

Divine 2591

Chapter 2591: Ice Flame Continent 49

Back then, when Kang Shi could cultivate spirit herbs so successfully, Gu Chaoyan believed that Kang Shi wouldn't deteriorate to this extent. He was confident that Kang Shi would find an opportunity, and it turns out he was right.

Not only did Kang Shi know how to seize opportunities, but he also demonstrated remarkable straightforwardness in proving himself. Gu Chaoyan, who initially intended to take a gamble with Kang Shi, was pleasantly surprised to see his success.

Acquiring a top-notch cultivation in the Martial Emperor Realm at such a young age was a rare feat. The Anicca Clan's future was on the verge of significant change, and the one dominating the sky with one hand might no longer be just a possibility.

Gu Chaoyan, grateful for Gao Zhuo's assistance and understanding that it often came from his own schemes, smiled appreciatively at him. The benefits were acceptable, given Gao Zhuo's loyalty.

Not fond of crowded environments, Gu Chaoyan expressed his desire to leave promptly after Kang Shi's success, bringing a calming stillness to the surroundings.

With a glance filled with understanding, Gu Chaoyan asked Gao Zhuo about their future. Gao Zhuo, having already tacitly agreed to stand by Kang Shi, patted his shoulder affirmatively.

"Of course," Gao Zhuo said. His loyalty to Kang Shi was evident when he stood up against Ziluo. As brothers, their shared path was clear, and they were ready to embark on the next chapter of their lives together.

Gu Chaoyan smiled.

She felt that everything was going more smoothly than she had expected. This smoothness made her feel very happy.

He had returned to the light that genius youths had. This light would naturally make many people lean towards him and not stay away like before.

This was the natural laws, nomological laws of the cultivation world. They liked powerful people.

At the same time, his pills would also buy over many people's hearts.

With this, it was enough to compete with the First Elder and Kang Yan.

As for what they had done in the clan, Gu Chaoyan thought that it was still alright, because she would be able to get back to normal very soon.

Gu Chaoyan went back with Gao Zhuo to make tea and chat, and she took Little Junior Sister with her.

Meanwhile, in the competition hall.

Kang Yan stood there in a daze. He did not react for a long time, and his entire body was stiff.

It was the annual competition.

Kang Shi's cultivation had not improved for several years and had been stuck at the sixth level of the Martial King Realm. He had been holding his breath because he wanted to shine in this year's competition hall.

But...

He failed?

Was Kang Shi in the limelight again?

He had actually advanced from the sixth level of the Martial King Realm to the peak of the Martial Emperor Realm in such a short period of time? He had clearly been beaten up a few days ago and his engagement had been broken off.

What was going on?

What happened?

The First Elder pulled Kang Shi, who was in a daze, and wanted to take him away first.

However, Kang Yan had already entered a dead end and did not move at all. The First Elder's expression was not good. He lowered his voice and said to him, "If there's anything, go back first."

Kang Yan felt a little uncomfortable.

He angrily waved his hand at the First Elder and ran out.

The First Elder felt helpless. He did not forget to bring Ziluo along.

Kang Yan was still too young and impulsive.

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Regardless of the circumstances, he couldn't afford to withhold his thoughts and goals entirely. Achieving greatness required facing inevitable challenges, as things never proceeded as smoothly as planned.

Mistakes were an inherent part of any endeavor, and today had presented one such error.

His immediate concern should be devising a solution and rectifying the mistake rather than succumbing to anger—an ineffective response.

Could Kang Shi be expected to lower his cultivation level just because someone was unhappy? The notion was implausible, the First Elder concluded.

Upon his return to the First Elder's hall, the scene was chaotic—a clear aftermath of Kang Yan's tantrum, evidenced by the scattered wreckage.

Orderly individuals within the hall started tidying up upon the First Elder's entrance. Recognizing the need for privacy, the First Elder instructed them to leave.

Once alone, he regarded Kang Yan sternly. "Why are you here?"

"..."

"If your cultivation isn't strong enough to assert dominance, throwing a tantrum won't solve anything," the First Elder asserted.

"..."

"Moreover, this isn't an insurmountable problem. Solutions exist."

"....."

"Isn't it simply because our cultivation level surpasses yours? With our higher cultivation, performing tasks becomes a bit more cumbersome for us. Why complicate things for yourself?" the First Elder questioned, his frustration evident when facing Kang Yan, whom he viewed as an inconvenience.

"....."

"With the support of the True Martial Race, we only need more allies," the First Elder continued. "Once he becomes a captive, won't he be at our mercy?"

Seeing Kang Yan, the First Elder felt a deep sense of exasperation, as if dealing with someone of intermediate capability was a constant burden requiring undue time and attention.

"Why? Why does he effortlessly steal the spotlight?" Kang Yan couldn't accept it.

"What's the distinction? As long as the outcome aligns with our desires, it's acceptable. What more do you seek?" the First Elder retorted. "Nitpicking and heading towards a dead end will only result in further losses."

Kang Yan gazed up at the First Elder.

As long as the result was the same?

Even the most talented individual, if they died prematurely, it could only be attributed to insufficient cultivation, right?

A realization dawned on Kang Yan, and he gradually began to regain composure.

Once composed, he inquired, “So, what’s our next step?”

“Before he gets an opportunity, collaborate with the True Martial Race to suppress the Clan Leader and eliminate him directly,” the First Elder proposed.

Kang Yan nodded. “I’ll lead the team with Kang Shi, and Ziluo will cooperate with me. Together, we can neutralize any threat he poses.”

Ziluo observed Kang Yan, offering neither agreement nor disagreement.

However, Kang Yan assumed her agreement, considering their marital ties – a connection transcending honor and shame.

“Furthermore, I need you to visit your father tonight. Clarify the situation and hand him this letter,” the First Elder instructed Ziluo.

She glanced at the letter, nodded, and affirmed, “Understood. I won’t waste any time. I’ll leave now.”

“I’ll go with you,” Kang Yan said.

Ziluo looked at him with disdain.

First Elder stopped him first. “You stay here.”

Ziluo breathed a sigh of relief and returned.

She made her way back alone, seamlessly blending into the hustle and bustle of clan. Today held numerous tasks that demanded attention, causing Ziluo to go unnoticed.

Upon reaching the True Martial Race, Ziluo promptly sought out her father.

“How did it go?”

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“Not good!” Ziluo expressed her displeasure. “Father, you’ve misunderstood. Kang Yan is truly mediocre.”

The Clan Leader of the True Martial Race felt somewhat taken aback. What could be the matter?

In the present Anicca Race, Kang Yan should possess the highest cultivation among the younger disciples, especially considering his father’s position as the First Elder. With the First Elder controlling the Anicca Race, Kang Yan seemed like the most suitable choice.

So why was Ziluo branding him as trash?

“What happened?” he inquired.

“Despite cultivating diligently for many years, Kang Yan has only reached the sixth level of the Martial Emperor Realm. And what about Kang Shi? After years of stagnation, he rapidly ascended from the sixth level of the Martial King Realm to the pinnacle of the Martial Emperor Realm in a short period. He’s even surpassed his daughter,” Ziluo emphasized.

The Clan Leader of the True Martial Race was astonished.

If one’s cultivation didn’t progress for several years, they were essentially considered crippled. Could Kang Shi truly continue to cultivate? Was he an anomaly?

The timing of the annulment was regrettable. Kang Shi, with a normal cultivation level, would have been the better choice.

Now, it seemed like a missed opportunity.

“Despite Kang Shi’s occasional brilliance, he is inherently unstable. Kang Yan isn’t mediocre, and his cultivation level is still commendable. Now that you are married to Kang Yan, you must accept your fate. I might have to personally intervene for Kang Shi. Without him, everything will proceed smoothly.”

Ziluo furrowed her brow.

Why did her father seem aligned with Kang Yan and his family’s thoughts?

Did they all share the intention of eliminating Kang Shi to support Kang Yan, that so-called mediocre individual?

She didn’t want to entertain this notion.

Addressing her father directly, Ziluo stated, “Father, this won’t work.”

“How so?”

“Do you merely desire for your daughter to marry well, or do you aspire for the prosperity of your daughter and the True Martial Race?” Ziluo inquired.

“Naturally, both. That’s why you chose Kang Yan.”

“In that case, we can’t harm Kang Shi. Instead, we should protect him,” Ziluo asserted. “Kang Shi possesses pill-refining skills. Initially, I doubted the efficacy of his pills. However, I managed to acquire a bottle and found his pills to be incredibly potent. I struggled to break through for a long time, but with his pills, I achieved a smooth breakthrough.”

“.....”

“If we have access to these pills consistently, I believe that, whether it’s me, you, or the members of the True Martial Race, we will grow stronger. In the future, we might contribute significantly to the sect’s strength.”

“.....”

“If we attack him and shield Kang Yan, our future will be inevitably tied to the Anicca Race. We can contribute more by aiding Kang Shi. Father, which path do you think is superior?”

“This...” The Clan Leader of the True Martial Race hesitated. “Are the pills truly that effective?”

Ziluo nodded.

He had acted impulsively when choosing Kang Yan, leading to a somewhat precarious situation now. This was not an ideal scenario.

“Stay in the True Martial Race for the next couple of days. Return only after I devise a solution,” suggested the Clan Leader of the True Martial Race, indicating a different perspective.

He had alternative plans for Kang Shi.

Satisfied, Ziluo left.

Indeed, she was quite content with Kang Shi.

On that day, Kang Shi sat calmly, sipping his tea. He was far more composed than the troublesome Kang Yan.

Kang Yan, always whining and perpetually enraged, relied on his father for everything. If he wasn’t entirely useless, what else could he be?

And now, he was attempting to win her favor.

Just contemplating it fueled Ziluo's irritation.

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Why did she make such a regrettable choice back then?

She held her father partially accountable; after all, he endorsed Kang Yan under the belief that it was a good decision. Why else would he have chosen him?

Now, Ziluo found Kang Yan intolerable.

Aside from his constant anger, he exhibited an overwhelming paranoia. Suspicion seemed to pervade every aspect of his being, leaving others uncertain of his true thoughts.

Ultimately, his lack of capability fueled his distrust in others.

Thus, Ziluo felt it imperative for her father to heed her counsel this time. Not doing so would be a grave mistake.

She refused to be ensnared by such decisions again.

Descending ahead of her father, Ziluo awaited his plans for the future. If the True Martial Race were to thrive, she believed choosing Kang Shi was paramount.

Pills served as the cornerstone of a cultivator's strength.

In the ensuing days, the True Martial Race maintained a conspicuous silence, with Ziluo absent from the scene.

The First Elder and Kang Yan grew anxious, unaware of the unfolding developments. Their initial intent was to swiftly join forces with the True Martial Race before matters escalated.

However...

No word from Ziluo reached them. Her intentions remained a mystery.

The duo wandered through the Anicca Race in a state of bewilderment. The First Elder, being older and more composed, handled the situation with relative calm. In contrast, Kang Yan, inherently less composed, found his agitation exacerbated by the lack of information. His temper, already on edge, now vented onto others he encountered. Ironically, this only drove people away further.

Well...

In the past, within the Anicca Race, the only influential figures were the First Elder and Kang Yan. However, the current scenario had shifted. With Kang Shi's elevated cultivation level, he stood poised for significant accomplishments within the clan. Drawing close to him now seemed more beneficial. Besides the potential access to pills, Kang Shi's amiable disposition made him approachable. Even without pills, he willingly offered guidance when questioned. Naturally, people gravitated towards such individuals.

Unaware of the repercussions of his actions, Kang Yan believed his status permitted such behavior.

The First Elder, however, paid little heed to this. The turning point came with Ziluo's return.

As Ziluo reentered the Anicca Race, the First Elder promptly brought her aside. "Ziluo, what did your father say? Our forces are prepared. We only await your father's cooperation. With a united front, I believe we can swiftly resolve the matter."

The First Elder inquired eagerly.

"My father suggested that, given the current situation, we shouldn't rush things. We need to proceed cautiously and make decisions based on the unfolding circumstances," Ziluo relayed.

The First Elder regarded Ziluo with surprise.

For the past two days, he assumed the Clan Leader of the True Martial Race was assembling manpower. After enduring the prolonged wait, this was the outcome?

"I am not seeking hasty success. Over time, as everyone acknowledges Kang Shi's cultivation through their reactions, the situation will naturally resolve itself."

“...”

“Ziluo, at this rate, the day you become the wife of the Anicca Clan’s Clan Leader is drifting further away. Are you truly content with such a prospect?” The First Elder touched on Ziluo’s personal interests, seeking her opinion.

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Ziluo cast a calm glance at the First Elder.

It was evident that his words held little weight for her.

The similarity in the threats from both the First Elder and Kang Yan reinforced their familial connection. However, Ziluo, bound to Kang Yan through marriage, felt compelled to strategize for his benefit.

Yet, they had severely underestimated Ziluo.

She had not committed herself to that level.

Her focus was consistently on the long term, contemplating the future of the True Martial Race and her own. She harbored no illusions about relying on someone like Kang Yan.

“I’ve discussed this with my father, and he believes it’s not the opportune moment. Let’s exercise patience and observe the situation,” Ziluo stated.

The First Elder appeared somewhat helpless.

Ziluo, appearing fatigued, signaled her desire to disengage.

“There’s no rush. Let’s take our time,” she added before departing.

Kang Yan, on the verge of eruption, was restrained by the First Elder. “Why argue with her now? Let’s wait and see their plans.”

Angrily, Kang Yan kicked a bottle aside but refrained from further action.

The First Elder, more cautious, arranged for surveillance on Ziluo’s recent activities and dispatched someone to the True Martial Race to gather information.

On the first day, Ziluo maintained tranquility, taking no decisive action.

It wasn’t until the following day that she leisurely approached Kang Shi.

She didn’t adopt a secretive approach. Instead, Ziluo entered openly, although without any overt display. Only a select few were present, deliberately chosen.

Despite having visited only a couple of times, she navigated the area with ease, as if it were a familiar haunt. Observing Kang Shi’s absence, she meandered through the surroundings.

His living space was modest but impeccably clean, adorned with various herbs. These herbs seemed peculiar, surpassing the quality of those in the Anicca Clan’s Medicine Sect. It explained Kang Shi’s ability to craft exceptional pills.

A teapot sat on the table, suggesting his penchant for tea, a rarity among dedicated cultivators who seldom devoted time to such pursuits.

Upon encountering a face she had no desire to see, Gu Chaoyan greeted her with disdain. “What are you doing here?”

“I came to see you and share some information,” Ziluo confidently responded, taking a seat. With a smile, she added, “Won’t you pour me a cup of tea?”

“Sorry, I don’t have time for tea. Just tell me what you want,” Gu Chaoyan retorted, dismissing the idea of serving tea.

Undeterred, Ziluo didn’t dwell on the matter.

If there was no time for tea, so be it.

Business took precedence.

“I returned to the True Martial Race two days ago.”

“...”

“My father has something he wants me to deliver to you.”

“...”

“Presently, you face two alternatives. The decision is yours.”

“...”

“Option one, continue living in this state of uncertainty. Eventually, at the opportune moment, the First Elder will intervene.”

“...”

“Option two, collaborate with Father to facilitate your father’s path to Clan Leader. No hindrances will impede you here, ensuring a smooth ascension to Clan Leader in the future. Father and I will offer assistance, and...”

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“Moreover, Kang Shi’s reputation as a genius in the past may have influenced my decision,” Ziluo admitted shyly. However, after careful consideration, she found compelling reasons to revive the engagement.

Firstly, the union with Kang Shi promised significant benefits for both the Anicca Race and the True Martial Race in the future. Additionally, her abundant collection of pills further sweetened the deal. Furthermore, Kang Shi's current appeal was not lost on her.

After thoughtful deliberation with her father, Ziluo decided that everything could be reset and done openly. With determination, she expressed, "As long as you're willing, Father will handle matters with First Elder and Kang Yan," confident that her decisive move would eliminate any remaining obstacles.

However, Gu Chaoyan's reaction was unexpected, and Ziluo found herself puzzled. "I choose the third option," Gu Chaoyan declared bluntly.

Perplexed, Ziluo inquired, "What's the third one?"

"It has nothing to do with you," Gu Chaoyan replied dismissively, not even bothering to look at her. Addressing someone named Gao Zhuo, she ordered, "See the guest out. Don't allow anyone else in. We wouldn't want outsiders thinking this place is a gathering for undesirables."

Ziluo's eyes widened in disbelief. What did this mean?

Send the guest off?

Everyone?

What was Kang Shi implying?

"Don't you understand? I told you to leave. I've never seen such a thick-skinned woman," Gu Chaoyan emphasized, clearly frustrated with the situation, "You are already married. I don't even want you. How can you expect Kang Shi to want you?" Gao Zhuo complained as he chased her away. His face was filled with disdain.

Ziluo immediately jumped at Tu Lei.

What did that mean?

How dare they!

“Kang Shi, consider your actions carefully. Offending me will result in aiding Kang Yan. You must grasp the consequences,” Ziluo shouted, issuing a veiled threat.

However, Gu Chaoyan remained unfazed, sipping tea as if the situation had nothing to do with him—a sentiment he reinforced with his silence.

Despite Ziluo’s loud and dramatic outbursts, Gao Zhuo, unyielding, prevented her departure. He stirred up commotion, spreading the news of Ziluo’s intentions.

Shocked, Ziluo attempted to dissuade him, but Gao Zhuo paid no heed. Powerless without Kang Shi’s presence, she left in frustration.

In her absence, someone audaciously inquired, “Is it true?”

“How could it not be?” Gao Zhuo responded with disdain.

The gathered onlookers whispered among themselves, finding amusement in the unfolding events.

What about these people?

Many had experienced some form of mistreatment from Kang Yan, making them relish his impending misery. The more wretched his situation, the greater their satisfaction.

Word of this incident quickly circulated.

No need for the First Elder to intervene—Ziluo’s associates were already informed. Upon receiving the report, the First Elder’s stern countenance prompted him to summon Kang Yan.

“That woman is utterly shameless,” the First Elder seethed, instructing, “In the future, disregard her and the True Martial Race. Our plan continues. We must take the risk.”

“...”

“That wretch!” Kang Yan cursed.

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He desired to settle the score with Ziluo personally.

“It’s understandable that you’re angry. She’s just a woman. Temporarily ignore her and focus on the Anicca Race matter. We’ll address this vendetta gradually,” the First Elder advised. “There aren’t enough people left to handle it. I’ll personally handle that scoundrel Kang Shi.”

“...”

“Arrange it for tomorrow night. Also, intensify Kang Li’s medication,” the First Elder’s eyes gleamed with a murderous intent.

Kang Yan nodded.

These issues took precedence over Ziluo’s situation, prompting him to prioritize them.

News of Ziluo’s predicament swiftly circulated, leaving her somewhat apprehensive.

How did things spiral out of control like this?

Perhaps it was best to stay indoors, avoiding confrontation with Kang Yan and the First Elder.

However, her concerns proved unnecessary as she noticed that neither the First Elder nor Kang Yan took any action against her. Everything remained eerily calm.

After contemplating for a while, she surmised they probably wouldn’t dare.

Given Kang Shi’s current cultivation level, they relied on her father for additional benefits. How could they risk offending her?

With this realization, Ziluo felt no fear and confidently emerged from her house.

This time...

As she stepped outside, everyone, without exception, regarded her with peculiar glances.

After she walked away, hushed discussions commenced behind her.

Listening to the whispers fueled her fury.

The more she dwelled on it, the more incensed she became. Eventually, she decided to seek out her Little Junior Sister.

Why did Kang Shi reject her? It must be related to this girl, right?

If that was the case, she reasoned, she didn't matter anymore, and there shouldn't be any obstacle.

Arrogantly, she set out to find her.

Little Junior Sister was engrossed in cultivation. When Ziluo approached, she paused her practice.

Not oblivious to the reason behind the visit, Little Junior Sister stepped forward to meet her.

To her, this was a matter of choice.

"Tell me, what do you want?" Ziluo asked contemptuously. "Someone like you isn't worthy of Kang Shi. So be straightforward and choose something that benefits you."

"It has nothing to do with you," Little Junior Sister replied bluntly.

“Nothing to do with me? I’m the one who can help him. How can it have nothing to do with me?” Ziluo smirked. “It’s irrelevant for someone like you. Be sensible, take what you need, and leave, or you’ll face dire consequences. Make your choice.”

Little Junior Sister paid no attention to her provocations.

Ziluo grew infuriated at the indifference.

She initiated a forceful move, and Little Junior Sister retaliated.

During this period, Little Junior Sister’s cultivation had advanced, but she still couldn’t match Ziluo’s prowess.

Ziluo, benefiting from optimal cultivation conditions and extraordinary talent from a young age, held a significant advantage. Little Junior Sister couldn’t catch up in such a short time.

After three exchanges, Little Junior Sister gradually found herself overpowered.

After that, Little Junior Sister lay sprawled on the ground, blood streaming from the corner of her mouth.

Ziluo derived great satisfaction from witnessing this scene. Perhaps, she mused, letting Little Junior Sister perish here would erase any lingering thoughts Kang Shi might have about her.

Such vindictive thoughts consumed Ziluo’s mind.

Fuelled by this mindset, she launched another assault.

Unable to evade, Little Junior Sister suffered severe injuries.

Attempts to intervene from bystanders were thwarted by Ziluo’s unrestrained attacks, leaving those who sought to stop her sprawled on the ground.

And in the midst of this chaos...

Kang Shi hurriedly rushed onto the scene.

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After Ziluo spotted Kang Shi, far from stopping in her tracks, she unleashed another surge of spiritual energy hastily, aiming to obliterate the person before Kang Shi could intervene.

Resigned to her fate, Little Junior Sister closed her eyes in anticipation of Ziluo's spiritual onslaught.

Yet, Kang Shi intervened just in time, thwarting Ziluo's assault.

Gu Chaoyan promptly lifted Little Junior Sister, preventing her from collapsing onto the frigid ground.

In his eyes, Little Junior Sister resembled a younger sibling, and he wouldn't tolerate anyone mistreating her. Ziluo's actions had irrevocably crossed his moral threshold.

Handing Little Junior Sister to Gao Zhuo, Gu Chaoyan confronted Ziluo. "What grievance do you hold against Little Junior Sister? Why subject her to such cruelty?"

Feeling somewhat aggrieved, Ziluo believed Kang Shi was excessively protective of Little Junior Sister, seemingly indifferent to her plight. Before she could voice her discontent, Gu Chaoyan unleashed a stream of spiritual energy. Ziluo attempted to defend herself, but Kang Shi's spiritual energy overwhelmed hers. Sent flying, she crashed to the ground, coughing up blood and appearing disheveled.

Ziluo couldn't fathom it.

She couldn't fathom Kang Shi's cold and heartless response.

"Heartless! How could you treat me like this!" Ziluo cried out in misery.

“You malevolent woman, unjustly harming Little Junior Sister, you deserve the consequences,” Gu Chaoyan declared, refusing even to spare her a glance.

He departed with Gao Zhuo and Little Junior Sister.

Upon their return, Gao Zhuo attended to Little Junior Sister’s injuries.

Despite Gu Chaoyan’s desire to intervene, she realized she had no place to go.

Amidst the irony and heartbreak of the situation, she acknowledged that Little Junior Sister had shielded Kang Shi today. If not for him, she wouldn’t have faced such adversity.

Gu Chaoyan recognized the need to gradually make amends to Little Junior Sister in the future. She was determined not to let her endure this injury in vain.

With Gao Zhuo’s assistance, Gu Chaoyan stepped down from the stage.

On Ziluo’s end, she returned with visible injuries.

Encountering Kang Yan, she intended to implore him for justice. However, before she could utter a word, Kang Yan deduced what had transpired. He responded with a few resounding slaps before leaving.

Enduring a continuous barrage of mistreatment, Ziluo’s fragile mental state had already unraveled. Frustrated, she turned to head back to the True Martial Race to file a complaint.

However, her desire to return was met with impossibility. The First Elder had unequivocally blocked her path, leaving her with no recourse.

Ziluo, who had been the oppressor, now found herself subjected to mistreatment within the Anicca Race.

And so, on that very night...

Little Junior Sister had retreated to her quarters for recovery under Gao Zhuo's care, while Gu Chaoyan continued with her routine life.

However, Gu Chaoyan couldn't shake the feeling that something was amiss.

Numerous individuals with formidable cultivation levels lurked in her vicinity, prompting her to exercise caution.

Tonight held the promise of an impending event.

Fear did not grip her.

Despite her current peak cultivation in the Martial Emperor Realm, her true prowess likely surpassed any in the continent. Hence, fear had no place within her. What did she have to fear?

She drifted into sleep as usual.

In the dead of the night...

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She gradually picked up on some subtle movements, her heightened perception setting her apart from ordinary individuals. With her increased cultivation level, even the faintest sounds accurately reached her ears.

As the noises drew nearer, she sensed the approaching presence.

In the next moment, a surge of spiritual energy targeted her sleeping bed. Fortunately, she had anticipated the attack and swiftly evaded.

Observing her adept dodge, the assailant appeared incredulous.

A Martial Emperor's pinnacle cultivation was exceptionally rare among the younger generation. While it garnered admiration from many, those with extensive cultivation experience questioned its true significance.

Undeterred, the assailant unleashed another wave of Dao spiritual energy.

Gu Chaoyan intercepted the attack head-on, transitioning from a defensive to an offensive stance. She began unleashing her own spiritual energy towards the approaching intruders. Her sudden counterattack induced panic among the assailants.

In their state of panic, they sought to conclude the matter swiftly, exacerbating their own unease.

Gu Chaoyan swiftly dealt with the lesser threats, turning her attention to the apparent leader. The leader, realizing the dire situation, attempted to flee.

Knowing when to hold and when to fold is a crucial skill.

However, Gu Chaoyan wore a satisfied smile. She was content with the turn of events today.

Initially, when she glimpsed his silhouette, he seemed to resemble the First Elder. Now, observing his actions, it confirmed her suspicions.

With his capture, everything unfolded seamlessly.

Gu Chaoyan had no intention of letting him off easily. Unleashing the spiritual power of the Golden Immortal Dao Ancestor, she brought the First Elder to the ground. Shock registered on his face as he exclaimed, "You!"

"..."

"You actually?!"

"First Elder, do you truly believe I haven't progressed after all these years? Don't underestimate me!" Gu Chaoyan retorted with a smile.

The First Elder comprehended the situation.

Had he fallen into a carefully laid trap? Despite the passage of many years, he still harbored a sense of arrogance.

Realizing the futility of resistance at this point, he ceased struggling. If Kang Shi possessed such cultivation prowess, resistance would be in vain.

“You are indeed cautious, understanding that adapting to the times is wisdom. Unfortunately for you, you encountered me,” Gu Chaoyan remarked with a smile.

“Gao Zhuo, apprehend them!” she commanded.

“Yes.”

The once tranquil Anicca Race now buzzed with activity.

“It has nothing to do with Kang Yan,” the First Elder asserted.

Gu Chaoyan nodded.

Soon, the scene gained attention. The Clan Leader and the clan’s Elders arrived, witnessing the spectacle. The First Elder, clad in night attire, lay injured, surrounded by others within the room.

“What’s happening here?” the Clan Leader queried.

“I was peacefully asleep when someone attacked me. I resisted, and this is the result,” Gu Chaoyan explained casually.

“First Elder! How did you know?” the Clan Leader exclaimed in disbelief.

“That’s correct. I was not pleased with Kang Shi’s cultivation reaching such heights, so I sought to assail him. Regrettably, I failed,” the First Elder confessed candidly.

“Father!” Kang Yan gazed at the unfolding scene in disbelief. What was transpiring? How could this be?

Everything was meticulously planned. How could his father fail and openly admit it?

But no!

How could he confess?

“Father, explain yourself. There must be some misunderstanding.”

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Confronted with Kang Yan’s hopeful gaze, the First Elder, despite a sincere desire to offer a clear explanation, knew the futility of such an attempt.

Captured alongside his accomplices by Kang Shi, with the entire clan now aware, how could he possibly provide a reasonable explanation? Even if he did, could it alter their fate?

He had discerned Kang Shi’s cultivation level, a depth of mastery he couldn’t fathom. He couldn’t withstand a single move, rendering all their aspirations mere illusions before Kang Shi.

What use was there to resist?

Having admitted his wrongdoing, the First Elder sought to distance Kang Yan from the affair. If he persisted in denial, Kang Yan might become ensnared in future consequences. Why risk it?

With no ulterior motives left, the First Elder only wished for Kang Shi to spare Yan’er. Despite Yan’er’s frequent disappointments, he remained his child. What more could he do?

The First Elder gazed at Kang Yan, still hopeful, and uttered, “I am at fault. Stray no further. Devote yourself to cultivation within the clan and accompany Ziluo. I ask for nothing more.”

Having said this, he offered no resistance.

Clan members pulled Kang Yan away.

The Clan Leader pronounced Kang Shi guilty, leading to his apprehension.

The multitude that had rushed in from Kang Shi's side dispersed.

The First Elder's actions were expected by everyone; the situation was clear. Kang Yan, realizing his lack of options, darted around aimlessly. Ultimately, he grasped the harsh reality that, no matter where he turned, the course of events was beyond alteration.

After an extended period of aimless running, Kang Yan eventually recalled Ziluo and hastily sought her out.

During these recent days, Ziluo had faced a string of misfortunes. Enduring mistreatment from Kang Shi was one thing, but Kang Yan's actions had compounded her troubles. Injured and subjected to Kang Yan's physical aggression, she sought refuge in the True Martial Race. To her dismay, she discovered she couldn't leave the Anicca Race at all, leading Ziluo to roam about aimlessly.

Despite her protests, she realized that making a scene was futile.

Choosing to surrender to the circumstances, she opted to conceal herself for recovery. Once healed, she could reassess the situation. As for the rest, she would take things at her own pace.

Even if they intended to confine him within the Anicca Race for the rest of his life, her father would eventually sense something amiss and actively search for her.

With this reassurance in her heart, Ziluo remained composed. She had been remarkably well-behaved in recent days.

When Kang Yan eventually found her, he witnessed Ziluo tending to her injuries.

He pulled her close and remarked, "Do you still find the mood to attend to this now?"

“...”

“Father has been arrested, and we’re in a precarious situation.”

“...”

“We need to strategize. Perhaps we should return to the True Martial Race and leverage your father’s influence. We must take action; otherwise, how can we endure our time in the Anicca Race?”

Kang Yan expressed his concerns anxiously.

Ziluo regarded him with an icy stare.

The matter seemed of little consequence to her, as if it were unrelated to her.

“Oh,” Ziluo responded calmly, then remarked, “What does it have to do with me?”

“How could it not concern you? You married me, Kang Yan; we are one. With Father facing trouble, do you believe we’ll lead a peaceful life in the future?”