

Divine 2131

Chapter 2131: Qualification Competition in the Mystic Realm 2

According to the original plan, there shouldn't have been any interruption. However, upon reaching the Ninth Heaven of Martial God, her attempts at another breakthrough were thwarted by an insurmountable barrier. This obstruction prevented her from attaining the status of a Paragon Warrior. Despite her attempts to forcefully push her consciousness through, inexplicably, she found herself repeatedly repelled. The pain in her head was becoming increasingly intense, yet the barrier remained steadfast, impeding her progress.

Only when all other options were exhausted did she emerge from this struggle.

Undeterred, she made successive efforts, but the outcome remained unchanged—no response.

Faced with a sense of helplessness, Gu Chaoyan found herself compelled to abandon her endeavor just as the competition was approaching.

Had she managed to ascend to the ranks of a Paragon Warrior, her mastery of fist techniques and footwork would have undoubtedly secured her a place among the top five participants in the upcoming Beastmaster Sect's competition, thereby granting her qualification to enter the coveted level-five mystic realm.

And now...

Uncertainty clouded Gu Chaoyan's confidence.

Di Hongyun's query didn't elicit a confident response from her.

Nevertheless...

Nonetheless...

The blood of the Dragon Race coursed through her veins, and while the complete fusion of this lineage with her own spiritual power remained incomplete, she held firm to the belief that skillful utilization of this inheritance could yield results.

This time, she entrusted herself.

As her gaze met Di Hongyun's, Gu Chaoyan opted for a response that sidestepped a direct answer. Her words echoed, "Let's proceed to the arena and observe."

Di Hongyun's interest waned suddenly.

His aspiration to access the level-five mystic realm was tethered to her desire to do so.

Based on her junior sister's remarks, her own confidence was wavering, leaving her uncertain about her capabilities.

Had she possessed unwavering self-assurance, she would unquestionably have consented.

Di Hongyun's demeanor took on a tinge of melancholy in an instant.

However, Gu Chaoyan, leading the way ahead, remained oblivious to the shift in mood. Her thoughts weighed heavily on her mind.

They soon reached the arena's precincts.

A contingent of disciples was already locked in competition.

Naturally, these participants from the Beastmaster Sect weren't the cream of the crop; those with middling cultivation seized the chance to engage in the contest.

Their intentions were straightforward.

For some, it was an opportunity to gauge their progress and obtain insights into the Beastmaster Sect's dynamics.

Others aimed to catch the eye of the sect's elders.

Certain individuals might never find themselves at the forefront under usual circumstances, but the Beastmaster Sect's competition provided a shot. While the efficacy of this contest might remain uncertain, its potential impact wouldn't materialize without an attempt.

The members of the Beastmaster Sect weren't devoid of emotional intelligence. They all anticipated the true competition's commencement.

Securing a discreet corner, Gu Chaoyan and Di Hongyun settled themselves.

Gu Chaoyan's sole objective centered on entering the mystic realm to acquire the One Origin Grass.

Consequently, the question of whether to display her abilities didn't warrant her contemplation.

As Di Hongyun took his seat, he couldn't resist venturing, "Junior Sister, allow me to make an introduction. Direct your gaze towards the towering figure seated yonder. Behold Shao Simiao, the preeminent entity within our esteemed Beastmaster Sect. His destiny is undoubtedly intertwined with the mystic realm's threshold." Lowering his tone conspiratorially, Di Hongyun revealed, "He afforded me the opportunity."

Following this disclosure, Di Hongyun's voice regained its regular volume..

"Senior Brother Shao stands proudly as an unparalleled Paragon Warrior!"

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She exuded an air of unmistakable pride.

Gu Chaoyan couldn't help but cast a glance at him – it was evident that Shao Simiao shared a special relationship with him.

Shao Simiao went on to introduce several individuals who held the second, third, and fourth rankings within the Beastmaster Sect.

Finally...

Di Hongyun's tone turned serious as he remarked, "The fifth position is held by

Senior Brother Zhengyang. He has recently achieved a breakthrough to the Paragon Warrior Realm. To gain access to the mystic realm, one must surpass him at the very least. However, Senior Brother Zhengyang possesses formidable strength as well. I hope the three of us can collaborate for this endeavor, but I am uncertain..."

Di Hongyun found himself torn.

His desire was to join his junior sister on this journey.

Yet, Senior Brother Zhengyang also required entry to the mystic realm.

Considering the importance of the Lv Family...

Di Hongyun found himself in a challenging predicament.

Without giving an immediate response, Gu Chaoyan stayed silent in response to Di Hongyun's query.

Di Hongyun's emotions were running high.

This emotional connection likely formed the foundation of his initial attachment to her.

Within the confines of the level-five mystic realm, countless elements existed, and numerous top disciples sustained their positions through the resources found within the 500 meters.

Moreover, the allocation of these resources...

Was determined through a rigorous examination process.

Naturally, the most competent individual emerged as the victor.

There was no need to let emotions cloud this fact.

Di Hongyun consistently found himself in a disadvantaged position, whether within the sect or his own family.

Their thoughts were clearly divergent.

Lv Zhengyang arrived, a genial smile adorning his face.

As Lv Zhengyang approached, Gu Chaoyan and Di Hongyun unconsciously furrowed their brows. A sense of discomfort settled in, stemming from Lv Zhengyang's status as a Paragon Warrior, which cast a shadow over them.

However, he swiftly eased his imposing demeanor.

Unable to resist, Gu Chaoyan scrutinized Lv Zhengyang.

It seemed he was showcasing his prowess by emanating pressure. Did he hold some sort of grudge against them?

Di Hongyun, on the other hand, didn't dwell on it. He surmised that Senior Brother Zhengyang's recent breakthrough might be causing him to struggle with precisely controlling his pressure and aura.

"Congratulations, Senior Brother Zhengyang!" Di Hongyun offered his well-wishes.

"Congratulations," Gu Chaoyan's response carried a chill.

Gu Chaoyan discerned the underlying dynamics.

She pondered on the nature of Lv Zhengyang's character.

In bygone times...

During periods when she faced derision and condescension within the sect, he displayed an uncommon kindness, imparting valuable insights and even inviting her to partake in missions.

However, as he recognized his own capabilities, he grew increasingly reserved in his interactions with her.

Individuals like him...

Perhaps benevolence was reserved solely for the vulnerable, those obscured by the dust of insignificance.

She wouldn't yield as readily as he did, her obedience less assured.

His demeanor exuded kindness and gentleness, coupled with an unwavering resolve against opposition.

Gu Chaoyan offered a subtle shake of her head.

Individuals like Lv Zhengyang didn't make suitable companions for Di

Hongyun.

At least, not in the present.

If a time came when Di Hongyun surpassed Lv Zhengyang, the resulting disappointment might be profound.

"It's a level-five mystic realm, and numerous members of the Beastmaster Sect are vying for the opportunity. Junior Sister, having recently joined the sect, it might be wise to observe the sect's ongoing competition and consider participating in the event next year," Lv Zhengyang spoke with a composed demeanor.

“I intend to partake in this year’s competition,” Gu Chaoyan asserted.

Lv Zhengyang cast a measured look her way.

His tone remained even as he replied, “I don’t believe that’s a good idea.”

‘Why?’

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Lv Zhengyang’s gaze briefly flickered towards her, his voice a hushed murmur. “Those who don’t make the cut are essentially testing their luck, hoping to capture the Elder’s attention. Your presence in the Beastmaster Sect has been conspicuously prominent since you joined. However, such visibility might not serve your cultivation well within the sect.”

“If your aspiration is to qualify for entry into the mystic realm...” Lv Zhengyang pondered momentarily before continuing, “Junior Sister, your dedication to your training is evident, but you currently stand at the Ninth Heaven of the Martial God realm. As for me, I hold the fifth rank and have ascended to the exalted status of a Paragon Warrior. Regrettably, you cannot surpass me, rendering your return unnecessary.”

“Your intellect surpasses that of most disciples, and your progress is undeniably swift. However, it’s crucial to remember, Junior Sister, that your foundation lies in being a True Spiritual Root.”

“True Spiritual Root—a limitation confines your cultivation within this lifetime. The Paragon Realm, for instance, remains beyond your grasp. The constraints are immutable, extending even into your present existence.”

“This is precisely why the Supreme Sect imposes stringent requirements for spiritual roots. Initially, the Elder of the Beastmaster Sect hesitated to admit you into our ranks.” Lv Zhengyang’s tone carried patience as he advised her against participating in the upcoming competition, delving further into the discourse on cultivation.

An unexpected sense of gratification arose within him.

It felt akin to playing the role of a strategist.

Mere days before, his feelings toward this junior sister of his bore an unpleasant tinge.

Yet, following his breakthrough to the esteemed echelons of a Paragon Warrior, those sentiments had dissipated entirely.

For he had come to realize...

No matter how intelligent or perceptive her junior sister might be at present, the inexorable truth remained unchanged: she was fated to remain stagnant for the duration of her existence.

As her fellow disciples advanced down the path, she could find herself perpetually rooted to the same spot, a bystander to their progress.

Her current visibility within the sect, though striking, would likely pale in comparison to others in the long run—a realization bound to inflict the deepest wounds upon her.

Thus, he need not harbor any apprehensions.

His junior sister could not match his prowess.

The Paragon realm lay within his easy reach.

Surveying her with a tinge of pity, he found himself contemplating the disheartening reality.

Throughout this discourse, Gu Chaoyan had maintained a furrowed brow.

In this instance, he was accurate.

While positioned at the Ninth Heaven of the Martial God tier, she couldn't ascend to the Paragon realm.

But was that the only impediment?

Could it all be attributed to her spiritual roots?

However...

If the issue solely revolved around her spiritual roots, surmounting it should not prove insurmountable.

Given the influence of lineage, her spiritual root could undergo nurturing. Now in possession of the Heaven Spiritual Root, and with time at her disposal, the possibility of its advancement existed. Might she break through to the Paragon Realm over an extended span?

Yet, that journey would be protracted.

Managing her spiritual roots posed no formidable challenge.

Consequently, upon hearing this narrative, Gu Chaoyan found herself devoid of significant despondency.

Lv Zhengyang's surprise was evident as he observed her countenance.

"I'm determined to give it a shot," Gu Chaoyan asserted.

"Very well," Lv Zhengyang conceded, for he had exhausted his arguments.

Whether she chose to heed his advice was now her prerogative.

Without lingering further, Lv Zhengyang took his leave. Noticing that Di Hongyun displayed no inclination to depart, he departed solo.

While Gu Chaoyan remained indifferent to Lv Zhengyang's counsel, Di

Hongyun was not. “Junior Sister, how should we proceed?”

“Rather than fixating on my situation, concern yourself with what awaits you within the mystic realm,” Gu Chaoyan retorted bluntly.

“Junior Sister, is this really your decision?” Di Hongyun exclaimed with a fervor suggesting a sense of injustice. It was as if he perceived an injustice had been done..

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Gu Chaoyan paid him no attention.

The competition had reached its climax.

It had been a stroke of misfortune that she had not ascended to the level of a Paragon. Consequently, she sought an alternate path to earn her ticket into the mystical realm.

This “method,” as it was dubbed, involved closely observing the mightiest contenders.

Her intention was to pinpoint their vulnerabilities and devise her own strategy to overcome them.

Despite the substantial gap in their cultivation levels, since she possessed the power of inheritance, her skills in fist techniques, palm-arts, and footwork could prove advantageous.

After an extended period of observation, she discerned that Shao Simiao was an exceptionally capable individual. While she held out hope of a future victory against him, for the present, she acknowledged the futility of such an attempt.

In the face of her inability to best Shao Simiao, Gu Chaoyan relinquished her notion of challenging him.

She persevered in her scrutiny of the others.

Her contemporaries were already entrenched as Paragons, rendering them virtually invincible from every angle.

However...

One individual caught her attention.

Even Ju Haocang, the second-ranking member of the Beastmaster Sect, fell short of Shao Simiao's prowess. Nevertheless, he resembled a disciple birthed from the Fist Sect, which led to a deliberateness in his actions.

Another salient characteristic was his casual disregard and tendency to underestimate his adversaries.

In other words, he displayed an inclination to look down on his opponents.

Gu Chaoyan surmised that this avenue could potentially provide her with a breakthrough.

With her resolve firmly in place, Gu Chaoyan opted to pursue this approach directly.

She rose from her spot and proceeded toward the arena.

"Already?" Di Hongyun's voice boomed incredulously. He struggled to fathom the unfolding situation.

The competition was on the cusp of concluding.

The top five contenders remained unchanged from the previous year. No alterations had occurred.

As the Beastmaster Sect was on the brink of declaring the competition's outcome, Gu Chaoyan departed.

A glint of disappointment flickered in Lv Zhengyang's eyes. He had hoped that his junior sister had heeded his advice and resolved not to participate. Yet, her decision to partake remained unchanged.

Lv Zhengyang's head shook subtly.

Had she embraced his counsel, he would have been more than willing to offer guidance within the confines of the Beastmaster Sect.

Should she continue to disregard his words, he would withdraw his support entirely.

"I'd like to test my mettle," Gu Chaoyan asserted, ascending the stage directly.

The quintet exchanged meaningful glances amongst themselves before focusing their attention on Gu Chaoyan.

Then her gaze found Lv Zhengyang.

"If Junior Sister wishes to test her skills, I shall be her opponent," Lv Zhengyang declared serenely, soaring onto the platform.

The disciples who had been preparing to depart reversed their steps, their attention rekindled toward the stage.

One contender was their audacious Junior Sister. The other was their fifth-ranked Senior Brother who maintained this position year after year.

The outcome, it seemed, was all but predetermined.

Gu Chaoyan's eyes locked onto Lv Zhengyang, and a slight shake of her head followed. "Senior Brother Zhengyang, I intend to challenge Senior Brother Ju, not you."

"What?" Lv Zhengyang's brows furrowed in confusion. What was the implication behind her words?

Did she consider him the weakest link among the five?

With a composed countenance slipping away, Lv Zhengyang descended without uttering a single word.

Once they were off the stage, Lv Zhengyang's discontent found voice. "Senior

Brother Ju, she intends to challenge you."

"Preferring to challenge me instead of the fifth-ranked contender? This junior sister is quite audacious!" Ju Haocang's response bore no anger, only a sense of amusement. As someone above Lv Zhengyang's standing, he saw no qualms in meeting the challenge.

Lv Zhengyang's visage darkened upon hearing Ju Haocang's words..

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Lv Zhengyang could sense Ju Haocang's disdainful gaze directed down at him. He wasn't oblivious to this fact – he possessed enough intelligence to discern the condescension in Ju Haocang's demeanor.

Typically, many individuals would engage in idle chatter regarding Lv Zhengyang's fifth-ranking position. However, Ju Haocang seemed utterly indifferent to his existence, opting instead to subject him to direct humiliation.

Lv Zhengyang's fists clenched involuntarily, causing the veins on his face to protrude visibly.

His determination surged as he contemplated the rewards that awaited him within the mystic realm. The upcoming year held the promise of him surpassing Ju Haocang and finally shedding the burden of fifth place.

At that juncture, he vowed to impart a valuable lesson to Ju Haocang. This unspoken intention colored his thoughts with a sinister intensity.

However...

His presence went entirely unnoticed, an inconspicuous entity in the crowd's gaze.

The attention of all had converged upon the stage.

Ordinarily, any other disciple might be seen as recklessly daring fate by challenging Ju Haocang. Yet, it was Gu Chaoyan who had taken up this audacious task.

Gu Chaoyan, a recent initiate of the esteemed Beast-controlling Sect, had already etched her name in the annals of fame with her illustrious achievements. Her triumph over a mutated beast and her acquisition of the Green Sun Grass had set her apart.

Feats of such magnitude were well beyond the capabilities of most disciples.

Consequently, when Gu Chaoyan extended her challenge to Ju Haocang, curiosity swelled among the observers. The likelihood of her emerging victorious was meager at best, but the spectators were eager to witness the extent of her capabilities – after all, she was the lone conqueror of the formidable mutated beast.

Unperturbed by Gu Chaoyan's provocation, Ju Haocang greeted her challenge with an amiable smile, "If it's a challenge you seek, I'm more than willing to oblige." Strangely, his mood seemed uplifted, a sentiment undoubtedly influenced by Lv Zhengyang's predicament. How could he possibly be in a sour disposition with Lv Zhengyang being the one subjected to condescension?

In a curious twist, this junior sister perceived him as highly capable and thus embarked on a challenge against him. This brought an undeniable sense of elation to Ju Haocang.

Meanwhile, Lv Zhengyang's countenance darkened, overshadowed by an air of discontent.

Gu Chaoyan, perceptive as she was, had penetrated through these underlying dynamics.

Yet, she bore no responsibility for this comprehension; her thoughts didn't delve too deeply into the matter.

Ultimately, the competition would speak for itself, irrespective of these subtleties.

After keen observation, she determined Ju Haocang to be her most feasible breakthrough. Thus, she resolved to engage in a contest with him.

As for Lv Zhengyang, while he held the lowest cultivation level among the quintet, his well-rounded abilities made him an unlikely source of valuable gains.

Such was Gu Chaoyan's discerning choice.

Unbeknownst to the two men, they found themselves inadvertently swayed by her determination.

In her pursuit of the One Origin Grass at Supreme Sect, Gu Chaoyan's priorities lay squarely on the goal at hand, leaving her little bandwidth to attend to the emotions of others. Her focus remained singularly on the impending competition.

"Allow me the privilege of your insights, Senior Brother Ju," she ventured with an affable smile, exuding an air of ease. "Rest assured, Senior Brother Ju, I'm resolute about entering the mystic realm, putting forth my utmost effort."

Ju Haocang, displaying confidence, proffered, "Regardless of your disposition, I have no intention of treating you unfairly. How about I restrict myself to just three moves?"

"If Senior Brother Ju is amenable, I accept the proposition willingly."

"Very well, you shall have three moves at your disposal, while I shall abstain from retaliating," Ju Haocang proclaimed with self-assuredness.

To him, these dynamics were of little consequence.

Given the evident mismatch between their skills, he bore no qualms about offering his support.

Gu Chaoyan reciprocated with a smile.

With Senior Brother Ju's support, her path to victory seemed considerably smoother.

Meanwhile...

Lv Zhengyang harbored plans of settling the score by that very hour..

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After all, even if he were to lose, he would merely be pushed back in the rankings. Lv Zhengyang, currently holding the fifth position, would move to sixth, subsequently forfeiting his entrance to the mystic realm.

However...

He had never anticipated a loss, nor had he imagined that the contender occupying the fifth rank would react this way, as he had always maintained his position at second.

Gu Chaoyan was unfazed, though.

Ju Haocang had already assumed his stance.

Executing her opening move, Gu Chaoyan employed a series of fist techniques.

When her initial strike connected with Ju Haocang, he didn't budge an inch.

A chuckle escaped Ju Haocang's lips.

For her second move, she once again relied on her fist. Although her blow was more forceful this time, it was akin to a mere drop in the ocean for him. Ju

Haocang stated directly, "Junior Sister, you aren't here for a meal."

Gu Chaoyan's response was a smile. "True, and perhaps some snacks as well. Allow me to unveil my third move, Senior Brother Ju."

Ju Haocang merely laughed.

This exchange led to her thirtieth move.

The newly inducted disciples seemed oblivious to the vastness of the sky.

Such were the musings of Ju Haocang.

In the very next moment...

Gu Chaoyan's punch caused his eyes to widen. Before he could grasp the situation, he found himself plummeting from the stage.

The competition adhered to specific regulations. Falling from the stage translated to defeat.

Could it be that...

Ju Haocang lost?

The realization was almost incredulous to him.

A buzz of conversations rippled through the other disciples.

This outcome had caught everyone off guard.

It was akin to an unexpected error.

The astonishment was palpable.

When Ju Haocang grasped the situation, his reaction was not one of annoyance, but rather amusement. “Junior Sister, you’re clever – you win!”

Being the second-ranked member of the Beastmaster Sect, he certainly wasn’t lacking in intelligence.

Even though he might have been a tad careless, he could comprehend the sequence of events.

This Junior Sister had deliberately concealed her full strength at the outset, causing him to lower his defenses.

The second encounter still held his caution intact, yet by the third round, it had eroded away.

He had been defeated.

Nonetheless, he didn’t begrudge losing to the cunning of his Junior Sister.

However...

Lv Zhengyang’s countenance darkened.

If Ju Haocang’s loss meant slipping to the sixth rank, it translated to a disqualification from entering the mystic realm.

Was this an orchestrated occurrence?

A deliberate scheme to bar his entry to the mystic realm?

No wonder she had vehemently insisted on participating in the competition, even going to the extent of vying for the second place held by Ju Haocang!

Lv Zhengyang let out a contemptuous snort before departing.

However, one person was conspicuously absent.

As for Gu Chaoyan, Di Hongyun hurried over, brimming with enthusiasm. “Congratulations, Junior Sister! You and I can venture into the mystic realm together!”

Di Hongyun’s elation was palpable. His motivation for entering the mystic realm was aligned with being alongside his junior sister.

“Junior Sister, what was the deal with your third punch? It seemed like a mere tap, yet Senior Brother Ju was sent hurtling. Your prowess is truly enchanting, capable of turning the mundane into the magical! If I accompany you into the mystic realm this time, I’m sure to unearth numerous treasures!” Di Hongyun mused aloud.

Di Hongyun’s words painted a seemingly straightforward picture.

However, only Gu Chaoyan comprehended the underlying peril. She had believed the showdown with Ju Haocang would be relatively manageable.

Fortunately, he had afforded her three opportunities to strike; otherwise, prevailing against him would have proven challenging.

The first two moves were a deliberate strategy to confound Ju Haocang, but beyond that, they were a means of testing his capabilities..

Chapter 2137 - Elder’s Invitation

After two rounds of probing....

Dealing with Ju Haocang was a challenge she was acutely aware of.

In the final exchange, she expended nearly all her spiritual energy, drawing upon the inheritance’s might to swiftly incapacitate Ju Haocang. Caught off guard and unable to retaliate, he fell with a single decisive blow. This underscored the distinction between a Paragon and the rest.

A vast disparity lay between them.

The apparent ease with which she clinched victory masked the arduousness of her feat, a realization that dawned on Gu Chaoyan. Anxiety gnawed at her regarding this contest.

Ju Haocang proved a mountain she could barely ascend, let alone seeking vengeance against that woman.

Reality maintained its unyielding hold on her.

A display of her true capabilities loomed imperative.

Her passage into the enigmatic realm now stood sanctioned.

Both she and Di Hongyun possessed a mystic realm guide scroll each.

Upon receiving the scroll,

Gu Chaoyan was on the brink of seclusion for cultivation.

Given her current cultivation tier, venturing into the mystic realm demanded utmost vigilance. With competition for the One Origin Grass being fierce, securing it was far from guaranteed.

Swift advancement in her cultivation was her only recourse to bolster her odds.

Feihuai had recuperated fully, tended to personally by the Medicine Sect. Assurance of his well-being prevailed.

Following the preceding ordeal, these two individuals held Gu Chaoyan in high regard, akin to a mentor. The sight of them stirred memories of Sword One, softening her disposition toward them, almost involuntarily.

And they had already uncovered the culprits responsible for their injuries.

The ones behind it were members of the Xuan Yue Sect they had encountered recently. Their unprovoked troublemaking now made sense.

Had Gu Chaoyan not possessed ample capabilities, she would have fallen prey to their schemes.

Ironically, it was Gu Chaoyan who inadvertently implicated Feihuai and the others. A twinge of guilt settled within her, yet Feihuai held no such sentiment. He considered himself far from being ensnared.

Back indoors, she returned to her residence.

Familiar with her nature, Feihuai and the rest respected her need for solitude, standing guard against any disturbances.

Upon entering her room, Gu Chaoyan intended to inspect her spiritual roots.

A knock echoed at the door.

Gu Chaoyan's bafflement was palpable.

What could be the matter?

Feihuai and the others would not intrude without cause. A knock indicated the presence of a sect member, which necessitated her response.

"What's the matter?" Gu Chaoyan inquired of Dao Seeking, who stood at the threshold.

"The Elders request your presence," relayed a disciple tasked with the message. Strictly speaking, this disciple served as a subordinate, akin to Feihuai. Thus, he treated Gu Chaoyan with great deference, wary of offending a sect member.

Gu Chaoyan bore no intention of reprimanding the messenger.

Hence, with a composed demeanor, she made her way to the summons.

Before departing, she handed a few vials of pills to Feihuai. “For you and An Ge, to aid your cultivation.”

Then she departed.

The disciple relaying the message couldn’t help but steal a few lingering glances. Those were truly exceptional pills.

Were they being handed out to servants in this manner?

The household attendants in the courtyard were remarkably fortunate.

With these pills, diligent cultivation could potentially pave the way for even a servant to ascend to sect disciple status.

Such musings swirled through the messenger’s mind. Nevertheless, his duty remained clear: escort Gu Chaoyan to the Elder’s location.

As they departed the residence,

They unexpectedly crossed paths with Di Hongyun and Lv Zhengyang.

“Junior Sister, are you also en route to the Elder’s abode?” inquired Di

Hongyun..

Chapter 2138 - Rejection

“Alright,” Gu Chaoyan reluctantly replied, wearing a visibly displeased expression. The idea of visiting the Elder held no appeal to her whatsoever.

Di Hongyun glanced at Gu Chaoyan, a sense of puzzlement arising within him. He found his Junior Sister's behavior quite odd.

Most people would have been elated to be summoned by the Elder. Their excitement would likely be palpable, unlike Gu Chaoyan's lack thereof.

"I'm curious about the Elder's intentions," Di Hongyun mused aloud, his own curiosity piqued. He was struggling to fathom the reason behind this summons.

Historically, encounters with the Elder were a rare occurrence for him, happening perhaps once a year at most.

Yet now, it seemed like hardly any time had passed before he was being beckoned on multiple occasions.

To an outsider, it might appear as though he had gained newfound prominence as a respected disciple.

"I doubt it's anything positive," Gu Chaoyan stated with a tinge of emotion. She couldn't help but recall Elder Lin from the Weapon Refining Faction.

Elder Lin had, on countless occasions, issued orders that left Gu Chaoyan harboring resentment.

"Junior Sister, is it appropriate to speak of the Elders in such a manner? We owe our allegiance to the sect and should act in its best interest," Lv Zhengyang interjected sternly. Gu Chaoyan's outspokenness had prompted him to remind her of her responsibilities.

"Understood," Gu Chaoyan responded, her words dragged out. She had momentarily forgotten Lv Zhengyang's presence, earning herself a reprimand.

The trio exchanged a few more words as they proceeded to the Elderly Men's territory.

This time around...

Representatives from all six sects' Elders had convened.

Beside them, a congregation of disciples had also gathered.

They arrived later than expected, causing both Elders and disciples to appear as if they were waiting for their presence.

"You're here," Elder Lin of the Equipment Refining Sect was the first to speak.

Gone was his mischievous demeanor, replaced by a solemn expression that exuded seriousness.

"The three of you are the only ones who have come face-to-face with the Undead Race and have had direct encounters with them. As a result, you possess insights into the nature of the Undead Race," Elder Lin addressed them with a gravity that commanded attention.

Upon hearing Elder Lin's words, Gu Chaoyan was on the verge of exclaiming in astonishment.

What could Elder Lin possibly mean?

It slowly dawned on them—the enigmatic nature of the Undead Race was becoming clearer.

"Lately, a considerable number of sect disciples dispatched on missions haven't returned. Given the timeframe, the circumstances are decidedly peculiar. The Elders suspect that the Undead Race might be the cause. Their resurrection necessitates a replenishment of spiritual energy, and it appears that the sect's disciples are prime candidates for this energy extraction due to their potency and expediency. It seems the Undead Race is willing to antagonize humanity in their pursuit of spiritual sustenance."

"Furthermore, the majority of these missing disciples met their demise in the proximity of Xuhai City."

"The sect has pinpointed a suitable group to undertake this task. The assignment entails journeying to Xuhai City to locate the absent disciples."

"And you three are to accompany them."

“I decline,” Gu Chaoyan forthrightly rejected the proposal when she comprehended the mission’s nature.

Elder Lin had already set the plan in motion, yet he hadn’t anticipated such a direct refusal.

Initial surprise swept across his features.

Then his gaze settled on Gu Chaoyan.

His brows furrowed slightly, a hint of confusion crossing his expression.

“Why?” inquired Elder Lin.

“Within the Supreme Sect, I don’t hold significant power. Our understanding of the Undead Race is still far from comprehensive—it wouldn’t be any different if someone else were sent in my place. Moreover, the imminent opening of the mystic realm presents an opportunity for cultivation that I’m keen on seizing. This way, I could potentially gain what I seek within the mystic realm,” Gu

Chaoyan stated candidly..

Chapter 2139 - Rejection 2

Upon hearing Gu Chaoyan’s candid words, a sense of astonishment swept through the room, leaving the disciples and elders equally taken aback.

Normally, the disciples would receive missions directly from the elders, and refusal was a rarity. It was even more uncommon for someone to outright decline and express a desire to focus on personal cultivation and journey into the mystic realm.

In the span of a few seconds...

A heavy silence descended upon the room.

Di Hongyun's gaze settled on his junior sister, whose expression was resolute, as though she harbored a strong aversion to the proposed task. Once again, a pang of disappointment crept into his heart.

This marked the second instance.

The first had been when the disciples tasked with obtaining the Green Sun Grass had failed to return. During that ordeal, she had exhibited little concern, seemingly detached from the safety of her fellow disciples. Now, with numerous members of the Supreme Sect having gone missing, possibly due to the influence of the Undead Race, her junior sister appeared nonchalant, showing no inclination to involve herself.

At times, he found himself utterly perplexed by the nature of his junior sister.

Her compassion had shone brilliantly when she had rescued them, yet her current indifference felt as chilling as cold blood.

This newfound detachment in his junior sister unsettled him.

Di Hongyun remained silent.

The Elders of the Supreme Sect exchanged meaningful glances, quietly sharing their thoughts.

Gu Chaoyan's refusal had taken them all by surprise.

Elder Lin, in particular, was profoundly astounded. In her perception, this disciple had always possessed a mischievous yet determined demeanor. A sharp tongue was balanced by a gentle heart. A case in point was when she had declined involvement with the Weapon Refining Sect, only to eventually offer assistance when needed, much like her interaction with the Medicine Sect.

How could her demeanor turn so icy?

His thoughts drifted to the sword acquired from the Weapon Refining Sect.

Elder Lin maintained a patient tone, “You needn’t fret over the mystic realm. With the plight of our Supreme Sect’s disciples, the sect will undoubtedly prioritize locating the missing members. The arrangements for the mystic realm will be appropriately handled, ensuring you don’t miss your chance to enter. Furthermore, once you step within the realm, the acquisition of treasures depends on luck rather than your cultivation level. Your strength won’t determine your success in obtaining them. Are there any objections to

Reliant on chance?

In essence, there was a possibility she might not secure the One Origin Grass?

Upon absorbing Elder Lin’s explanation, Gu Chaoyan’s countenance didn’t brighten; instead, it darkened.

The One Origin Grass was essential, the only salvation for Huaijin.

“Any objections?” Noticing Gu Chaoyan’s silence, Elder Lin reiterated.

The remaining disciples craned their necks, all curious about the capacities of this newly inducted disciple who had prompted the Elders to assign her this task and were now coaxing her into acceptance.

Collecting herself, Gu Chaoyan finally responded, “I have no objections.”

Elder Lin nodded approvingly. “Very well, then prepare your belongings at home. We depart for Xuhai City tomorrow.”

The disciples respectfully bowed and exited.

The Elders observed their departure in silence.

“She’s merely a recent addition to the peak of the Martial God Realm. Despite her two impressive mission completions, she’s still at that stage. Why insist on sending her?” mused one of the Elders from the Fist Faction. “And her True Spiritual Root, though rare, showcases limited potential. It’s likely she’ll remain confined to the Martial God Realm for this lifetime. Witnessing a True Spiritual Root cultivator ascend to the Paragon Realm is unprecedented.”

The Elder of the Fist Faction said in confusion..

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“We already have a few disciples at the Paragon Realm in Xuhai City. Although her cultivation level may not match theirs, her adeptness in reacting and countering is remarkable. Bringing her along on this journey is imperative,” asserted Elder Lin resolutely.

With this stated...

They harbored concerns that the Elder of the Fist Sect might not grasp the situation fully.

He went on to clarify, “The top five disciples of the Beastmaster Sect have remained constant for years, correct? Have you observed any other disciples capable of breaking into that top tier and thereby earning the qualification to enter the mystic realm?”

“Not only can she achieve that, but she also holds the second rank among those five.

“She isn’t relying solely on her cultivation prowess; her intelligence is her asset.”

“Our initial approach involved observing their cultivation methods and personalities, leading us to identify a breakthrough through Ju Haocang.”

“Her intellect coupled with audacity. Those are precisely the attributes we lack for this mission.’

“At times, shrewdness outweighs even cultivation techniques. After all, on the cultivation continent, supremacy is never guaranteed. There will always be individuals stronger than oneself.”

Elder Lin expounded with sincerity.

The Elder of the Fist Sect still held reservations, yet refrained from immediate objection.

“However, she does emanate an aura of aloofness,” remarked the Elder of the Fist Sect.

Elder Lin’s words hung in the air without further elaboration.

The Elders dispersed, each going their separate ways.

And amid this, Gu Chaoyan...

She walked back with an expressionless demeanor, accompanied by Di Hongyun, who appeared listless.

“Is it because of me?” Gu Chaoyan inquired, noticing the look on Di Hongyun’s face.

This marked the second occasion he had displayed such behavior.

The first instance was when she had declined to join the two groups of disciples.

“Junior Sister, you possess a kind heart, yet why do you exhibit moments of aloofness?” Di Hongyun couldn’t fathom why his Junior Sister seemed unaffected by the absence of numerous disciples.

Her focus remained steadfastly on the mystic realm.

“I’m not a virtuous person. I helped you the other day merely coincidentally,” Gu Chaoyan responded icily.

“That can’t be true!” Di Hongyun resisted believing this.

He still held onto the image of his Junior Sister as a hero, considering her courageous stance against the Grand Unity Sect.

Gu Chaoyan shook her head, declining to offer any further explanations to Di Hongyun.

Di Hongyun had invested too much hope in her, and she couldn't let things persist like this.

Her objectives revolved around the One Origin Grass and that woman's spiritual root. She anticipated undertaking more ventures in the future, many of which might disappoint him. It seemed more reasonable to be upfront about it now.

She had erred from the outset.

Continuing to alienate individuals like Di Hongyun was an unwise course.

Having articulated her thoughts, Gu Chaoyan resumed unpacking.

Di Hongyun chose not to accompany them. Gu Chaoyan let out a sigh and dismissed the idea.

"Heading out once more? What preparations do you require?" An Ge inquired.

"No preparations necessary," Gu Chaoyan replied in an icy tone. She possessed only a handful of attire, typically stored within her interspatial ring, along with a selection of talismans and pills. Hence, there was no need for her to pack.

Concerning Feihuai and An Ge, she instructed them to focus on their individual cultivation and left them undisturbed.

The subsequent morning...

Gu Chaoyan convened with the team..