

Divine 2231

Chapter 2231 - 2231: Opening of the mystic realm 4

There was no one in sight. Both the tightly-packed disciples and those stationed at the entrance of the mystic realm had vanished.

Gu Chaoyan's brows furrowed involuntarily. An unpleasant scent, the unmistakable stench of blood, pervaded the air, assaulting her senses. The intensity of the odor made it impossible to ignore.

Hadn't they entered the mystic realm just moments ago? Why was the smell of blood so overpowering here?

Surveying her surroundings, Gu Chaoyan realized they were in a decrepit, abandoned town devoid of any signs of life. Dilapidation ruled, with rampant weeds claiming the landscape. The atmosphere was heavy, damp, and unsettling.

Standing beside her was the Head of the Undead Race. He appeared strangely at ease in this eerie environment, even taking in deep breaths of the pungent blood scent.

Gu Chaoyan rolled her eyes at him, a reminder of their differences—she was nothing like a member of the Undead Race.

Besides the Head of the Undead Race, Di Hongyun had also been transported here. Gu Chaoyan found this both surprising and fortunate. Despite Di Hongyun's recent stint cultivating on Wuyuan Island, he hadn't had enough time to make significant progress before returning due to the incident at Wushang Sect.

The mystic realm was already fraught with danger, as they could encounter other sect members or treasure hunters. In such situations, they would be at a disadvantage. However, she believed that she could still protect Di Hongyun.

This thought brought her a modicum of reassurance.

The key wasn't just resolving the misunderstanding; their primary objective was to navigate the mystic realm safely.

Di Hongyun appeared somewhat uneasy, maintaining a distance from them but refraining from leaving outright.

After contemplating for a moment, Gu Chaoyan took a few steps forward and addressed Di Hongyun, "We're both disciples of the Supreme Sect, and the mystic realm is a volatile place. It's teeming with people from other sects and formidable masters who seek treasures. We should cooperate along the way— help each other out. If we stumble upon something that suits us, we can claim it jointly. If it's of greater importance, we'll assess the situation. What do you say?"

Gu Chaoyan spoke with a tone of negotiation, akin to a business transaction, where terms and responsibilities were explicitly outlined based on each party's desires.

Di Hongyun nodded and consented readily. Even if he had nothing to offer, he would unquestionably agree, as he was here to provide her with protection.

A smile spread across Gu Chaoyan's face, pleased with Di Hongyun's compliance.

However...

The Head of the Undead Race standing beside her abruptly ceased his laughter.

Here he went again!

"Why are we bringing him along? He's obnoxiously loud and chatters incessantly. He's disturbing our peace!" The Head of the Undead Race grumbled discontentedly.

Gu Chaoyan shot him an exasperated glare—he truly was a bothersome presence.

"You're not exactly quiet yourself," Di Hongyun retorted.

He seemed to be in high spirits after this exchange, as if transported back to their earlier camaraderie.

The Head of the Undead Race snorted, reigniting their ongoing argument.

Gu Chaoyan's annoyance grew, and she was in no mood to continue their bickering.

"Just be quiet! What are you even arguing about? Let's proceed and see what we can find in the mystic realm," she declared firmly..

Chapter 2232 - 2232: Altar of the Dead 1

"Oh. "

"Okay."

The Head of the Undead Race and Di Hongyun both spoke simultaneously, their voices falling silent afterward.

"Where are we headed? Many have perished here, and the stench of blood is even more intense than when I was skinned," emotionally exclaimed the Head of the Undead Race.

"Skinned?" Di Hongyun furrowed his brow, confusion evident in his voice.

The Head of the Undead Race chose not to elaborate further. He merely expressed annoyance at the man's interference, making it clear he had no interest in engaging in a meaningful conversation.

Gu Chaoyan, though aware of Di Hongyun's identity as the Head of the Undead Race, decided to keep that information to herself. It was his personal business, and it seemed he had no intention of disclosing it either. Therefore, Gu Chaoyan moved on from the topic.

Changing the subject, she remarked, "I'm uncertain about the situation here, but numerous lives have been lost. Let's investigate and see what's happening."

“The mystic realm must have transported these people to various locations within it. Perhaps the mystic realm aimed to prevent them from turning on each other, but we might come across some of them as we explore.”

“Unfortunately, none of us have prior experience with the mystic realm, so we’re in the dark about its past condition.” Gu Chaoyan expressed a tinge of regret. She had a subconscious feeling that danger lurked within the mystic realm. That’s why she hoped to encounter more people and gain insights into the mystic realm’s history.

As they continued their journey, Di Hongyun interjected, “Those who’ve ventured into mystic realms before might have knowledge of their previous states. However, what they might not know is that Supreme Sect opens mystic realms of varying levels each year, and the conditions inside these realms can differ significantly.”

“If that’s the case...” Gu Chaoyan quickly grasped the situation.

She was on the verge of speaking when she heard a distinct sound, something falling to the ground. Her acute hearing picked it up clearly.

“There’s movement ahead,” Gu Chaoyan declared with a serious expression, proceeding cautiously.

Both the Head of the Undead Race and Di Hongyun remained silent, trailing closely behind.

One event often led to another.

They entered the desolate town.

The moment Gu Chaoyan stepped inside, she couldn’t help but gasp in shock.

The Head of the Undead Race and Di Hongyun followed suit, equally taken aback. The Head of the Undead Race managed to maintain his composure, but Di Hongyun couldn’t help but let out a nervous snort.

He had spent his entire life within the sect, and even during missions and training, he was always kept within the secure boundaries established by the Supreme Sect. Such a situation was entirely foreign to him, and fear gripped him involuntarily.

Di Hongyun shivered, a sense of bewilderment overwhelming him.

What in the world was happening?

Before them lay a macabre sight: a pile of severed heads scattered across the town, blood oozing from them. The entire town was saturated with heads and blood. It was no wonder they had been engulfed by the overpowering stench of blood; it was all too real.

These heads appeared freshly decapitated.

It would take at least ten thousand heads to fill the entire town..

Chapter 2233 - 2233: Altar of the Dead 2

“How many heads were chopped off?” The Head of the Undead Race exclaimed in surprise.

“No, not instantly. They were slowly piled up and left in this manner. If I am not mistaken, this is the altar,” Gu Chaoyan said calmly. Suddenly, she had a realization. If that was indeed the altar, she urgently declared, “Let’s leave immediately!”

The very moment Gu Chaoyan yelled, the heads collapsed and began to plummet towards them.

The Head of the Undead Race and Di Hongyun were startled; they were in imminent danger of being crushed to death!

As they began to sprint, a massive shadow swiftly closed in on them. Gu

Chaoyan turned around and witnessed the blood-drenched figure approaching.

“Oh my goodness! That creature is so grotesque, even uglier than me!” The Head of the Undead Race exclaimed in surprise. He couldn’t help but indulge in a touch of narcissism.

Gu Chaoyan rolled her eyes at him.

He was still focused on comparing appearances.

What was the use of such a competition? They could both just embrace their ugliness.

Upon finishing his words, the blood-soaked figure continuously repeated, “Stay, stay, just stay.”

Hearing these words, Gu Chaoyan felt her consciousness being drawn away. If she lost her consciousness, she might become one of those severed heads.

In that very moment, Di Hongyun seemed entirely captivated by the voice.

“Cover your ears, don’t listen!” Gu Chaoyan shouted loudly, worried that she might not be quick enough.

However, it seemed that Di Hongyun couldn’t hear her. Gu Chaoyan extended her hand and slapped him, jolting him awake instantly.

As he regained consciousness, he quickly explained, “Don’t just run; the heads inside are guided by sound. The Altar of the Dead uses both human and undead heads, and the heads inside must have been guided by sound, leading them to sever their own heads. The altar demands voluntary sacrifices!”

Gu Chaoyan led them out of the town, and the shadow remained rooted in one place, unable to pursue them any further.

She stopped abruptly, her body drenched in cold sweat.

She vividly remembered reading about this location in a book on space, precisely 500 meters back.

However...

This was merely a level-5 mystic realm of the Supreme Sect. How could it pose such a grave danger? It seemed like they were risking their lives by staying here!

“What’s happening?” Di Hongyun remained bewildered, feeling as though he had been under some form of external guidance, as if he were being compelled to do something.

“We should leave and find that man. It’s too perilous to remain here on our own,” Gu Chaoyan advised.

Initially, she had assumed that the mystic realm separated them to prevent internal conflicts and make it easier for individuals to achieve their objectives within the realm. However, upon further reflection, it became apparent that this was not the case at all.

If this mystic realm was genuinely as treacherous as it appeared, then anyone who entered it, separated or not, would face the risk of being entombed here, let alone achieving their goals.

In the past, Supreme Sect’s mystic realms had never proven fatal; this turn of events was confounding.. What had happened?

Chapter 2234 - 2234: Altar of the Dead 3

Di Hongyun finally grasped the gravity of the situation. The mystic realm, it appeared, was far more intricate than what Senior Brother had let on.

The mystic realm Senior Brother had described and the one they now found themselves in were two entirely different realms. Senior Brother’s description had hinted at some tests, yet it paled in comparison to the peril that surrounded them now.

In the town, a sinister practice known as “death worship” compelled people to inflict harm upon themselves by manipulating their minds, leaving their souls and sanity trapped within the town. It was a horrifying ordeal. One wrong step, and they could suffer a similar fate. Such an extreme trial was unprecedented, even within the Supreme Sect.

Something must have gone terribly wrong within this mystic realm.

Fortunately, he had entered this realm with his junior sister; otherwise, there would have been no one to aid her.

The Head of the Undead Race wore a grave expression as he closely followed Gu Chaoyan.

Outside the town, there was no trace of bloodshed. It resembled an ordinary town, except for its eerie emptiness.

Thankfully, the town’s monstrous inhabitants seemed confined by some enchantment, preventing them from freely roaming. If not for this, they would have surely met their demise.

A creeping sense of betrayal began to gnaw at the Head of the Undead Race.

Gu Chaoyan had promised him numerous opportunities for regaining his Dharmic powers within the mystic realm, which had lured him in. Little had he known that he would be risking his life in such a treacherous place. Had he been aware of this, he would never have ventured in.

Regret welled up within him.

As they walked, the Head of the Undead Race adopted a more conciliatory tone, addressing Gu Chaoyan, “Young lady, something seems amiss in this mystic realm. One who reads the signs wisely knows when to retreat. Perhaps it’s best if we abandon our current pursuit and leave these artifacts behind. There will be ample opportunities in the future to obtain them without risking our lives.

Don’t you agree?”

Gu Chaoyan couldn’t help but roll her eyes at him. He had just entered, and now he was already contemplating an escape?

The Head of the Undead Race was notorious for his propensity to flee from challenges. However, his pattern was predictable: after merely a day or two, he would invariably return.

Gu Chaoyan chose her words carefully as she addressed him, “You see, when the mystic realm opens, it stays open. We’re here now, and the mystic realm must remain open. In one month, it will close again, and that’s when we can leave.”

The Head of the Undead Race was left momentarily speechless.

“What’s more,” Gu Chaoyan continued, “since we can’t leave at the moment, why not explore and see if we can find anything valuable? Even hiding here won’t guarantee safety; danger could lurk just around the corner.”

The Head of the Undead Race stiffened.

What kind of situation had they stumbled into? They were trapped here, with no way out? An entire month?

No one had ever endured such a prolonged stay.

Di Hongyun chimed in to clarify, “This is how the mystic realm operates. It opens and remains accessible for one month. Disciples from the Supreme Sect used to come here for a month of cultivation.

Despair filled the Head of the Undead Race as he muttered, “We’re all doomed here.”

Additionally...

He was the most wretched of them all.

While the two of them faced the prospect of death in the event of a mishap, his circumstances were distinct. As a member of the Undead Race, he possessed the ability to be resurrected. He was destined to endure the same agonizing cycle repeatedly in this dreadful place.

The entire situation filled him with dread.

Gu Chaoyan and Di Hongyun remained oblivious to the extent of the Head of the Undead Race's foresight as they continued to advance peacefully.

They had just arrived in yet another town when Gu Chaoyan suddenly heard a sound, startling her.

The three of them readied themselves to react.

At that very moment, several disciples from various sects materialized, evidently preparing to take action as well.

Both sides breathed sighs of relief upon realizing that they were all humans.

Gu Chaoyan and her companions were on edge, but the other group of disciples appeared to be in a more dire situation. Many of them had lost their weapons, and their clothing bore the marks of battle. It was clear they had been in a skirmish.

Gu Chaoyan had no knowledge of which sect they belonged to; they were clearly from sects other than the Fengyue Sect.

"They are from the Three Pure Ones, a super sect even mightier than the Grand Unity Sect. It's surprising to see them here in the mystic realm of the Supreme Sect," Di Hongyun whispered to Gu Chaoyan.

While he didn't possess extensive information about the Three Pure Ones or other super sects within the Supreme Sect, he had some general knowledge of these influential factions.

In the past, they had never encountered such groups, but the allure of the mystic realm was undeniable.

“A super sect?” Gu Chaoyan took a few steps forward. “We are disciples of the Supreme Sect, and we have encountered a catastrophe in the mystic realm. We’ve discovered that this place is fraught with perilous challenges. If you don’t mind, would you be willing to travel together? We can look out for one another.”

That had always been Gu Chaoyan’s initial plan. Regardless of the school they encountered, she had every intention of forging friendships.

The members of the Three Pure Ones, however, couldn’t help but exude a hint of arrogance as they overheard the conversation. In their eyes, these three individuals were seeking refuge beneath the protective canopy of the super sect’s disciples. In the past, they might have looked down upon such newcomers.

But circumstances had taken a dire turn.

They had recently emerged from a life-and-death struggle. Although they were all present now, more than half of the Three Pure Ones’ disciples had entered the mystic realm. Their mission remained unaccomplished, with still a month to go before the mystic realm would reopen. Consequently, they found themselves severely understaffed. If someone voluntarily joined their ranks, they could certainly accept the help. If future misfortune befell them, well, they could all face it together.

With this rationale in mind, the leading disciple of the Three Pure Ones declared, “No problem. Your numbers are limited, but you used to guard the mystic realm, and you possess some knowledge about it. You can guide us on our journey, and we will equitably share any treasures we come across.”

“And once we’re out of the mystic realm, we can remain friends,” the Three Pure Ones disciple added, extending a very favorable offer.

Upon hearing these words, Gu Chaoyan grasped their true intentions.

Di Hongyun, sensing Gu Chaoyan’s reluctance to continue traveling with them, exchanged a knowing glance with her.

Gu Chaoyan responded straightforwardly, “Okay..”

Chapter 2236 - 2236: Mystic realm 1

Di Hongyun couldn't help but feel a growing sense of concern. His worry centered on the possibility of Gu Chaoyan being manipulated or used.

In response to his unease, Gu Chaoyan cast a reassuring glance his way, silently conveying, “Don't fret. The mystic realm is perilous, and affiliations can be risky.”

Originally, Gu Chaoyan had intended to extend her invitation to everyone, but the disciples of the Three Pure Ones had decided to set up a situation where wits would be tested. In this circumstance, fairness in planning was of utmost importance.

Yet, what was the source of her own apprehension?

Ultimately, the two schools forged an unexpected friendship.

As they pressed onward, preparedness gave way to a sense of security that came with their increasing numbers.

Continuing their journey, they encountered a mystic realm devoid of sunlight, weather, or any map. In such a setting, their only option was to forge ahead, as venturing into the unknown seemed the most logical course of action.

They were aware that the mystic realm held unpredictable perils, distinct from any others they had faced. Gu Chaoyan's foremost concern revolved around the location of the One Origin Grass and how to secure it. If she failed to locate it, her entire expedition into the mystic realm would be in vain.

A quarter of their journey passed without any further incidents.

Given the absence of additional threats, everyone began to relax. Di Hongyun, especially, felt at ease in Gu Chaoyan's company. Unable to contain his curiosity, he inquired, "I can't help but wonder why the mystic realm of the Supreme Sect has suddenly become so perilous. Last year, it was a level-four mystic realm, and this year, it's classified as level-five. Elder Man once mentioned that a level-five mystic realm would, at most, cause injuries. But now, we've witnessed so many casualties."

Di Hongyun was perplexed by the abrupt change in circumstances.

His bewilderment persisted, particularly concerning the events that transpired at the altar and the significant number of Three Pure Ones disciples who had met their demise.

"There can only be one explanation," Gu Chaoyan didn't respond verbally, but the Three Pure Ones' disciples felt compelled to articulate their thoughts. "It seems this isn't merely a level-5 mystic realm, but something more advanced. Otherwise, we wouldn't be witnessing such a high casualty rate."

"Only those who've unlocked the mystic realm's secrets can determine its true level, but..."

"What I hadn't anticipated," they continued, "is that your Supreme Sect, seemingly unassuming, boasts such a robust foundation. The presence of divine creatures in the mystic realm intrigued us from the Three Pure Ones."

After some time here, we can now affirm their existence. The presence of divine creatures is quite ordinary in higher-level mystic realms."

"Why? Why is the Supreme Sect's mystic realm so formidable?" Di Hongyun's confusion deepened.

The Three Pure Ones' disciples were initially taken aback but quickly grasped the situation. It was understandable that those from the Supreme Sect might not be well-versed in these matters.

One of the Three Pure Ones' disciples elaborated with a hint of pride, "Do you know how mystic realms come into being?"

Di Hongyun shook his head, indicating his lack of knowledge.

“Mystic realms are extensions of a cultivator’s inner sanctum,” the disciple explained. “The mystic realm of your Supreme Sect is, in essence, the dwelling place of your Patriarch. As he approached the end of his life, he chose to devote his entire existence to the descendants of the Supreme Sect. In doing so, he transformed the knowledge, experiences, and practices of his lifetime into this sacred abode..”

Chapter 2237 - 2237: Mystic realm

“The mystical mansion derives its strength from the enchanting powers of this monk. What we encountered within the ethereal realm encapsulates his most vivid memories.”

“None of this corresponds to the Shenyong Continent. Your Patriarch must have ventured into the Second World, where even mightier beings dwell.”

Subconsciously, the disciples of the Three Pure Ones held her in high esteem. While the Three Pure Ones may hold power within the court, their Patriarchs had never been granted such an opportunity!

Di Hongyun and the Head of the Undead Race were equally astounded by the disciples’ revelations. The Head of the Undead Race, in particular, was profoundly taken aback—could it be that the ancient monk’s sacred abode hailed from the Second World?

His sanctified dwelling...

It could very well be the key to his regaining his former prowess!

The Head of the Undead Race grew increasingly excited.

This young lady had not deceived him!

The mystical realm concealed countless secrets!

“What exactly is this Second World?” Gu Chaoyan inquired, her confusion evident.

“The Second World is a realm teeming with masters. We, in comparison, are mere ants there, struggling to survive. It’s not a place just anyone can venture into. Those who return from the Second World emerge as the mightiest among us. Nevertheless, neither you nor I possess the qualifications,” the disciples of the Three Pure Ones explained, their knowledge limited, unwilling to reveal any further trepidation.

With the topic exhausted, silence descended upon them.

For them, the Second World remained an enigma too vast to fathom, shrouded in mystery and devoid of specific details, rendering them unable to further discuss it.

Even Gu Chaoyan hadn’t contemplated the notion of the elusive Second World. It held no relevance to her immediate concerns. At present, her primary objective was to elevate her own cultivation, enabling her to locate Pei Yueling and acquire the One Origin Grass.

Nonetheless, the revelation that the Patriarch of the Supreme Sect had ventured into the Second World gnawed at her. This implied that their journey through the mystic realm would be exceptionally challenging.

Subconsciously, Gu Chaoyan sensed the importance of unity within the confines of the mystic realm’s treacherous terrain, where escape might prove impossible in times of danger.

“Let’s first locate the others,” Gu Chaoyan asserted, her voice tinged with concern. “The mystic realm is fraught with peril.”

The disciples of the Three Pure Ones offered no resistance; they unanimously concurred with her assessment.

The recent events had left them disconcerted and disheartened. They had come to the Supreme Sect with the belief that the mystic realm of the Supreme Sect posed little threat and constituted an easily accomplished mission. Yet...

As they set out in search of their missing companions...

Suddenly, a piercing cry erupted from a nearby direction.

“Someone’s in trouble!” Gu Chaoyan declared resolutely, her instincts propelling her toward the source of the distress.

The disciples of the Three Pure Ones hesitated, torn between the urge to assist and the apprehension of encountering danger themselves. They chose to observe for a moment longer.

However, as they deliberated, a startling development unfolded.

Upon closer inspection, they witnessed the stone statues in the vicinity coming to life, infiltrating the city.

Those figures were not ordinary statues!

Chapter 2238 - 2238: Mystic realm 3

The stone statue possessed an overwhelming, unfathomable power. One of the disciples from the Three Pure Ones found themselves ensnared by the statue’s unyielding grip, unable to break free. This formidable sculpture seemed impervious to any attack, impervious to the relentless expenditure of spiritual energy, weapons, or enchanted armaments. To be touched by the stone statue meant grave injury, with no recourse for defense.

Helpless and outmatched, they faced a grim reality.

Recognizing the gaping chasm in their strength, the disciples of the Three Pure Ones opted for a strategic retreat, instinctively following Gu Chaoyan’s lead. On one side, there lay buildings providing cover, while on the other side, a perilous expanse of open terrain left them vulnerable to further attacks.

Gu Chaoyan keenly observed the unfolding chaos.

Her eyes flitted between the Three Pure Ones disciples fleeing the relentless stone statues and the distressed cries emanating from a nearby room. She began to piece together the puzzle.

The individuals inside must have been driven here by the stone statues; this was their last refuge.

As they entered the courtyard, the statues halted their advance.

“We’re safe now,” declared one of the disciples from the Three Pure Ones with a hint of relief, confident that the mystic realm belonged to them and posed no threat.

But Gu Chaoyan disagreed, her voice unwavering.

The unsettling sounds persisted within the yard, suggesting that those trapped inside were embroiled in a dire situation.

And they...

There was no other way out.

Their only escape routes led either into the yard or toward confrontation with the stone statues.

Regrettably, none among them possessed the means to challenge the statues directly.

Hence, they faced the grim necessity of taking a calculated risk by venturing into the yard.

Yet, their expressions darkened once more, for regardless of their choice, peril loomed ever-present. All they could do was hope for a narrow escape from the clutches of death.

“Let’s proceed while there are still people inside,” Gu Chaoyan declared calmly.

Remaining souls inside could provide crucial assistance. With their combined strength, they stood a better chance of survival. Any harm to those within would weaken their collective position.

The Three Pure Ones' disciples nodded in agreement. United, they advanced.

Yet, they were wise enough to let Gu Chaoyan lead the way.

She took the initiative, undeterred by the responsibility.

Upon entering, they encountered a group of individuals—some sect disciples, others practitioners—all holding the door and uttering panicked cries.

“What’s happening?” Gu Chaoyan inquired.

“Elder Man from the Moon Sect has gone berserk. He shows no mercy to anyone,” someone explained. “We can’t let him out!”

The frantic voices indicated the presence of disciples from various schools inside.

However, Gu Chaoyan deemed the situation unacceptable. “Open the door. We need to subdue the Elder Men!”

“No, this is the last door. Opening it would put us all in grave danger!” Many vehemently rejected the idea.

“Even if we refrain from opening the door, those inside won’t endure much longer. By then, our numbers will have dwindled,” Gu Chaoyan reasoned. “It’s only a matter of time.”

Her argument held merit, but they all belonged to the Moon Sect, fully aware of Elder Man’s formidable capabilities..

Originally, despite their significant numbers and the presence of an Elderly Man from the Moon Sect, there was a glimmer of hope that they could overcome him as a united force. However, that hope was shattered when he entered a room, consumed a vial of mysterious pills, and underwent a startling transformation. In an instant, his prowess surged to an unparalleled level, rendering any attempts at collaboration futile. Even if they were to band together, they would be unable to withstand even a single blow from him.

Those unfortunate enough to be struck by his newfound magical power found themselves either incapacitated or meeting a grim fate.

Given these dire circumstances...

The prospect of perishing within the confines of this place was unbearable.

Despite the uncertainty of obtaining any valuable treasures, their overriding desire was to escape the mystic realm.

The individuals blocking the exit bore expressions of reluctance, yet they persisted in barricading the door, thwarting both the occupants inside and the Elderly Men from the Moon Sect from making their way out.

Gu Chaoyan posed a critical question: "Can this barrier truly impede the Elderly Men from the Moon Sect? Once everyone inside is vanquished, the gate will be unsealed. You will then find yourselves confronted by the Elderly Men from the Moon Sect, or you can opt to retreat, albeit at the risk of facing those formidable stone guardians outside."

Gu Chaoyan proceeded to reveal the perilous circumstances that had transpired earlier in their journey.

They had already encountered the formidable stone guardians along their path.

They were well aware of the indomitable might possessed by these statues.

Amidst the hesitancy of the disciples outside, agonizing cries emanated from within the room, as the trapped individuals relentlessly pounded on the door in a desperate bid to escape.

By the sounds of it, Gu Chaoyan estimated that more than a dozen people remained trapped within.

The window of opportunity to utilize their collective abilities was dwindling fast, as the occupants within were slowly being eradicated.

Hence, Gu Chaoyan fervently hoped for a decisive course of action at this juncture.

After a brief moment of contemplation, those obstructing the door relinquished their grip, albeit reluctantly.

With unwavering determination, Gu Chaoyan declared, “Let us charge forth together and subdue the Elderly Man from the Moon Sect!”

Upon her proclamation...

The door swung open.

Inside, a glimmer of hope lit up in the eyes of those trapped, and they surged forward, ready to break free. Yet, Gu Chaoyan’s resounding cry halted their escape: “Let us subdue the Elderly Man from the Moon Sect!”

In that instant, as Gu Chaoyan took the lead, her role as the leader was a natural fit, given her initiative in proposing the plan.

Stepping into the room, Gu Chaoyan immediately discerned that the Elderly

Man from the Moon Sect had ascended to the rank of a Paragon, an unexpected escalation in his power. Typically, elders from sects like the Moon Sect reached the level of a Paragon Martial Saint, but he now stood as a Paragon Martial Emperor, undoubtedly a result of the mysterious pill’s enhancement.

This explained the disciples’ reluctance to confront her.

In the realm of Shenyong Continent, encountering a cultivator with Paragon King-level cultivation was exceedingly rare. In stark contrast, Pei Yueling had embraced heretical, malevolent, and sinister

techniques, making her a formidable and easily distinguishable practitioner. This was evident in the unquestioning obedience she commanded from the schools back in Xuhai City —testament to her profound skill.

However, pondering these matters had to wait. Gu Chaoyan couldn't rely solely on her spiritual energy to engage her adversary. Instead, she employed her unique cultivation techniques, augmented by the power of her inheritance, which granted her remarkable speed. When the Elderly Man from the Moon Sect launched his attacks, Gu Chaoyan adeptly evaded every one of them.

This tactic irked the Elderly Man from the Moon Sect considerably. Rather than dispersing his assaults among others, he remained fixated on Gu Chaoyan, ensuring they couldn't draw near to each other within the room..

Chapter 2240 - 2240: Danger 2

The other disciples collectively breathed a sigh of relief.

In this moment, their only task was to watch as Gu Chaoyan confronted the Elder Man from the Moon Sect.

All eyes were fixed on the unfolding spectacle.

The Head of the Undead Race felt a sense of injustice and couldn't hold back his frustration. He shouted, "What are you all gawking at? Take action!"

A disrespectful disciple couldn't contain himself and retorted, "Quiet down, you unattractive woman!" He looked at the Head of the Undead Race with disdain.

Usually, the female disciples from the school were known for their beauty or at the very least, they carried an air of refinement due to their cultivation. It was rare to find a female disciple who was both unattractive and powerful. To have someone unattractive and powerful now barking orders at them seemed absurd to many.

This sentiment resonated with several onlookers, and no one came to the defense of the Head of the Undead Race.

Di Hongyun couldn't help but chuckle at the scene.

"Now, take action!" Gu Chaoyan urged urgently, noticing that some were just standing idly by.

It was only then that the gravity of the situation began to sink in for the spectators. They had been overly optimistic to expect a single woman to take on the Elder Man from the Moon Sect.

Finally, the Elder Man from the Moon Sect began to resist.

In that critical moment, Gu Chaoyan aimed a direct strike at the Elder Man's throat.

The Elder Man from the Moon Sect's eyes widened in shock, and he collapsed as the events unfolded.

Gu Chaoyan released a sigh of relief.

Well...

Fortunately, she had successfully dealt with him; otherwise, the situation would have been extremely challenging.

As the Elder Man from the Moon Sect passed away, someone retrieved a vial from his belongings. While it was not for consumption, it was clearly a valuable item.

Some remained skeptical when someone picked up the vial, and tensions escalated as they began to vie for it.

Gu Chaoyan, however, remained indifferent.

She had no desire for such a malevolent pill; anyone else could have it. Anything within the mystic realm had to be taken away. She harbored no concerns about anyone consuming the pills again.

While the pills did enhance martial skills, they also exerted control over those who ingested them, compelling them to commit heinous acts. For instance, the Elder Man from the Moon Sect had killed numerous disciples from his own sect. What was the point of such power if it led to such atrocities?

Her gaze fixed on the room before her.

The room appeared safe, while the real danger lay within the bottle of pills.

However...

What lay ahead remained an enigma.

“This young lady is astute and capable. In my view, you should lead the way, and we’ll be your protectors. We’ll ensure your safety. As for the rewards, you can make the first selection, and we’ll divide the rest among us,” suggested one of the more cautious individuals.

Retreat was not an option.

They had to press forward.

Having encountered numerous perils in the second room, they had no inkling of what dangers the unknown future held. They needed a trailblazer, someone who could confront and mitigate these hazards.

The figure before them was the ideal choice.

While they feared for their lives, they also believed she was the most suitable leader.

“That won’t do! You’re all cowards, and if anything happens to her ahead of us, we’ll all be in jeopardy!” The Head of the Undead Race flatly rejected the proposal.

These individuals were shrewd enough to push others towards peril while protecting themselves.

He intended to keep a close watch over her and not take any unnecessary risks.

“I concur, but I insist on making the first selection to secure more for myself,”

Gu Chaoyan agreed..