Sen was, "A, A, A."

Suddenly, Han Sen felt a wretched energy blanket the shelter.

Not wasting any time in his response, he flew over to the gate to see what might have been approaching. There, he saw Qing Le and another spirit marching towards the shelter.

The scary, menacing power was from the spirit that accompanied Qing Le. As much as he had thus far tried to resist, Han Sen had the sneaking suspicion it was only a matter of time before he was forced to go to that spooky shelter that only allowed humans.

“Qing Le! I’ve been waiting for you, man!” Han Sen forced the biggest ear-to-ear smile he could, and fluffed his voice to be as welcoming as one could be.

Qing Le looked at Han Sen with one eyebrow raised high enough, it could have pierced the clouds. “You... were expecting me?”

“Yeah. I’ve been so busy this last month, I was unable to catch up with you for that expedition you said you were planning. You know the one; the human team, the creepy shelter, the fifty sacred geno fruits.”

“I thought I said thirty,” Qing Le said.

They had come there expecting to use force to get Han Sen to go along with their plan. This was most unexpected. Someone who was willing to go was always a better choice than someone who had been forced to. Communication was far better, in such circumstances.

“I was going to accept the thirty you offered last time, but now that you’re here... Well, I can only suspect you’ve been to the shelter and failed. Clearly, the risk and danger of that place are far worse than you expected. Add an extra twenty for the hazard pay, and I’m your man,” Han Sen said.

“My balls... consider them busted. Oh well, fine, I accept. Fifty it is,” the other spirit finally spoke.

The way that spirit held himself was different from Qing Le, and it was clear to see he was of a higher rank.

“How should I refer to you, sir?” Han Sen said, approaching the two in a casual manner.

“The Emperor’s Sixth Son, Yu Xuan.” The spirit puffed his chest and put his chin up when he said this. Then, he lessened his threatening aura to one that was far more approachable.

“That’s a mouthful. I’m Han Sen, nice to meet you,” Han Sen said.

Yu Xuan then stepped forward to say, “I like co-operating with smart men. Pack up your things and we’ll head out.”

“Okay.” Han Sen returned Bao’er to the Alliance, afraid there might be much danger on the road ahead. Particularly so, at their destination.

Han Sen didn’t bring anyone else with him on that trip. He just went alone with the spirits.

On the road, Qing Le and Yu Xuan explained many things to Han Sen, and what had occurred in their previous attempt at taking the shelter.

They had ended up sending twenty-nine men to that shelter. Three had returned from that place, in a grievously poor condition. Even those were dead now. A few of those humans even had gemstone geno cores, but it hadn’t seemed to matter at all. They had all been killed.

Sacred Shelter had also sent a bunch of humans, as well. Only one of those managed to crawl out, then later died.

It was impossible for them to find a decent pool of humans to try to take the shelter individually, so the two shelters had now decided to co-operate for their next venture.

Chapter 1398: The Beast on the Bronze Coffin

“Yu Xuan, now that I am a part of the Outer Sky Shelter territory, perhaps you could tell me more about what I will be walking into? The more intel I have going in, the better I can perform.” Han Sen knew the mission would be dangerous, so he would have preferred going in with at least some semblance of an idea of what he might face.

Yu Xuan looked at Qing Le, prompting him to speak. He said, “Unfortunately, we don’t know much about the shelter. And as for what our previous team faced on the inside, there is no proof that can verify the claims made by the three who made it out.”

Han Sen wasn’t sure what the implication was, but he frowned.

He allowed Qing Le to continue talking, after a pause. “The three men that returned claimed the same things, but when pressed to elaborate, their explanations for what transpired when they were all killed were different. Still, we were fortunate to hear much of anything, with the pain they were in following their escape.”

“What did they tell you, then?” Han Sen asked, with a frown.

“They told us that when they entered, they saw something horrible in front of the palace there. That was where most of the men who entered died. Three made it out, as we have stated.”

Qing Le went on to say, “But the three men described what killed them differently.”

Han Sen didn’t say a word.

Qing Le continued, “They all said they saw a bronze coffin inside the palace. On this coffin was said to reside a fox or a cat with a red body. They all spoke of this, so we can assume that part to be fairly sound.”

Han Sen thought to himself, “A nine-life cat, maybe?”

“Was the cat alive? Or was it something inanimate?” Han Sen asked. If it really was associated with Blood Legion, being a nine-life cat, there was every chance he could survive.

Han Sen was proficient with the Blood-Pulse Sutra, and furthermore, he was in possession of the pendant. Perhaps the shelter was warded to prevent those who weren't affiliated with Blood Legion from entering. If anything transpired on the inside, the least Han Sen could do was pretend he was a member.

"I am not sure. The details were sparse," Qing Le said, shaking his head in regret. "One of them said a beast emerged and slew everyone there. Another said there was the statue of a beast there, and that everybody simply started to die after they opened the coffin. The other person claimed that, after seeing a beast there, they all started killing themselves."

"Could they all be hallucinating different things?" Han Sen asked.

"It is not out of the realm of possibilities, but then, why would they have died after escaping with their lives?" Yu Xuan said.

Han Sen nodded. There was no reason for the perfectly capable humans to die, if all they had experienced were hallucinations. There was something wrong with all this, there was no doubt about that.

"How did they die? Were they severely wounded or something?" Han Sen asked.

"They... had no wounds. Their blood crystallized, clogging the blood flow and preventing proper operation of their organs," Qing Le explained.

Han Sen did not say anything, but he most certainly believed the shelter had a connection to Blood Legion. If the red beast or creature there was the nine-life cat, Han Sen was starting to think he'd get the answers he had been waiting for. This was a big opportunity, and it would be silly to squander it.

Yu Xuan and Qing Le did not take Han Sen to Outer Sky Shelter, and they delivered him to that spooky shelter directly. When they arrived, Han Sen saw three humans. They were right, saying it had been difficult trying to assemble a new team.

There weren't many humans in the Fourth God's Sanctuary, and the ones who had been killed on the last mission had been reported as missing in the Alliance.

It was a spectacular feat, knowing they had managed to assemble nearly thirty humans for the last venture. But that also made it profoundly upsetting, learning what had occurred to each of them.

It was difficult finding more humans to replace those that were lost, and it'd take a lot of time for the shelters to recover that number.

"And what, please tell me, was the point in bringing a bronze geno core human on this expedition?" A female spirit scoffed, while looking at Han Sen with her nose upturned.

Yu Xuan was very polite to her, despite her tone. He said to her, "Sister, you know finding humans has been difficult for us all, after what last transpired. He is willing to try, so why not allow him?"

The female spirit smiled, then, and said, "Mister Li, your allies may not be the hardiest, but I pray you are successful."

“I’ll do what I can,” Mister Li said, with a coarse voice not so different from toned grunts.

Han Sen looked at this Mister Li, who was a human, and observed him.

Han Sen was surprised, seeing a human garner such respect. The woman spirit seemed to hold him in high regard.

The man looked to be in his thirties, and he’d undoubtedly be an accomplished fighter. Just like Han Sen, he was hiding the true extent of his power.

The female spirit almost spoke like a student would, before their master.

Next to Mister Li were another two humans. One was old, and the other was young.

They were both very powerful, from the look of them, and it was highly likely they possessed gemstone geno cores.

The two of them stood next to Mister Li like bodyguards, though. Clearly, Han Sen would be the odd man out.

Han Sen thought to himself, “It looks like this Mister Li really is well-respected. He and the others must be the big guns of the spirits. They’re at their wit’s end, trying to secure this shelter, and it is highly unlikely they would call upon such strong humans unless this was their last and only shot. If these three really are that powerful, though, how come I’ve never heard of them before?”

Chapter 1399: Entering the Shelter

Han Sen waited at a camp near the shelter for two days, before the expedition was set to begin and they could leave for that enigmatic construct.

He was able to see the shelter faintly, from the distance the camp had been established. The entire time they were there, an eerie fog draped the serrated walls and ramparts, pooling over to drown the grounds they stood upon.

“Little Brother, when you are in the shelter, I advise you to stick close,” Mister Li said, approaching Han Sen. There was a surprising concern tinting his unusually gruff voice.

Han Sen replied, “Yes, will do. We need to look out for each other in there; our numbers have diminished more than enough.”

The demi-god Xu Yanmeng chimed in, saying, “Stick close so we can protect you, and you don’t get in the way. That’s what he means to say. You’ll be a hindrance if you do anything more.”

“Oh, that is what he meant. It’s nice to have a translator by his side. Thank you for the clarification.” Han Sen knew Mister Li’s phrasing was an attempt at putting it lightly.

Mister Li smiled and said, “Can the chatter. We work hard; all of us. We’re in this together.”

Yu Xuan and his big sister Yu Miao led the humans across the still plains to the shelter and left them near the gate. Han Sen believed he’d be able to see things with a lot more clarity upon nearing the place. That turned out to be an incorrect assumption.

When they reached the shelter, another group arrived. Amongst them were that woman and her dog.

“Goddess, you’re late,” Yu Miao said.

Before she responded, her dog snapped, “A doggo is never late, nor is he early. He arrives precisely when he means to.”

Han Sen observed the humans that had accompanied them, and he noticed that two of them were extra-strong. He believed they were also in possession of gemstone geno cores.

The dog sniffed Han Sen, then said, “Pah! You guys crack me up. You’ve enlisted a human with a bronze geno core? You think he’ll help?! Haha!”

“More people always equal a greater sum of power,” Yu Miao said, in surprising defense.

Han Sen then realized why Goddess and her dog had come to Shadow Shelter; he assumed they had gone there in search of Nan Litian. Little did they know, he was dead. Deeming Han Sen too weak, they hadn’t bothered recruiting his replacement.

“A weakling in a group is a weakling still. Regardless, let’s proceed,” Goddess said.

Yu Miao allowed the humans to meet and greet and ready themselves for entering the shelter. When the first streaks of sunlight beamed over the distant mountains that dressed the horizon, they could see the shelter a little more clearly, and some of the fog that spilled over the walls boiled off.

In total, there were nine going into the shelter; Han Sen included. Outer Sky Shelter’s people consisted of Han Sen, Mister Li, Xu Yanmeng, and Old Qiu. Sacred Shelter contributed an additional five. Their names were Wang Zhao, Zhong Sanxiao, Yu Zhiyu, He Zhi, and Xiao Liuyu.

Mister Li was the leader of Han Sen’s sortie, whereas there was a joint leadership for Sacred’s collection of people, in the form of Wang Zhao and Zhong Sanxiao. There was a surprising amount of uneasiness creeping between the two teams, despite them all being humans and in a precarious situation that would require co-operation. It seemed as if there’d be fierce competition once inside.

Han Sen wasn’t too surprised, though. Whenever something was up for grabs, people of different factions were prone to compete.

“Little Han, don’t draw too near to the mist. For all we know, it might reach out and grab you,” Mister Li kindly advised.

Han Sen thought to himself, “Yu Xuan and Qing Le did not mention that the Dongxuan Aura would not work here.”

“Mister Li, might we be forced to retreat if the mist grows thicker and becomes too heavy? It already hangs in the air like a suffocating mucus,” Han Sen asked.

Mister Li replied, saying, “It should lighten during the afternoon. The mist will return and thicken eventually, blocking our exit, though. It isn’t a normal fog. Once we enter, we won’t be able to return until the next day.”

Yu Xuan and Qing Le hadn’t mentioned a single thing about this to Han Sen.

It seemed clear now that Han Sen was the one going in with the least knowledge. He wasn’t sure why he had not been informed as much as he could have been, but it wasn’t fair to put him in such a situation.

Han Sen chatted a bit more with Mister Li, and he realized they were the only two talking. The others were dead silent. Once they were done talking, he noticed that the gate of the shelter was slightly ajar.

Han Sen thought he might be able to see the Life Door with a peek beyond, but the fog was incredibly thick inside. His vision couldn’t pierce the grey.

“It’s just us now, stand easy,” Mister Li said, turning to face Wang Zhao after the spirits left. “If we’re to go in and make it out alive, it’s best we pool our knowledge and come up with some sort of a plan. Co-operation is in our best interests, gentlemen.”

“I agree,” Wang Zhao responded.

None of them had been in the shelter before, so everything they knew was told to them by their superiors who were spirits. Yu Miao and Goddess had delivered both sides the most of the details they could share.

After the discussion, the desire for competition settled to a hardly-noticeable simmer. The two human teams had merrily converged into one, wanting to co-operate and ensure survival, first and foremost. They approached the shelter together, with surprising unison.

After hearing them talk, Han Sen had managed to learn much he had not been told before, concerning the shelter.

Qing Le had told Han Sen the humans reached the coffin with little to no trouble, but he had in fact glossed over the fact they were almost all practically at death’s door by the time they got that far.

With all this additional knowledge, and a mental map formed, they decided a route they should all take.

Han Sen only had a bronze geno core, so he was not allowed any input.

No matter which way they went, though, their course would take them past the tower Han Sen had studied on the scroll he had been given by Qing Le.

And according to Mister Li, that construct was an extremely dangerous place to venture.

Chapter 1400: My Life Is My Life

Han Sen followed Mister Li closely, as they all entered and ventured between the narrow pathways of the shelter. They said that as long as they did not approach that one construct, their passage would mostly be fine.

Still, that was no reason to shirk caution. Everyone was on high-alert, and their eyes remained peeled for the slightest foreign motion, intently scanning every new viewpoint they could. This was not a place they could afford to let their guard down.

The mist was encroaching on their right, so they sidestepped to skirt a few buildings on their left.

They eventually got within ten meters of the tower.

Just like the scroll had depicted, the mural upon the construct displayed ten humans.

“Well, he may have been scant on details, but at least Qing Le wasn’t outright lying to me.” The worry in Han Sen’s heart lightened a bit, and his pace quickened, upon learning that the authenticity of the drawings checked out.

When they saw the other side of the tower, though, they were all struck with a gut-punching shock. There were three people in a sitting position, except they were dead. Eerily, it was as if they had been placed there.

Han Sen was easily able to understand why Mister Li had told them to exercise caution around the base of that tower now. Whoever approached might have very well been killed.

Han Sen examined their bodies the best he could, from the distance he was standing. He was unable to determine a cause of death, and the bodies hadn’t been ravaged in any way. But there they were; lifeless and sitting.

Han Sen did not know why they were in such a position. And while it would have been a ghastlier sight to see a few corpses mutilated or decapitated, it would’ve at least been easier to suspect what sort of foe might be awaiting them. This was unsettling, and it made the group even more wary for what might lie ahead. Their stomachs were churning.

Eventually, his eyes turned to the mural above. He studied the images carefully, hoping to glean as many details as he could.

He was viewing another side of the tower now, and there was text just like what he had seen in the drawing. The text, however, did not offer an excerpt from Life Door as the first did.

“My life is my life. Your life is my life. Your life is forfeit to me,” Yu Zhiyou read aloud.

Han Sen did not know what it meant, but when he looked at the carvings, he was given a shock. Ten people were shown, all lifeless and sitting like the three bodies they had just seen.

Then, suddenly, before the sight of that could settle in their minds, Wang Zhao shouted, “What are you doing? Get back!”

Han Sen didn’t know why Yu Zhiyou was walking towards the tower, but he had begun to do so in a trance-like state. Yu Zhiyou reached the wall, turned around, and smiled at them. Then, he sat down and closed his eyes.

A chill ran down the spines of all who watched this act. A living person had just approached the construct and died, with no genuine cause to be discerned. It was as if, like a zombie, he had accepted death.

Yu Zhiyou was not the strongest amongst them, but he had a gold geno core. For him to merrily die in such a way was strange, to say the least.

He was sitting in a position just like the ones shown on the mural, and just like the three they had passed.

“Whatever you do; do not read the writing!” Mister Li said, to everyone.

It was then that everyone realized Yu Zhiyou was the only one who had read the words written in the text. It couldn’t have been a coincidence he was the first to kick the bucket.

Wang Zhao then said, “Be careful! For once, illiteracy might be a boon. If you read any text here, it could lead to your death, and none will be able to save you.”

Everyone was afraid following that freak occurrence, and no one dared to look at the tower now.

People believed that if you were strong in the Fourth God’s Sanctuary, death never came easy. Seeing someone die in such a simple, strange manner was unnerving. It was by some magic none had witnessed before, and it was the inability to know and understand that always scared mankind the most.

Han Sen, however, made sure to take a mental photograph of the murals he had seen thus far.

With haste, they managed to pass the tower by. But from that position, if they chose to turn around, they could view the back of the mural.

Only Han Sen dared to stop and get a good look at it, an action that displeased the rest of his company.

There were no words written on that side, just the depiction of a congregation of humans. Many of them were sitting, while many others were standing.

Han Sen made a note of it, and then felt desperate to see the fourth and final side he had yet to get a look at.

“What are you doing?” Mister Li believed Han Sen had read something and been robbed of his will to live as had just occurred. He quickly grabbed Han Sen’s arm to pull him back.

The tug was strong, and he was sent staggering a few meters back. Everyone stared at Han Sen with wide open eyes, thinking he might have been possessed.

“I’m fine. I just wanted to take a look at the other side of the mural. It may have information we’d be better off learning. It is obviously a construct of great importance to the shelter,” Han Sen explained.

“Why can’t you just shut up and follow us? You’ll get Mister Li and the rest of us killed,” Xu Yanmeng sternly said.

“I want to take a look. You can stay here, but do you mind waiting a moment?” Han Sen asked, addressing Mister Li directly.

Mister Li answered, “Okay. You might be correct, and examining it might indeed prove useful.”

“You can go there, but we’ve already been told what’s on the other side. I’m not risking things any more than I have to,” Zhong Sanxiao said.

Wang Zhao chimed in, agreeing. No one else wanted to risk venturing there.

“Then I will go there with Little Han,” Mister Li said.

Xu Yanmeng blurted out, “You’re crazy! Don’t listen to him. We’ve already cleared the tower, and now you want to return to it?”

Mister Li patted him on the shoulder and said, “I just want to take a look. I’ll be fine, okay? We both will.”

“Me and Old Qiu can come, then,” Xu Yanmeng said.

“It’s fine. Stay here where it’s safest,” Mister Li said, already walking away alongside Han Sen.

When Han Sen reached the other side of the mural, he was delighted at what he saw.