

Divine 2241

Chapter 2241 - 2241: Danger 3

She understood perfectly well why the Head of the Undead Race had taken that action. He was safeguarding her, driven by his concern that she might end up in a precarious situation. Given their current circumstances, encircled by threats, it was all too easy to run into trouble.

Nevertheless...

Her objective remained obtaining the One Origin Grass.

This man's proposition aligned precisely with her intentions – she could be the one to make the selection first.

If she chanced upon the One Origin Grass, she could secure it directly.

Furthermore, their current situation was favorable, and the sheer number of people meant they could assemble a formidable team. This was far superior to the three of them facing the risks alone.

After weighing her options carefully, Gu Chaoyan promptly agreed.

Upon hearing her response, the Head of the Undead Race grew anxious. He stamped his feet and discreetly signaled Gu Chaoyan, urging her to exercise caution. This deal wasn't as promising as it seemed.

Gu Chaoyan nodded, indicating her understanding.

"I'll lead the way, and you and Di Hongyun needn't expose yourselves to danger. Your safety is paramount," Gu Chaoyan stated.

"I'll accompany you," Di Hongyun promptly declined her offer.

“I’ll join as well,” The Head of the Undead Race reluctantly agreed. Though he was not overly enthusiastic about the idea, he recognized the peril and knew his experience could be of some assistance.

Gu Chaoyan offered a brief smile and didn’t reject their willingness.

Instead, she turned around and pressed forward.

The door swung open, revealing an empty room. Its barrenness exceeded even that of their current quarters.

“Nothing? It can’t be dangerous, can it?” the Head of the Undead Race commented, a touch of relief in his tone.

Gu Chaoyan shook her head subtly – it was far from being that straightforward.

Suddenly, Gu Chaoyan caught a distinct scent and immediately shouted, “Cover your mouths and noses, don’t breathe!”

There was something amiss within.

Something amiss, and it wasn’t just one thing.

The room was saturated with toxic gas!

As the door swung open, the poisonous air began seeping into the room.

Though the toxicity was relatively low, the consequences could still be dire.

“Let’s move!” Gu Chaoyan commanded.

She hastily navigated through the room permeated with poisonous fumes.

Gu Chaoyan found relief as she entered the adjoining room and sealed the door behind her. She took a few deep breaths.

In that moment, several individuals began exhibiting peculiar behavior, collapsing outright.

Observing the scene, the Head of the Undead Race stepped forward and declared, “He’s dead!”

“They must have inhaled the poison,” Gu Chaoyan surmised.

Despite her warning, three individuals had still succumbed to the poison.

With that said, Gu Chaoyan didn’t dwell on the matter for long, though she couldn’t help but feel a sense of regret. It was apparent that their behavior had been influenced by the unseen threat.

At this point, Gu Chaoyan turned her attention to the room itself. It contained basic furnishings – tables, chairs, and tea sets that had seen prior use. There were still remnants of tea in the cups, as if someone had been residing here.

Indeed..

Who could possibly inhabit such a location?

Gu Chaoyan simply couldn’t fathom it.

And then..

A man emerged from behind a decorative screen. “Congratulations, you have successfully completed my evaluation.”

Evaluation?

The entire situation left those present bewildered.

What came next after the assessment? What was the purpose of it all?

“Who are you?”

Chapter 2242 - 2242: Danger 4

“Is that truly the query posed by the Head of the Undead Race?” The elderly figure standing before her exuded an air of affability, resembling the patriarch of a revered sect. The spiritual energy and emanating pressure cast a shadow over those present.

Yet, an unsettling feeling gnawed at her. She detected an aura of death emanating from this figure, akin to her own.

This was no living being.

While the Undead Race may be shrouded in an aura of death, they still possessed corporeal forms. This man, however, lacked even that.

“I am Elderly Man Xuan Zhen,” he declared with a calm voice, yet his intimidating presence was aimed directly at the Head of the Undead Race, causing the others in the room to feel its weight.

“That is Elderly Man Xuan Zhen! We have a portrait of him, and this man matches it!” exclaimed some disciples with excitement.

Indeed, he bore the semblance of a man, and the surroundings appeared habitable, almost leading them to believe her words.

The Head of the Undead Race shook his head resolutely. “He is not.”

“If he were, why would he find himself within the mystic realm of the Supreme Sect?” The Head of the Undead Race raised a valid point.

“You, with your unsightly visage, are only skilled at disrupting harmony!” someone interjected with disdain.

The Head of the Undead Race felt a surge of irritation. He had extended an olive branch, and now he was being insulted as an unsightly woman who only knew how to sow discord.

She was utterly exasperated.

“I engaged in a fierce conflict with individuals from the Second World, resulting in the demise of Second World practitioners and the Patriarch of the Supreme Sect. I sustained grave injuries. While I did not meet my end, I remained ensnared within this mystic realm. Since then, I have patiently bided my time, hoping that among those present, I could find a disciple worthy of inheriting the wisdom I’ve accumulated over a lifetime. Only then can I peacefully reside within this mystic realm,” the man who claimed to be Elderly Man Xuan Zhen explained.

Such an opportunity was undeniably remarkable! Who wouldn’t desire it? Acquiring his cultivation would be an unimaginable boon.

“I volunteer!”

“Count me in!”

“I’m in too!”

Nearly everyone in the room succumbed to temptation.

However, Gu Chaoyan, Di Hongyun, and the Head of the Undead Race remained silent.

Something felt amiss.

Elderly Man Xuan Zhen had already set aside his teacup and risen from his seat. “I cannot make a decision with so many present. Follow me.”

They all chose to accompany Elderly Man Xuan Zhen.

Gu Chaoyan shook her head firmly. “No.”

“It’s none of your concern!” snapped someone, clearly thrilled by the prospect.

Gu Chaoyan took a deep breath as she observed him, then took a few determined steps forward and shattered her teacup on the floor.

The clatter of the teacup striking the ground resonated through the room. Dissatisfaction emanated from the onlookers, and the elderly man vanished from the room as well.

Elderly Man Xuan Zhen had disappeared without a trace.

Before him, there was emptiness.

The individuals who had initially been incensed swiftly grasped the reality of the situation.

Deception?!

They had likely been manipulated.

If they had chosen to follow...

Their lives might have been forfeit by now.

Their gaze then shifted to Gu Chaoyan...

A sense of gratitude washed over them. How fortunate...

That she had given them a stark reminder..

Chapter 2243 - 2243: Danger 5

When Elderly Man Xuan Zhen had been present, their skepticism had clouded their judgment, causing them to dismiss his words. However, in his absence, a growing realization began to take hold.

Questions started to surface. Why had Elderly Man Xuan Zhen come here in the first place? What was the purpose of his presence? And most intriguingly, why had he chosen to impart his cultivation knowledge to a complete stranger?

The answers to these questions seemed elusive at first, shrouded in uncertainty. While Elderly Man Xuan Zhen's spectral presence lingered, their minds were muddled, preventing them from grasping the full picture. But as soon as that phantom vanished, clarity returned, and the situation appeared increasingly perplexing.

The precise moment Elderly Man Xuan Zhen's apparition dissipated, Gu

Chaoyan was certain that the trial within the room had concluded successfully. Now, as the next room awaited exploration, an air of uncertainty hung in the air, and the group's susceptibility to temptation became evident.

Gu Chaoyan felt compelled to remind them of the nature of this mystical realm, emphasizing that nothing here came without effort or risk. It was a message that carried particular weight, considering that many among them hailed from prestigious sects and were susceptible to deception.

With these words of caution, Gu Chaoyan prepared to open another door. However, an unexpected feeling of apprehension washed over her, causing her to pause. The moment the door swung open, her unease transformed into sheer astonishment.

Before her eyes lay a sprawling field of medicinal plants, and at the center of this botanical wonder stood a single, extraordinary specimen – the One Origin Grass.

Gu Chaoyan's eyes widened, and excitement surged within her. The sight of this rare treasure ignited a fervor within her heart.

The One Origin Grass had indeed been located within the sprawling field, and Gu Chaoyan's reaction was a mixture of surprise, shock, and intense excitement. It was the very treasure she had sought tirelessly for so long.

Unable to contain her enthusiasm, she rushed towards the herb-laden expanse, taking her first eager step before abruptly coming to a halt.

Blocking her path was none other than the Head of the Undead Race.

This unexpected interruption served as a stark reminder of the perilous nature of the mystic realm. Danger lurked around every corner, and they were never truly safe, regardless of their location. Gu Chaoyan quickly regained her composure, her mind sharpening once more.

She reflected on her recent lapse in vigilance, driven by the sight of the One

Origin Grass and the lush field of herbs. Fortunately, the Head of the Undead Race had intervened to prevent her from wandering too deep into the zone.

With newfound calmness, Gu Chaoyan began to assess the field more carefully. While the field seemed devoid of other visible threats, the real danger likely resided among the herbs themselves. Fields of this kind often harbored not only medicinal plants but also poisonous herbs. It was crucial to exercise caution, as one wrong step could lead to poisoning.

Furthermore, the exact composition of the herb field remained a mystery to her.

"Those are Green Sun Grass and Rootless Grass!" someone exclaimed with excitement. "These are high-grade herbs. Even if they aren't used for alchemy, they can greatly benefit our cultivation."

However, Gu Chaoyan interrupted their eagerness with a stern tone. "Before we entered this place, you all agreed to let me choose something first."

Upon hearing her words, the enthusiasm of the group waned. While they had initially consented to this arrangement, the prospect of relinquishing a significant portion of these valuable herbs troubled them. They had faced danger on their journey to this point, and now Gu Chaoyan was poised to

claim a substantial share of the profits simply because she led the way. The sentiment among some of them was shifting.

“Let’s rely on our own abilities,” impatient voices murmured, and some began to depart..

Chapter 2244 - 2244: Danger 6

Gu Chaoyan’s expression soured as she realized they had broken their promise.

Once the man had left, a wave of others followed suit, exiting the room. The danger had considerably subsided, and Gu Chaoyan was no longer obligated to lead the way.

This was particularly true for the disciples from their school, who had the advantage of strength in numbers. Working together, they could mitigate the risks.

As those in a rush began gathering herbs, they quickly amassed a substantial collection. Just as their joy was about to peak, a sudden twist of fate struck, causing them to succumb to poisoning and collapse in the field.

Witnessing this unexpected turn of events, those who were preparing to leave froze in their tracks, realizing their fortune in not moving too hastily.

The disciples of the Three Pure Ones, as well as some others who had remained passive, breathed sighs of relief, acknowledging the wisdom of their restraint. Sometimes, greed should be tempered.

Reflecting on their journey here, they had placed their trust in Gu Chaoyan’s capabilities, believing in her abilities. Consequently, they were willing to allow her to claim what she needed first.

A disciple from the Three Pure Ones extended a courteous invitation, “Young lady, please feel free to take what you require first, and we will gather the remainder.”

Having no clear strategy for obtaining the herbs themselves, they preferred to let Gu Chaoyan take the lead.

Gu Chaoyan nodded appreciatively and cautiously advanced toward the One Origin Grass. Skillfully avoiding the poisonous herbs, she retrieved the precious plant and secured it within her space.

With the One Origin Grass in her possession, Gu Chaoyan felt a profound sense of satisfaction, knowing she had successfully obtained what she needed.

Gu Chaoyan's determination extended beyond acquiring the One Origin Grass.

The Head of the Undead Race required the Green Sun Grass, so Gu Chaoyan diligently collected a substantial quantity of it.

For Di Hongyun, she carefully selected some Rootless Grass, recognizing its immense cultivation benefits.

Gu Chaoyan always had her own strategy. Since Rootless Grass was scarce and other disciples were eyeing it as well, she took one-third of the herbs, leaving the remaining two-thirds for the others.

Once the herbs were distributed, Gu Chaoyan signaled for them to depart.

Regarding the herb-picking technique, she had already demonstrated it, expecting the others to grasp the process without difficulty.

The disciples readily accepted Gu Chaoyan's division of the herbs, acknowledging her claim as rightful.

Gu Chaoyan handed the Green Sun Grass to the Head of the Undead Race and the Rootless Grass to Di Hongyun, advising them to consume the herbs directly to elevate their cultivation.

As the Head of the Undead Race gazed at Di Hongyun, a hint of jealousy crossed his face. Although Rootless Grass had no effect on him, it was undoubtedly more advanced than his Green Sun Grass.

“The mystic realm is vast; there’s no need to rush,” Gu Chaoyan reminded the Head of the Undead Race.

Only then did the Head of the Undead Race finally begin consuming the Green Sun Grass.

However, at that moment, a shadow stirred within the herb field, catching Gu

Chaoyan’s attention.

She fixed her gaze on the mysterious figure.

“Magical Beast!” someone exclaimed loudly, disregarding the herbs and immediately pursuing the creature.

Gu Chaoyan swiftly followed suit.

While her primary objective remained obtaining the One Origin Grass, she was determined to make the most of her time within the mystic realm.

It would be great if they could get the magical monsters.

Suddenly...

Everyone started to catch up with the magical monster..

Chapter 2245 - 2245: Danger 7

The mystical creature may have initially approached to graze, but the presence of a sizable crowd deterred its intentions. Yet, who would pass up an encounter with such a magical being?

Gu Chaoyan relentlessly pursued the creature. Many others joined the chase, but they gradually fell behind.

Meanwhile, Gu Chaoyan persisted in the pursuit. They were on the brink of closing in when, unexpectedly, the mystical monster abruptly reversed course and darted into a cave, leaving Gu Chaoyan instinctively wanting to follow. Suddenly, a thunderous roar, reminiscent of a tiger's, echoed from the depths of the cave.

Gu Chaoyan stared at the colossal tiger that stood before them. A tiger on par with a Paragon or a Martial God?

Gu Chaoyan winced. Why did they keep encountering such high-level monsters lately?

The tiger blocked Gu Chaoyan's path, causing the mystical creature to halt as well. It stood before Gu Chaoyan and the others, seemingly relishing the situation.

In that moment, Gu Chaoyan finally got a clear look at the creature. It was a young white deer, incredibly swift, to the point where one might mistake it for a galloping horse.

But right now, the immediate concern was not the mystical creatures but the formidable tiger before them. The tiger had likely been in a deep slumber when rudely awakened, and it was far from pleased.

The flora in this mystical realm was lush and more colossal than that found outside.

A tiger of this magnitude possessed the potential to eliminate all three of them with a single swipe, and it appeared quite inclined to do just that.

Their only recourse was to flee.

Gu Chaoyan bellowed and bolted into action. Her speed was impressive, yet the Head of the Undead Race and Di Hongyun struggled to keep pace. They had trailed slightly behind during the pursuit of the magical monsters, and now, with the tiger looming, their lives were hanging by a thread. Speed was imperative.

In a reluctant move, Gu Chaoyan halted. She was preparing for a direct confrontation with the tiger, all while the magical monster gleefully observed, seemingly taunting them with silent mockery.

It was as though the creature sneered, “Foolish humans, you’ve brought this upon yourselves!”

The tiger, a force to rival Paragons and Martial Gods, was truly a formidable adversary.

The tiger roared menacingly, causing a grimace to contort the Head of the Undead Race’s face.

“Care for a treat?” The Head of the Undead Race produced some Green Sun Grass and extended it towards the massive tiger. “It’s quite delectable,” he uttered with an oddly placid smile.

Gu Chaoyan’s head throbbed. What manner of teammates had fate paired her with?

As the tiger lunged toward the Head of the Undead Race, he jerked away in panic, barely avoiding the assault. Dodging became his only recourse.

Meanwhile, Gu Chaoyan unsheathed her white jade sword and engaged in combat. She signaled Di Hongyun, who had been given a pouch of powder.

The powder had the ability to irritate the eyes, rendering the tiger temporarily blind to its surroundings.

She didn’t dare contemplate killing the tiger, but perhaps they could manage an escape.

Spotting Gu Chaoyan wielding a sword, the tiger lunged straight for her.

Gu Chaoyan skillfully evaded the tiger’s strikes while launching her own counterattacks, all the while searching for an opportune moment to assist Di Hongyun.

In a pivotal instant, Di Hongyun discerned the predicament and released a cloud of powder onto the tiger. As the powder took effect, the enraged tiger swung a furious paw in Di Hongyun’s direction..

Chapter 2246 - 2246: Danger 8

Di Hongyun was unable to join the fray, having taken a direct hit. Gu Chaoyan had wanted to step in to protect him, but her intervention came too late. Fortunately, the tiger had vanished from sight, though its enraged roars echoed in the distance. This gave Di Hongyun the opportunity to escape the imminent danger.

With Gu Chaoyan's assistance, Di Hongyun managed to rise to his feet. The leader of the Undead Race ceased his argument with Di Hongyun and led him

away.

"Don't concern yourself with me," Di Hongyun called out. In the presence of a formidable adversary like the tiger, which seemed as powerful as the Paragon and the Martial God, he felt utterly powerless. He had already sustained significant injuries from the earlier attack, and he believed he was only slowing them down.

In that case, he contemplated remaining behind to buy them time to flee.

"Silence!" Gu Chaoyan scolded him, clearly displeased with his resignation. She had no intention of leaving him behind, and his willingness to give up infuriated her.

Fortunately, the tiger's vision was obstructed by some unknown phenomenon, causing it to inadvertently destroy its own surroundings in a fit of rage. Seizing this opportunity, Gu Chaoyan and Di Hongyun retreated from the chaotic scene.

Once they had reached a relatively safe location, Gu Chaoyan retrieved some pills and offered them to Di Hongyun, urging him to take them.

Meanwhile, a magical creature continued to observe them from a distance.

Di Hongyun began to feel remarkably better after ingesting the pills, his energy and vitality visibly restored.

“It’s nothing serious,” Gu Chaoyan reassured him, determined to lead them out of this treacherous environment. In this perilous place where tigers as formidable as the Paragon and the Martial God roamed, there was always the looming threat of encountering other deadly creatures.

Safety was a distant dream in this forsaken land.

Gu Chaoyan was on the verge of departing when the leader of the Undead Race lightly jabbed her and, with pursed lips, urged her to observe a peculiar magical monster.

This creature was not far from their current location, and with concerted effort, they might have a chance to subdue it. The leader of the Undead Race still believed it would be a missed opportunity not to capture this magical beast, which he thought could greatly assist Gu Chaoyan in the future.

“No, no more magical monsters,” Gu Chaoyan responded firmly. “This one is too mischievous, causing us nothing but trouble. Despite being a magical monster, it’s more hassle than it’s worth.”

“We still have a long journey ahead in the mystic realm. Let’s focus on seeking other treasures,” Gu Chaoyan suggested calmly, revealing her decision after careful consideration.

She already had the Dragonman, a member of the Dragon Race, among her ranks, which essentially counted as a magical monster. She didn’t require any more magical beasts. Moreover, the young white deer she possessed would demand significant time and energy to grow, and she couldn’t afford that at the moment.

The leader of the Undead Race found her reasoning sound and nodded in agreement. The deer in question was small enough to let go of without much consequence.

Thus, they made the choice to continue their journey without pursuing the magical beast any further.

The magical creature, however, looked at them with astonishment. It had found humans to be intriguing and had intended to playfully engage with them a bit longer. Yet, just as it was getting started, they were abandoning the game?

Initially surprised, the magical monster's disappointment soon transformed into anger. It was a magical beast, and in its experience, everyone had clamored to possess it. How dare these humans complain about its playfulness?

Undeterred, the magical monster dashed toward Gu Chaoyan and her companions, closing the distance instead of keeping it. It wore a betrayed expression as it gazed at Gu Chaoyan, wondering why they found it undesirable.

The magical monster started to make a fuss.

Gu Chaoyan looked helpless.

"We are not taking you with us, you are so naughty! How dare you offend that tiger!"

Chapter 2247 - 2247: Danger 9

The Head of the Undead Race expressed displeasure after Gu Chaoyan snapped at it. He had no intention of bringing it along, but Di Hongyun found it incredibly endearing.

"Since it's here, why not bring it along? It's so adorable. Plus, you don't have a riding tool, do you? It could be useful as it grows older," Di Hongyun suggested, reaching out to cradle the enchanting white deer.

The white deer exuded an air of pride as it allowed him to hold it. Gu Chaoyan, however, remained unimpressed.

She couldn't trust this creature entirely. Its current docile demeanor could shift into mischief at any moment, potentially causing them problems.

"If you're fond of it, take it with you. But mark my words, if it causes any trouble, you'll regret it," Gu Chaoyan emphasized, her tone tinged with disdain.

The magical white deer wiped away a tear on Di Hongyun's sleeve, seemingly sensing the tension in the air.

As they continued their journey, the mysterious magical monster tagged along, seemingly without reason. Gu Chaoyan had never held much interest in magical monsters.

Her primary objective was to obtain the One Origin Grass, but what she truly coveted was the ancient monk's sacred mansion. Acquiring the mansion would enable her to inherit some of the ancient monk's profound knowledge. Even if she couldn't inherit any of his teachings, the contents within the sacred mansion would still grant her tremendous power.

Her ultimate goal?

To surpass Pei Yueling and exact her revenge.

But right now...

Gu Chaoyan was merely a Martial God, while according to Pei Yueling's last knowledge, she had already ascended to the status of a Paragon Martial Saint. After the events in Xuhai City, nobody knew her whereabouts. The gap between them was vast.

She urgently needed to locate the ancient monks sacred mansion.

Gu Chaoyan wandered with no clear direction in mind.

"Girl," a familiar voice called out.

Turning around, Gu Chaoyan spotted the disciples from the Three Pure Ones sect, though their numbers had dwindled since their last encounter. It was evident they had faced difficulties after their separation, leading to this reduction in their ranks.

"Would you be interested in teaming up with us to explore the ancient monk's sacred mansion? We know its location, so you wouldn't get the first pick, but you could lead the way. When we reach the sacred mansion, you can choose three items, and we'll take seven. We'll make the initial selections," the leading Three Pure Ones disciple proposed.

Gu Chaoyan found this offer intriguing. “How do you know the location of the mystical realm? It’s baffling, as we were all disoriented upon entering, with no knowledge of its whereabouts.”

The Three Pure Ones disciple smiled knowingly. “We didn’t manage to capture the magical monster, but by chance, we stumbled upon a map of the mystical realm. The map reveals the locations of various places, including the sacred mansion. What do you say?”

After a moment’s contemplation, Gu Chaoyan nodded her agreement.

She accepted the offer.

Once the Three Pure Ones disciples had knowledge of the sacred mansion’s location, it was a given that they would venture there. They wouldn’t seek her assistance foolishly and might seek help from someone else.

At present..

She was in the dark about the situation.

Blindly searching for the sacred mansion would likely result in finding it stripped of its treasures.

In that case, cooperation seemed like the sensible choice.

Seeing her saying yes...

The disciples of the Three Pure Ones looked as if they had known about this for a long time.

Then they left together..

Every time she approached the front, the disciples of the Three Pure Ones would remind her of what lay ahead, and Gu Chaoyan would carefully navigate the challenges and obstacles in her path.

As a result...

They reached the ancient monk's sacred residence without any major difficulties.

"Here we are," the disciples of the Three Pure Ones exclaimed with excitement as they beheld the scene before them.

"Let's explore inside," Gu Chaoyan couldn't contain her enthusiasm.

However, instead of moving forward, the disciples of the Three Pure Ones wore enigmatic smiles as they fixed their gazes on Gu Chaoyan.

In an instant...

The disciples of the Three Pure Ones launched a sudden attack on Gu Chaoyan, the Head of the Undead Race, and Di Hongyun.

The unexpected assault caught the Head of the Undead Race off guard, leaving him with a grievous wound on his arm.

Gu Chaoyan regarded them with a furrowed brow. "Regretting your decision?"

One of the disciples of the Three Pure Ones offered a brief smile. "The ancient practitioners' sacred residence holds treasures far beyond your imagination.

We won't simply hand over such riches."

"Now that we've found the sacred residence, you're of no further use to us. Rest in peace," the Three Pure Ones' disciple said coldly, devoid of emotion in his eyes.

Gu Chaoyan had been earnest in her intentions to cooperate with the disciples of the Three Pure Ones, but they had other plans in mind — plans she had never anticipated.

They were using her, with intentions to eventually dispose of her.

Gu Chaoyan drew her white jade sword, channeling the power of her lineage, and retaliated fiercely. The disciples of the Three Pure Ones were taken aback by her unexpected martial prowess, clearly surprised.

Meanwhile, during their journey...

He had already gained a clear understanding of their capabilities.

None of the three individuals possessed exceptional skills, nor were they Paragons. One of them was even nursing an injury.

In his assessment, they were certainly preparing to make a move.

Unexpectedly, he found himself struggling in this confrontation.

While the two sides battled, the sound of approaching footsteps echoed. Gu Chaoyan turned around to spot martial arts masters from different schools approaching.

The disciples of the Three Pure Ones were equally taken aback.

They had located the ancient monk's sacred residence thanks to a map, but what brought these newcomers here?

A standoff developed between the disciples of the Three Pure Ones and Gu

Chaoyan.

It was impossible for him to eliminate Gu Chaoyan swiftly.

Yet, if they continued fighting and internal strife erupted, these newcomers might seize the opportunity to infiltrate the sacred residence and plunder its treasures.

so...

It wasn't the right time for further action.

The disciples of the Three Pure Ones ceased their assault, and Gu Chaoyan refrained from pursuing.

Everyone proceeded toward the sacred residence.

As the first person set foot inside the holy mansion, it abruptly crumbled into a heap of yellow sand, billowing across everyone's faces. The initial intruder narrowly avoided being buried by the cascading sand.

"What's happening here?"

Before them, there was no supposed holy mansion. Instead, they stood in the wilderness, surrounded by endless stretches of sand.

It was as if the holy mansion had transformed into a mere mirage.

Shock and confusion gripped everyone.

Gu Chaoyan was now certain that this wasn't the sacred residence of the ancient monk.

In this very moment...

They noticed they were descending gradually, and their legs sank into the yellow sand..

Chapter 2249 - 2249: Dark Dungeon 1

Everyone found themselves in the same predicament, including Gu Chaoyan. Her legs gradually sank, with half of her lower limbs already submerged in the soft yellow sand.

Gu Chaoyan felt a surge of alarm, but she resisted the urge to panic. Instead, she maintained her composure, noticing that those who struggled only sank faster, with half their bodies disappearing into the sand. Determined to find a solution, she focused on calming her nerves.

Drawing her white jade sword, she held it horizontally, hoping it might decelerate their descent.

“What should we do? We’ll suffocate if we get buried here!” Di Hongyun asked with a calm exterior, though panic lurked beneath the surface. They had endured countless trials in the mystic realm, and no one wanted to meet their end in this sea of yellow sand.

Gu Chaoyan surveyed their surroundings, searching for options.

Yet, there seemed to be no viable escape plan. They could employ some methods to slow their descent, but none offered a means of salvation. The relentless march of the yellow sand engulfed everything in its path.

Within the mystic realm, the use of Sword Kinesis Flight was strictly prohibited.

Desperation welled up within Gu Chaoyan, but she shook her head resolutely. She refused to accept this fate, but the only option left was to venture deeper and uncover the truth.

The three of them held hands, a symbol of their unwavering solidarity. Regardless of what lay ahead, they were determined to face it together.

At this moment..

A scream arose next to them, which was soon drowned out in the yellow sand.

For real.

Everyone showed a look of fear.

The others also sank into the yellow sand.

Gu Chaoyan looked at the yellow sand in front of her. Soon they would be buried in the yellow sand too. She closed her eyes.

The moment she felt suffocated, Gu Chaoyan suddenly sensed herself falling, and with that descent came the sweet return of breath.

They were not dead.

That was the instinctive thought that crossed Gu Chaoyan's mind.

And as it turned out...

They were unceremoniously deposited onto a hard surface.

Before her, an impenetrable darkness reigned, but it eventually receded, revealing a faint glimmer of light.

"Where are we?" The Head of the Undead Race queried, his voice trembling with fear. It resonated eerily in the dim surroundings, mirroring the anxious sentiments of the others.

Once again, they were not dead.

This notion persisted in Gu Chaoyan's subconscious.

In this moment..

The unmistakable sound of cascading sand reached her ears, their feet gradually concealed by the yellow grains.

Remaining composed, Gu Chaoyan surveyed their bleak confinement and uttered in a frosty tone, “We must have fallen into a cell. Is the King above us? Why else would the yellow sand continue to descend upon us? We may be oblivious to the events outside, but if we don’t extricate ourselves promptly, death will inevitably befall us when the sand finishes its descent.”

The Head of the Undead Race attempted to force the cell door open, but it resisted his efforts, its unyielding nature apparent.

“We’ve been set up,” Gu Chaoyan concluded with a sigh as she took a seat.

They had all congregated at what was supposed to be the fabled sanctuary of the ancient monk, only to discover it was a mere illusion. Following that revelation, they found themselves in this enigmatic place.

As they dissected the details, it became evident that someone had orchestrated this deception.

But who could be behind it?

Chapter 2250 - 2250: Dark Dungeon 2

“What should we do?” An anxious voice pierced the darkness.

“Is anyone here? Open the door! Open the door!” The Head of the Undead Race vigorously rattled the door, bellowing into the void.

The entire place sent shivers down his spine.

The scene before him was a living nightmare.

For him, it was a profoundly terrifying experience.

But there was no response, just as she had feared.

Gu Chaoyan shook her head subtly, realizing that the situation was far from straightforward.

The clamor was deafening.

And then, unexpectedly...

A blaze of light erupted, assaulting Gu Chaoyan's eyes. She instinctively shut them tight, then cautiously reopened them.

Her surroundings became crystal clear.

They were imprisoned within a cage, and beyond the bars...

Outside.

Even Gu Chaoyan was repulsed.

What in the world was happening?

The acrid scent of blood suddenly pervaded the air.

Beyond the cell, the Undead Race continued to bleed profusely. They were bereft of skin, their forms comprised solely of flesh and blood, devoid of eyes.

And at the center of it all lay the gruesome scene of skinning.

The Undead Race remained emotionless, approaching to unlock the nearest cage, their intentions apparent.

“What... what are they doing?” Some of the more timid souls began to scream. Everyone present understood the horrifying reality unfolding, though most were unwilling to acknowledge it.

He asked involuntarily, almost dreading a negative response.

“We’ll flay you and assimilate you into the Undead Race,” replied the Head of the Undead Race with an eerie calmness, a level of composure he had never displayed before.

But...

He had endured all of this before, and he was well-acquainted with every gruesome detail.

However...

Undead Race members in the mystic realm?

He had never encountered the Undead Race before, and now, they seemed even more sinister than he could have imagined.

The Head of the Undead Race’s words sent shivers down their spines, confirming their worst fears, further fueling their terror.

The unfortunate man who had been taken away was already strapped to the skinning table.

The Undead Race members exhibited an eerie emotionlessness as they methodically went about their gruesome task.

Flaying was a cruel and agonizing ordeal, the cries resembling the slaughter of pigs echoing relentlessly. Witnessing this horrifying spectacle, some desperately yearned to rescue their fellow schoolmates, yet the door remained firmly shut, denying them any chance.

The Head of the Undead Race closed his eyes, his expression fraught with misery.

This was the same ordeal he had endured before.

“What can we do?!” Someone shouted in despair.

If this continued...

Sooner or later, they would inevitably face the excruciating torment of a life worse than death, transforming into grotesque abominations.

They had to devise a solution.

“Lady Chaoyan, please, think of something. Our top priority is escaping this place unscathed. We can address grievances later, once we’re free!” The disciples of the Three Pure Ones turned to Gu Chaoyan, their voices pleading.

They felt powerless, yet a glimmer of hope resided within them, a belief that Gu Chaoyan held the key to their salvation. After all, she had displayed resourcefulness during their journey here.

Gu Chaoyan shook her head, her expression filled with despair.

There seemed to be no way out.

She turned her gaze toward the Head of the Undead Race, hoping he might conjure a solution.

“Impossible,” the Head of the Undead Race uttered in a tone of hopelessness.

“It’s a Level 100 Inferno of Asura, what can you possibly do?” Bailu remarked nonchalantly while in Di Hongyun’s embrace.. “Your highest level of cultivation barely reaches Paragon Saint status, doesn’t it? How audacious! In the mystic realm, every monster you encounter is as formidable as a Paragon Martial God!”